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PRICE TWOPENCE.

A Bishop on Science.

A BISHOP on science is bound to be amusing. He *may* be interesting, and even—in a certain peculiar sense—instructive. But whether he causes our brows to pucker in thought or not, it is tolerably certain that he will wrinkle our faces in smiles. There is something so inherently ridiculous at the sight of one of these reverend fathers-in-God patronising science and scientific men that one cannot help smiling. These men have had no special scientific training—in most cases a young man who had just matriculated would beat them hollow at actual scientific knowledge; their whole career unfits them for accurate scientific thinking, and yet they calmly mount their pulpits and patronise, with a full consciousness of their own lofty superiority, a Darwin, a Huxley, or a Spencer. It is enough to make one believe that God Almighty created bishops for the purpose of having something to laugh at in his leisure moments.

A fortnight ago Owens College, Manchester, celebrated its jubilee, and on March 9 a special commemoration service was held in the cathedral, the Bishop of the city, Dr. Moorhouse, preaching a special sermon on that occasion. Naturally the Bishop lectured upon religion and science, and just as naturally he took occasion to repeat all the usual platitudes about the two being in close agreement when they are properly understood, that science really knows very little about the world when it has said all that it does know, and that this circumstance should endow us with becoming humility and keep us sincerely religious. He admitted that there existed an impression to the effect that the growth of knowledge, particularly scientific knowledge, was fatal to religious belief; but that was altogether a mistake. Religious and scientific men may have quarrelled, but not religion and science (really no one ever imagined that anything else had taken place, and, as one man represented religion and the other science, it is hard to see any distinction between the two statements); and although historically religionists were the first offenders, yet "in later times scientific men have sometimes rushed into attack and protest because they have failed to realise their own limitations."

The note of tolerant superiority here is perfectly charming. It *may* be that religious men have offended, but it is *certain* that scientists have not always been properly impressed with their inferiority to the clergy. A scientific man would be the last to deny that his knowledge of things is of a limited character; but one may venture to say that, compared to the knowledge inherent in religious doctrines and teachings, it is practically infinite. The real question is not whether science has limitations, but whether religion can get beyond them. It is all very well to "bluff" by pointing out that these limitations exist; but where science is silent can religion honestly speak? In other words, can religion give us any knowledge of man and the universe which cannot be obtained by science and scientific methods? The man would be bold indeed who would say "yes" to such a question. Science has its limitations, and, increase our knowledge as we may, there will always be something beyond to learn; but let this at least be borne well in mind—that where science stops man's knowledge ceases, and the enforced ignorance of science is the ignorance of mankind as a whole.

No. 1, 108.

The Bishop rolls this limitation of our knowledge round and round in his mouth as a morsel that is too tasty to let go of quickly. First he looks at it generally, thus:—

"Scientific knowledge, when it is thorough—when it is pushed to the farthest attainable limits, produces two results. First it reveals to man the limitations of the human mind—the fixed boundaries beyond which it is hopeless for us to pass. And, secondly, it brings a scientific man so close to the unseen realities of being that he can almost discern their majestic presence and feel the mighty touch of their influence."

And from the general he descends to the particular, reminding us that we know nothing really of the nature of atoms, and "a cause of these things somewhere there must be." We know nothing (so says the Bishop, although others may disagree with him) of the nature of instinct, and so must conclude that "the mind of instinct is God." He calls the problem of instinct "instructive and interesting," although how it can be instructive if we know nothing concerning it is hard to understand. We do not even know anything of the outside world. "Everywhere is mystery." "We not only come in mystery and depart in mystery, but we live in mystery, and are ourselves the greatest mystery of all.....A thoughtful man is (therefore) well nigh driven to the conclusion that he lives in God and will go to God. For what power less than divine could fashion this human soul.....These are only some of the reasons why I think that growth in knowledge is growth in reverence, that enlargement of the mental outlook and inlook will naturally bring a man to the feet of God."

And so the Bishop begins in mystery, revels in mystery, and ends in mystery; and not the least of the mysteries about him is the mystery of why he is paid £4,200 annually if all he can do is to impress upon us that we know nothing. And observe the logical nature of his conclusions. "You see, gentlemen," he says, "we cannot really know anything about the ultimate problems of life; we cannot understand the atom, the tiny speck of protoplasm, the operations of consciousness, or the development of human history. And *because we know nothing* really about these things, therefore we must believe in a God, in a Church, and in bishops." A most convincing logical demonstration! It is devoutly to be hoped that the students who were listening to the "eloquent and erudite" sermon of Dr. Moorhouse had at least acumen to perceive that the absence of all knowledge is a very bad foundation upon which to rear an hypothesis. Suppose, for example, Darwin had said: "Gentlemen, I know nothing whatever of the nature or habits of animal life; I know nothing of their methods of procreation or perpetuation, nothing of the manner in which varieties of animals are formed, flourish, or disappear; neither you nor I, gentlemen, know anything or can know anything of these matters, and, therefore, you are bound to accept all that I say about these subjects." Had Darwin spoken in this manner, he would have been promptly reminded that the best behavior under the circumstances would be to hold his tongue. The same advice may well be given to Dr. Moorhouse. Speech is only profitable when backed up by knowledge. At other times it is the insignia of a charlatan or a fool.

But, to quote Dr. Moorhouse, it is "interesting and instructive" to observe the manner in which the religionist gloats over the ignorance of mankind. That there are very decided limits to our knowledge we must all sorrowfully admit. But why is there such an eagerness to emphasise it? A very little reflection

makes it plain that what the Bishop is emphasising is your ignorance, not his own, and that all these professions of humility and ignorance are the excuses for extravagant and absurd pretensions of superiority on his own part. Surely it would have been more inspiring to the students of Owens College to have dwelt upon the triumphs of science rather than upon its failures, and to have used its many and valuable successes as a fresh means of inspiration to further effort and further success. As it is, there is nothing that the religious advocate appreciates more than a proof of the impotency of science. He will listen to the finest demonstration of scientific knowledge unmoved, and the religious press will pass it by unnoticed. But let someone show that there are certain questions unanswered, and, for all we can tell, are unanswerable, and he will break forth into a storm of applause, and the news is repeated far and wide in religious papers as bringing "glad tidings of great joy" to Christian hearts.

Why all this rejoicing over human ignorance? The reason is that every religious teacher knows full well that knowledge is a deadly enemy to religious belief. He knows that a feeling of ignorance and helplessness is the best condition for the propagation of his faith, and hence for one sermon that we have dealing with the triumphs of human knowledge and a glorification of human strength we have a thousand dealing with the littleness of human nature and the scanty extent of our knowledge. In art, in science, in politics, in sociology, we appeal to man at his best and at his greatest. We know there are other aspects to be noted, but we feel that the way to get the best out of human nature is to emphasise the better, and not the worse, aspects of it. In religion the appeal is to human nature at its worst. "Make man feel how little, how degraded, he is," says the preacher, "and then we have him."

But admitting much that Dr. Moorhouse has to say upon the limitations of our knowledge, the fact remains that the questions upon which science is incurably ignorant are questions that are of no practical value whatever, while all those questions that are of practical importance are slowly yielding to the tireless investigations of the scientific worker. Suppose we do not and never can know the real nature of the atom; suppose we do not and never can know the world as it exists out of human consciousness; suppose we do not and never can know aught of the "august realities of being," what then? All that we are concerned with is a knowledge of cosmical forces as they affect human nature, and a drawing up of a plan of the universe so as to make it intelligible to the human mind, and so that it shall not conflict with facts. These are the only questions of real importance; the others are of little or no value. And, let it always be borne in mind, the whole bench of bishops combined know no more of any of these subjects than the unconsecrated scientist. All that they do know of the world and of man they have to learn, with the commonest of us, from scientific teachers. And is it worth while to pay Dr. Moorhouse his huge salary, and other bishops their large salaries, to hobble along considerably in the rear of *underpaid* scientific workers, overlooking the better part of their teaching, and chortling because men of science cannot answer all the conundrums the preacher is pleased to put? There is an old saw to the effect that a fool may ask more questions in a day than a philosopher could answer in a lifetime. But this hardly proves the superiority of the fool.

Dr. Moorhouse declares that a conflict between religion and science should be impossible, for the reason that "science knows nothing but phenomena, while the proper objects of religious faith are those external realities which underlie phenomena." What a "god-send" this "Unknowable" has been to the religious world! In earlier generations science was only allowed to teach concerning this world just as far as its teachings supported theology. Then science grew stronger, and asserted its right to an independent existence, and so two kinds of truth concerning the world became fashionable. A teaching might be true in science and false in theology, or the reverse. By this means theology lingered on a little longer, and all went well. But this subterfuge wore itself out at last, and then an unexpected help came to the hard-pressed religionist

from no less a quarter than Herbert Spencer. He propounded his colossal joke of the Unknowable, and with inimitable humor declared that, while science was properly concerned with all that is known and all that ever can be known, religion was properly concerned with that which is not known and never can be known, with something about which we know nothing—not even if there is anything to know something about. This he called reconciling religion and science, and Dr. Moorhouse, who must certainly lack humor, accepts the division. Phenomena, which include everything that is known or knowable, belong to science, and the unseen realities, about which the Bishop of Manchester knows as much as he does about the man in the moon, belong to religion. Well, I am quite agreeable to this division, if it suits the clergy. The differentiation is quite false, because religious belief is as much concerned with phenomena as is science; but if the clergy would only abide by this division, I should have little to complain about. It is the interference of religion with phenomenal realities that the Freethinker resents, and resents also the prospect of people paying millions of money annually to the clergy to teach them concerning something about which they confess they know nothing, can know nothing, and cannot even prove that there is anything to know.

But the distinction, as I have said, is a false one. Religion is no more concerned with the Unknowable than is science. I do not believe that anyone would give sixpence or spend an hour's energy to perpetuate the worship of an Unknowable. The conflict between religion and science is a conflict of *interpretations* concerning the known, not concerning the unknown. Science teaches, and is daily demonstrating more conclusively, that the known universe is the result of non-intelligent, mechanical forces. Religion is bound to insist that the universe is governed ultimately by intelligence and volition. It is between these two views that the fight rages, and ultimately the victory must rest with science. Dr. Moorhouse and his class may continue to impress upon men their ignorance and their limitations. But the ignorance of our religious guides is certainly as great, and their limitations as marked, as those of scientific workers. And, after all, human ignorance is a decreasing quantity. Knowledge grows from more to more, and with the growth of knowledge there comes a weakening of religious faith. And men and women who *think* will draw from Dr. Moorhouse's speech a far different conclusion than the one he presents them with. Unable we may be to answer every conundrum propounded by the Bishop, but we are increasingly able to grapple with the really important problems of life. Man may be a poor, weak, helpless creature, but at least he has been strong enough to develop civilisation out of savagery, to harness one natural force after another to his bidding, and we may, without undue optimism, look to his one day shaking himself free from those uncivilised beliefs which Dr. Moorhouse is striving so desperately to perpetuate.

C. COHEN.

"The Unknown God."

