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The sense of right grew up among healthy men and was fixed by the practice of comradeship. It has never had help from phantoms and falsehoods, and it never can want any.—W. K. CLIFFORD.

A Pious Dream.

CHRISTIANITY has almost ceased to exist as a dogmatic religion in England. Nearly all of it that is definite survives in the Roman Catholic Church. The Protestant Churches have long been in a state of intellectual dissolution. They still print certain formulas, but few take them seriously. These things have become merely the labels of denominations. What is now called "true Christianity" or "real Christianity" or "the Christianity of Christ" is only the sentimentality of the New Testament divorced from its governing ideas. Paul is almost entirely neglected—perhaps because, with all his faults, he was a practical moralist. The appeal is almost always to Jesus; and chiefly to the features of his character which no one thinks of imitating, and the parts of his teaching which no one thinks of following. There is something in the picture of Jesus in the Gospels that justifies Comte's reference to him as "that charlatan." The Sermon on the Mount, for instance, furnishes not the slightest guidance to anyone in ordinary daily life, and still less (if that were possible) in serious emergencies; but it furnishes many a fine text for flash Socialist rhetoric, which every thinking Socialist despises; and it provides the professional exhorters with endless opportunities of throwing themselves upon the superficial emotions of their hearers, who, for the most part, are interested in maintaining "the democratic principle" as a matter of sentiment, together with class distinctions and vast disparities of fortune as matters of practice. A few dinners to the hungry, a few clothes to the naked, a few doles to the destitute—and those who find the wherewithal for these wonderful benevolences are comforted by reflecting on their nearness to the "spirit of Christ." In their heart of hearts they feel it is all humbug, but it serves the turn in public, and it helps to preserve "the bonds of society."

Christianity, in short, is nothing now but consecrated sentimentality. And did not the great Charlotte Bronte say that sentiment without reason is the washiest thing in the world? Always useless, and often vicious; for mere feeling, unguided or unilluminated by intellect, is frequently the cause of ruin in private life, and of disaster in the life of nations.

The mental decadence of Christianity is nowhere more patent than in the world of fiction. Charles Dickens, in his later and more popular writings, began to exploit the sentimentality of English Christendom—and he had his reward. But he observed a certain decorum of art, or at least of artfulness; and even when his grasp of common human nature failed him, there was always his humor left to retrieve the situation. The modern novelists, however, who work in the same facile and profitable vein, have no grasp of human nature, and no more humor than flickers in the eye of a man falling off into dead-drunkenness. Could anything, by the way, be drearier than the efforts of Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli in this particular direction? They are trying when they are serious; when they unbend they are excruciating. And their ideas of

art are beneath criticism. They belong essentially to the class of the schoolboy who draws an amorphous object and writes below it "This is a cow." They have but one notion of promoting a principle. They write a story in which it is held by all the good people, and in which the opposite is held by all the wicked people; and when all the former have had their various rewards, and all the latter their various punishments, the storyteller cries, "Behold the beauty of what I believe in, and the ugliness of the other thing!" Just as though the simple expedient of reversing the positions of the characters would not upset the whole ridiculous demonstration.

Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli are the chief exponents of this childish form of art, and it must be admitted that they run each other very close in the race for plaudits and pelf. Mr. Caine wrote a novel called *The Christian*, in which he related the adventures of a mad parson rightly called Storm—for he lived in a storm and died in a storm. Note the title of this book. The definite article made it really superlative. How could Miss Corelli go beyond "*The Christian*"? But she managed it. She wrote a novel called *The Master Christian*. How on earth was *that* to be beaten? unless by "*The Mistress Christian*." Besides, the Christian of Mr. Caine was only a parson, while the Master Christian of Miss Corelli was Jesus Christ himself reincarnated as a boy. To reincarnate him again would be monotonous, and to reincarnate the other persons of the Trinity would be too blasphemous; Mr. Caine was obliged, therefore, to leave the honors of that field to Miss Corelli. He despaired (so to speak) of a frontal attack. He resolved on a flanking movement (if the expression is permissible in the case of a lady). After two or three years of hard labor he brought forth a fat book of six hundred and six pages—nearly the number of the Beast in the book of Revelation—and called it *The Eternal City*. By a stroke of genius, from a business point of view, he associated the Almighty with himself at the christening, so that we might recognise the full parentage of the production. This he did by quoting the following text on the title-page, right under his own name: "He looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." And thus we see how great minds "jump." For with Mr. Caine as with the Kaiser, it is not "God and me" but "me and God."

