

THE Freethinker

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The Poor Clergy.

WE may question the sincerity of the clergy in many things. We may believe that when many of them affirm their continued belief in miracles, in answers to prayer, in the authenticity of the Gospels, or in the reconciliation of science and religion, that they say these things with their tongues in their cheeks, or with some mental reservation that robs their professions of all value. Very often we may be reminded at a confirmation service of Theodore Hook, who, when asked did he believe in the Thirty-nine Articles, replied with a cheerful alacrity, "Certainly; forty if you like." We question their sincerity because it is really difficult to realise *how* a man of any education can believe these things nowadays. We are not living in the twelfth, but in the twentieth, century; and it is hard to understand how a man can get his education from one century and his beliefs from a period some ten centuries earlier.

But on one question we may all admit the unquestioned sincerity of the clergy, and that is when they are dilating upon the small salaries received by many of their number. There is a note of sincerity struck when the clergy are dealing with this subject that is quite absent when they are indulging in the stock tirades of the pulpit, and one feels that here at least is something which they really believe in.

Here, for instance, is the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. John Sheepshanks, whose salary is just £4,500 per year, delivering himself in Westminster Abbey on "The Duties of the Laity." It is, of course, a congenial theme for a Bishop, and he makes the most of it. He laments that people no longer feel inclined to support their religious guides as they ought to do. They will not listen to them with deference; they do not hold them in the proper esteem; they will not even contribute with becoming liberality to their support. All this is wrong—very wrong. We have—at least, so says the Bishop—distinct duties towards the clergy. First it is the duty of the laity "to esteem their clergy very highly in love for their words' sake." To this one might add, as a commentary, the prayer offered by a caustic old clergyman during a period of great political excitement. "Oh, Lord," prayed the parson, "grant that we may not act disrespectfully or think disparagingly of our governors, and Oh, Lord, grant that they may not act so that we can't help it." Really, if God wanted us to "esteem the clergy very highly," it would only have been showing common sense to have supplied us with a little different article to that which we now possess.

The second duty of the laity is to "listen to them (the clergy) when they are.....declaring the word of God, with attention, with deference, and with obedience." We can quite conceive that this duty is a most important one—for the clergy. You are not to listen with judgment or discrimination or attention, but with deference and obedience. And, of course, once the laity are reduced to this delightful open-your-mouth-and-shut-your-eyes attitude, the way is naturally and properly prepared for what is, in the Bishop's opinion, clearly the chief duty of the laity—that of providing for "their pastors' suitable and honorable maintenance."

No. 1,110.

All roads lead to Rome, and all duties in this new guide-book for the laity culminate in that of paying the clergy liberally.

But the Bishop has to lament that these duties, particularly the latter, are much neglected. We are all aware that there are thousands of people who are so far dead to all sense of duty as to esteem the clergy no higher than the local dustman, while some quite unregenerate souls have been instituting a comparison between the social utility of deans and dustmen, and have drawn a conclusion very much in favor of the latter. And one has only to move about with eyes and ears half opened to see how the spirit of obedience towards the clergy is rapidly dying out. Once upon a time, when the clergy cured the sick, controlled the weather, secured a good harvest, or regulated earthquakes, the people believed that something was to be gained by obedience, and labored accordingly. But now that all these functions have passed from our spiritual guides, people are beginning to ask what on earth they have to esteem their clergy for, or why they are to listen to them with childlike deference and docility.

But see the results. There are in England 4,577 benefices having not more than £300 per year of income. There are about a similar number with not more than £200 a year each, and there are 1,491 benefices with not more than £100 a year each; and how, asks the Bishop, are the clergy to manage upon these sums?

Let us grant the Bishop his figures, although a strict investigation might show that things were hardly as bad as he paints them. And if we do grant their accuracy, what on earth is all this wailing of the poverty of the clergy about? There are several thousand clergymen who only get £300 a year. Good; but there are several *hundreds* of thousands of other people—men of education, men of ability, men of refinement—who would think themselves tolerably well off if they were getting as much free from the constant care of how to get it. And these do not go round crying about their poverty, and appealing for charity in all directions. And there are other clergymen who only get £200 a year, or even £100 a year. Good again; and there are hundreds of thousands of people who would think themselves millionaires on the smaller of these incomes, who have to keep up appearances—and do keep up appearances—on less than a couple of pounds a week. The Bishop says the clergy are bearing "their distressful circumstances with bravery and patience." One would hardly have thought it, bearing in mind the frequency of the lamentations one hears about their poor salaries. Is it not a little ridiculous that these followers of the Jesus who told them to take no thought for the morrow, to start their missionary journeyings without fear that the Lord would provide, who preach unto others "Blessed be ye poor"—is it not slightly inconsistent and absurd that they should grumble because some of them are not earning more than six pounds per week?

Besides, this talk about the underpaid clergy is preposterous. I venture to say that there is not a profession in Great Britain which, on the whole, is better paid than that of the professional religionist. There is no need to unduly depreciate the intellectual status of the clergy; but no responsible person would deny that, as a body, they are far inferior in mental power and general ability to any other body of educated men in the country. And there is nothing like the mental labor involved in preparing for the priesthood that is necessitated by preparing for the practice of medicine, for

that of the law, or for a literary or scientific career. Nor is there the work afterwards to maintain a position in the ranks of the clergy that is needed to maintain a position in the other professions I have named. A man engaged in scientific work or in literature must be constantly at work, enlarging his knowledge and deepening his experience. The clergyman, once he is ordained, is practically finished. He *may* study further if he cares to; and I suppose that even in the Churches learning is *sometimes* a help, but it is not absolutely necessary. And yet what man of science is there that ever made by his work or by his writings the incomes commanded by some of our leading religionists? The truth is that, looking at their general ability and social value, the clergy are not only well paid, but overpaid. They add nothing, as priests, to the intellectual or social riches of the nation; on the contrary, they are, in the mass, opposed to its best interests and most progressive tendencies, and yet some of them are paid salaries such as are not received by the principal officers of the State, and which none of them could command if they had to bring their wares into the open market and depend upon their intrinsic value for payment.

And there is an obvious answer to this cry about the poor clergy and the constant begging on their behalf. If there are a few thousands of the clergy earning less than £300 per year—most of them, by-the-bye, in country districts, where the cost of living is low, and where the house is usually free—there are many more thousands who are paid very much more than three hundred a year. Why not, then, take from those who are paid too much, and give to those who are not paid enough? Is it not something like impudence for a man like the Bishop of London with £10,000 a year, and with mental ability enough to earn, say, £150 in any other walk of life, or even for the Bishop of Norwich with £4,500 a year, to ask laymen to give more to the clergy because some are only getting what many a struggling man of letters would be only too pleased to receive? This is a common-sense suggestion, and the Bishop faces it—after a fashion. He says “there is a ring of meanness” about it. The Bishop’s ideas of what constitutes meanness are as interesting as his rules for the conduct of the laity are amusing.

Dr. Sheepshanks also finds the cause of the decline in the number of people ordained for the clergy to be that the salaries offered are not large enough. When a Freethinker points out that people enter the ranks of the priesthood as other people enter a business, and cry up their wares for the same reason that a merchant “puffs” his goods, and that all the talk about being “called” by the “holy spirit,” etc., is the veriest drivel and the most utter humbug, he is accused of being blasphemous or indulging in scurrility. Yet here is a right reverend Bishop, who *ought* to know, saying exactly the same thing. It is the salaries that attract, and if we wish to see the number of the clergy kept up we must see that the monetary inducements are powerful enough to draw people into the ministry.

One other point in conclusion. The Bishop has grave fears for the future of the clergy, and fears that a decline in the number and influence of the clergy would be a heavy blow “struck against the cause of religion, and, consequently, the cause of morality in our land.” So far as the first portion of the sentence quoted goes I am inclined to agree with it. Nowadays the perpetuation of religion is largely artificial. There is the hereditary groundwork upon which to build, but this would give way rapidly in a modern environment were it not for the series of artificial stimulants applied. And as to the second portion, that may be dismissed without much fear. The best life of the nation has always existed outside the ranks of the priesthood, and has only managed to manifest itself in the teeth of their opposition. The priest, as priest, is necessarily opposed to progressive ideas, and this applies to the clergy of all denominations alike. And they are of all men the least fitted to take in hand the conscience of the nation. A class of men who think more of where an opinion will lead than if it is sound, of whether a doctrine is pleasant than whether it is true, whose whole aim is to stifle doubt instead of to awaken the spirit of inquiry, may disappear from our midst without the nation being any the poorer for their loss.

C. COHEN.

The Bishop of London and the Church.

THE Bishop of London recently delivered a lecture to Nonconformists upon “Why am I a Churchman?” The reasons he gives for his belief, and the evidences he adduces in support thereof, are of the usual orthodox type, in which assumption is substituted for proof. Still, in the introduction to his lecture he manifests a tolerant spirit, and gives what no doubt is one of the chief reasons why the majority of professed Christians came to adopt their religious opinions. Speaking to Nonconformists, he says:—

“I want you to realise that bringing-up has a great deal to do with why we are this or that. I was brought up as a Churchman, and you, my brethren, may have been brought up Nonconformists. Let us remember that, and make allowances for one another in what we believe and how we hold the truth, remembering what a difference heredity and bringing-up make in our belief.”

This is an important admission, that education and general environment have more to do in the formation of religious opinions than the teachings of any Church. It is a fact that should be obvious to all impartial thinkers. But why should not the same truth be applied to unbelievers, whose unbelief may also be the result of training and surrounding circumstances? There is this, however, to be said on behalf of the sceptic: as a rule, his scepticism is produced by thought and investigation, and not, as in the case of many believers, in consequence of early impressions made upon their infant minds. Hence, without citing past instances, we may mention that most of the prominent Freethinkers of the present day were in their childhood brought up under Christian influences, but subsequent reading and study have led them to forsake the orthodox faith, because they found it to be incompatible with their matured knowledge. Some Christian exponents recognise this lack of continuity in religious training, and, with a view of palliating what to them is a difficulty, they assert that whatever is excellent in the characters of unbelievers is the consequence of the religious training of their youth. The absurdity of this allegation must be apparent to all whose minds are not perverted by theological prejudice. For not only has Christian instruction failed to prevent the acceptance of the “deadly sin of unbelief,” but the scepticism itself has not been a hindrance to the acquirement and practice of those virtues which exalt and ennoble human character.

When he comes to the reasons why he is a Churchman, the Bishop says: “The first reason is a very plain and clear one: because the Church is a society founded by Jesus Christ himself.” In support of this allegation he refers to the following statement, which Jesus is supposed to have made to St. Peter:—

“Blessed art thou, Simon Bar Jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee. Now, on this rock I can build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” “Now on this rock”—now on this little body gathered out of the crowd, which could learn and understand—on that He could build His Church—not on the shifting multitude, which shifted like the sands, on which nothing could stand, but on the little body which understood, and which at last believed.”