UNDER the above heading there appears in the current issue of the *Fortnightly* a suggestive article from the pen of the veteran surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., who has hitherto been known principally as a prominent member of the medical profession and the author of perhaps the ablest work that has ever been published on health and diet. Having read with the greatest interest and profit his excellent medical advice, I commenced the perusal of his article on "The Unknown God" with considerable curiosity, for I was anxious to learn his views upon theological questions. He informs us that his article is the result "of twenty years' cogitation," and although, judging from what one would be led to expect from its title, it is somewhat disappointing, it is a valuable contribution to Free-thought literature. The least part of the essay deals with "The Unknown God," while the greater space is devoted to brief sketches of the various religions of the world, the history of man from his earliest origin, the inutility of alleged divine revelation to man, and the evolution of ethics. Upon all these questions some

matured thoughts are recorded, and many unorthodox suggestions submitted. For instance, Sir Henry writes in the highest terms of Confucius, who, as he states, forestalled Jesus in the enunciation of the "Golden Rule"; of Buddha, who, we are told, had the "largest number of followers of any religion in the world"; and of Mohammed, who "absolutely proscribed the use of all intoxicating liquors, and also the habit of betting and gambling, two vices which are disastrously prominent in all Christian countries." These truths do not tend to enhance the originality and superiority of the Christian faith. Moreover, the knowledge of such historical facts should induce the professed followers of Jesus to be less dogmatic than they usually are in urging that *their* religion is unique in its nature and its influence.

Upon the subject of supposed supernatural revelation Sir Henry's opinion is very definite. He considers that "during man's long and painful progress it is certain that no record exists to show that any divine or supernatural revelation has ever afforded man aid or instruction in matters relating to his physical well-being." On the contrary, he mentions the well-known truth that the Church and the Mosaic records (which he deems "quite untrustworthy") have fostered errors and impeded intellectual advancement. He points out that the rules for ethical conduct have been developed by the process of man's evolution; that the human race has learned by experience that it is not only wise, but productive of satisfaction and often of pleasure, "To do unto others as you would they should do unto you"; that honesty is not only the best policy, but it is the only safe one to adopt; and that "a code of morals has resulted by degrees as man himself has progressed, and it is not the product of any supernatural revelation." The conclusions at which Sir Henry arrives are these:—

"First, that man has, throughout a long and very gradual course of development from his pre-historic origin, acquired all his store of natural knowledge—in it widest sense—solely by his own unaided efforts. Secondly, that the authority of the ancient records which were regarded as supernatural or divinely revealed have never been substantiated, and is, in fact, unsupported by evidence."

Whether or not Sir Henry thought the avowal of these conclusions would shock the Christian reader is best known to himself, but he adds, as a kind of palliative, that if the facts of modern science had been "revealed" by some supreme power, "man would never have become the efficient and highly endowed creature he is." Further, he writes, "he believed that the interference of a supernatural power with man's doings would have marred, if it did not arrest, the course of that development which has issued in the remarkable progress he has made, especially during the last three centuries." This may be true; but it is not complimentary to this "supernatural" power, whatever it may be. Here we have the old orthodox notion that God left man to grope for ages in the dark in search of facts in order that the mental exercise should develop his intellectual powers. But is not such an idea a grave reflection upon the wisdom and goodness of the said God? Did he not know that according to his plan thousands of years would elapse ere the discoveries of those facts would be arrived at, during which time the human race would be deprived of the untold advantages that such discoveries have conferred upon man? Besides, is it not strange that "God's word" and his most devout servants have been the greatest obstacles to the success of all scientific researches? Even Sir Henry himself says: "What untold and agonising tortures would have been spared throughout his (man's) history had this precious secret [scientific knowledge] been revealed."

By the term, "The Unknown God," it is presumed is meant what Mr. Herbert Spencer designates "The Infinite and Eternal Energy." Sir Henry, however, will not call the Unknown "Jehovah," "Theos," or "Jove," because, he says, these terms have become identified with "schemes of theological doctrines" which are neither useful nor necessary in any way to "the patient seeker after truth." He "who has imbibed any idea of a material semblance representing in his mind a personal God.....has but made an idol for himself." This is, of course, a repudiation of any belief in Christian Theism;

but what belief does the writer put in its place? He acknowledges his inability to say what this "Unknown Power" is; surely, therefore, it is arbitrary to predicate, as Sir Henry does, that it has intelligence. Admitted that it is "beyond man's faculties to grasp or comprehend"; why, then, postulate as to its nature and function? Is it not more reasonable to postulate that, be the "Supreme Power" what it may, the intelligence is in human beings who are always striving to adapt the power in nature to their requirements? Of what value to us would this "Eternal Energy" be if it were not for the human intellect, which is ever struggling to utilise it for the benefit of mankind? Sir Henry speaks of "the transcendent Intelligence which has ordered the organisation of the universe." But what of the *disorganisation* which is constantly going on? What of the pestilence, the volcano, and the earthquake, with their devastating power upon the human race? What of the sad havoc produced by Vesuvius and Etna, whose destructive power has destroyed thousands of innocent and helpless victims? Are these horrors indications of "the transcendent Intelligence which has ordered the organisation of the universe"? Personally, I cannot but believe that the man who postulates a "Supreme Intelligence" as the regulator of nature "has made an idol for himself," which is equally as absurd and cruel as the Christian Deity. They are both fantastical efforts to solve a problem the solution of which has hitherto been beyond human ken.

While differing from Sir Henry Thompson in his speculations as to the government of the universe by a "Supreme Intelligence," he has my entire sympathy in his rejection of the popular Christian faith, and my unqualified agreement that "the old faiths founded on so-called 'revelation' have long been tested and are found wanting, and that a natural religion will ultimately replace them." I am also in accord with him that in the future it will be found more than ever necessary "not to believe anything which is not supported by indubitable evidence." There will be, as he says, less praying "to a Deity for gifts of any kind, even for the purpose of obtaining moral or mental improvement, or for the recovery of the sick or protection from personal danger, etc.—a practice which is so common—well knowing that all events must follow the laws of nature, which are unalterable." This is sound, Secular teaching by one who is not "with us"; and it is the more welcome appearing, as it does, in such a magazine as the *Fortnightly*. Freethought is, indeed, advancing, despite the persistent efforts of the clergy to check its progress.

Sir Henry concludes his article with a statement not very flattering to professed Christians, and with a prediction as to the future which has the experience of the past to justify it. He says:—

"A large proportion of the population in all Christian countries is ignorant of, or indifferent to, the subject of religious belief, unless the formal compliance with a certain slight ceremonial is considered to be religious worship.....Among the rising and future generations of the educated classes many are certain to have their eyes open to the fact that no supernatural revelation has ever been made to man. Hence the day is probably not far distant when the religious part of the community will be divided into two distinct camps or classes—viz., first, those who enjoy complete liberty of thought and action, and practise the manly virtues which are associated therewith; and, secondly, those who become devotees of the old Papal Church, which denounces the exercise of reason and inquiry in all matters connected with religion, and, as a consequence, demands implicit obedience, offering to her votaries in return—with or without the intervening pains of purification in purgatory, according to circumstances—an ultimate admission by the Gate of St. Peter to the society of the blessed for evermore—a well-organised hierarchy which has exercised a vast influence on human affairs and interests for many ages, and may probably continue to do so for two or three more to come, but must eventually entirely disappear."

This is what the present writer has frequently urged. Christian countries, as a rule, are just the places where the practice of the Christian religion is not to be found. And no doubt the ultimate theological conflict will be between reason as championed by Rationalists and superstition as embodied in the Roman Catholic Church.

CHARLES WATTS.

Should Happiness be Our Aim?—IV.

III.—UTILITARIANISM.

THE term "Utilitarianism," from the Latin *utilis*, useful, is much less to the point than the word "Hedonism," so far as its etymological meaning is concerned;* but it is preferable, I think, as being a better-known term, and from the important fact that Utilitarianism is more completely explanatory in expressly declaring that its guiding object or principle is "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." It thus takes away all excuse for the slander which too often represents Hedonism and Utilitarianism as teaching that a man's own individual happiness should be his aim at the cost of any amount of misery to others. The idea of "utility" also serves to check the vulgar interpretations to which words like "pleasure" and "happiness" are exposed.

All moral codes are largely or mainly Utilitarian; for we must all agree that the prevention of theft, murder, etc., is in the highest degree essential to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Also we observe that with the growth of intelligence and civilization such codes and ideals become *increasingly* Utilitarian. The presumption, therefore, is that Utilitarianism is the essential goal of morality and its ultimate standard or test.

If we reject the Utilitarian ideal and say that Duty, Virtue, Right, shall be our supreme aim, the question is, Are these conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number? If so, Utilitarianism supports them emphatically, and, as aims, they will be identical with Utilitarianism and not in the least opposed to it. If, on the other hand, any alleged virtue or duty tends to cause the greatest misery of the greatest number, what reason has mankind for supporting it?

If the will of God be alleged, we have no proof of the existence of such a being, and there will be endless difficulties and quarrellings in the attempt to determine his real wishes or commands from the many conflicting statements issued in his name. But if Nature herself, or the heart of man, or the sacred Scriptures of the nations, be regarded as indicating the intentions of Deity, there is at least as good ground for believing that obedience to the highest and best must include the promotion of human happiness as there is for any belief to the contrary. Modern Christians, indeed, are often so far Utilitarian as to claim that the very essence of "practical" religion is the relief of human suffering and the advancement of human welfare or happiness.

If we say we "ought" to take a certain course, we simply beg the question at issue. The question is, *Why ought* we to do so? and to say that we ought to do so because we ought is no answer to the question.

If it be said that we should fulfil the law of our being, I reply (1) that the desiring and seeking and taking of happiness—"Natural Hedonism" as I have termed it—is the law of our being; and (2) that, with the social and intellectual progress of mankind, the partly innate and partly acquired "law of our being" advances continually in the direction of Philosophic Hedonism or Utilitarianism as its apparent and ultimate goal. If these views are rejected, I can only ask for an explanation of the sense in which a vague and elusive term is used. Seeing that the "law of our being"

* The Utilitarian explains the word "use" as meaning the giving of pleasure in some way; but the useful and the agreeable are only so identified as the result of a process of reasoning not universally accepted. Such words and ideas are more generally used in opposition to each other as contrasting pairs, just as we speak of the useful *versus* the ornamental, "business first and pleasure afterwards," and so forth. In ordinary composition the adjective "utilitarian" is most frequently employed in a sense hostile to such words as artistic, pleasing, beautiful, etc. "Thoroughly utilitarian" never means "thoroughly pleasing" or "supremely delightful." "Severely utilitarian" never means "severely beautiful." "Utility," in fact, is hardly ever associated with happiness or the finer emotions and faculties. This prevalent limitation of such terms to their lower or cruder aspects excites prejudice against a principle, which is thus supposed to be of a sordid or debasing nature, or, at least, to be relatively hard, unfeeling, and joyless in its tendencies. Besides this objection, the seven-syllabled word "Utilitarianism" seems unnecessarily long and cumbersome. I think it might be cut down to "Utilism" with distinct advantage. For my own part, I do not like either of the words Utilitarianism and Hedonism, but I take the English language as I find it.

appears to include admittedly evil impulses as well as good, it cannot indiscriminately be accepted as a supreme guide to conduct.

If some allege or assume that efficiency or success should be our supreme aim in life, I point out that Utilitarianism demands efficiency and success, because they are needed as the basis of happiness, and practically are important forms of happiness. Conflict between the ideals only arises when an *immoderate* desire for success or efficiency causes men to wreck their own health or happiness or to diminish the happiness of others. When such conflict occurs, why should we support the ideal that causes the greater misery? If success means unhappiness, why should we desire it? I can see no reason why anyone, except a devil or his equivalent, should seek to increase the sum of misery in the world. I see no reason why anyone but a fool should desire to suffer pain, except as a means of increasing his own happiness or that of other people. The only reason I can see for avoiding and discouraging failure and inefficiency is that they produce painful feelings and unpleasant consequences. If it be pleaded that we like or admire or honor success, and that we detest and despise failure, this is but saying that the one gives us pleasure and the other pain. If we urge that efficiency or evolution is for the good of mankind in the long run, we are similarly brought back to Hedonism, unless we use the word "good" in some fanciful or highly disputable sense rather than in its more usual and clearly intelligible signification of welfare or happiness.