He that was born to be six feet high was born to be a great man—as the wit said of Sergeant Kite. In the same way *The Eternal City* is a great book. Mr. Caine made it so by diffuseness and padding. He could not take for granted, even, that the Lord's Prayer was a well-known document. He prints it in full, as though it were a recent discovery. When a little girl lisps it before going to bed he prints the full lispy version of it. By this method, applied all round, he produces a great book; much, indeed, to our sorrow, for we have conscientiously read it through—not belonging to the class of reviewers who cut the pages and smell the paper-knife.

Mr. Caine is not a stylist. There is not a fine sentence in the whole of this novel; there is a lot of tawdry and mawkish writing; it is the penny novelette expanded into a six-shilling romance; with occasional lapses of which the very penny novelette writer would be ashamed. Mr. Caine may be supposed to have revised his work carefully up to page two, even if he reeled and staggered at page three. Well, on page two we meet some choice morsels. "The snow snowed on," Mr. Caine says. What did he expect it to do? Does it

ever do anything else? Why state a truism with such inelegance? And why worry us with reminders that wheels and feet make little noise when they move on snow? What necessity is there to tell us that "a great silence had fallen over everything, and only the sobbing nostrils of the cab-horses seemed to be audible in the hollow air"? And what on earth is hollow air? A thing is hollow when it contains nothing but air. Mr. Hall Caine does not find that subtle enough; he makes the air itself hollow; and it might be suggested that something else is hollow too. The same subtlety, we suppose, is responsible for those sobbing nostrils. Mr. Caine, in fact, is not an adept in physiology. When his heroine lets her cape drop back from her shoulders she reveals her "round bust." This may pass, though "round" is certainly not far-fetched. But the lady revealed something else—to wit, her "swanlike arms." Angels and ministers of grace defend us! We speak of swanlike necks, in reference to their whiteness, length, and suppleness. But what are swanlike arms? It is a false analogy to start with; moreover, it would be a hideous and loathsome sight if a woman's arms had even a remote resemblance to the neck of a swan.

Mr. Caine is, indeed, something worse than not a stylist. He is the opposite of a stylist. His writing bears the same relation to the art of a Flaubert as the scene-painting of an ordinary theatre bears to the art of a Raphael. Take the following sentence which opens his first chapter: "It was the last day of the last month of the last year of the century." Mr. Caine evidently mistakes this prolixity for emphasis. But how much more striking it would have been to say simply, "It was the last day of the century." The very contrast between "day" and "century" is an appeal to the imagination; whereas by interposing the "month" and the "year" the imagination is arrested and stopped from making a vigorous flight. One shudders to think of the mess Mr. Caine would make of King Lear's "her lips" in that last scene of intense and poignant pathos, where the Master draws no tears because he grips the very heart.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be continued.)

The Unashamed God.

BLASPHEMY, it has been said, is a question of geography. It alters its nature in accordance with where we happen to be living. What is blasphemy in Turkey is reverence in England; an opinion rouses hatred in one country, awakens admiration in another. The saying is sound enough, only it might be circumscribed still further. It is as often as not a question of *whose* was the language complained of. Martin Luther could refer lightly to "poor half-witted God," and it passes muster for sound religion. If a known Freethinker in a public place said the same thing, there would in all probability be a riot. A writer in a religious weekly had an article the other day under the title of "The Unashamed God," and one may safely say that if that title had been in the *Freethinker* many a newsagent would have refused to exhibit it in his window on that account, and many religious people would have asserted that such language was beyond the limits of decent controversy.

But, apart from the nature of the expression, it does not strike me as a happy one from the point of view of apologetics. To say that God is unashamed is a bold defence, but in view of the general outlook it is a very questionable one. There is really little to be ashamed of in being ashamed. Most of us have done something or other we would not like to repeat, and there is in such cases far more merit in our being ashamed than in our declaring that we are nothing of the kind. The one attitude shows a consciousness of error, the other a stubborn conclusion to call a thing right because we have done it. Man finds much to be ashamed of, and if God is gifted with only the ordinary amount of intelligence possessed by man, he should find in his work much to be ashamed of likewise.