If the Bishop means that the Church which he says was built upon this particular “rock” is the same Church as the one to which he belongs, he has the records of history and the testimony of prominent Christians against him. The pious Mosheim, writing of the second century, says “the simplicity of Christianity was not of long duration”; and the orthodox historian, Gregory, writes that in the third century Christianity “no longer retained its original form.” The fact is, Christianity was altered and modified immediately after the recorded death of its founder. The faith taught by St. Paul was very different from that of his master. Each successive age has marked a change in the nature and teachings of the Church. First it was purely ascetic, basing its propaganda upon poverty and the neglect of worldly considerations. Then followed the period of image-worship and belief in the manifestations of miraculous power. This was succeeded by the

memorable Dark Ages, during which the Church was the nursery for the worst forms of superstition, the grossest ignorance, and the worst priestly despotism. At the Reformation the Church and its teachings underwent another great transformation, and, having been wrecked through internal divisions, hundreds of its adherents forsook it altogether. After awhile a rational spirit entered its domain, and caused still further divisions, which culminated in the establishment of three distinct sections—namely, the High Church, where science finds no encouragement; the Low Church, where intolerance to all phases of doubt is manifested; and the Broad Church, where religion assumes a more rational form. And to-day the frequent lamentations from certain pulpits are because "primitive Christianity" is nowhere visible, and that the teachings of Jesus are practically ignored. It will be thus seen that, if Jesus did originate the English Church (which Roman Catholics deny), he failed to give it a solid and fixed foundation, for, from its very inception, it has "shifted like the sands." Moreover, its records show that from the first the adherents of the Church could not agree, neither did they derive ethical inspiration from its influence. The New Testament informs us that Paul and Barnabas could not work together. In fact, "the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder one from the other." We are also told that the early members of the Church were guilty of "fraud" towards each other, and that "there was also a strife among them." Even St. Peter, the "beloved disciple," denied his own master, and St. Paul acknowledged that he "robbed other churches, taking wages of them to do your service," and that, "being crafty," he caught them "with guile." With such a commencement, it is no marvel that this Church has had an unfortunate and questionable career such as its history depicts.

The second reason given by the Bishop for being a Churchman is "because my Lord Jesus Christ, who founded this Church, prayed in his last prayer not for invisible unity, but for visible unity for his Church" (John xvii. 11). But this reason was based upon a failure, inasmuch as the prayer was not answered. The Bishop admits this, for he says:—

"What a mockery it is to-day, what a mockery of Christ's own plan and His own design, what sadness to His eyes that love to see peace and unity, to look down upon Christendom to-day broken, His ideal broken into pieces. Do you say it does not matter? I say it would matter even if it was only a mockery of Christ's plan and a mockery of His ideal. As a missionary, as one who has had to try and convert people in parts of England to-day who are not converted to Christianity, I tell you it is the division of Christendom which is the worst bar at this moment to converting the working men who do not believe in Christ to Christ.....The divisions of Christendom are the worst bar, far more than unbelief, to the spread of the Gospel.....It is a source of great puzzledom to the poor heathen as to whether they should become Christians or not, on account of the bickering which often takes place among the different bodies of Christians who are seeking to convert them to Christianity; and my blood boils every time I hear it to think that Mohammedan soldiers are required at the holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem to keep Christians from tearing one another's throats."

The Bishop of London is not alone in his admission that Christ's supplication to his Father was in vain. The present Archbishop of Canterbury said: "When they looked around, they saw that this prayer had not been fulfilled.....The principles on which they had formed themselves were made the principles of division, and not the principles of unity." The Bishop of Ripon also avows that "our internal divisions are perhaps our greatest foe." Now, a reason based upon an error cannot be a very sound one. It may satisfy the theologian, but to the impartial student it will be unable to justify any belief.

One reason assigned by the Bishop why he is not a Dissenter is because, he says, the government of the Church has been unchanged. It is really astonishing that a prominent expounder of our "national religion" should be guilty of such a palpable error. He asserts that originally the Church was under the government of Christ. If this be so, its government has greatly changed, for now, according to the Prayer Book, the King is declared to be supreme governor of the Church.

As an introduction to the Thirty-nine Articles there appears a lengthy declaration attributed to the reigning monarch of 1562, which, however, has been reaffirmed by the present King, by Royal Warrant, "Given at Our Court at Sandringham, the Ninth Day of November, 1901, in the first year of Our Reign, and signed 'by His Majesty's Command.'" The reaffirmation reads thus:—

"That therefore in those both curious and unhappy differences, which have for so many hundred years, in different times and places, exercised the Church of Christ, We will, that all further curious search be laid aside..... And that no man hereafter shall either print, or preach to draw the article aside any way, but shall submit to it in the plain and full meaning thereof; and shall not put his own sense or comment to be the meaning of the Article, but shall take it in the literal and grammatical sense.

"That if any public Reader in either of our Universities, or any Head or Master of a College, or any other person respectively in either of them, shall affix any new sense to any article, or shall publicly read, determine, or hold any public Disputation;.....or if any Divine in the Universities shall preach or print anything either way other than is already established in Convocation with Our Royal Assent; he, or they the offenders, shall be liable to Our Displeasure, and the Church's Censure in our Commission Ecclesiastical, as well as any other. And We shall see there shall be due Execution upon them."

The above appears in the revised edition of the Prayer-book. Here the clergy are prohibited from the expression of all progressive thought, and mental liberty is entirely denied. It is only a theologian of the extreme conservative type who could find a reason for believing in a Church which enjoins such intellectual slavery. This is in direct opposition to the lessons of all modern progress. The Bishop would do well to note the following significant words of Benjamin Kidd in his recently-published work, *Principles of Western Civilisation*: "There is scarcely an important department of practical or of speculative knowledge which is not pregnant with possibilities greater than any that have already been achieved. Such is the nature of existing Western conditions that there is scarcely any appliance of civilisation, however well established; scarcely any invention, however all-embracing its hold on the world, which the well-informed mind is not prepared to see entirely superseded within a comparatively brief period in the future." In its government the Church of England, like most orthodox institutions, does not recognise this progressive spirit, and therefore it is incompatible with the genius of the twentieth century.

To me it is a puzzle how any sane person can believe in that conglomeration of falsehood and absurdity called the Prayer-book. Its thirty-nine Articles are the echo of a stern and worn-out theology; its prayers are the quintessence of folly; and its creeds are both contradictory and incomprehensible. For instance, what can be more nonsensical than the teaching that three Eternals are but one Eternal, three Uncreates are but one Uncreate, three Incomprehensibles are only one Incomprehensible, three Almighty ones Almighty, three Gods but one God? "And in this Trinity none is afore, or after other; none is greater, or less than another; but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal; so that in all things, as is aforesaid, the Unity in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity, is to be worshipped—He, therefore, that will be saved, must thus think of the Trinity." Those who cannot believe this jumble of inconsistencies, we are told, "without doubt shall perish everlastingly." Further, it is urged that Christ the Son is equal with God the Father, yet the Father is greater than the Son. Now, if one thing, or being, is greater than another, it is but natural to infer that one must necessarily be less than the other; and to most persons it must appear as impossible for the less to be the greater as for the greater to be the less; and it will puzzle even a bishop to find out how it is that both the less and the greater are one and the same. These are some of the incongruities which Churchmen are supposed to believe. Perhaps this is one reason why they acknowledge themselves to be such "miserable sinners." If prayer to God were of any avail, all sensible persons might exclaim, "From such errors and follies 'Good Lord deliver us.'"

CHARLES WATTS.

Rousseau.

"Thou, Nature, art my goddess: to thy law my services are bound."—SHAKESPEARE (*A. L.*).

"The power of speech
To stir men's blood."—*Ibid* (J. C.).

AT the triumph of the French Revolution, when the colossal church of St. Genevieve was secularised and converted into the Panthéon and dedicated by a grateful country to the memory of her greatest sons, the body of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Philosopher of Humanity and Citizen of Geneva, was conveyed to Paris to be interred in the crypt beneath the dome, close to the sepulchre of the illustrious Voltaire. The Cenotaph of Jean Jacques may yet be seen, with the brazen hand and flaming torch protruding from the marble sides, to proclaim that the genius of Rousseau still burns bright to illumine the darkness of a benighted world.

Although the vaguest uncertainty surrounds most of the circumstances connected with the end of Rousseau's troubled life, and the ultimate fate of his remains, the world knows as much about him personally as it does of his great contemporary, Voltaire, who would willingly have been his friend, but who was positively forced to assume an appearance of hostility towards the super-sensitive philosopher, whose main object in life seemed to be to quarrel with everybody, especially his friends. He quarrelled with David Hume, who sincerely admired his genius and compassionated his misfortunes. He quarrelled with Grimm, who entertained sentiments of the most affectionate esteem for him. He vilified D'Alembert, and he declared that Diderot had libelled him. He quarrelled continuously with Thérèse, whom he married. Finally, he requited the kindness of two ladies who petted him in his old age, when he had become more savage and more morose, who offered him hospitality, who attended to his domestic wants, who sent him dainties from their dairies and orchards, and who hesitated at no acts of gentle, womanly sympathy by foully abusing them and declaring that they too had joined the band of conspirators, who, according to his distempered fancy, were leagued together to make his life miserable. Rousseau was never a man of business. At one time he had his foot on one rung of the diplomatic ladder, when he filled the post of Secretary to the French Legation at Paris, at Venice; but, characteristically, he quarrelled with the Ambassador and all others he could fall foul of. Voltaire, who he thought held him in so much hatred, and whom he pathetically accused of having written the wittiest book in the world, the matchless *Candide*, as a spiteful libel on his philosophy, was a level-headed man. Everything that Voltaire touched was a success. His tragedies, his histories, his novels, his poems, turned to gold and to fame. Before he had passed middle age he was more than wealthy. No such worldly prosperity could by any reasonable probability have fallen to the share of Rousseau. He was Quixotic enough to refuse money for his many and splendid contributions to French literature, and preferred to vegetate in squalid indigence by copying that music in which he was so accomplished a proficient, and of which he composed so erudite a dictionary. His gains as a composer and a dramatist might have been large; but he, as usual, quarrelled with the director of the Opera on some trivial matter, and relinquished in dudgeon what might have been a lucrative connection with the lyric stage.

Rousseau was most emphatically a dreamer of dreams. He brought a new note into the eighteenth century by the Savoyard Vicar's profession of faith, the most fervid and exalted expression of emotional deism that religious literature contains. It is vague, irrational, incoherent, cloudy; but the clouds are suffused with glowing gold. In truth one can scarcely call Rousseau's deism a creed. It is mainly a name for a particular mood of fine spiritual exaltation, the expression of a state of indefinite aspiration and supreme feeling for unattainable things, a poetic crying for the moon. If such pastime be ever permissible, it was natural in pre-revolutionary France. A man with a heart of fire and with a poet's vision might have had intimations that the giants of social force were rousing with the

thunder and the hurricane in their hands. It is surely time that there should be an end of the cant which lifts up its hands at the fanciful responsibility of Rousseau and Voltaire for the Revolution, and piously shuts its eyes to the crimes of kings and churches. In those awful days:—

"The brute despair of trampled centuries
Leaped up with one hoarse yell, snapped its bands,
Groped for its rights with horny, callous hands,
And stared around for God with blood-shot eyes;
Small wonder that those palms were all too hard
For nice distinctions."