Efficiency and success are of many kinds. Utilitarianism declares that Efficiency and Success in the promotion and attainment of Happiness should be the Supreme Aim, and that all kinds of efficiency and success are valuable or the reverse in proportion as they help or hinder this aim. That mankind should sanction the promotion of its own happiness is intelligible in the highest degree. Such a policy or ideal of conduct is supported by the strongest of motives. No other policy or ideal is possible, except as the result of a sufficiently powerful motive or feeling—which would mean that greater gratification (*i.e.*, greater *happiness*) is attained by the substitution of some other ideal for that of happiness—which again is either *Hedonism assuming a disguised or indirect form in order to be more effectual*, or else is the narrower or imperfect Hedonism of the natural or self-gratifying variety which indulges the wishes of the individual without reference to the happiness or misery of his fellows. Although this kind of self-indulgence often glorifies itself as virtue, piety, righteous indignation, etc., Utilitarians will only honor it or advocate it so far as it tends to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Why should we work for the happiness of others as well as for our own? For many reasons, and first of all because it is our nature so to do, and we should be miserable if we did not. Evolution has made us so. Natural Selection or Survival of the Fittest has given us imperative social feelings or instincts which, by their pleasurable or painful insistence, induce or compel us to work for the good of others as the fulfilment of the law of our being; and these impulses or natural tendencies are strengthened and guided by suitable training and by habits and codes of conduct which society will support with appropriate rewards and penalties for the sake of the general happiness. As the strongest or primary type of altruistic evolution, the mother will find happiness in loving her child. She will rejoice when the child rejoices, and suffer when it suffers. Similarly, in varying degrees, the feelings and influences of family life, of friendship, of patriotism, of broad human sympathy and benevolence, as well as of intelligent self-interest and social co-operation, will compel us to desire and promote the welfare of others as essential to our own welfare, and will make their happiness part of our own. The feeling of honor, the love of approbation (including one's own approbation, since it is necessary to one's comfort to have a good opinion of oneself), the sense of shame, the pain of being deservedly despised or disgraced or punished, the pangs of remorse, the pleasure of satisfying habitual ideals and the discomfort or uneasiness produced by violating them, will all co-operate in causing us to promote other people's happiness in such ways as are

demanding by social opinion or current codes of conduct.

The impregnable rock of human morality, and the real basis of altruistic action in general, is Human Nature itself, with its innate and instinctive feelings and their natural development under growing reason and social progress. This, and not the alleged command of some imaginary being, is the great and *only* security for the general supremacy of the moral factor in human life. A religion that fights against the moral forces of human nature brings about its own ultimate destruction in the conflict. The great "world-religions" have derived the best, and perhaps the greatest, portion of their power from the social instincts of the race, for mankind has foolishly believed that the moral or social forces drew their strength from religion and would perish without its aid. Ancient and modern superstition have thus domineered over morality, and have checked and perverted its growth.

The Utilitarian spirit frees morality from such restraints, and allows it to improve and evolve with the growing knowledge and thought of successive ages.

W. P. BALL.

(To be continued.)

The Bible Creation Story.—IX.

If we assume, for the sake of argument, that the word "day" in the Bible story was intended to signify a geological age, the order of "creation," according to that story, was as follows: (1) an age or "day" during which nothing but vegetation existed; (2) a long period during which birds and fishes were the earth's sole inhabitants; (3) a subsequent age when four-footed beasts and creeping things of every kind came into existence, followed (in the same era) by man. Bearing these Biblical "facts" in mind, we will now see what was the real order of "creation" as revealed by the fossiliferous rocks.

Taking, for the sake of brevity, the term "Mollusca" to include all the sub-kingdoms of Invertebrates to which belong the oyster, mussel, limpet, snail, slug, starfish, sea-urchin, worm, coral, sea-anemone, sponge, and the lowest class of animalcules, we can, by this lumping together of small fry, divide all the animal kingdom into five great classes—viz., mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and mollusca. In accordance with this arrangement, the new creations of *flora* and *fauna* during the principal geological periods (commencing with the most ancient) are as follows:—

LAURENTIAN AGE.—*Flora*: None. *Fauna*: Zoophytes, the very lowest types of the animal kingdom.

CAMBRIAN AGE.—*Flora*: Marine plants of the lowest type (seaweed, etc.). *Fauna*: Seventy-seven genera (comprising 426 different species) of small Mollusca.

SILURIAN AGE.—*Flora*: Land-plants of the humblest rank, allied to our present club mosses. *Fauna*: Forty-six new genera of Mollusca; seven genera of small Fishes of the lowest order.

DEVONIAN AGE.—*Flora*: Land-plants of a higher order (ferns and coniferous plants). *Fauna*: Forty-eight new genera of Mollusca; twenty-six of Fishes; a gigantic lobster-like crustacean; several species of flies.

CARBONIFEROUS AGE.—*Flora*: Large forests of tree ferns and cone-bearing trees, including the mass of vegetation whose remains form our present coalfields.

Fauna: Thirty-seven new genera of Mollusca; thirty-three of Fishes; three genera of Insects of the beetle, grasshopper, and dragon-fly families; Reptiles of the lowest order (allied to frog and scorpion families); the gigantic lizard-shaped Labyrinthodon.

PERMIAN AGE.—*Flora*: Land and marine plants, coniferous trees and tree ferns. *Fauna*: Eleven new genera of the same orders as the last, including several species of oysters, and fish allied to the sturgeon family.

TRIASSIC AGE.—*Flora*: Similar to that of last period. *Fauna*: Forty-seven new genera of Mollusca; eight of Fishes, including a sub-family of extinct sharks; seventeen of Reptiles; gigantic fish-lizards; first appearance of tortoises; also a genus of small marsupial land animals (mammals).

JURASSIC AGE.—*Flora*: Pines, cypresses, yews, etc. *Fauna*: 180 new genera of Mollusca; forty-seven of Fishes; twenty-four of Reptiles, including turtles and crocodiles; two genera of land monsters now extinct; the winged saurian, Pterodactyl; Marsupials allied to the opossum and kangaroo families; Insects of the common house-fly family; bugs, bees, ants, and butterflies.

CRETACEOUS AGE.—*Flora*: Corn-bearing plants (true grasses), and trees of the same character as the last period. *Fauna*: 220 new genera of Mollusca; twenty-eight of Fishes; nine genera of Reptiles, some of them gigantic (Iguanodon, *hyloëosaurus*); a genus of placental mammals; three genera of wading birds.

EOCENE AGE.—*Flora*: Oaks, beeches, elms, palms, etc. *Fauna*: 550 new genera of Mollusca; 103 of Fishes, including the whale and dolphin families; twenty-five new genera of Mammals, comprising animals allied to the rhinoceros, tapir, otter, dog, ferret, squirrel, ape, baboon, and monkey families; the bat and serpent, a new race of crocodiles; land and sea tortoises; twelve genera of Birds, mostly of the predacious, climbing, and gallinaceous orders.

MIOCENE AGE.—*Flora*: Various kinds of fruit trees (plum, walnut, vine, etc.). *Fauna*: Sixty-eight new genera of Mollusca; seven of Fishes; seven of Reptiles, forty-seven of Mammals, the latter including a gigantic species of the elephant order (the Mastodon, *Dinotherium*, etc.), and the Hipparion (the ancestor of the horse); four genera of Birds; 500 new species of Insects.

PLIOCENE AGE.—*Flora*: Apple, pear, cherry, peach, raspberry, strawberry, etc. *Fauna*: Eleven new genera of Mollusca; eight of Fishes; seven of Reptiles; forty-two of Mammals; twenty-six of Birds. The earth during this and the preceding age was clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, chiefly of foliage trees. In these two periods also appeared fishes of the perch, herring, carp, gudgeon, pike, loach, and tench families; mammals, of which the chief living types are found in the hippopotamus, giraffe, camel, horse, stag, bear, cat, beaver, seal, sloth, weasel, mouse, and salamander; birds of the vulture, eagle, swallow, woodpecker, cuckoo, lark, parrot, pheasant, guinea-fowl, owl, goose, duck, and gull types.

QUATERNARY AGE AND RECENT AGE.—These two periods it is unnecessary to notice. During the first the various members of the animal kingdom gradually evolved into something nearer their present forms; in the second primitive man, the most highly evolved of all, appeared upon the scene, though it is probable that he may also have lived in ages more remote.

One important circumstance in connection with these new "creations" should also be noticed. This is that a large proportion of the generic forms (approximately about two-thirds) that existed in one or more of the ages preceding the Tertiary (Eocene—Pliocene), subsequently became extinct, and consequently are unknown to our present fauna. These animals lived and moved and had their being in one particular age; but their species passed away, to be seen no more, with the passing of that age. It may, further, be added that the figures denoting the number of new genera during each geological period are inserted merely to give a more definite idea of the order in which the five great classes of animals appeared on this globe.

From the foregoing summary it will be seen that the Lord did not make or create any of the great divisions of the animal kingdom at any one time or in any one epoch, as stated in Genesis, but that he was continuously engaged during every geological age in calling forth new forms of life. When it is borne in mind that the number of known species of our present fauna (exclusive of Insects and "Mollusca") is, roughly speaking, about 2,000 mammals, 8,000 birds, 1,600 reptiles, and 8,000 fishes, and that about twice this number of extinct species has also to be taken into account, it will be admitted that the Creator had a busy time during all the geological periods, even if he only created a few samples of each. This is, of course, assuming that all the organic forms of life *were* created. But, even upon this assumption, the thousands upon thousands of acts of creation performed without intermission during age after age of countless millions of years give a flat contradiction to the Bible story.

According to the narrative in Genesis, the whole vegetable kingdom was called into existence two ages, or "days," prior to the appearance of any members of the animal kingdom. According to that story, two of the great classes of animals—the Birds and Fishes—were created simultaneously, and were the sole inhabitants of the earth for a whole age, or "day," before any of the land animals had been called into being. According to the same inspired authority, all the different species of the land population, large and small, came into existence in one age, or "day," long after the appearance of the inhabitants of the water and the air. These Bible statements are all proved to be untrue. There were no such ages, or "days," in the history of this planet.

Again, according to the inspired narrative, grass, herbs, and fruit-bearing trees were created ages before any of the animal kingdom came into being; while Birds are stated to have been called into existence in the same age, and even at the same moment, as Fishes, and to have existed long prior to the creation of any land animal. These statements are again untrue. As a matter of fact, some forms of animal life are found to have been in existence before the appearance of any kind of vegetation. Fruit-bearing trees did not appear until the Miocene and Pliocene periods, at which time animals of every class had been for ages in existence. Birds did not make their appearance until many ages after Fishes, and even later than land reptiles and mammals. Moreover, we find from Geology that neither the vegetable kingdom nor any one of the five great classes of the animal kingdom came into existence in any one age; and, furthermore, that during many of the geological ages the "creation" of Vegetation, Fishes, Birds, Reptiles, and Quadrupeds was carried on contemporaneously. Instead of the special creation of these classes once for all, and in three separate ages, as described in Genesis, we find, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, a steady and continuous evolution from the very simplest forms to the most perfect and complex, with the ultimate survival only of the fittest. The writer of the Bible story had not the smallest idea of the real order of "creation." His inspiration was powerless to reveal to him the past history of the earth.

Looking, now, at the order in which the various forms of life appeared upon this globe, as proved incontestably by the testimony of the Rocks, it is really astonishing to find anyone—even a professional Bible reconciler—who has the effrontery to maintain that the Bible Creation story is not in direct conflict with what is now known to be the past history of the earth. Only upon one of two hypotheses can the persistent defence of this discredited story by Christian apologists be accounted for. These are—either an entire ignorance of the facts disclosed by Geology or a complete disregard for truth.