Only a week or so ago the most prominent clergyman in Great Britain was unanimous in asserting that

probably God Almighty had given King Edward ap-petitiveness in order to teach the English people humility—a procedure that *may* be beneficial to the people, but one that is mighty rough on the King. And it seems to me that there is here, at least, one action of which God ought to be ashamed.

A little earlier the Bishop of London, who has an almost unbelievable aptitude for making stupid speeches, said that in all probability the volcanic disaster of St. Pierre was God's method of teaching us what natural laws were. Of course, a Bishop who receives ten thousand a year, who was inoculated with the spirit of God on his installation, and who is so far God's consul-general to the metropolis, *ought* to know something about the subject; only this, again, strikes one as a curious plan of instruction. God, according to Bishop Ingram, deliberately murders forty or fifty thousand in order to instruct *other people* in the workings of natural law! Wonderful! Imagine a human being blowing up forty thousand people in order to instruct them in the power of dynamite, or poisoning them so that they may realise the power of arsenic! And yet God is not ashamed! One can only say that he ought to be either ashamed of the act, if it is his act, or ashamed of the Bishop who accuses him of this system of wholesale murder.

Yet there is this much to be said in the Bishop's defence. If there is a God, and if that God is the creator of all we see around us, then he has so arranged things that man can only learn on a plan that is very much akin to that of the Martinique disaster. For the plain truth is that civilisation has been advanced, and man's knowledge has been gained, by the suffering and destruction of myriads of his fellow creatures. In the development of civilisation nearly all the low instincts and brutalising passions that now disfigure humanity have played their parts. Greed, cunning, and superstition, war, slavery, and social tyranny, have not only been utilised, but, given the existing constitution of the world, it is difficult to see how civilisation could have been created in their absence. All this is true enough, although a restatement of the method employed is no proof of its goodness. Infinite wisdom might easily have devised some other method of realising the same end without the intermediate evil, and infinite power could easily have carried that plan into execution. Nearly every discovery of man has been dearly paid for in suffering and sacrifice, and myriads of people have died for want of the knowledge that we possess, as myriads *are* dying for want of the knowledge that future generations may have. The Bishop is right enough, then, in looking upon this as God's method of teaching men; only, if God is still unashamed, at least human beings might have decency enough to refrain from calling it benevolence, and from defending it against the natural indignation of those who think about the matter.

What ought not God to be ashamed of, if all that we see is his handiwork? The believer praises him for the beauties and harmonies and adaptations that one meets with in the animal world. And, while each animal form was believed to have been created by God, with all its parts and instincts fashioned for its special environment, as a mechanic constructs a piece of mechanism to fulfil a destined purpose, there was at least some superficial grounds for such praise. But now we know that each case of animal perfection is only the seal—the registration, so to speak—of the unnumbered deaths of less perfect forms, created, apparently, for the purpose of being destroyed. One's imagination reels before the extent of the suffering that the vision of animal life opens to our minds, and one feels that the God who can look back at this and not be ashamed must be deficient in the qualities for possessing which Christians are always offering him praise.

It is the supreme beauty of Christianity, we are often told, that, while other forms of religion pictured God as a ruler, Christianity drew him in the character of a parent. Well, I venture to say that this is a character he sustains but poorly. A parent's first duty is to protect his children; his second to instruct them, so that they may protect themselves. God has done neither one nor the other. He has neglected *his* family in a manner which, if human beings imitated, would land them in a police-court. He has stood callously by, and

allowed his children to be starved by famine, destroyed by fire, drowned at sea, ravaged by disease, and destroying each other wholesale, because their natures have not been better constituted. "Our Father which art in heaven" is doubtless a pretty phrase, and conjures up pictures of love and protection such as is exercised by earthly parents; but the facts are in startling contradiction to the theory. And so little would have changed things for the better. One half the trouble spent on giving revelations about the next world, in working miracles, or in inspiring the semi-insane effusions of the world's religious prophets, if devoted to the more prosaic tasks that scientific and social workers are interested in, would have materially diminished, if not have destroyed, the evil now existing. It may be that God is our Father; it is certain that, if this is the case, he ought to be ashamed of the manner in which he has neglected his plainest duties.