Rousseau was more than a mere dreamer; he was a hypochondriac. There are passages in his enthrallingly interesting *Confessions* which have a pathological interest. He must have been more than half demented when, towards the close of his life, he assumed an Armenian habit, and when, while he was the honored guest of Madame D'Epinau, protected, sheltered, and caressed by that admirable woman, he declared he was a pauper lacking bread. It has been hinted that his death was equivocal. Be that as it may, his end was miserable. But he left behind him the brightest heritage of literary glory. His *Confessions* is still a live book; *Julie* is a more enchanting novel than *Clarissa Harlowe*. It is more pathetic than Fielding's *Amelia*; it is almost equal to *Tom Jones*. But for Rousseau's inspiration St. Pierre would never have written *Paul and Virginia*, nor Goethe *The Sorrows of Werther*. Rousseau's sentimentalism, although as unreal as the garlanded shepherds of the artists of his time, is rarely sickly. As a writer his style dangerously approaches perfection. This discontented, morbid man was, as far as his individuality went, as companionable as a bear; but his fame as an author is deservedly of the highest, and as a philanthropist he ranks with John Howard and Lloyd Garrison. Rousseau's splendid work on education, *Emile*, is a magnificent appeal against scholastic tyranny, and in favor of the tender treatment of the young. The influence of Jean Jacques has had a lasting and merciful influence in the schools, not only of France, but throughout the world. The *Contrat Social* will show that its author was an ardent reformer. To him, indeed, belongs the better part of the social ameliorations effected by the great French Revolution. France can boast of few more glorious sons. MIMNERMUS.

Animism.—IV.

THE sacred fire was, and is to this day, made in the early manner by the friction of the Soma tree, called then the mother of fire. If by any accident the dire calamity of the extinction of the sacred fire befell the Romans, the Pontifex Maximus, the priests who sacrificed to the guarding spirit on bridges, reproduced the fire from two pieces of the sacred tree, Arbor Felix. The Roman priests pretended that only through them could be obtained the holy fire; just as did the Jewish priests that only at Jerusalem could sacrifices be offered, and just as they everywhere pretend that only through apostolic succession comes the power of remitting the Holy Spirit.

At the offerings to the dead the ancestors, chiefs and medicine men of the past, were invoked by their names, and as these names were known only to those initiated in the mysteries, they gave the sacerdotal class material for the establishment of power and influence.

From the worship of fire as a means of communication with the dead probably came the conception of the sun, moon, and stars as their abode. Moon worship took a prominent position in connection with the measurement of time. The month was known long before the year, and, in connection with female periodicity, presided over women, who were timetellers long ere the phases of the moon were observed. Savages suppose a fresh moon is created every month. Graves were usually laid to the east, as churches are still oriented. Though the Hindus cremate their dead, the Brahmin commences the ritual of the Sradhas, as the architect plans a church. He forms the figure of a cross, and the altar is placed in an eastern direction. In this earliest ritual of the Aryans offerings of food are made to the ancestors and to animals. As the

beatitude of the *manes* above depended on their descendants beneath, the latter were bound to take care their lines should not be interrupted. "Increase and multiply" is the voice of barbaric religion. Begetting a male child was a prime duty; and female infanticide, as among some tribes still, was supposed to help. This led to provision for adoption, which in India is so deeply religious that it can break the bonds of caste, which belongs to a later strata of development.

The child in patriarchal times was a slave. Its duty extended to every service, to every sacrifice that could be made, extending to the surrender of life itself, as in the cases of Abraham and Jephthah. The relationship did not close with life. It was the part of the son "to serve his parents dead as he had served them living"; to this day this is the prime religious duty among the masses in India, China, Africa, and many other parts of the world, where the doctrine of leaving father and mother and letting the dead bury the dead is regarded as shocking impiety.

The first sacrifices, in the form of gifts of food and drink, corn and wine, to the dead, pass into the sacrifices of homage and of abnegation. Funeral rites are among the most prominent religious ceremonies among savages, and these consist largely of provisions for the return to life of the dead person. The Rev. Duff Macdonald, of Blantyre, in Central Africa, says significantly: "The ordinary offerings to the gods were just the ordinary food of the people." Servants, horses, weapons, food and clothing, are buried or dispatched at the grave for the use of the dead. This custom has been well-nigh universal, and has occasioned many barbarities. When a god or a messenger to the gods was wanted a man was killed. By Mexicans the number of victims was proportioned to the grandeur of the funeral, and amounted sometimes to two hundred. In Peru, when an Inca died, his attendants and favorite concubines, amounting sometimes to a thousand, would voluntarily immolate themselves. In Africa it was the same. Formerly in Congo, when the king was buried, a dozen young maids left into his grave and were buried alive to serve him in the other world. These maids were so eager for this service to their deceased prince that, in striving who should be first, they sometimes killed one another. Ximenes tells us, concerning the Indians of Vera Paz, that "when a lord was dying they immediately killed as many slaves as he had, that they might precede him and prepare the house for their master." In savage belief the future was expected to be a counterpart of the present, the master continuing a master, and the slaves slaves. This feeling evidently survived in the French countess who declared that "God would think twice before damning a woman of quality." Speaking of East Central Africa, Mr. Rowley says (R.A., 99): "If the deceased belonged to the common sort of people, the expression of grief on the part of his relatives was not less demonstrative than that with which his betters were honored; but he was left to shift for himself in the world of spirits, and a dreary life he was supposed to have there; but if he belonged to the great ones of the tribe, not only was he supplied with abundance of food, etc., but women were sacrificed to minister to his wants and pleasures."

No modern has so intense a belief in immortality as the ancient Britons, who would lend goods under expectation of being repaid in another life. Yet the belief was often a direct incentive to cruelty and callousness. Herodotus tells of a tribe of Getans, or Goths, on the Danube, who believed themselves immortal. They used to send messengers to heaven to acquaint their god of their special needs. They would fling a man aloft and catch him on their spear points: if he died quickly it was a good omen; if he happened to survive he was reviled as rejected by the god, and a second victim was found to despatch as his substitute. The Hindoo custom of *sati*, in which a widow was burnt on the funeral pile of her husband, was another offshoot of the belief. Terrible pictures of this barbarous custom are often drawn at missionary meetings, when the auditors are not usually told that the sacrifice was a *voluntary one*, unsanctioned by the Vedas, or that it arose from the strong belief of the widow that she would pass through the fire and rejoin her dead husband in another world.

Murray, in his *Travels in Asia*, tells of a region in Thibet where, as a religious practice, a sacred boy sallied forth equipped with sword and arrows to kill at pleasure whomever he met. No one resisted him, for it was believed that to be thus slain would be a signal blessing for them in another world.

The atrocities of human sacrifices largely depended on savage man's crude conception of another life, and the belief that it is the duty of the living to supply the needs of the dead. In Dahomey the king sends constant messages to his dead ancestors by ambassadors who are killed for the purpose. They are well treated beforehand as important functionaries, and, their death being almost painless, they are quite contented and cheerful about their journey. The Rev. Duff Macdonald says: "A chief summons a slave, delivers to him a message, and then cuts off his head. If the chief forgets anything that he wanted to say, he sends another slave as a postscript." Mr. Rowley says: "The annual custom of human sacrifice at Dahomey was inaugurated in order to do honor to the lately deceased king, by sending him a yearly number of attendants befitting his rank." Human sacrifices also prevailed among the Ashantees. In October, 1881, some sixty girls were put to death that their blood might be used in cement to repair the royal palace.

Such customs remind us of the question of Plutarch in his treatise on Superstition: "Had it not been far better for those Gauls, Scythians, or Tartars in old time to have had no thought, idea, or mention at all of the gods than to think they delighted in the bloodshed of men, and to believe that the highest and most holy service of the gods was to cut men's throats and to spill their blood?"

Diodorus Siculus (xxi.) tells us that "The Carthaginians offered as a sacrifice two hundred sons of the nobility; and no fewer than three hundred more voluntarily offered up themselves."

(THE LATE) J. M. WHEELER.

(To be concluded.)

Acid Drops.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in the issue of that paper for March 28, lets an interesting light in upon the Macedonian question, and also upon the part played by the Christians in manufacturing or causing "atrocities" about which so much is heard. The Macedonian Committee he describes as the most "potent political organisation in Europe." Their principal method of working is to "stir up rebellion in Turkey, to create disturbances, to send bands over the frontier, and in general to annoy the Turks as much as possible, in the hopes of getting them to take stern measures with the villagers, and thereby raise a cry of Turkish atrocities and procure the intervention of Europe."

Whenever the Committee suspects a Christian Bulgarian of giving information to the Turks of the movements of any of these bands of Christian brigands the offender is promptly despatched, often with a few more of the villagers, and, having mutilated their bodies, the cry of more "Turkish atrocities" is promptly raised. It was, says the writer, "undoubtedly with this object that Miss Stone was carried off." They hoped to secure a large ransom, and throw all the blame on the Turks, but have failed completely, as all they have succeeded in doing is to prove their methods of working, and the protection they receive from the Bulgarian Government.

It must be borne in mind that in the Stone affair the Bulgarians refused all help, and would not allow negotiations to be conducted in Bulgarian territory. The Turkish Government afforded all possible assistance, and showed themselves ready to do all they could in the matter. And the latest report to hand is that Pastor Zilka, a Christian priest, and the husband of the woman who was "captured" with Miss Stone, has been arrested by the Turkish Government on suspicion of causing the abduction of the two ladies, and is charged with receiving a considerable sum of money from the Macedonian Committee for his share in the transaction.

Political questions, of course, bulk largely in the matter, but the writer makes it plain that these difficulties are intensified by religion. Hatred to the Turk is openly preached, and on the ground that he is not a Christian. The Bulgarians openly avow their intention to goad the Turk into some act of brutality which will bring about a crisis

and thus gratify their racial hatred and religious bigotry. "The worst offenders," says the writer, "in this respect are the Protestants. Directly they have dropped their own faith and taken up with the American missionaries, they put on European clothing and look down on everyone. Their principal idea is that the Turk is a usurper. They will not show him the slightest civility, with the result that the Ottoman, who expects a certain amount of deference from the races he dominates, shows his resentment in a rough way. The Protestant complains to the missionaries, exaggerating everything, and makes himself out a victim of terrible cruelty; and the missionaries, who believe every word their pupils say, take up the matter and complain to Constantinople, etc., and so it goes on."

Looking at what this writer, who is evidently well informed, says, it looks as though Europe and America are being subjected to a gigantic game of bluff by unscrupulous missionaries and equally unscrupulous political agitators.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes's last moments have not provided the religious death-bed ghoul with much of his favorite material. His last words were, "So little done; so much to do"; and one thinks more of the man, no matter what we may think of his general policy, who is thinking up to the last moment of his work in the world, and not, coward like, trouble about heaven or hell, or the destiny of his own soul.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that when we meet a man who is always troubling whether his own soul will be damned or not, we may rest assured that he has a soul that is not worth a damn.