ABRACADABRA.

Acid Drops.

IN its issue of March 1 the *Spectator* had an article on Thomas Paterson Goudie, the central figure in the Bank of Liverpool forgery case, written in the ponderous and involved style which the late Mr. R. H. Hutton left as a heritage to that paper. The writer informs us that the cause of Goudie's downfall was his stupidity and want of imagination. He then goes on to say that what attracted him was the danger, the smallness of his salary, and the large sums he disposed of—the contrast "between himself as a humble bank clerk and himself as the most successful of criminals." We admit that these were the sources of attraction; but we cannot see that they point to want of imagination or fatuity. It is precisely this love of violent contrasts, however dearly purchased—this desire to lead a double life—that made so imperious an appeal to the imaginative faculty in many men. It will place Goudie, if a long way below, at least in the same category with Wainwright, the enthusiastic appreciator of Botticelli and the art of poisoning, and Messrs. Stevenson and Henley's Deacon Brodie, the law-preserving burgess by day and burglar by night. The three are pathetic figures. They would have been respectable, if less interesting, citizens had the Almighty given them a little more wisdom and a little less imagination. On the Theistic hypothesis, the whole responsibility lies with the omnipotent Ruler of the universe. The moral divagations of a Goudie or a Wainwright are as much his handiwork as, say, the peculiar type of brain which produces a *Spectator* article, or anything equally dull and unimaginative.

Yet this obvious conclusion is the first thing to be ignored by the Theist of every shade, and the writer in question assumes the complete responsibility of Goudie for his deficiency in the way of wisdom and imagination. In the conclusion of his article, however, he informs us that there may be cases in which some of the responsibility should be transferred from the criminal to his Maker. This passage he places in brackets. As charming a piece of ingenuity as we have ever seen. It indicates to his Christian admirer that the sentences have no bearing upon the argument, and may be omitted without any loss. They are worth quoting. After arguing at length as to whether stupidity or intelligence is the foundation of crime, he says: "We are not denying, be it understood, that there is in some few natures a moral twist or devilishness which seems to be unconnected with either stupidity or intelligence, and which one would fain hope—though the evidence is too imperfect—has its ultimate origin in some structural defect or want in the brain that renders them incapable of mentally seeing straight. *It seems so impossible, God being just, that they should be created extra bad and yet equally responsible.*" The Theist who can allow such a passage to slip into an article on criminal responsibility tells us emphatically that his career as a reasoner is ended. There is, however, this difference between the transgressor in matters of logic and the ethical evil-doer—with the latter you are pretty certain that, when once you have caught him, he will not give you any trouble for some time to come; but with the former there is, unfortunately, no such certainty.

Mr. Chamberlain was formally asked in Parliament whether the suggestion he made, that the Welsh settlers in Patagonia "might go to a warmer climate" than that of Canada, was intended to be limited to South Africa. The questioner apparently intended to insinuate that the "warmer climate" really meant was that of a sultry region not marked on maps or mentioned in polite circles. Mr. Chamberlain, at all events, treated the question as a "very bad joke," and, amidst laughter and some cheers, declined to answer it.

Alderman George White, M.P., in his "Call to Arms" on the Education Question, says that the only effective means of meeting the arrogant priestly pretensions of the Church party is for Nonconformists to bind themselves by a solemn pledge to pay no school-rate which is likely to be used (or any part of it) for the maintenance of schools where religious dogmas are taught. By "dogmas" the Nonconformists mean *Church dogmas*, and not their own dogmas. For, while they rebel against any kind of payment which practically becomes a Church-rate, they combine with the Church party to impose a Church-and-Chapel rate on the community. So long as the "religious dogmas" taught in schools are such as are common to Church and Chapel, the Nonconformists plunder the public as readily as they protest against the like plunder by the Church. Honesty and consistency are thrown to the winds as soon as Christians of either kind have the opportunity of robbing the nation.

From the evidence given before the Lords' Committee on Betting, it appears that tipsters supply the clergy, as well as other classes, with information concerning horse-racing and betting. Some "vicars," it appears, are as fond of this kind of gambling as unregenerate mortals who never see the inside of a church. If they only believed in the efficacy of prayer, they might feel sure of winning without consulting the sporting prophets. Evidently they have more faith in the latter than in the former.

Lord Hugh Cecil, in a speech on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, made use of the celebrated comparison of human life to a sparrow that appears for a moment in the brightness and warmth of the dining-hall, and then vanishes into the darkness. This speech was duly reported in *M. A. P.*, and one correspondent thinks that Lord Hugh "ought to have quoted his author," as the metaphor is given in Green's *Short History*. Another writes that he distinctly remembers Renan quoting it in one of his Hibbert Lectures. The passage, as every schoolboy knows, is from Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, and, moreover, is one of the stock quotations of the journalist.

An order has been issued to the effect that all chaplains of the army shall cease to wear uniform. This is a very proper regulation. Perhaps it will serve to curb those clerical martinets who, though non-combatants, love to strut or stride about in military style, even in some cases calling themselves the "Rev. Major" This or the "Rev. Captain" That. How preachers of the Gospel of non-resistance and of the peace-at-any-price doctrine set forth in the Sermon on the Mount can associate themselves officially with an army and pray for its success on the field is an anomaly which, like the peace of God, passeth all understanding.

How is it that we find so many sky-pilots posing as D.D.'s? They seem to be as plentiful as blackberries. The distinction must be easily gained, for not a few who parade it are men of no special attainments. Some are even below mediocrity. The *British Weekly* rather cruelly publishes three extracts

from a sermon by one of these "D.D.'s" as printed in a Primitive Methodist magazine. The sermon is on the text, "For it was now eventide," Acts iv. 3, and the extracts are said to be fair samples of the discourse.

One extract will be sufficient to show the sort of high-flown bosh to which this D.D. treats his possibly admiring hearers: "It may seem a thing incredible that, while the sun is high in the heavens and the universe glows with apocalyptic splendor, the human mind can possibly banquet upon black and bitter thoughts. Such a brood, however, doth tenant the bosoms of the bigoted council, seeing even in the temple their psychological currents chisel themselves in their features that their countenances grow grimly grey as their souls of steel stare through their tearless eyes, gleaming from under their icy eyebrows, thus in this autumnal day of the thirty-third year of our Lord, whose aurora had sponged the fog from the face of the heavens and swept the mist from mountain tops, flooded fields with felicitous light, and robed forests in mysterious loveliness, that the tenantry of creation vied in voicing their gladness that every prospect pleased, only man being vile enough to cherish even as the golden day grew brighter, also in its cooler declining hours those grisly thoughts of gripping innocent men and making jailbirds of them."

Old Dowie, the "second Elijah," came to grief a little time ago in the American law courts. He was sued for a sum of £40,000, and fared badly at the hands of the judge, who declared his financial schemes to be founded on credulity, avarice, and blind faith. A verdict being given against him, the second Elijah exclaimed: "I am a very angry man; you will hear from me next Lord's Day."

The "second Elijah" rejoices, however, in the capture of Percy Clibborn, the brother of Mr. Booth-Clibborn, who with his wife has retired from the Salvation Army. In an interview Mr. Percy Clibborn was asked: "You say, Mr. Clibborn, that Dr. Dowie is the Elijah of this era. How do you explain the fact that, whereas the first Elijah and also his successor, John the Baptist, lived and died poor men, Dr. Dowie has, according to all accounts, already amassed a vast fortune?" "Money in itself is nothing to Dr. Dowie," replied Mr. Clibborn, "but his industrial schemes are necessary preparations for Christ's second coming, and for them capital is required."

This reply is more than a trifle "thin." It requires a great deal of faith to believe that money in itself is nothing to Dr. Dowie. As for his industrial schemes, they seem in a fair way to collapse. Anyhow, there is gloom in "Zion."

The House of Commons entertained, the other day, a couple of distinguished visitors in the persons of Messrs. Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. Asked what they thought of the proceedings, the inimitable Dan replied that he thought the piece went very slowly, and would do better with a piano; also that the Parliamentary actor had a great advantage over the ordinary professional in being free to read his part in full view of the audience.

I remember, says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, hearing a lot of broad-arrow-dressed rascals singing seriously in the chapel at Manchester Prison:—

We are travelling home to God
In the way our fathers trod.

There may be plenty of truth in the sentiment, only it sounds queer.

The Rev. Mr. Blogg made some very sensible observations a little while ago on the proper use of Sunday, which were appreciatively noticed in these columns at the time. Since then his brother clerics have fallen foul of him for letting loose so much common sense all at once. Undismayed, Mr. Blogg again replies that the restraint and discipline of Sunday is unfit for children, at least. For them Sunday should be made a day of brightness and recreation, and it would be better to encourage boys to play games on that day than loaf round smoking cigarettes.

He also prefers the Continental Sunday to our own. The people on the Continent spend their Sunday in a far more decorous and healthy manner than we did. True, there were races on Sunday in some cities; but we had races on other days; and if a thing was bad, it was bad every day in the week. The theatres were also open on Sunday in Paris, and we had the gin-palace and the public-house; and, of the two, to which would they sooner take their wives and daughters—to a gin-palace or a theatre? In short, the fear of a Continental Sunday was a "worn-out old bogey, which insular prejudice had conjured up." Bravo, Blogg!

The Rev. F. W. Macdonald, secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, is not in favor of his Church going in for social reform. Probably it may divert some money from the missionary-boxes. He says: "Jesus Christ

did not die in order that the police might have less work to do." Mr. Macdonald may rest easy; no one will charge it with having had that effect.

This is the way in which Miss Frances Macnab, in her just-published book, *A Ride in Morocco*, deals with missionary work in that country: "I have heard it said that their (missionaries') lives are noble instances of devotion, and that they have given up all to preach the Gospel to the heathen.....There would be something pathetic in these stories if the people who escape from being small clerks or Board school mistresses at the best went out to travel with bare feet and live on locusts and wild honey. But I found that, not infrequently, the first thing they did on reaching Morocco was to marry. On more than one occasion the house the missionary lived in was described to me as the best house in the town. As they belonged to no denomination, it was difficult to see who set them their tasks or controlled their movements. They appeared to do very much as they pleased, and to differ among themselves. At one place I found them going for a picnic on mules and horses; and I must say that I never found them living otherwise than at a far higher rate than the woollen dyer, railway clerk, or Board school teacher would in England.....Not that they were satisfied. There were bitter complaints."

Miss Macnab is also responsible for the following. A friend of hers asked a missionary, who was leaving Morocco, if he believed it possible to convert the Moors. The missionary replied: "Frankly, I do not. But, if you are to do it, this is the only way: you must burn all their books; you must catch them young; you must squeeze all the blood out of their bodies, and grind their bones; then, if you can make them up afresh, you may make them Christians."

These are the missions concerning which we get such glowing accounts from the Societies, and upon which thousands upon thousands of pounds are spent annually. A reviewer of Miss Macnab's book in the *Athenaeum* fully confirms all the authoress says, and adds that "in the course of some years of study of life in Morocco he has never seen or heard of anything that would justify him in calling into question any of Miss Macnab's statements."

The Nazarene sect in Hungary is being persecuted owing to the refusal of its adherents to carry arms. In Hungary, at any rate, there are people who are prepared to carry out some part of the Nazarene carpenter.

In a church not long ago a woman prostrated herself at the feet of Sarah Bernhardt, the eminent actress, and passionately kissed the hem of her garment, quite in the Scriptural style. A long knife dropped from the woman's cloak. She had gone to church with the full intention of "sending the divine Sarah straight to heaven." This religious idea of securing paradise for the object of her admiration changed, however, to a less objectionable mood, and the great tragedienne still survives to delight and enthral a world-wide circle of admirers.