God, says the writer whose title has furnished me with a text, is not ashamed of the human family. Perhaps not; but has he any cause to be ashamed of it? The human family is, after all, only as he left it. If his children possess low instincts, it is because he gave them those instincts to start with. No man makes his own character; his heredity and his environment determine this for him. We should all be different to what we are if we had had different parents to start with. But, as a matter of fact, it is not so much that God is ashamed of his family as it is that the family is getting ashamed of its God. The immense amount of apologising found necessary to make God acceptable to modern civilised society is by itself proof of this. Man is ashamed of his gods, and with good reasons. For all the gods we possess are descended to us from a time less civilised than our own. They are concrete expressions of our less civilised natures, and, in contemplating the gods, man is, for the most part, brought face to face with characteristics that he has learned to be anything but proud of possessing. Hence the constant attempt to redress and remould the conception of God. It is the efforts of civilised humanity to rid itself of the barbarous conception of a supernatural autocrat ruling mankind as he will, making "one vessel to honor and another to dishonor." God has little cause to be ashamed of man, for, if man first gave him the characteristics with which we find him possessed among uncivilised people, man has also endowed him with the more refined attributes he is now credited with, and thus made him presentable in decent society.

No; God has no cause to be ashamed of man, although he may have cause to be angry with him. For man's conduct is such that it unconsciously acts as a constant reproof to his Deity. And in almost every case, when man deviates from the "divine" model, the deviation is equal to an improvement. God visits the sins of the fathers on the children to the "third and fourth generation." Man sees no reason why children should suffer because of their parents' faults, and tries by all possible means to protect the children from the taint or stigma of an unsound ancestry. He cannot always succeed, but he tries, and that is something to be counted in his favor. The places of the earth that are left waste and uninhabitable by God are made habitable and fruitful by man. Man discovers antidotes for the diseases God has created, checks for the passions he has implanted, harmless outlets for forces which, as God left them, are full of menace and destruction.

How much praise has been wasted upon the supposed fact that God sends his rain upon the just and unjust alike! And yet who would praise man if he imitated this arrangement? Suppose society regularly served the right and wrong doer alike, and rewarded the criminal and philanthropist with the same applause, who would find anything to admire in this procedure? The people who praise God for doing it would immediately shriek out that society would be destroyed if people insisted on being "perfect, even as (their) father in heaven is perfect." It is not only that God's arrangement is too favorable to the unjust, it is too unfavorable to the just. The teaching not only says that God rewards all alike, but that he punishes all alike, whether they deserve it or not. Man knows better than to imitate God in any such fashion. He recognises that civilised society must rest upon discrimination, not upon indiscriminate reward and punish-

ment, so once more gives his deity a lesson in humanity and intelligence—for which he may, or may not, be thankful. Heine suggested that the cause of the misfortunes the Jewish people were always undergoing was that Javeh could never forgive them reminding him once a week of his tribal origin. If there is a God, it may be that earthquakes and famines are God's method of punishing man for his daring to be more just and intelligent in his methods than his creator.

It is a dreary and costly farce this writing of men who might be more usefully employed, urging us to imitate God, and to look towards him for help. No one living does the first, and no one does the second while he has strength or intelligence enough to help himself. If there is a God, the only indication we have of his character is that evidence given in the world around us. And no one would wish us to imitate God's nature as indicated there. Far from that being desirable, all civilisation is a greater or smaller departure from natural methods as divorced from human intelligence. Submit to some of these methods we must, and often we are bound in some degree to imitate them; but in the main man's chief energies are bent on improving them, and civilisation only flourishes so far as he is successful in his object. And in this struggle with the crude forces of nature man receives no help from the supernatural, no counsel from the gods he has done so much to keep in existence. The story of civilisation is none too bright reading at its best; but one of the saddest chapters in the volume is that which places before us the long procession of gods that have flourished and preyed upon human nature, generation after generation and century after century. One god gives place to another, each fattening for awhile upon human degradation and ignorance, receiving the sacrifice of man's dignity, comfort, and even of his own flesh and blood. Wherever he turns the gods bar the way, cursing knowledge and crushing independence. Will the process never end? Yes, for, even though man exchanges one god for another, the exchange is usually an advance. The new god that replaces the old is generally a little less objectionable, a little more amenable to the higher human feelings. Man, in short, during the process, *humanises* his deities, and, in doing this, gradually discovers that they are only magnified images of himself. Just as the consequences of one's early misdeeds may meet us in after-life, just as we carry about in our bodily structure the indubitable evidence of our animal ancestry, so our gods are fossilised pictures of our savage ancestors. They rule in virtue of the invisible connections that bind us to our remotest forefathers. To the recognition of this truth mankind is slowly but surely coming, and when it is thoroughly and completely realised the gods will take their place amongst those other primitive superstitions that have been already outgrown.