According to Dr. Laborde, there are nearly 40,000 blind people in France, and in the world over 2,000,000. Jesus Christ is alleged to have restored sight to a few blind persons. Why does he not work a miracle on the larger scale? Surely the spectacle of two million blind people ought to excite the pity and active help of a benevolent and omnipotent God, if any such being existed.

While various pulpiteers are denouncing betting and gambling with more or less justice and discretion, instances are multiplying of speculations got up in the shape of lotteries, raffles, etc., for pious ends. *Truth* is beginning to think that "a large proportion of the parishes in Ireland must depend on Turf sweepstakes for their ecclesiastical revenues." Rev. E. O'Leary, of whom mention was made last week, is stated to have such little compunction in the matter that he organised a race meeting some years ago to pay for the repairs to the spire of his church.

Canon Hay Aitken has been conducting a mission in Liverpool against betting and gambling. Archdeacon Madden, in supporting him, admitted that a minister could not denounce gambling if he received the proceeds of raffles. In this connection the *Methodist Times* mentions that not so many months ago a pony was paraded through the streets in the neighborhood of Liverpool, bearing a placard announcing that it was to be "drawn for" at a Church of England bazaar.

A religious riot is expected to-day (April 6) at Lewis, in the Hebrides. A British cruiser and eighty police left Inverness to enforce the decision that Ness Church is to be used on alternate Sundays by the rival sects who claim that church. Hitherto the anti-Unionist Christians have excluded the United Free worshippers by physical force. On the last occasion when a futile attempt was made to carry out the law, and open the church for the minister, two constables were seriously injured. This is how Scotch Christians, like other Christians, obey the Gospel precepts which command them to submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, and to resist not evil.

According to a writer in the *New York Public Opinion*, Chicago is the most religious city in the world, with the exception of Constantinople. There are over 1,100 places of worship. The Catholics have 172 buildings, the Methodists 145, the Congregationalists 90, the Baptists 91, the Lutherans 110, the Presbyterians 63, and the Episcopalians 45. There are no less than seventeen varieties of the Methodist species in the city. Almost every religion under the sun has its representatives in Chicago, so that the religious fare provided is both varied and extensive. We have not the statistics of insanity at hand, but, according to Mr. W. T. Stead, the commercial and civic corruption in Chicago is tolerably high. Mr. Stead declared it to be as close an approach to hell as one can conveniently get. It must be an awfully difficult job to keep straight amidst so many temptations.

The Vicar of Chacombe, in Northamptonshire, has been fined £5 and costs for starving four cows. He pleaded that he had to maintain a large vicarage and ornamental grounds on less than £100 a year. Well, suppose he had, was that any excuse for keeping his cows without food? Why didn't

he sell the cows to someone who could keep them? Some of these parsons are the biggest fools on earth—or, at least, they would have us believe so in order to explain the utter want of feeling that they display.

What does this clerical offender's Bishop say to the alleged maintenance of a large vicarage and ornamental grounds "on less than £100 a year"? The Bishop draws a big, fat stipend. Why doesn't he hand over some of it to his brother in Christ and fellow-worker in the Lord's vineyard? As it is, the Vicar seems to excuse the cruelty to his cows by urging that the Bishop or other ecclesiastical authority is cruel to him.

An Oxford correspondent of a Church paper writes: "The assumption that clergymen who leave considerable sums of money at their decease have amassed them out of Church revenues is a very unfair one." But whoever thinks of making such a general assumption? Of course, it is known that some, perhaps many, clergymen have private means. The ground of complaint is that these preachers of the Gospel of Christ should lay up such treasures for themselves on earth in defiance of the plainest teachings and example attributed to their acknowledged Master and his Apostles.

This Oxford correspondent says that the clergy who receive about £3,000,000 a year in clerical incomes pay income-tax on £9,000,000 a year, thus bringing £6,000,000 a year to the service of the Church (*vide* Crockford's Preface, pp. xii.-xvi., ed. 1900). Yes, they may *bring* it, but do they *spend* it in the service of the Church? Of course they don't; as may be seen by the accumulations they leave at death, and the residues of their estates after payment of bequests for religious and charitable purposes.

At the same time, we have what are intended to be heart-breaking accounts of poor clergymen and their families living in a state next door to destitution. If clerics *will* become wealthy, in spite of the diatribes of Christ against riches, surely they might at least assist their penurious fellow clergymen. With what face can these opulent parsons preach the Gospel of Christ, who is said to have enjoined: "Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away"? There is no absence of appeals, but there is a marvellous want of consistency amongst these professional brethren in Christ. Even the hard-up cleric is inconsistent in seeking to better his lot, for is he not in that condition of life which his Master specifically described as "blessed"?

The preachers of Christianity seem to be giving up the Bible bit by bit. The latest example is that of Dr. Louthan, one of the most prominent Methodist clergymen in Kansas, who is to be tried on a charge of heresy. He refuses to believe that Eve was tempted by a real serpent, and he denies that the entire human race is descended from Adam and Eve.

At one of the services in St. Paul's Cathedral during "Holy Week" the Bishop of London discoursed—or "gassed," which is a more appropriate term—on woman in relation to the Christian religion. He entirely ignored the Pauline teaching. Christianity had exalted woman; Christ had changed her from the chattel and slave of man to be his companion and inspiration, etc. The Bishop denounced the "cheap sneer which said that the churches were filled with women," and hoped that the time would never come when "women would not be among the most devoted worshippers of our Lord."

This is all very well from the Bishop's point of view, but it ill accords with the position of inferiority, of silence and subjection, assigned to woman by Paul, who gave as his justification: "For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression." By Paul women "are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home."

Dr. Ingram spoke of "some men who would mind the children while the wife went to Holy Communion," which seems to indicate, on the part of the husband, some regard for the spiritual welfare of the wife; unless, indeed, as may be shrewdly suspected, it is only an evasion by the "mere man" of his own spiritual duties.

In spite of Paul, however, women are not to be put down in church—even in the Church of England. For we learn this week from Melbourne that the congregation of an Episcopalian church were invited by the officiating priest to remain after service in order to pray for the proper filling of the vacant bishoprics. The invitation was promptly taken up by two women, "who, in defiance of all church order and discipline, prayed aloud in church." "That clergyman," remarks a Church paper in reporting the incident, "probably remains unproved!"

Yes, many Churchmen are superior to the narrow-minded

sentiments even of a St. Paul, though they hardly like to show it.

Some of our religious papers are shocked at the fact that our King sent a mission to congratulate the aged Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee. One Church paper holds that God caused our latest disaster in South Africa in order to punish us for this act of courtesy. The intolerant Churchman naturally considers that his God is as bigoted as himself.

The Ping-Pong delirium has fallen under severe Episcopal censure. The Bishop of Manchester asked the other day whether it was because of modern athleticism—bicycling or golfing, or was it—he could not remember the name of the "wretched thing"—for ping-pong that our girls were forsaking work for the good of others? It might be replied that, as the good of each is the good of all, these forms of recreation—even including the "wretched" ping-pong—may be as beneficial generally as conducting useless Bible classes and distributing silly tracts.

Ian Maclaren, in a recent discourse, recognises that there is "a temper of mind" abroad which is hardly favorable to great spiritual revivals. He says he has noticed a striking change in the attitude of the sick and dying. "The dying man is much less concerned than his father would have been about his own soul, and what is going to happen to him after death. He is more anxious about what is going to happen to his wife and children. If you appeal for the building of a church now, you have much more difficulty in gathering the funds than if you appeal for some philanthropic object."

Further, he said that "in foreign missions we like to know that the religious work will move along the general lines of civilisation, that medical attendance will be provided for the sick, and material aid for the hungry.....What if God be calling on us not to build more churches, but to see to the homes of His people—not to put in more organs, but to feed the hungry and destitute around us?" All of which observations mark a distinct advance in the direction of Secular principles and practice.

The native converts to Christianity at Barkly West, in Bechuanaland, have an odd way of raising funds for the mission and indulging their passion for talking. One speaker would address a meeting, and another man would, after a time, walk up to the desk and offer a shilling "if that man would stop." If the "interpleader" was not a very acceptable speaker another man would offer half-a-crown if he would stop. Sometimes as much as £10 would be realised from one of these tea-meetings.

This novel plan has its possibilities for missionary meetings here at home. It would certainly be amusing to see some pious windbag suddenly pulled up by one of his wearied and irritated hearers coming forward and planking a donation down "if that man would stop." It might even be tried in church or chapel as a means of relief from the prolonged infliction of a droning preacher. We commend the suggestion to the promoters of meetings at Exeter Hall.

Were the people referred to in the Gospels as having been possessed of devils mere sufferers from some sort of mania, hysteria, or epilepsy? That is the question discussed in a recently-published work by Dr. William Menzies Alexander. He acknowledges the similarity of symptoms, but he asks: "Is it credible that mere madmen should have recognised Jesus as the Christ—as one infinitely above man, the Holy One of God, the Messiah?" We should reply that we see nothing incredible in that. On the contrary, it is pretty much what we might have expected of mere madmen. We take it to be a sign of their insanity.

The devils may be resolved into *delirium tremens*, or epilepsy, or some sort of nervous disorder, but how on earth they could be transferred to a herd of swine must always remain a mystery.

Lord Lytton's Bill for the inspection of convent laundries and workrooms, which has been read before the House of Lords for the second time, is evidently a much-needed measure. It is alleged that cruelty and harshness are carried on by the nuns to girls and young women. These are kept working, when too ill to work, for very long hours, one poor girl doing so until within two or three days of her death. We can quite believe that the female fanatics who rule these establishments are equal to any amount of tyranny and cruelty to the misguided girls whom they have in charge. In any case, there ought to be Government inspection.

"In the name of the Prophet—Figs!" Rev. E. Baker, of Cape Town, has been relating his experiences with the troops. One night in camp he desired to hold a service, but nobody would come. He started the service by himself, and still no one came. At last he shouted: "If you won't roll up for a

service, roll up for buns!" Then they came, for he had with him 1,200 buns. They came, he says, by hundreds.

A fellow-worker of the Rev. Baker's spoke to a soldier who had been lying in the sun wounded for some time, and asked him what his thoughts were on that occasion. Of course he expected the usual cant about praying to Almighty God, repentance for transgressions, and trusting in Jesus for salvation here or in kingdom come. The actual reply was simply: "To tell the truth, I wanted some water and some of your buns."

Yet another story which the Rev. Baker tells against himself. Visiting the camp at De Aar with one thousand sermons of the late C. H. Spurgeon for distribution, he noted "the eager way" in which the troops crowded to obtain them. "Well, you see, sir," was the explanation, "anything is better than reading the advertisements on the preserved meat tins."