Five "Kensit-Wickliffe" preachers have gone to gaol for three days rather than pay the fine of five shillings each for obstructing the highway at Slough by delivering addresses in the streets. Of course, they regard themselves as martyrs.

At Toronto a "Christian Scientist" named Lewis has been found guilty of manslaughter for neglecting to call in a doctor to his child, who died of diphtheria. The Chief Justice, however, immediately released the convicted offender on his own recognisance until the case is decided by a higher court. Among the various absurd statements put forward for the defence it was alleged that contagion is only a condition of human belief.

The Chaplain at Winson Green Prison, Birmingham, must have been highly edified by a special article which recently appeared in one of the local papers. The object of the article is to air the grievances of the warders, and the writer states that "the greatest 'bugbear' to the officers, strange to say, is the chapel." He adds: "No attempt whatever is made to make the service 'bright and cheerful'; there is the same old ding-dong routine Sunday after Sunday."

This is rather rough on the prisoners as well as the warders. To drive the captives into chapel, and then inflict an "old ding-dong" religious service upon them, seems rather a refinement of cruelty. "The prisoners," we are told, "naturally become fidgetty, and the officers are reported if they neglect to maintain discipline." Poor officers! Both they and the prisoners must bless the "ding-dong" service. By the way, who is it that reports the officers? We are not informed; but most likely the complaints are laid by the chaplain. Then the article refers to the "ludicrous attitude" which the prisoners have to assume at their devotions. That is another source of trouble. "Some men cannot avoid laughing," said an officer to the *Mail* representative. "Those suffering from a weakness that way simply can't help it. The whole scene

would make the proverbial cat laugh." One would think so. But how is it regarded by the One Above?

The *Guardian* recently had a somewhat indignant article on a little book by a Mr. J. W. Thomas, on *Intuitive Suggestion*. The reviewer has every sympathy with Mr. Thomas's convictions that the First Cause is at the back of all natural processes, but he draws the line when the philosopher argues that intuitive knowledge, "in the form of prophetic power, and other phenomena of exalted mental and spiritual development," is merely a relic from the very early stages of evolution. We have not seen the book, but the *Guardian's* quotations are worth preserving. They run as follows: "To sum up the results of observation with regard to the molecules of gases, it is noted, first, that they *move*. Secondly, that they *perceive* when an opening is afforded to new species. Thirdly, they have *knowledge of position*," etc. "Take the case of water: it must *know*, intuitively, when the temperature of thirty-two degrees F. is reached, in order that ice may be formed." "And yet, when history mentions that men possessed *intuitive knowledge*—the revealed knowledge of the prophets—such history is either regarded as fable or else relegated to the domain of the miraculous and supernatural. Had *intuitive knowledge, or perception*, been called *first sight*—which, as a matter of fact, it is—instead of *second sight*, as it is often styled, the miraculous would have been found at the beginning instead of in the last chapter of the world's history. Elisha's knowledge of the whereabouts of the Syrian King, and of the doings of Gehazi, would not be regarded with much wonder, inasmuch as it is simply a vestigial relic of the past, a like power of discernment having been endowed upon the Ceylon leech, the Medusa, the dog-fish, and the majority of moving organisms which are wanting in sense organs." The metaphorical gift which Mr. Thomas possesses, although it must be very disconcerting at times, should at least preserve his scientific expositions from becoming dull. The admirable explanation of prophecy and kindred phenomena in terms of a survival from the remote past argues a certain soundness and brilliancy which is, in itself, a sufficient reason for the *Guardian's* wholesale condemnation.

A good story comes to us from Italy. It would appear that a very valuable altar-piece was stolen from a church, and the Government was asked to do what it could to recover the picture. The result of the search was successful. But now a difficulty presented itself. It is a law in Italy that once a work of art passes out of the owner's possession it becomes the property of the State. The Government has added the picture to the national collection, and the clergy are heaping abuse on the Freethinking legislature who have taken a leaf out of the clerical book.

In an after-dinner speech on St. Andrew's Day last, the Governor of Ceylon, Sir West Ridgeway, spoke in a very "slippant" manner of the Scottish patron saint. This is what he said: "I cannot praise St. Andrew because I am still hazy as to his claims; but I do hope that these doubts will be dispelled to-night, and that it will be demonstrated to me that St. Andrew was a benefactor to mankind, that he discovered gold or invented whiskey, or conferred some equally inestimable boon on suffering humanity; and then, gentlemen, I assure you that I shall not hesitate to become a devout and constant worshipper at his shrine. I trust this point of mythology—I beg pardon, of hagiology—may be cleared up." These seemingly harmless remarks gave a good deal of annoyance to the Ceylon believers, and Sir West Ridgeway, who is a Christian, by the way, was lectured very severely by the *Tablet* last Saturday for indulging in such untimely sallies, which, it points out, must seriously "discredit Christianity in the eyes of the heathen."

Bishop Gore is not content to follow the example of his predecessor, and sign himself "Worcester." He must go to the Roman Latin, and this is now his episcopal signature: "C. Wigorn." It looks and sounds grotesque; but some people seem to have no sense of the ludicrous.

The Southwark Bishopric scheme proposes to expend £15,000 on a palace for the new prelate. Even in some of the Church papers a protest is raised against such an extravagant expenditure. The *Record* says: "Surely £10,000 would buy a residence big enough for a modern Bishop." Yes, indeed, or £1,000, if there was the faintest desire on the part of Churchmen to act in accordance with the spirit of the teaching ascribed to Christ, and in imitation of the example said to have been set by him and his apostles. Fancy spending £15,000 on the residence of one claiming to be a follower of the wandering Messiah who had not where to lay his head, and who seemed rather to despise than to seek any earthly shelter. The sum named might be very much better spent in improving some of the dwellings of the poorer classes of Southwark; but that would be too practical a fashion of helping the poor, by whom the new Bishop is said to be needed.

A remarkable thing has happened at the famous Grotto of Lourdes, for the rose tree of the grotto has recently burst

forth into full leaf and flower. Lourdes is certainly situated far south, but even then such a blooming has never been known before so early in the year. Tremendous religious enthusiasm, says a telegram in the *Gaulois*, has taken hold of the pilgrims at the Grotto, who acclaim the flowering of the rose tree as a miracle, and point to it as proof of the lasting favor of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Professor Pearson, of the North-Western University, U.S., has been dismissed from the Methodist Episcopal Church. His offence was in giving public utterance to his belief in the non-supernatural character and birth of Christ, and describing the miracles of the Bible as myths. Of course, there is no room for a man of his views in a Methodist church. The wonder is he did not resign. He is to enter the lecture field, his subject being "Biblical Miracles." He is also about to publish a book, *The Carpenter Prophet*.

Sky pilots may well bemoan the comparative ineffectiveness of their efforts. Somehow, the bulk of the population will not attend their Gospel shops. Take, for example, York, which has a population of 78,000. Those attending church and chapel on two Sundays were recently carefully counted, with the following result: On the first Sunday there were 6,964 present in the morning, and 9,485 in the evening. On the second Sunday the numbers rose to 7,665 in the morning, and 10,006 in the evening. Women were in the majority by more than forty per cent.

The Bishop of Rochester, out of consideration for good Christians who may suffer in health by strict adherence to Lenten fasting during the present unhealthy season, sanctions the limiting of abstinence from meat to Wednesdays and Fridays and another day in Holy Week. It will be sufficient, too, if these Church of England Christians keep their fasts by taking light meals, and abstaining from the little luxuries of common use. It would appear from this that there are still English Churchmen who are so enslaved by superstition that they dare not eat a mutton chop without the consent of their bishop. That they should ask their doctor to regulate their diet might be reasonable; but that English Protestants should require the consent of their sky-pilots before taking pickles or sauces seems so silly a piece of piety that one would hardly credit it were it not for so many other facts that also go to prove the power of superstition and its absurd and often mischievous interference in the affairs of daily life.

Ping-pong has been honored with the denunciation of the Bishop of Manchester. In an Essex village the weekly prayer-meeting was abandoned in order to open the new Ping-pong Club. The rector and his wife and all the worshippers went to see the fashionable game instead of seeking the Lord as usual and praying for the British Army, which must now look out for a fresh reverse in South Africa. The playing, however, is to be suspended during Holy Week, so perhaps the Lord will be satisfied, and will grant us more big captures and an early close of the war when the village resumes its pious and patriotic prayers.

In a leading article on "The Ethics of Pardon," the *Christian World*, replying to a gentleman who asks in what way he has hurt God that God should punish him, says: "You hurt God.....by your every sin, in which you punish both Him and yourself." If this were true, the Christian Deity and his happiness would be in the power of man to an extent which should be shocking to a reverent believer. That every sinner can injure and punish his God seems, indeed, a reversion to the ideas of savages, who flog their god or fetters when he displeases them.

Speaking of the special mission sent by the King to congratulate his Holiness on the occasion of his Pontifical jubilee, the Pope testified to his appreciation of the liberty enjoyed by Catholics throughout the British Empire. He said nothing about the disabilities to which Protestants and Freethinkers are subjected in Catholic countries, such as Spain, where public worship by Protestants is prohibited. The Romish Church, like most other Churches, likes, and loudly claims, liberty for itself, but gives as little liberty as possible in return.

The *Daily Telegraph* acknowledges that "the Positivists have done a great deal of excellent educational work" in the hall near Fetter-lane, from which they are now removing to another meeting-place in Clifford's Inn. The Positivists' or Comtists' Church of Humanity imitates religious ritual to a considerable extent, and regards itself as a "religion"; but it is, of course, a Freethought organisation, advocating purely secular aims.

At the recent annual general meeting of the *Methodist Times* Company a dividend of ten per cent. was declared. This, we are told, is the ninth year in succession in which the highest dividend permitted under the Articles of Association has been declared. Well, well, if this is not the apotheosis of all that is dead and dull and leaden in religious journalism, we don't know what is.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

After March 25 the business of the Free-thought Publishing Company, including the publication of the FREETHINKER, will be carried on at No. 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, E.C., situated between Ludgate Circus and Holborn Viaduct, and rather nearer the latter. The new premises are in every way more suitable and commodious. A further statement as to this change, which is entirely for the better, will be made by Mr. Foote in our next issue.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

IN consequence of his illness all Mr. Foote's lecturing engagements have been cancelled or postponed. Immediate notice will be given when he is able to resume his platform work.

To Correspondents.

CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—April 6, Sheffield; 13, Bradford; 20, Glasgow; 27, morning, Stanley Hall, London, N.—Address, 24 Carminia-road, Balham, London, S.W.

C. COHEN'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—March 23 and 30, Athenæum Hall, London. April 13, Manchester; 20, Birmingham Labor Church; 27, afternoon, Victoria Park; evening, Stepney.—Address, 241 High-road, Leyton.

W. and E. O.—There is no immediate prospect of Mr. Foote's visiting Oxford, although there ought to be room for some Freethought propaganda in that city. Perhaps you will be more fortunate the next time you call at our office. We should be pleased to see you.

J. EDMONDS.—Yes, a very trying time for a good while, and more so than we have felt free to publish. Thanks for your good wishes.

W. LAMB.—Glad to hear from you again.

J. CAPON.—Acknowledged as desired.

MARTIN WEATHERBURN.—A sympathetic letter from a veteran stalwart like yourself is always welcome, and always an encouragement.