C. COHEN.

Early Christian Frauds.—VI.

THE most important matter, from the modern point of view, with regard to the fraudulent and forged writings of the early Christians is the light which these documents shed on the intellectual and moral character of the people among whom the Gospels and other New Testament books originated. It goes almost without saying that fabulous histories, full of lying wonders, would never have been written had not the Christians of the age in which they first appeared been so deeply steeped in superstition, and of so simple and credulous a nature, as to give ready credence to such forgeries. The truth of this becomes evident when it is borne in mind that such fables would find no acceptance in Protestant countries, even among the most ignorant, at the present day.

Speaking of the fabrication of these fictitious histories, the author of *Supernatural Religion* says:—

"No fable could be too gross, no invention too transparent, for their unsuspecting acceptance, if it assumed a pious form or tended to edification. No period in the history of the world ever produced so many spurious works.....False Gospels, Epistles, Acts, Martyrologies,

were unscrupulously circulated, and such pious falsification was not even intended or regarded as a crime, but perpetrated for the sake of edification. It was only slowly, and after some centuries, that many of these works, once regarded with pious veneration, were excluded from the canon."

These statements can be fully proved. But, it might be added, the four canonical Gospels and the canonical Acts of the Apostles should be classed with the works termed "spurious," for they differ from the histories styled "false" merely in containing selections of narratives and sayings of a less ridiculous character than those in the majority of the more primitive writings, taken as a whole, besides having undergone further revision by their second-century editors.

The statement quoted, that "no fable could be too gross, no invention too transparent," is in no wise an exaggeration, as will be perceived by the story fabricated of the martyrdom of the Apostle John—a story which is gravely related by Tertullian and Jerome as an undoubted historical event.

This apostle, it is said, when over ninety years of age, was arrested and sent to Rome, where he was sentenced to be burnt (or boiled) in a huge cauldron filled with oil, resin, and pitch. Having been stripped and assisted into the cauldron, the holy man lifted his hands to heaven and prayed, after which the executioners set fire to the piles of wood placed around. The narrative then proceeds:—

"The saint felt no more pain than if he had been in a warm bath; indeed, he felt quite refreshed and strengthened. Ere long the flames set fire to the oil, and the burning mass rose high in the air, forming a transparent case of fire around the apostle. A shriek ran through the crowd. All thought he was burnt to death; but presently he stood up in the cauldron, amidst the blaze, and began to sing so sweetly, it was like the voice of an angel in glory. Everyone was astonished; but the executioners only continued to heap more wood upon the fire; and, as they did so, *the flames turned upon them and burnt them to cinders*. In due time the fire, little by little, began to sink, till it was wholly extinguished. As the crowd rushed forward they perceived that all the liquid mass had burnt or boiled away, leaving the cauldron dry. John was then helped out. He had received no harm; *not a hair was singed, nor had the smell of boiling oil or of fire come upon him*. He shone with a brightness dazzling to look upon; and this angel of light was conducted back to his prison."

The concoctor of this veracious narrative, it will be noticed, drew some of his inspiration from the story of the three men cast into the "fiery furnace" in the book of Daniel—the flames, in that story, consuming the men who threw them in, and the incombustible three coming out unharmed, without having even "the hair of their head singed" or "the smell of fire" upon them. The miraculous affair of the cauldron is said to have occurred in the year 95, in the reign of Domitian, after which the asbestine apostle was banished to the Isle of Patmos, where he spent the last years of his life in concocting the book of Revelation.