A Dundee paper says of the decline of religious observances in Scotland: "In the seventies we were observing public Fast Days, and careless laddies were rebuked for whistling in the street on the Fast Thursday. To-day ministers advocate the running of Sunday cars. Fast Days are forgotten." Alas!

The *Church Times* laments the "wholesale desecration of Sunday," and offers suggestions to those who are "considering why the Sunday is more and more neglected as the years come and go, and what is to be done to arrest the down-grade tendency." But the Sunday is not "neglected." Quite the contrary; it is now becoming more generally utilised—as a day of real rest, which often means one of joyous recreation.

"A Churchman," writing to a religious weekly, says it is a matter of deep regret that newspaper and other references to intelligence received from South Africa speak of what is called "a stroke of sheer ill-Fortune" in reverses. Even Lord Rosebery, he says, appears to regard "Fortune" as our God. "We must," said Lord Rosebery, "take the blows which *Fortune* deals us with equanimity, and so show we were worthy of better *Fortune* in days to come."

The Church critic thinks that something "more thoughtful and reverent" would have been more becoming in the speech of a statesman. But, of course, Lord Rosebery simply used a non-committal colloquialism. Suppose he had said: "We must take the blows which *God* deals us with equanimity," etc. How would his British audience have liked that? They might have admitted theoretically that everything, including the reverses, occurred in accordance with God's will; but they would hardly have relished the bald and pointed statement that God Almighty was putting in some bad licks by the hand of the enemy. The average Englishman can stand being told that *Fortune* is against him, but to be told that God is against him, even incidentally—ah, that would be altogether too much for his self-righteous gorge.

In the same letter "A Churchman" quotes Bishop Westcott's statement, that the only sound principle of national prayers in time of war is this—they should be "equally suitable for both sides." The correspondent evidently does not perceive that, on the same principle, Lord Rosebery used a term equally acceptable to both sides.

It is not, however, quite clear what Bishop Westcott meant by "both sides"—whether Britishers and Boers, or Imperialists and Pro-Boers. In either case it would require some ingenuity to frame a prayer—other than a mere supplication for the cessation of hostilities, which is one of those things that go without saying—that would be equally suitable for both sides. And if the prayer went further than for mere peace, the Deity would find it more than a trifle trying to grant an answer which both sides would accept without grumbling. Is it quite fair to impose such a task upon Deity, however good-natured and powerful he may be?

"I have my own chapel" was the reply once made by Mr. Rhodes to a South African bishop who asked him if he was going to visit his church. Mr. Rhodes narrated the incident himself in a public speech: "The bishop said, 'Where is it?' and he replied, 'It is up the mountain.' (Laughter and applause.) The fact was, if he might take them into his confidence, that he did not care to go to a particular church on one day in the year when he used his own chapel at other times. He found that up that mountain one got thoughts—what they might term religious thoughts, because they were thoughts for the better of humanity—(applause)—and he believed that was the best description of religion, to work for the betterment of human beings who surround us."

Another Peculiar People case! At West Ham, on Thursday week, an inquiry was held concerning the death of the four-year-old son of Alfred Clarke, of Silvertown. The customary evidence was heard, the father of the child

declaring that thirteen years ago he "found the Bible," and since then he had never needed a doctor. The jury said they believed that the parents had done their best for the child, but that death was accelerated by neglect. A verdict of manslaughter was returned, and the parents committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court. So much for obeying the Bible in Christian England.

The Rev. A. Graham-Barton is writing to the papers, claiming to be the author of the longest English word. This is "antidisestablishmentarianism." Well, the word is long enough, and ugly enough, and useless enough; but what is there to feel proud about? To pride oneself on the length of the words one uses is almost like priding oneself on the length of one's ears. And in *this* kind of competition a jackass would come in an easy first. If the clergy would take less pride in the length of the words they use, and a little more in the common sense they express, the consequences would be better all round.

We were startled, at first glance, on reading in a sporting contemporary that "Clare have beaten Trinity, Queen's have beaten Christ's, Caius have beaten Emmanuel, and Oriol would only draw with Jesus." We imagined there had been "War in Heaven" in reality, but were reassured on discovering that it was only the report of some inter-university sports.

The approaching Coronation shows that the churches have their usual eye to money-making. Those churches that stand on the route of the procession are already advertising seats as high as three guineas each. On looking at some announcements, the size of the lettering advertising seats, compared with that advertising the usual religious services, shows pretty plainly to which the clergy attach most importance.

"M. D.," reviewing Robertson's *History of Christianity* in the columns of the *British Weekly*, politely calls the author a "myth-maniac." One always expects that a man who mouths about loving his enemies will insult his neighbors.

The same omniscient and hysterical critic also reviews a detective story, which has the singular merit of being one of the feeblest pieces of fiction published for many a day. As the author of this study in criminology does not attack "M. D.'s" superstition, he has no adjectives with which to bespatter him.

Many sarcastic things have been said about the Merry Birthday of the Man of Sorrows. But few equal Carlyle's remark, written in his diary on Christmas Day: "On looking out of my window this morning I noticed that my neighbors were more drunk than usual, and I remembered that it was the birthday of their Redeemer."

There is a Prison Endeavor Society in Kentucky, U.S.A. It has two branches at the Frankfort Prison—one for the whites, with a membership of forty-six; another for the blacks, with a membership of forty-one. A prison doesn't seem half a bad place for such an institution, although an idiot asylum would probably be much better. It is interesting to note, too, that even in prison black Christians and white ones will not mix. They must be saved in separate batches. What they will do if they ever meet in the same heaven is awful to contemplate.

We read that the Bishop of Melanesia is on his way home, "after eight years of hard labor at Norfolk Island." This sounds as if the right reverend father-in-God had been "doing time" as a convict. Of course, the religious papers do not mean this.

Superstition takes many forms. In France a widow named Fourment and her son believed that M. Fourment's soul had passed into the body of a tramp, whom they accordingly kept in luxury. When relatives finally interfered, the son attacked the police with a sword, and the mother prepared to set fire to the house. The two believers in metempsychosis are now in a lunatic asylum.

A Persian, aged twenty-seven, who came to England to study divinity and devote himself to preaching, has sued an English lady, aged forty-seven, for breach of promise. The lady is worth £30,000, and the divinity man is poor, and, as he puts it, "nobody but your humble servant in Christ." The lady, for a time, broke off the engagement, because she went to a spiritualistic *séance* and the spirits told her she ought to give him up. The judge said it was nonsense to talk of sentiment. The plaintiff had, in his opinion, brought the action to see how much money he could get from the woman; and, if he was in the place of the jury, he would take care the man did not get much. The jury awarded the enterprising follower of Christ £50. Doubtless the £30,000, even

with the lady as well, would have been much more to the taste of this pious lover.

In Nicaragua a bridge divided while the priest was in the act of blessing it, and a hundred of the spectators of the ceremony were drowned. The priestly blessing was not very effective, unless, like certain other incantations, it acted by the "rules of contrary."

How nice to have an intimate knowledge of what happens in heaven! General Booth says the "self-denial" result (£50,000) has "filled me with satisfaction, created gladness among the angels, and given pleasure, I verily believe, to the heart of the dear Savior Himself." He is positive as to the angels, and has a belief in regard to the Savior—which belief may be only his modest way of putting it. It will be observed, however, that he places himself first.

Spiritualism is exercising the pens of various readers of the *Church Times*. One correspondent is compelled to believe that the spirits of the wicked and frivolous are the most accessible. He has no actual proof of communications being received from really beneficent spirits. This rather discourages a general inquiry for deceased relatives and friends lest, by their turning-up too readily, they should excite suspicions as to their real characters.

According to this correspondent, there must be a sort of Holy War going on in Spiritland. He says: "I believe that the spirits of the faithful departed are generally prevented from reaching the misguided 'medium' who seeks them by the *dæmons* and spirits of those who on earth led wicked lives, and whose great pleasure it is to communicate with persons still in the flesh, whom they—the *dæmons*, at least—entice into sin."

The great safeguard against these maleficent spirits is, it appears, "the partaking of the Blessed Sacrament." The before-mentioned correspondent solemnly assures us that, "By God's grace, I succeeded in escaping the gravest sins that my unseen enemies had prepared for me, and because all through the period of doubt into which I was then plunged I continued to join in the Holy Eucharist, I at last emerged stronger in Faith than ever I had been before." There can be no doubt that this writer is strong enough in the matter of faith now. Evidently he or she has plenty—and to spare.

In an amusing article in the *Morning Post*, Andrew Lang says that a certain Catholic saint holds the record for levitation. But he says that D. D. Home runs him hard among the moderns. Home's record flight was probably the occasion when, assisted by Robert Browning's foot, he gracefully levitated down the front steps of the poet's house.

Our merry Andrew facetiously says that the "Legends of the Saints" are nothing but ghost stories. He might have added that Holy Writ was nothing but a spook-book.

Mr. Andrew Lang has many gifts. Our admiration, however, is not unmingled with astonishment when we remember that they include the power of turning Presbyterian for half-an-hour or so for the purpose of belaboring gentlemen who have the honor to disagree with him.

"Merlin," of the *Referee*, querulously complains that Huxley was a "swashbuckler." Anyhow, Huxley fought in the ranks of the Army of Human Emancipation.

"Merlin" is almost Hibernian in his criticisms on Huxley. "Merlin" says that Huxley, once in the van, now lags in the rear of the Army of Progress, and that the eminent scientist has no longer a leg to stand on. Considering that Huxley has been dead some years these things may be true, and reflect no discredit on anyone except "Merlin" himself.

The opponents of Materialism are fond of confining their pretensions to the comparatively unknown area of psychology. The publication of such a book as Dr. Hollander's fine work on *The Mental Functions of the Brain* (Grant Richards) will be a severe shock to them. Dr. Hollander here attempts to clear up the mystery of the fundamental psychical functions and their localisation in the brain. The book merits very careful attention as a serious contribution to a subject of profound importance, in which lamentably small progress has hitherto been made. It is a most able work by a man who has devoted many years to his subject, and is full of most valuable facts.

The Spanish Government, like the French Government, sees the necessity of keeping the clergy under the control of the civil power. It has decided to enforce the decree which in 1901 required all religious associations, except those authorised by the Concordat, to become registered within six months under pain of being dissolved.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The business of the Freethought Publishing Company, including the publication of the *FREETHINKER*, is now 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, and will furnish the opportunity for much-needed developments on the literary side of our propaganda.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, April 13, at 7.30 o'clock, Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, London, W.

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.—April 6, Athenæum Hall, London. April 13, Manchester; 20, Birmingham Labor Church; 27, afternoon, Victoria Park; evening, Stepney.—Address, 24 High-road, Leyton.

THE HOLIDAYS, beginning almost as soon as the last number of the *Freethinker* was published, and ending just as this number goes to press, have necessarily made a big gap in our "Answers to Correspondents." This column, no doubt, will look its old self next week.

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 (fifth list) have been received:—Major Maxwell Reeve, £1; Paul Rowland, 5s.; Dr. Stanton Coit, £3 3s.