H. W. PARSONS.—Thanks. Had the worst come to the worst, as the saying is, you would have remembered our last meeting.

T. MORGAN hopes soon to see what he is pleased to call the Editor's "flashing mind" in the "Acid Drops" and "Sugar Plums" again.

THE FOOTE CONVALESCENT FUND.—Subscriptions to this Fund are all gifts to Mrs. Foote, to be expended by her at her absolute discretion in the restoration of her husband's health, and in defraying various expenses caused by his illness. The following (third list) have been received:—W. and E. Ogden, 5s.; C. Shepherd, 2s. 6d.; R. Lewis, 1s.; Finsbury Branch N. S. S., 10s.; Sigma, 15s.; J. Edmonds, 5s.; W. Lamb and Two Friends, 15s.; A. C. (per J. Capon), 2s. 6d.; Y. M. M., 2s. 6d.; C. B., 1s.; Dr. R. T. Nichols, Ilford, £1 1s.; M. Weatherburn, 5s.; H. W. Parsons, £1 1s.; T. Morgan, 7s. 6d.; M. Dye, 2s. 6d.; John Young, 5s.; G. Harlow, £2 2s.; R. Johnson, £2 10s.; W. Palmer, 1s.; Mrs. Palmer, 1s.

R. JOHNSON, sending cheque, says: "I sincerely hope you will soon be all right again. Your troubles seem to have dropped on you all at once. That good, strong constitution you say your father left you has served you well, and the Freethought party ought to be proud they have such a champion to fight their battles. The whole party ought to come forward and assist. I trust Mrs. Foote is keeping well under the circumstances." Mrs. Foote is fairly well, but the present strain, after that of last year, is telling upon her somewhat.

R. FAWCETT.—Sorry we cannot insert any more on the Achilles-and-tortoise question. Nobody seems to convince anybody else, and we fear the discussion would last till the tortoise caught Achilles.

W. PALMER.—Yes, it arrived all right. Accept our thanks.

THE FRANCIS NEALE FUND.—H. M. Ridgway, 10s.; J. G. Finlay, 4s. 6d.; Wellwisher, 3s. 6d.

J. ELLIS.—See "Sugar Plums." Mr. Foote will write you in due course respecting his engagement with the Liverpool Branch in May. He is obliged to the Branch for its kind letter of sympathy.

JOHN YOUNG.—No doubt your wish will be realised that Mr. Foote "will be restored to perfect health," but the "soon" is another matter. The improvement is sure, but, unfortunately, slow.

D. FRANKEL.—See paragraph. We wish the Walthamstow effort a continuous success.

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE sends us a letter, which appears in another column, on some paragraphs that recently appeared in "Acid Drops" criticising his references to the principles of the National Secular Society. The paragraphs were, as a matter of fact, written by Mr. Cohen, who regrets that Mr. Holyoake should waste his time on a single phrase without touching the substantial questions in dispute. Life is not long enough for logomachies. There were strange expressions in Mr. Holyoake's article, if it had been worth while to notice them.

M. DYE.—Thanks for your sympathetic letter.

THE National Secular Society's office is at 1 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C., where all letters should be addressed to Miss Vance.

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

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 1 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 1 Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

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THE *Freethinker* will be forwarded direct from the publishing office, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—One year, 10s. 6d.; half year, 5s. 3d.; three months, 2s. 8d.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS:—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. *Displayed Advertisements*:—One inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

Personal.

I HAVE had to return to London for a few days for several reasons, but chiefly to see to some important matters of business connected with the Special Notice which appears at the top of the ninth page of this week's *Freethinker*. Before these lines meet the reader's eye I expect to be off again to the seaside; not to the place I went to at first, where the air is so mild and balmy, but to another place, where the air is more bracing. What I want now is invigorating. I am making steady progress, but my energy is returning very slowly, and I am not yet capable of any serious work on the *Freethinker*, still less of work upon the platform. The insomnia still haunts me, though it is less oppressive. Several friends have sent me recipes for this trouble. I thank them heartily. But I find that drugs upset me without giving me sleep, and experience proves that I am better-advised to fight this battle out on natural lines. The best remedy, of course, is exercise in fresh air. Still, I have found a collateral assistance in a very prosaic remedy, which I mention for the sake of others. It is soaking one's feet in hot water, and drinking a glass of hot milk and water before getting into bed. Curiously enough, although a cup of tea used to make me very wakeful, I now find it (no doubt temporarily), in conjunction with a slice of bread and butter, a well-nigh sovereign specific *against* wakefulness in the middle of the night, or rather in the early morning, from three to four o'clock. It generally sends me off into a grateful couple of hours "thick" sleep. And this again I mention, not as a bit of personal gossip, but as a possible "tip" to other sufferers.

What would do me most good, probably, is a sea voyage. But there are solid reasons against my taking one at present. I ought not to be very far from London. Besides, when one is ailing and, as the saying is, off color, one does not care to be thrown amongst utter strangers. One wants to be with one's own.

Mr. Cohen occupies the next two Sunday evenings at the Athenæum Hall—March 23 and 30. I hardly think I shall be able to face an audience on the first Sunday in April. If I am strong enough I will do so. But this is a point on which I shall, perhaps, be able to speak more positively next week. In any case, I shall not act against my doctor's advice.

Meanwhile I have to thank the friends who have assisted me financially in passing through this trying ordeal. I am not yet "through," in the American sense of the word—as perhaps they will remember. Besides,

there is the Athenæum Hall platform to be maintained in my absence.

I should be ungrateful if I did not thank those who have helped to keep up the interest of the *Freethinker* during my illness. The editor's pen means so much to a "personally conducted" journal. But they have bravely marched into the breach and upheld the flag. Mr. Cohen has seen to the paper on press days, besides contributing a number of paragraphs; Mr. W. P. Ball has put himself to considerable inconvenience to supply "Acid Drops" as well as his articles; "Mimnermus" has rendered what help he could; and Mr. Francis Neale has begun to work sooner than I should have countenanced in other circumstances. Nor must I forget Miss Vance, whom I do not mention last because she is the least important. She has done her utmost to relieve me from anxiety, both with regard to the paper and with regard to other matters that have had to be dealt with during the past few weeks.

G. W. FOOTE.

Sugar Plums.

MR. C. COHEN will occupy the platform of the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, this evening (March 23), and also the following Sunday evening. He will on these occasions deliver a couple of special lectures on "Herbert Spencer: the Man and the Philosopher." Although the lectures will be consecutive, each will be complete in itself; the first dealing with the general philosophy of evolution and Mr. Spencer's account of religious origins, the second with his ethical and other writings. These lectures on the greatest thinker of our times should prove specially attractive to Freethinkers, and should bring many who are not to the meetings.

Freethought in South Wales is evidently looking up. Mr. Cohen had three large meetings at Porth on Sunday last, and more noticeable than even the size of the meetings was the attention given to the lectures, and the evident sympathy with which they were received. Some of the Bible classes, we hear, were almost deserted, owing to the members attending the meetings. Another agreeable feature of the meetings was the very large sale of literature. There is nothing like the circulation of literature to spread Freethought, and there was enough ammunition disposed of at the meetings to knock holes in many of the churches and chapels in the district. The Porth Freethinkers are in high feather over the meetings, and hope to keep things moving in the future.

A gentleman, writing to Mr. Ball concerning his articles on the Happiness question, says: "Here in Oxford—Oxford whose university was founded to promote the Christian religion on strictly monastic lines!—Freethought has found sure footing even among the Fellows of the Colleges." We are glad to hear it, and we thoroughly agree with him that Freethinkers have to fight against false morality, and that Christianity is largely responsible for such false morality and its evil consequences.

"J. C. W." deserves thanks for correcting another correspondent of the *Daily News*, Ernest Burrows, who tried to run down Secular Education by telling afresh that false old story about Queen Victoria telling a black chief that the Bible was the source of England's greatness. The correction takes the form of a cutting from the *Daily News* of July 2, 1886, which runs as follows: "THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.—Mr. J. N. Masters, of Rye, Sussex, having written Sir Henry Ponsonby for the purpose of ascertaining by whom the Queen was asked the question, 'The cause of England's greatness?' when she replied, 'The Bible,' has received an answer from Sir Henry, who states that there is no truth in the story alluded to."

We have often referred to this denial by Queen Victoria's private secretary. It was an official denial. Yet the story continued its pious progress, and is still apparently in a very flourishing condition. How easy it must have been to start "edifying" lies and keep them going in the earlier ages of Christianity!

The Liverpool Branch holds its annual meeting to-day (March 23), at seven o'clock in the evening, at the Alexandra Hall, Islington-square. All the local "saints" are earnestly invited to attend.

The second Freethought open-air meeting at Walthamstow was held on Saturday evening, March 15. It was a larger one than the first. A representative of the Christian Evidence

Brigade, as was anticipated, came and pitched his platform as near as possible to that of the Secularists, but the police moved him further away for causing an obstruction. However, he tried all he could to cause disorder by brutal shouting; and again he was foiled by the Secularists moving a little further from him and continuing their meeting there. Several of his followers then came over to the Freethought audience, and tried the policy of noisy interruption. Finally, they were about to give a forcible illustration of Christian charity when the police stepped in and checked their pious exuberance. Altogether the Freethought meeting, which lasted over two hours, was very satisfactory. Another meeting is to take place on Saturday evening, March 22; and, as the danger from Christian bigotry is not yet over, it is to be hoped the local "saints" will once more rally in support of the Secular platform.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, editor of the *People*, makes an appreciative reference to James Thomson and his *City of Dreadful Night*. "Recognition," he says, "came too late to make Thomson prosperous as well as famous, though George Meredith and George Eliot both promptly acknowledged his poetic force." But why does Mr. Hatton repeatedly write of Thomson as "Thompson"?

Mr. Hatton mentions that he has received several interesting letters in reference to his recent notes in "Cigarette Papers" on the decadence of pulpit oratory and the eclipse of the preacher by the journalist. He names among the great preachers he has heard in his time, "Canon Stowell Norman McLeod, Father Gavazzi, Ward Beecher, and Colonel Ingersoll." Ingersoll a preacher! Well, after all, this is not a misdescription, for Ingersoll was a great preacher—greater than any of those who are here named with him.

The Finsbury Branch, at its annual meeting, voted a subscription to the Convalescent Fund, expressed their delight to hear that the President was getting better, and hoped he would soon be restored to complete health.

After the sixpenny Paine a sixpenny Huxley. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have issued, apparently in conjunction with Messrs. Watts & Co., a selection at that price of *Lectures and Essays* by the great fighting Evolutionist. The print is good, though the paper is inferior, and the portrait of the author on the cover is distinctly not flattering. Still, the selection gives a fair idea of Huxley's work, and it ought to have a very wide circulation. In the hands of the multitude of readers, who can only purchase cheap publications, it should also do a great deal of good. What is really wanted now is the popularisation of advanced ideas.

With the Rest.

THE toy which our little one hugged in his arms
Has ceased to delight him—has lost all its charms.
The nose of the image has passed from our ken;
He gouged out its eyes (though we do not know when),
Then he spurned it. *Are children not very like men?*

"Put it away with the rest," I said,
"On the topmost shelf, with the dolls long dead;
With the dolls of rubber and dolls of wool,
And that smiling creature of sawdust full
Which a year ago was your 'very best.'"

Dolly, my friend,
This is your end—

I put you away with the rest!

"Away—with the rest!" Harken, you who profess
Belief in a God who can damn and can bless.
Ghosts, witches, and goblins no longer appal;
"Sheer folly" belief in the pixies you call.
Of course, *you* are not superstitious at all!

Then put "him" away with the rest, I pray,
With the forms that passed at the birth of day.
Lay your gods on the lumber-shelf—
For the past, your myths; for to-day, *yourself!*
Pack up the dummies you oft have blest,
Know them no more—
Their day is o'er—

And put "him" away with the rest!

"The hope of a mansion which Christ has prepared
For me gives me peace." So, perhaps, you've declared.
Yes, "peace" it is probably easy to find
When a purse you possess which is suitably lined.
Did that hope afford peace to the outcast who pined?

Put that foolish "hope" with the rest! You know
No "heaven above" and no "hell below."
Heaven and hell you at hand may see—
Damned and rejoicing, fettered and free.
Your picture of heaven, in tinsel drest,
Place with Jehovah—
Cover it over—
Put it away with the rest!

JOHN YOUNG.

INDEPENDENT DEPARTMENT.

[With a view to broadening the scope of the *Freethinker*, and thus to widen its interest for its readers, we have decided to open an Independent Department, in which other questions may be treated than those that come within the settled policy of this journal. Such questions—especially political ones—may be of the highest importance, and yet questions on which Freethinkers may legitimately differ, and on which they ought not (as Freethinkers) to divide. Our responsibility, therefore, in this Department only extends to the writers' fitness to be heard. Freethinkers may thus find in their own organ a common ground for the exchange of views and opinions; in short, for the friendly enjoyment of intellectual hospitality. Writers may be as vigorous and uncompromising as they please, as long as they are courteous and tolerant.—EDITOR.]

Spencer's Political Ethics.—III.

STUDENTS of sociology owe to Mr. Spencer the important conception of society as an organism, and that not as a mere figure of speech or political metaphor, but as the expression of a sober scientific reality. In order of time the generalisation was first made by Auguste Comte, but Spencer has always disclaimed any indebtedness in this quarter. As far back as 1842 he pointed out, in an essay on *The Social Organism*, that the same laws of life that hold good for the individual hold good for society, and the same processes can be detected in both individual and social growth. We need not concern ourselves with all the analogies of individual with social growth; the chief point to be noted is that in both cases development proceeds by differentiation and integration. Just as in the development of animal life we find certain organs becoming gradually specialised for particular functions, as the eye for seeing or the ear for hearing, so in social life we have a gradual specialisation of function in the shape of different industries being discharged by special classes for the mutual benefit of all.

But the more functions become specialised, with either the individual or society, the more dependent does the whole become upon the parts, and the more dependent is each part upon the whole. These two processes, differentiation and integration, are complementary; one is, indeed, indispensable to the other. From this point of view the development of government may be taken as the equivalent of the development of consciousness in the individual organism; and here again we may note that just as in animal life the various nerve centres become gradually subordinated to that great nerve centre, the brain, so government may stand roughly for the expression of a social consciousness, which is none the less real even though it is not located in a distinct sensorium.

So far, it would seem that Mr. Spencer's own philosophy would lead to the recognition of government as an inevitable and admirable product of social evolution. Certainly no one who has thoroughly mastered the *Principles of Psychology* would expect to find him protesting against government as though it were what Paine called it, the badge of our lost innocence, and as though our only chance of redemption was to minimise the action of the State as much as possible. Had he followed out his doctrine of a social organism logically, he would have had to have shown that the same process of differentiation and integration takes place alike in the animal and social organism, and that this integration is only of value biologically and socially, in virtue of the subordination of all the parts to the whole. Instead of working along these lines, he expresses the matter thus.

"Concerning individual and social organisms, nothing is more certain than that advance from lower to higher is marked by increasing heterogeneity of structures and increasing subdivisions of functions. In both cases there is mutual dependence of parts, which becomes greater as the type becomes higher; and, while this implies a progressing limitation of one function to one part, it implies also a progressing fitness of such part for such function."

Thus the real element that renders this subdivision of function and progressing heterogeneity of structure soluble—the existence of some supreme governing centre, and the subordination of the parts to the whole—is altogether omitted, and the doctrine of a social

organism robbed of nearly all its value. Personally, I believe it true that society is an organism, and it is so not because of the bald fact of its being dominated by "natural law," but because, like all organisms, it is conditioned by all its parts, and the parts again can only be properly understood by reference to the whole.

Mr. Spencer seeks to escape the logical conclusion of his teaching by drawing a certain distinction between social and individual organisms. In the latter case he affirms that there is no social sensorium answering to that possessed by the individual, and to a certain extent one is bound to agree with him. Yet, when he affirms that society is a pure abstraction, and the individual is the only real and tangible thing, one may venture to assert that the individual *per se* is as much an abstraction as is society. For the individual, as we know him, is not a complete and independent entity, but is essentially the expression of the relations existing between himself and all other individuals.

Take away from any individual all that society gives him in the shape of language, customs, culture, etc., and he soon ceases to be an individual and becomes a mere object. Society, says Mr. Spencer, is merely "an aggregate of individual actions and desires," to which I for one demur most emphatically. The combined strength of twelve men acting in unison is not the mere sum of their individual strengths; the strength of an army is not the mere sum of the strengths of its individual units; they are these *plus* the power of combination—otherwise of what benefit would united action be? I am not putting in a plea for a mysterious and semi-supernatural social sense; all that I assert is that just as a chemical compound gives us a resultant not observable in either of its elements or in the simple adding together of their qualities, so the mere fact of people living together does produce a resultant that cannot be obtained by simply adding together the qualities of individuals; and that this resultant answers roughly to what is meant by a "social sense," and that it is in the organisation of this "social consciousness" that the function of a government rightly consists.

Mr. Spencer, however, as is shown by the title of one of his books, *The Man v. The State*, prefers to tacitly assume that society and the individual are antithetical existences, and that one can only grow at the expense of the other. So far as many aspects of many governments are concerned, one is constrained to admit the force of the antithesis. There are undoubtedly numerous instances in which State action does threaten individual welfare; but, on the other hand, there are very many instances in which individual welfare is promoted by State action. But a scientific view of the essential nature of social functions—and it is with these that Mr. Spencer is, or ought to be, concerned—does not lay stress upon the accidental effects of State action, but upon its necessary results. And, from this point of view, the antithesis assumed by Mr. Spencer does not exist. Society, as I have already said, is not a mere aggregate of individuals, as a heap of stones is the accidental result of a number of separate stones being shot out at one place; and it would be far more accurate to say that the individual is what society makes him than it would be to say that society is only what the individual makes it. In arguing against the "great man" theory of history, Mr. Spencer rightly describes it as a species of supernaturalism, and properly finds the explanation of the great man's existence in the centuries of society that have preceded him and in the society that surrounds him. But in arguing against the extension of State action all this is apparently forgotten, and whole pages are written as though society is formed by the mere aggregation of individuals—and this in spite of repeated assurances that "constitutions are not made, but grow."

The truth is, of course, that society and the individual are not two separate things at all, but two aspects of the same thing. Take away the individual, and society disappears; but it is also true that, if we eliminate from our conception of the individual all that he gets from his social relations, we have only a bare object, or, at most, a mere animal. In brief, the individual is a concrete expression of social activities, just as society is a general expression of individual life. Destroy the relations existing between the two, and you annihilate both. This is the central and important fact that con-

stitutes society an organism, and it is the organisation of these social and organic relationships that properly constitutes the function of government.

C. COHEN.

(To be continued.)

The Art of Political Trimming.

ONE would think there must be very few people with any reasoning faculty at all, and who read the reports of the proceedings in Parliament, who are not thoroughly convinced of the utter fatuity of the line taken by the "Liberal" leaders on the South African question. These men say the war was unjust and unnecessary; they charge Mr. Chamberlain with being responsible for it; yet they are afraid to proclaim that the Boers should be restored their independence. Anything but that—any evasion, any absurdity, any trimming; but not the true thing, not the just thing, not the manly thing. How is such moral cowardice in any way differentiated from that of the worst Jingo amongst them all?

Here, for instance, is an extract from a speech of Mr. Balfour on the very first night of the Session. He was taunting Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman with the alleged fact that the Boers gathered from Sir Henry's speeches that if he were returned to power they might expect their independence. And he went on:—

"They [the Boers] know so little of our country, and are so ignorant of our ways, that they utterly misinterpret, as I hope, the utterances of the right hon. gentleman and some of his friends, and think that, were there a change of Government, they would not only obtain much better terms than even they hope for from the party in power, but that they will be able to retain that independence—(Ministerial cheers, and Opposition cries of 'Oh, oh')—which I am quite aware the right hon. gentleman has told us, over and over again, he thinks they ought not to have."

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman: "Hear, hear."
Mr. Balfour: "Quite so."

And then there follows this taunt:—

"I cannot for the life of me understand what the right hon. gentleman's position is. (Hear, hear.) It is a sentence like that which gives color to the Boer belief that he will restore independence. (Ministerial cheers.) According to the right hon. gentleman, the Boers are to be annexed and incorporated, but they are not to be subjugated. What does that policy mean? If you look at half of it, it is no doubt the policy of gentlemen on this side of the House. If you look at the other half of it, it is the policy of De Wet. (Laughter.) But these two halves refuse to coalesce. There may be a sentence at the beginning of a speech in favor of one policy, and a sentence at the end in favor of the other policy—(laughter)—but can you conceive an occasion on which the Boers shall be incorporated without being first subjugated? (Ministerial laughter.)"

Every word of this jibe is justified, every hit goes home. What in the name of common-sense is the meaning of talking of "conditional subjugation" like Sir William Harcourt? And how can the Boers be peacefully "incorporated" if they would prefer to fight rather than "incorporate"? The Liberals talk of "assent" and the rest; how if they cannot get the assent? Do they think "Liberal" coaxing will achieve what the prison-camps have failed to do, and that men will peacefully agree to the very course against which they have fought for over two years? The adjectives employed by those who in this matter wish to avoid justice are something for the entertainment of gods and men. We have had "dignified" hangings, we have "final" ends, and the latest is "conditional" subjugation; before the book is closed we shall read the last chapter of "dishonest" straightforwardness and "straightforward" shiftiness. But, whatever may be said of the verbal curiosities, they are only the concomitants of the ethical and political curiosities which have been sufficiently bewildering. We now have "immoral" wars which must yet be fought out to "successful" issues; we have funds voted to carry on a policy which is declared to be "disastrous"—in short, we have Tweedledum in endless conflict with Tweedledee.

The fact is that when the Boers could not be conquered by guns they are not likely to be conquered by talk; and the Campbell-Bannerman policy, as far as one

can get a consistent presentation of it, is to prevail on the Boers to peacefully submit to the rape of their country. So that the Jingo *Daily Chronicle*, as much an organ of the Government as the *Times*, can publish a cartoon in which Bannerman is made ridiculous by appearing talking to Lord Rosebery, who is the *Chronicle's beau ideal*, both being in cycling dress, whilst round the tyre of the "Liberal" leader's bicycle runs the legend: "We support the effective prosecution of the war in South Africa." A father who lectured his son on his dissipation would not present a very dignified or understandable figure if he announced, at the same time his readiness to supply his son with unlimited funds for the same purposes.

The Liberal doctrine used to be that government should only be carried on with the consent of the governed, and hence, if the Liberals mean anything by saying they must get the "assent" of the Boers, they must respect that opinion when it is given. To govern people only with their "consent" inevitably involves that you will cease to impose your government on them if they prefer to govern themselves. *Now the Boers manifestly prefer to govern themselves.* And, moreover, they are capable of governing themselves. Can anyone with any real conception of what democracy means deny, then, the right of the Boers to independence? At least, had not those who deny that right better cease mouthing about democracy? FREDERICK RYAN.

Mr. Augustine Birrell on Christian Evidences.