A. NASH.—We have amplified the obituary notice. Pray accept our sympathy in your bereavement.

D. FRANKEL.—We admire your determination, and appreciate your efforts; but you must beware of undertaking more work than can be properly sustained. As to the boasts of the people to whom you refer, the wisest course is to treat them with the contempt they deserve.

B. GATESHEAD.—Your postscript has reached us, but the body of the letter has been omitted. Perhaps you will write again.

BRAHMA (India).—We have received your letter of March. The money-order to which you refer is not contained therein. You will perhaps have discovered this before now, as the letter does not appear to have been opened.

W. P. BALL.—Thanks for your batch of cuttings. We are sorry to learn of your indisposition, and sincerely hope that it will be only temporary.

H. ARMSDEN.—A brief criticism of any article published in this journal will always be inserted so long as it is courteous in tone and relevant in matter. We have no wish to stifle discussion; only to see that it is of general interest and properly conducted. There is no complete edition of Colonel Ingersoll's writings and speeches except the one you are acquainted with. Separate lectures can, of course, be obtained of the Freethought Publishing Company.

E. RADWOOD.—The rev. gentleman you mention has evidently not yet learned to discriminate between a fact and a belief. Freethinkers may admit that Christianity is based upon the *belief* in the resurrection of Jesus without admitting the *fact* of the resurrection itself. We are quite used to this class of speaker propounding conundrums, and then crowing because prominent Freethinkers do not feel inclined to waste their time answering them.

C. EGAN.—Next week.

DR. STANTON COIT, the well-known Ethicist leader, writes as follows: "Dear Mr. Foote,—I was greatly distressed to learn that of late your health has broken down. The Secularist movement needs you more than ever. Despite what some persons may imply of me to the contrary, I feel that every misfortune which befalls Secular Societies is an injury to the cause of Ethical Rationalism in England. I am glad to learn of the fund which has been started for Mrs. Foote, and take pleasure in sending towards it the enclosed cheque. With best wishes, yours sincerely, STANTON COIT."

THE National Secular Society's office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, 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 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

ORDERS for literature should be sent to the Freethought Publishing Company, Limited, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

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.

From the Editor.

I CONTEMPLATE returning to London soon after this number of the *Freethinker* is published. I am not quite myself yet, but I am tired of inaction, and many things require my presence and attention. The reins of this journal will be resumed by me immediately, and I intend to lecture at the Athenæum Hall next Sunday evening (April 13). My London readers will please note this date. It is not "next Sunday" as the first Sunday after the actual publication of this number of the *Freethinker*, but "next Sunday" as the first Sunday after its nominal date of publication. The subject of my lecture on that occasion will be announced in due course.

I take this opportunity of thanking once more all the contributors who have sustained the interest of this journal in my absence. In particular I must thank Mr. Cohen for seeing the paper through the press and writing paragraphs; also Mr. W. P. Ball, "Mimmermus," and Mr. Francis Neale for providing "Acid Drops." Mr. Neale, I am happy to say, is making steady if slow progress, and hopes to be in harness again in a few weeks. He is still being cared for by his friends at Birmingham.

Probably I shall be pardoned for writing very little this week, as I am making the most of the time which is left me at the seaside. I should like to add, however, for the sake of my older readers, that I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. G. J. Holyoake a few days ago. He is still alert and cheerful in spite of his eighty-five years. His sight is impaired and his hearing is very dull, but otherwise he says he does not "feel much difference." When I supposed he did not travel much now, he replied that he was going to Lewes in a day or two, and then to Manchester, and afterwards to Exeter. What a sprightly patriarch! But perhaps, after all, it takes longer to wear out than to rust out; and Mr. Holyoake's longevity may be partly due to the fact that he refuses to be inactive, and declines to relinquish the interests and pursuits of his lifetime. For my part, I hope that when the end comes—as it *must* come some day—he will not be plagued by any long illness, but will collapse like a lowered sail, with only just the time to bid those he loves a decent adieu. May he enjoy fair health meanwhile, and preserve his twinkling humor to the last.

G. W. FOOTE.

Youth.

How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams,
With its allusions, aspirations, dreams,
Book of beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith;
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

—Longfellow.

Sugar Plums.

MR. COHEN'S second lecture on Herbert Spencer had the effect of drawing a larger audience than was present on the Sunday previous. This was both gratifying to the lecturer and complimentary to the audience itself. No one is obliged to attend a lecture, and attendance at such meetings shows at least that those present desire to be abreast of the works of one of the greatest thinkers in European history. Owing to Mr. Foote's very slow recovery from his recent severe attack, Mr. Cohen will again occupy the same platform this evening (April 6). Subject: "Freethought: its History, Nature, and Present Position."

Mr. Charles Watts delivers three lectures to-day (April 6) in the Hall of Science, Sheffield. We understand that he has been none too well lately. The local "saints" might, therefore, lighten his work on this occasion by endeavoring to secure him extra-good audiences; for it is always easier to lecture to large audiences than small ones, particularly if the small audience is backed by a large array of empty seats.

The Liverpool Branch of the N. S. S. held its annual meeting on March 23, and the members and officials appear to be highly delighted with the success of their past year's efforts. A larger number of special lectures than usual has been delivered, with the usual result of larger audiences and more effective propaganda. The year's work has filled them all with renewed encouragement for work in the future. Mr. J. Hammond was re-elected President, and Mr. T. E. Rhodes Treasurer. Mr. F. T. Pacey was elected Secretary in place of Mr. J. Ellis, who finds it inconvenient to undertake official work at present. We hope that his *unofficial* help will still be at the service of the Branch. The retiring Secretary also wishes to thank the editor of the *Freethinker* for the assistance given in the shape of "Sugar Plums," etc.—assistance which, needless to say, we are only too willing to render when opportunity offers.

The East London Branch commences its Sunday morning meetings on Mile End Waste to-day (April 6) at 11.30. We hope there will be a good muster of friends. This branch also purposes running a series of Sunday morning lectures at the juncture of East India Dock-road and Commercial-road, Limehouse. These meetings will commence on April 13. This will make five stations controlled by the East London Branch.

A Bill providing that large classes of workers of both sexes shall have one complete day of rest in each week was adopted last week by the French Chamber of Deputies. This, in its way, is a most effective reply to Sabbatarian bigots, who urge that the destruction of Sunday as a day of church and chapel going means the disappearance of a day of rest from the lives of the working classes.

The other evening Dr. Macnamara, M.P., delivered an address on the Government's New Education Bill at the North Camberwell Radical Club. The Bill met with strong condemnation, but Mr. A. B. Moss, who was present, pointed out that for the terrible muddle which we were in concerning education, and for putting an end to the competition of the religious sects, there was only one real remedy, and that was a system of secular education pure and simple. Radicals themselves were largely to blame for the present condition of affairs. Had they stuck to their original programme of "Free, Compulsory, and Secular Education," such a measure as the Government has recently introduced would have been an impossibility. Mr. Moss's opposition, we are pleased to hear, was received with much applause.

Should Happiness be Our Aim?—V.

IV.—IS UTILITARIANISM A FAILURE? (*concluded*).

IN his earlier essays, Macaulay urged against Utilitarianism that it was partly a useless truism, equivalent to saying that happiness was happiness, and that it gave no new light and no new motive, such as the Christian doctrine of future rewards and punishments gives, for promoting the happiness of others.* He protested that

* In illustration of the occasional futility of Utilitarian appeals to self-interest, Macaulay instances a typical thief, who deliberately prefers a short life and a merry one, and Charles II., who preferred his own course of intrigue and pleasure, in spite of the risk of incurring his father's fate. Seeing that such cases equally illustrate the failure or futility of religious restraints, he might have reflected that the boasted superiority of Christianity as a moral agency may be mere assumption. Experience teaches that unsocial actions, or crimes against the general happiness, are far more effectually hindered by Secular or Utilitarian

since men always did, and always will, and must, follow happiness, it was idle to tell them to do so. He claimed that the "greatest happiness principle" is "stolen" from Christian morality "without acknowledgment," and that it always lay latent under the old ideals of justice, benevolence, liberty, the social contract, etc. But a fundamental principle, underlying such all-important principles as justice, benevolence, liberty, etc., is likely to be of considerable value, and is deserving of the most respectful attention, whether the light it throws is "new" or old. The accusation that one part of Utilitarianism is too obviously true and inevitable, and that the other part is so good that it is included in the morality which Macaulay regarded as the highest possible, is really strong support of Utilitarianism, and not condemnation. The fact that Utilitarianism rests upon natural and verifiable principles, and not upon superstitious falsehood, will give it a solid value and a permanence which the childish myths and exaggerations of Christianity cannot share.

Macaulay's further objections that the cry of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" will merely add a new "cant" to the number of the old ones, and that it will be made to mean whatever the speaker advocates, are also futile as arguments or reproaches, because such objections, if allowed, would equally overthrow all good principles as soon as they became successful and popular.

Utilitarianism was hated and feared in Macaulay's days as now. Its unpardonable crime is that it declines to base itself upon the superstitions* and errors which are dear to the generality. It ignores the claims of religion to absolute truth and absolute supremacy. It undermines Christianity by separating morality from superstition, thereby rescuing virtue from religious bondage and religious exploitation. It brings forward, in particular, what Utilitarians, if I may so style them, call the "dismal science," though Macaulay rightly speaks of this much-hated and much-reviled science as being of "vast importance to the welfare of nations." Macaulay greatly admired Bentham, the leader of the Utilitarians, but he says: "We dread the odium and discredit of their alliance..... There is not, and we firmly believe that there never was, in this country so unpopular a party." Nevertheless, the *Daily News* reviewer describes Utilitarianism as having been a great cause in the past, though he alleges that it is now dragging many eminent reputations with it in its downfall. The fact is that, like Secularism, with which it is so closely allied as to be almost identical, it is always dying and is always discredited in the opinion of those to whom the wish is father to the thought. Its friends, however, believe that the results of the struggle

penalties and precautions than by doubtful threats of remote supernatural punishments, especially when the criminal is taught that he can save himself from all such future punishments by "faith," irrespective of conduct, and that he can *only* save himself by faith, and not by conduct. Charles I., a sincerely religious king, plunged his country into the horrors of civil war in the attempt to rob his people of liberty. Charles II., only slightly, if at all, restrained by religious considerations, but effectually warned by years of exile and his father's execution, allowed the nation to govern itself by its parliament. Utilitarian, or Secular, restraint succeeded where religion had not merely failed, but had actually caused or supported persecutions and tyrannies, against which the Scotch Covenanters and the English Puritans alike rebelled. The other example, the highwayman, too, usually avoided murder, which would have roused a strong hue-and-cry against him, and so would have sent him to the gallows the sooner. Both the monarch and the more commonplace malefactor were apparently kept within bounds by fear of Utilitarian penalties rather than by supernatural considerations.

* While Utilitarianism is independent of supernaturalism, it does not expressly exclude religious belief. John Stuart Mill, indeed, declares that Utilitarianism may have all sanctions that other moral systems may have, including the hope of favor and fear of displeasure from the "Ruler of the Universe," as well as from our fellow creatures. But "all" sanctions will include heaven and hell; and, if an eternity of bliss or torment is admitted, religionists will be the only true Utilitarians, for "greatest happiness" will then mean eternal happiness in a future life. Evidently the most essential feature of Utilitarianism is the part which is understood—namely, its limitation of the problem of happiness to *this world*. If it calls in the aid of religion it invites the fate of the young lady who, according to the popular rhyme, went for a ride on a tiger but came back inside. For the belief in the religious sanctions or enforcements (including hell-fire, purgatory, paradise, divine judgments, or disasters on earth, etc.) so perverts men's judgments and feelings that religion has been the great enemy of truth and progress, and thereby of human welfare and happiness.

between Utility and Futility will continue to be increasingly favorable to the former. The principle underlying morality will not perish even if its name be lost, or its existence be forgotten.

The failure, or what may seem as such, is superficial. As a phase, fashionable in certain quarters of thought or talk, Utilitarianism has had its day. A later novelty, labelled "Evolution," has taken its place in the shop window. The chatter of the magazines is not the measure of the vitality of a principle. As living inspiration of thought and action, the Utilitarian spirit is, I believe, stronger than ever. Men have "cut the cackle" and got to the business. The promotion of human happiness, the prevention or alleviation of human misery, is being studied and being carried out more widely and, we may hope, more wisely and scientifically than was ever the case before the Utilitarians had put into simple and imperishable words the guiding principle of modern legislation and modern morality. The Utilitarian's "happiness" principle will no more perish with the mistakes or omissions of its teachers than the Law of Gravitation or the theory of Evolution by Natural Selection. And if the Utilitarian spirit be true to itself it will learn of Science and Reason and Experience, and will study the great principles of Evolution and Selection, *on which all else depends*, and by their aid will supply the defect which has vitiated the moralities of the past and made civilisation itself a source of degeneracy and ruin—namely, the neglect of the question of the Evolution of the Race—a neglect which involves the sacrifice of the happiness of the countless hosts of the future to the comfort or cowardice or superstition of the present few.

V.—UTILITY AND INTUITION.

The conflict between Naturalism and Supernaturalism is a struggle to the death. That between Utilitarianism and Intuitionism is of a milder character. Utilitarians practically rank with the much-maligned followers of Epicurus, who regard virtue as a source of happiness. On the other hand, Intuitionists, like the Stoics, would have us follow virtue for its own sake, independently of happiness, as they suppose. The battle of the ages between these two schools or tendencies will be, I think, a kind of drawn battle, ending, I hope, in a practical reconciliation of the two views.

Modern Utilitarians *must* acknowledge the fundamental importance and authority of the innate predispositions, or inherited tendencies, which go so far to justify the Intuitionist school of moralists. The social instincts or emotions are intuitional springs of moral conduct; and such intuitive impulses or indispensable motive powers will be valued and utilised by all classes of moralists. The Utilitarian approves and blesses the mother's love for her child because he sees that such love is all-essential to the happiness of mankind, as well as because he is a man with the sympathies and emotions needed for the welfare of the race. Like other men, he is dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, which are part and parcel of human nature. He admires courage, he covets honor, he loves sincerity, kindness, generosity, justice, magnanimity, loyalty, good faith, cheerfulness, fortitude, etc., just as he recoils from fiendish cruelty, is horrified by scenes of blood and torture, and detests and despises treachery, ingratitude, cowardice, hypocrisy, dishonesty, mendacity, and malice. He believes in duty as firmly as the Stoic. He loves virtues for their own sake because his evolved emotions and his social surroundings have prompted and trained him so to do; but he superadds the wide or supreme sanction and support that in doing so he helps his fellow-beings, and does his part towards increasing the happiness of mankind. Why should it be any reproach against him that he brings "pleasure itself to the support of virtue"? Where is he wrong in saying that virtues promote the happiness of mankind, or in warning thoughtless mortals that wickedness brings woe, that the way of the transgressors is hard, and that of our pleasant vices the gods make whips to scourge us? Anti-Hedonists as they often suppose themselves to be, do not all moralists teach us that vice is the road to ultimate misery? And do not Shakespeare, Milton, and all great writers make us love virtue for its beauty, for its pleasing or loveable

nature, as well as for other considerations? Is virtue as well as philosophy to be "harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose"?

W. P. BALL.

(To be continued.)

Thomas Paine.

[As the greatest living authority on the life of Paine, considerable importance attaches to Mr. Moncure D. Conway's utterances on a subject that he has made peculiarly his own. Our readers will, therefore, be interested in the following address delivered by him at the celebration of Paine's birthday recently held at the Manhattan Liberal Club, and reported in the *New York Truthseeker*.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have, after hesitation, responded to the invitation of this Club, although I had hoped that my public speaking was ended. The case of Paine is about closed, so far as it rests with me. My large collection of books and pamphlets by or relating to Thomas Paine is now in the possession of the Library of Congress at Washington; also my Paine prints, portraits, caricatures, and autograph letters of Paine have been purchased by the Library. The portrait of Paine I here show was painted in England while Paine was living there. The artist is unknown. It was preserved by an old Register of Bristol (England), who died many years ago, but with whose sons I have corresponded. There is no doubt that it is an authentic portrait, and, after having examined eleven portraits of him, I consider this one particularly vigorous in presenting the head and power of Paine. It may be that from my retreat I may send out something further about Paine—that is, a complete bibliography, which I have at length finished; also a history of my strange adventures through many years in search after the bones of Paine, which Cobbett dug up at New Rochelle in November, 1819, and carried to England. My search, carried on in the intervals of many literary labors, ended with a certain success. I am able at present only to assure you that nearly all of the remains found friendly burial in his native land, and that the only bit of Paine discoverable lies under the glass on this table—which some of you perhaps thought an infernal machine. This is a little bit of his brain that the agent of William Cobbett, Benjamin Tilly, probably a believer in George Combe and phrenology, took from the skull. It was preserved by Benjamin Tilly, and was exhibited at the Paine Exhibition in my chapel in London. It belonged to Rev. Mr. Reynolds in London city, and when I found he intended to sell it my imagination was offended that the unpurchasable brain of Thomas Paine should be put on the market. I accordingly concluded to buy this last bit of Paine which you see before you. It was brought back by me, ladies and gentlemen, from Europe in the big ship *Kaiser Friederich*. I need not tell you that the ship was struck by a cyclone. It was announced by newspapers that the ship had been struck by the tail end of the Galveston cyclone, but I knew deep down in my guilty soul that it was the bit of Thomas Jonah Paine, hid in my cabin, that was causing that storm. It is part of a brain through which flashed thoughts that turned to cannon balls; thoughts that unsheathed the swords of armies in Europe and America, that shook thrones; so why should it not shake the *Kaiser Friederich*? However, on further reflection, I felt that it was not Paine who directly raised that two days' storm; no, it was the God of Storms. It was the old deity who holds the winds in the hollow of his hands, and occasionally loosens a finger or two to let them out. Paine's bones were dug up about daybreak; they went in a row-boat to a ship off Sandy Hook bound for Liverpool. Somehow or other the secret got out that Paine's bones were on board, and about a dozen passengers left it; they would not trust themselves on a ship with the bones of Paine. Well, the God who holds the winds did not object to have Paine removed from the New World, but bringing any bit of him back to America caused a decided atmospheric agitation.

I wish to present before you some brief revision of the erroneous impressions to which even his admirers are liable, and which I myself at one time shared. As

to the slanders about Paine, now exploded, they will continue according to certain laws of ingenuity, malice, and prejudice. And even when exploded they are followed occasionally by some altogether new one, unknown to the old calumniators of Paine. Some writer learned from my works on Paine that after Part I. of the *Rights of Man* reached Philadelphia early in 1791 two members of Washington's Cabinet, Thomas Jefferson and Edmund Randolph, wanted the President to appoint Paine to be Postmaster General. Washington said the office could not be kept open so long, as it would require much time to get at Paine in Europe and induce him to return. At that time it might have taken nine months or a year.

Now here was a good chance for a fresh shy at Paine. By suppressing Washington's reason for not giving the appointment, and merely saying "he refused," it might look as if Washington had broken with Paine. (At that time Washington was a personal friend of Paine, and afterwards wrote him a friendly letter, in which he says: "I rejoice in the information of your personal prosperity.") But also it was a plausible new story that it was because Washington refused to make Paine Postmaster General that Paine wrote his severe attack upon Washington (four years later!). This preposterous notion was taken up by Bishop Potter and brought out in a lecture in Philadelphia. A report of that lecture having appeared in the *New York Tribune*, I wrote a letter, which was printed in that paper, showing the impossibility of such a conjecture. If Paine ever heard of the incident in Washington's office (July, 1791) between the President and Jefferson and Randolph, it would have come from Jefferson in a few mails, but Paine was long after praising Washington before all Europe. He declared in Part II. *Rights of Man* that the character and services of Washington put all the men called kings to shame. And so he went on year after year extolling Washington. It was four years, then, after the postmaster incident, of which Paine never heard, nor anybody else till I put it in a book, that Paine wrote his severe letter to Washington, which, in view of the facts now known, was not without some serious justification.

But, it may be asked, "Is this the character of your real Paine? Because he was left for ten months in a dungeon in Paris without a word of interference from Washington; because during that time his neck was under the suspended guillotine, which he thought every moment would fall upon him as it had fallen upon nearly all his friends—was it on that account that he should write a letter attacking Washington?" No, it was not for any mere private reason. It is, I know, rather worse than Atheism to doubt the perfection of Washington; but it is nevertheless true that the President was employing an agent to carry on a secret scheme to transfer our alliance with France to England. And Paine supposed that the abandonment of himself to prison, and probable guillotine, was simply because he was an outlaw of England, and indicated servility to England. Paine did not know that the personal wrong was done to him by the treachery and falsehood of Washington's agent (who had long acted in secret before his appointment as Minister to France, and continued the secret scheme unknown to Congress). That was Gouverneur Morris. He had assured Washington that he was doing everything legal for the release of Paine. But at the very time, as the documents now show, it was he himself (Gouverneur Morris) who got Paine in prison, and kept him there, to prevent his coming back to America and filling this land with knowledge of the rascality of Morris in Paris—Paine being the only man who knew all about it.

Thomas Jefferson declared that this country would not have gained its independence had it not been for the help of France in men and money. When it was carried from its alliance with France, and thrown into the arms of George III., the Republicans of this country were universally filled with the same horror as Paine; and, although the first President has now become a god, we have never had a President who left office under so much public odium. He himself says that had he been a pickpocket he could not have suffered worse treatment. You will see, ladies and gentlemen, talking about Washington inspires telling the truth, like cutting down a cherry-tree. "Father, I cannot tell a lie," even

for George Washington. Artemus Ward said, in a lecture: "I am not a politician, and my other habits are good." And I must go so far as to say that whenever I get to talking about Paine I cannot be politic anyway, whatever my other habits; and you have discovered that I have a bad habit in keeping my audience too long from speakers they want to hear. ("Go on," "Go on.") However, I mean now to try to be merciful. I do not mean in what I am about to say to argue or to give narratives, but simply give you the impression Paine has made on me after considerable study of him—something of what I think and feel to be the real Paine.