A LEGAL friend of ours was once asked what he thought of Mr. Augustine Birrell as a man of letters. "Oh! Mr. Birrell," he replied, "is for lawyers a clever man of letters, and for men of letters a clever lawyer." The substantial truth of this remark is evidenced by a volume which Mr. Birrell has just published. It is called *Miscellanies*. They discuss in an airy, light-hearted, and often irritatingly superficial way, a wide range of subjects—"The Reformation Bagehot," "The House of Commons," "Ideal of a University," and "Christian Evidences." The last-mentioned essay is worth noting, because it indicates the view of the average intelligent man on the subject. After tracing the methods of the Christian apologist, from Bishop Sherlock to Mr. Moberley, and noting with Canon Scott-Holland the tendency towards a continual "shifting of the intellectual defences," he comes to the conclusion that scepticism is the modern garb, that "philosophic doubt is no bad site for a Christian temple, and, after all, every religious man feels, though in bygone days he did not think it wise to say so, that a religion which cannot prove itself cannot be proved *ab extra*."

"It is obvious that a man who does not wish to break with Christianity, yet finds it out of the question to believe, in any downright honest sense, in the creed of Christendom, can find no shelter more convenient, less jarring and disagreeable, than an ancient, time-worn ritual, which gives dim expression to ghostly ideas—shadowy, symbolical, sacramental notions of sin, sacrifice, and atonement—ideas which possess the advantage of never coming into contact with the so-called realities of history, and elude as gracefully as a wreath of white smoke the grasp of proof.....Dogma cannot be dispensed with, but if it is introduced to your notice through the sensuous medium of ritual and observances of the Church, it is, so to speak, banished from the realm of day, from the fierce light that beats upon argument, to an emotional region, where it is so easy to assume whatever it is pleasant to believe or unprofitable to deny. The Christian apologist of the future will be more like Mr. Pater than Mr. Paley."

Such deliverances are not likely to be very well received by Mr. Birrell's Nonconformist friends.

During the Parliamentary debate on the Navy Estimates a member wanted to know why the chaplain at Lewes Gaol draws a salary of £500 a year, while the governor is only paid £357 and the doctor £100. Mr. Arnold-Forster, in charge of the Estimates, could not explain matters, but offered several ingenious suggestions. The Opposition were not satisfied, and challenged a division, but were, of course, beaten by the Government majority. Meanwhile the "mystery that brooded over the salary of the chaplain at Lewes Gaol" is still unsolved.

Minister—"Well, my boy, I hope you enjoyed the services this morning?" Boy—"Yes, sir. Dad fell asleep six times, and ma had to stick a pin into him each time to make him wake up."—*Judge*.

Details of Zoology—and Other Things.

THOUGH youthful, and, as such, liable to have the first stone cast at me by the young, and tenfold by those of riper years, I am still bold enough to scrutinise the generosity of the Great One above. I have read in the Mighty Book (my swarthy comp., forget not the caps.) that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge. Admitting that, I admit the vastness of his wisdom; for, though I love birds and beasties, the sins of the sparrow grieve me mightily, and only to-day they wrought such havoc among my yellow crocuses that I descended upon them in the shape of an outraged deity, and, with one fell barrel of dust-shot, laid their corpses thick upon the landscape. God may watch the sparrows bumping, but if he wants any, and the postage to the land around the crystal sea is anything in reason, he has only to drop me a line, and I will send him as many as he likes, carriage free, stipulating only that he will send me the full address.

In our district we have a sparrow-club, and pay so much per head for the slaughtered chirpers. As the committee meets only once a week, it is rather awkward to produce the heads of these vermin in hot weather. This being so, and original sin being still rampant, we have some difficulty in paying the various sportsmen who bring in huge records. As the cashier, I have often longed to have a look at the Great One's book in which he records these "bags." It would save a great deal of trouble and argument. I know he is good, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. He seems, however, to forget about everything else except the mutton line. As a sample, I may remark that I had a valuable colt (which I had just broken) clipped before the late frost came on. I expected a week of fine weather at least. The colt was well rugged, but God sent some big winds and beautiful snow and gave the poor brute a chill, which will cost a good many pounds, if the colt ever gets over it.

Discussing the Deity is perhaps a frivolous task, but the Book thereof is another matter. I remember going into a big East London store to buy one only last Christmas Eve. There were three of us, and one of them was an elder, and as such of reverend mien. We bought toys and Christmas stockings, and other mammon of unrighteousness, for those we loved. And then I bethought me to buy a Bible for the youth. I am looked upon as a generous person. I would have given eighteenpence, but the evil spirit, in the shape of that wicked elder, whispered in my ear that the copyright had run out, and that a shilling (he vulgarly called it a "bob") was the largest shekel to pay. In vain we searched for a Bible of that price in this aristocratic emporium.

We bought ping-pong balls instead. The dogs chewed most of them up. They liked them.

I related this sad experience to my aunt, whom I love full well, for she has no deep longing to share, with a few other odd millions, a small allotment on the expansive breast of Jesus. Also, the very thought of Abraham's bosom makes her shudder. She likes a nice moustache or a decent beard, but hairy patriarchs are not in her line. She also, queerly enough, dislikes sandals and bare feet. She has, at this moment, a pair of enormous misfit shooting-boots of mine already packed up to give to Peter when necessity compels her to punch at the knocker of the Golden Gate.

I began to write about zoology, but please pardon me for wandering. I hope to get back to the subject sometime about the millennium. At present I have drifted up against my aunt. I must say that I am very fond of her. She is a great woman for hygiene, and, knowing that the golden floors above will be atrociously cold to the feet, she has invented a new kind of slipper to be worn there. Up to the present it has not been patented. The last agent, a man of Belial, suggested that a non-heating and fire-proof garment, to be worn in the other place, would sell like H—1.

I cannot repeat the word he used, but my aunt was quite warm about it. I only managed to calm her when I pointed out that Jesus had been there. She only said that if Jesus had come to her after his visit to the very hot tropics below, and tried her home-made embrocation for burns and scalds and other wounds, certain Jewish gentlemen would not have worried him by looking at his scars and digging at his ribs when they told an old yarn to make him laugh. I told her not to scoff, but she retorted by saying that if most men were to wear their hair long and (apparently) oiled, like Jesus wore his, where would the washing-bill end. I gave it up. Of course, my aunt is a very homely woman. I should only like her to find the housekeeper sitting at the feet of Jesus when she was working.

My aunt is a curious woman, also, in some ways, but a treasure. I feel almost a contempt for Jesus and his loaves and fishes when I consider what she can do with a neck of mutton. I broached my difficulty to her concerning the shilling Bible. She said—and she is a determined woman—"I will get one for ninepence"; and I knew the deed was done, though I did not show it.

I smiled a superior smile. I had pleaded, and even blasphemed, in a big London store, and had returned empty. I spoke to a scoffer in the city, and he told me proudly that

he would buy one for sixpence. It has not arrived. Ye gods of Olympus! and I can buy Shakespeare for a shilling! And for that, on further consideration, I bless every god that was ever hammered together, for "Will" is my god to-day.

So my aunt called for the pony and went forth. In triumph she brought back the only Book. It was given to the youth aforesaid. And I think that youth hath some wit. After many days, our bread being thrown upon the waters and fishes and wildfowl being scarce, I found that book and opened its sacred portals. The portals had evidently been used as a recreation ground for numerous flies. I lighted on a text which declared that a good name was better than precious ointment. It struck me that the flies might have been looking for the ointment, for I did not want it. I turned back.

Within I read this pencilled legend on the title-page:—

Mine Book.
Ye Booke of Ye Lies.
Presented bye _____
Alleluia!

And on the opposite once blank sheet the subjoined triumph of verse greeted me:—

Oh, Book of Fools,
Oh, Parsons' Rules,
Oh, Arsenal of Christian fools!
If we but followed you—Alas
Science to-day would be an ass!!!

I met that youth later, in the street, but I said no word just then. There was a halo round his tall hat that I had never seen before. Perhaps he had brushed the hat. He was young, and I did not wish to lead him into evil paths. For a moment I stood irresolute. And then the holy spirit of Walker and Buchanan descended upon me like flames of fire, and I prophesied:—

"Come and have a Scotch-and-soda," I said. "You must."

My prophecy was fulfilled. So were the glasses—twice.

I am sorry that I have been beguiled out of the narrow way, which, to all accounts, is wretched driving for horse or motor. I intended to tell you how the One Above had loved and had compassion on all my pets, from horseflesh to white mice. I have not managed it; for, like the horseflesh, on which he has showered his mercies, my flesh, too, is weak. I have no quarrel with the spirit. In the case of the youth aforesaid, that, also, was strong, for he insisted on splitting a diminutive soda in each debauch.

Some other time I hope to get back to the zoology.

E. J. M.

Correspondence.

DEFINITIONS OF SECULARISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In your issue of March 16 there is nothing to object to in the three paragraphs you write on the short article I contributed to the *Secularist* (which, I understand, succeeds the *Truth Seeker* at Bradford) except the phrase in which you say I "fall foul" of the National Secular Society's description of Secularism. "Falling foul," as applied to a difference of opinion, is an antediluvian term which I thought was drowned in the flood—as it ought to have been. I was a member of the Executive of the National Secular Society when the indefinite definition you have now adopted was first brought forward; and on my suggestion Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant adopted more relevant, or, as I thought, more exact, terms, which appeared for a time in the "principles" of the Society. It never occurred to them to say or to think that I was "falling foul" of the Society for endeavoring to improve it.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S DEFINITION OF SECULARISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In last week's "Acid Drops" I see that Mr. Holyoake's definition of Secularism as "the improvement of this life by material means" (or, more fully, as "that form of opinion which seeks human improvement by material means") is so far accepted that the writer says "we have no quarrel with this definition." For my part, I strongly object to it as being incomplete. Secularism works by moral as well as material means. Emotional appeals, and the due cultivation of feelings and ideals, are not rejected. Mr. Holyoake, of course, intends the word "material" to be used merely as excluding the supernatural; but, unfortunately, the word equally suggests an exclusion which, as Mr. Holyoake's own subsequent remarks show, is the exact contrary of the meaning that should be embodied in the definition. If he had said that Secularism seeks human welfare or happiness solely by natural means, he would have been nearer the mark.

W. P. BALL.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, etc.

LONDON.

(Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on Tuesday and be marked "Lecture Notice," if not sent on post card.)

THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, C. Cohen, "Herbert Spencer: the Man and the Philosopher."
NORTH CAMBERWELL HALL (61 New Church-road): 7, Conversatione.

EAST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Bromley Vestry Hall, Bow-road): 7, J. Bruce Glasier, "Andrew Carnegie and Triumphant Democracy."

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Surrey Masonic Hall): 7, G. Spiller, "Economic Conditions and Character."

WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Kensington Town Hall, ante-room, first floor): 11.15, J. Bruce Glasier, "Democracy Unbound."

STREATHAM AND BRIXTON ETHICAL INSTITUTE (Carlton Hall, Tunstall-road, Brixton): 7, R. C. Dunnett, "James Russell Lowell."

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey.

COUNTRY.

BELFAST ETHICAL SOCIETY (York-street Lecture Hall, 69 York-street): 3.45, "Sun Worship."

CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday-school; 7, Miss Zona Vallance, "Equality."

GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): J. M. Robertson—11.30, "The Clergy and Unbelief"; 2.30, "Internationalism v. Imperialism"; 6.30, "The War and the Settlement."

LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): 7, Annual Meeting.

MANCHESTER (Secular Hall, Rusholme-road): 6.30, J. Mayoh, "The Anglo-Japanese Alliance."

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, Lecture or Reading by a local gentleman.

SOUTH SHIELDS (Capt. Duncan's Navigation Schools, Market-place): 7, A Reading.

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