Thomas Paine was a man hungry for affection. His first wife died soon after marriage. He could not live with the second one, nor she with him. She was a fanatic Calvinist, spending much of her time in prayer-meetings and her chapel. And she was so utterly indifferent to the world which Paine was living in and influencing, she was so thoroughly ignorant, that, when some property of her deceased father was divided, she swore in court that her husband had gone to America, that she had not heard from him since, and that she did not know whether he was dead or alive. At that moment the whole power of the "Rights of Man" movement was going on in England, Paine's name was on every tongue, but this woman did not even know whether he was dead or alive! Meanwhile he sent her funds as long as she lived—his sense of justice, especially for women, being great, for he was not a man who could wrong a woman in any way. She died before him, and is, therefore, not mentioned in his will. He was grateful for any service or for any kind word. He was singularly without personal ambition. His only motive was to have the friendship of good people, especially of good women; like Mrs. Few and her circle here in New York, and Mrs. Franklin who was so fond of him, the wife of Dr. Franklin; and Mrs. Joel Barlow, Madame de Lafayette, and Madame de Condorcet (who translated his writings in Paris as fast as he wrote them); and Lady Smith, who sent him beautiful poetical letters when he was in prison in Paris; and Mrs. Monroe, who, when he came out of prison half-dead with a terrible abscess in his side, nursed him back into life; and Madame Bonneville. There were many others that might be named who loved Paine. The late librarian of the New York Historical Society said to me: "What we want to know about Paine is, did anybody love him?" A French historian, Monsieur Felix Rabbe, says Paine was the most "attachant" (*attachant*) man that mingled in the Revolution."

INDEPENDENT DEPARTMENT.

Spencer's Political Ethics—IV.

IN arguing in favor of the limitation of the State to what he calls a negatively regulative set of functions, Mr. Spencer makes constant appeals to the principle of the Survival of the Fittest, and constantly reminds his readers that any attempt to interfere with its operation is bound to end in disaster. His exact words are: "Society, in its corporate capacity, cannot, without immediate or remoter disaster, interfere with the play of these opposed principles under which every species has reached such fitness for its mode of life as it possesses, and under which it maintains that fitness."

There is, of course, no intention of calling into question the truthfulness of the survival of the fittest in these articles, but it does seem to me that there is room for criticism in Mr. Spencer's application of it to human society. There is certainly a deal of unnecessary praise of the process, particularly in the use of such an expression as "the beneficent working of the survival of the fittest," and its many variants. Were Mr. Spencer a Theist, one could understand the process of sacrificing the many for the benefit of the few being called "beneficent"; but as he has expressly repudiated all forms of Theism, and even explained that had he written some of his earlier works during his more mature years the Theistic implications would have been omitted, the justification for such expressions is hard to discover.

But this by the way. All that we are now concerned with is the application of this doctrine to human society. He points out, with a rare wealth of illustration, that human society is as much the scene of natural law as is inorganic nature, and that the laws of cosmic evolution become in the animal world the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. And here he stops. A logical development of his own teaching (and let it be remembered that I am all along criticising Spencer from the standpoint of his own philosophy) would have led him to emphasise the truth that the evolutionary process gives us a steadily ascending series of forces—physical, chemical, biological, psychological—and that last of the series has a dominating and modifying influence upon the lower terms of the series. But one is surprised to find that, in all his dealings with society, the laws to which appeal is constantly being made are biological only, while psychological laws are almost lost sight of. Dealing with the state of warfare existing in nature, he supplies us with the following picture:—

"Pervading all nature we may see at work a stern discipline, which is a little cruel that it may be very kind. The state of universal warfare maintained throughout the lower creation is, at bottom, the most merciful provision which the circumstances admit of. It is much better that the animal, when deprived by age of the vigor which made its existence a pleasure, should be killed by some beast of prey, than it should linger out a life made painful by infirmities, and eventually die of starvation. By the destruction of all such, not only is existence ended before it becomes burdensome, but room is made for a younger generation capable of the fullest enjoyment."

No one will seriously question the accuracy of this summary in dealing with the actual conditions of animal life. And it may even be granted that it is largely true when we are dealing with the lower phases of social evolution. But it becomes evident, on a careful study of Mr. Spencer's writings, that for him the processes that *have* been must continue to be; and a society that is conscious of its own evolution, and of the forces determining, must proceed by the same methods and along the same lines as a society in the stage of unconscious, or semi-conscious, evolution. Hence comes the following expression *apropos* of efforts made to modify and improve social conditions:—

"And yet, strange to say, now that this truth (*i.e.*, natural selection) is recognised by most cultivated people, now that the beneficent working of the survival of the fittest has been so impressed on them that, much more than people in past times, they might be expected to hesitate before neutralising its action, now more than ever before in the history of the world are they doing all they can to further the survival of the unfittest."

And then we have the following outburst in a chapter dealing with "sanitary supervision":—

"A sad population of imbeciles would our schemers fill the world with, could their plans last. A sorry kind of human constitution would they make us—a constitution lacking the power to uphold itself, and requiring to be kept alive by superintendence from without; a constitution continually going wrong, and needing to be set right again; a constitution even tending to self-destruction. Why, the whole effort of nature is to get rid of such to clear the world of them, and make room for better.....Mark how the diseased are dealt with. Consumptive patients with lungs incompetent to perform the duties of lungs, people with assimilative organs that will not take up enough nutriment, people with defective hearts that break down under excitement of the circulation.....are continually dying out, and leaving behind those fit for the climate, food, and habits to which they are born."

A great many quotations of this character might be given, but enough has been said to make clear the somewhat curious fact that Mr. Spencer's idea of fitness applied to society is biological fitness only, while psychological fitness is altogether lost sight of. Or, to restate what has already been said, no distinction whatever is made between a society *unconsciously* evolving and a society that has evolved far enough to become conscious of its own evolution, and to take its fate in its own hands accordingly. Yet the difference is vital, and is, indeed, one of the essential distinctions between savagery and civilisation. At some point in his career of evolution man does become conscious of himself, does awaken

to the consciousness that the forces moulding human life are both knowable and conquerable. And when man reaches this stage it must clearly make a very great and important difference in his relation to the forces in question.

For, broadly speaking, all civilisations and all civilised institutions are due to exactly what Mr. Spencer blames social reformers for doing—interfering with the play of natural forces. All social and other institutions are, from one point of view, so many different devices for modifying the operation of "natural" forces. Our marriage laws and customs regulate, in the interests of all, the unreasoning sex-hunger of the individual. Our social conventions regulate in a similar manner the predatory and combative instincts of man. Our arts and sciences are all artificial in this sense, are all due to man's interference with "natural" forces and processes. And government is just another example of the same process. Later we shall see that this conscious control of "the survival of the fittest" is absolutely essential if society is ever to reach its highest possible stage of development. At present it is sufficient to point out that Mr. Spencer's plea might be used against any of the arts and sciences with just as much force as against government.

And it is also worth pointing out, as against Mr. Spencer's picture of a hungry and tyrannical State, ever ready to encroach upon the liberty of individuals, that in the majority of cases the State has interfered, not against, but on behalf of, individual freedom and development. Interference has an ugly sound; but it is not altogether—certainly not necessarily—a bad thing. Probably if one were to contrast the life of a civilised man with that of a savage, the former would be found to be bound down by a number of restraints—ethical, social, governmental—from which the latter is free. And yet with the greater restraint we have greater freedom, increased dignity, and a more developed individuality. Compulsory education may be interfering with a parent's liberty to do as he pleases with his progeny, but it interferes on behalf of the liberty and well-being of the child. Laws regulating certain aspects of the relationship of employer to employee may be interfering with the liberty of the former, but it is an interference on behalf of the well-being of those unable to protect themselves. Sanitary regulations, building Acts, and the like, may also interfere with the liberty of jerry-builders and speculators; but this is again an interference on behalf of the liberty and well-being of the community as a whole.

In all these and similar cases the interference of the State is in the name and in the interests of a larger liberty, and not the reverse. And in the vast majority of cases the State has not interfered until experience has shown that individual effort was incapable of managing things justly and equitably. It is precisely because we are learning to realise that the unrestricted egoistic competition of the animal world carried on in human society means waste, degradation, and the creation of an altogether undesirable social type that the social consciousness begins to express itself in legislative Acts—faulty very often, true, and faulty because man can only gain wisdom by experience, and reach success through repeated failure. But still it is at bottom an expression of the same process that has created those arts and sciences upon which we justly pride ourselves. And at bottom it is a perception of the truth that real individual liberty and dignity can only come through social regulations, and that man must, just as he has learned to control other forces, learn to control those forces that shape and modify the growth of human society.

C. COHEN.

(To be continued.)

Obituary.

WE have to record the death of Theodore F. Nash, aged forty-six, bootmaker, of Spruce Hill Cottage, Forest-road. Deceased expired on March 9 in the London Hospital after two months' painful illness. He was one of the founders of the Kennington Progressive Club. For many years he had been a regular reader of the *Freethinker*. His wife asked him several times in the Hospital if he would like to see Mr. Foote, but, as she says, he "lived so in hopes of being home again," and he would not trouble.

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, "Freethought: its History, Nature, and Present Position."

NORTH CAMBERWELL HALL (61 New Church-road): 7, Conversazione.

EAST LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Stanley Temperance Bar, 7 High-street, Stepney): 6, Members' meeting; 7, E. White, "Did Christ Rise from the Dead?"

MILE END WASTE: 11.30, E. Pack.

WALTHAMSTOW (Mission Grove, High-street): 6.30, W. J. Ramsey, "Original Sin."

EAST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Bromley Vestry Hall, Bow-road): 7, G. Spiller, "Dives and Lazarus."

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Surrey Masonic Hall): 7, J. M. Robertson, "Christian Mythology."

WEST LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Kensington Town Hall, ante-room, first floor): 11.15, H. Johnson, B.A., "The Religious Problem."

STREATHAM AND BRIXTON ETHICAL INSTITUTE (Carlton Hall, Tunstall-road, Brixton): 7, P. H. Thomas, "The Ethical Mission."

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

COUNTRY.

BELFAST ETHICAL SOCIETY (York-street Lecture Hall, 69 York-street): 3.45, A lecture.

CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday-school.

GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): 12, Discussion Class—Open discussion; 6.30, Social Meeting.

LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): 7, A. W. Short, "A Forgotten Civilisation."

MANCHESTER (Secular Hall, Rusholme-road): 6.30, Debate between Percy Redfern and H. Percy Ward, "Was Jesus Christ a Wise and Moral Teacher?" Tea at 5.

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): Charles Watts—3, "Ethics and Religion"; 7, "Forty Years of Christian Study." Tea at 5.

SOUTH SHIELDS (Capt. Duncan's Navigation Schools, Market-place): 7, "Our Schools, and What Should be Taught in Them."

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