A similar Christian forgery, though not nearly such a vast appeal to faith, is that of the martyrdom of Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna. The account is given in an encyclical letter purporting to have been written by the elders of the Church of Smyrna to the other Christian Churches. The document which has come down to us contains, at the end, two notes in proof of the historicity and credibility of the narrative. These read as follows:—

Note 1.—"These things Caius transcribed from the copy of Irenæus (who was a disciple of Polycarp), having himself been intimate with Irenæus. And I, Socrates, transcribed them at Corinth from the copy of Caius. Grace be with you all."

Note 2.—"And I, again, Pionius, wrote them from the previously written copy," etc.

The Letter narrating the martyrdom is instructive as illustrating how miracles are manufactured. It contains twenty-two paragraphs, from which I make the following extracts:—

"When Polycarp had pronounced the 'Amen,' and so finished his prayer, those who were appointed for the purpose kindled the fire. And as the flame blazed forth in great fury, *we to whom it was given to witness it beheld a great miracle, and have been preserved that we might report to others what then took place*. For the fire, shaping itself into the form of an arch, like the sail

of a ship when filled with the wind, encompassed as by a circle the body of the martyr. And he appeared within not like flesh which is burnt, but as bread that is baked, or as gold and silver glowing in a furnace.....At length, when those wicked men perceived that his body could not be consumed by the fire, they commanded an executioner to go near, and pierce him through with a dagger. And on doing this, *there came forth a dove and a great quantity of blood, so that the fire was extinguished*; and all the people wondered that there should be such a difference between the unbelievers and the elect, of whom this most admirable Polycarp was one, having *in our own times* been an apostolic and prophetic teacher, and bishop of the Catholic Church which is in Smyrna. For every word that went out of his mouth either has been, or shall yet be, accomplished."

A long extract from this letter is given by Eusebius in his *History* (iv. 15). Now, the miracle here narrated is far better attested than any of those recorded in the canonical Gospels; for the martyrdom is said to have taken place in the early days of Irenæus, and Caius the presbyter was one of his disciples. Irenæus also himself speaks of the martyrdom. If we compare the evidence adduced for the genuineness of this miracle—viz., the testimony of the elders of the Church at Smyrna, and that of Irenæus, Caius, Socrates, and Pionius—with the evidence for the raising of Lazarus (mentioned only in the Fourth Gospel) or the restoration to life of the widow's son (related only by Luke, a late editor), it will be seen that it is far stronger than the mere record, without any kind of evidence, of either of these Gospel miracles. Yet, there cannot be the smallest doubt, the story of the martyrdom of Polycarp—or, at least, the portion narrating the miraculous circumstances—is a pure fabrication. If any of the members of the Church of Smyrna were present at the execution, which is very unlikely indeed, they certainly did not see the marvelous events recorded in the Letter. But the practice of fabricating lying histories for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian religion was so widely prevalent in that age that it can scarcely be a matter of surprise that the pious presbyters of the Church at Smyrna, when drawing up an account of the martyrdom of their much-respected bishop, should have taken advantage of such an excellent opportunity to add a few details, not strictly historical, which would have the effect of enhancing the holiness and renown of the martyr, and, at the same time, would help to strengthen the faith of lukewarm believers.

As we have seen, "no fable could be too gross, no invention too transparent," for acceptance by the great body of Christians, who were dependent on the few scholars among them for a narration of the "facts" which they might unhesitatingly believe. Luke's Gospel may be taken as an illustration. So many contradictory histories of Christ were in existence just before this Gospel was written that Theophilus, a great man among the Christians (and probably a new convert), being somewhat more critical than most members of the sect, did not know what to believe. Luke, therefore, undertook to examine these histories and make a selection of the narratives and sayings recorded of Jesus which might safely be accepted as historical (i. 4); hence the appearance of the Third Gospel. Among the narratives which this evangelist considered credible are: the story of Zachariah being struck dumb in the temple; the appearance of angels to the shepherds near Bethlehem; Jesus questioning the doctors at the age of twelve; Jesus calling Herod Antipas a fox; Christ promising his disciples that they should eat and drink at his table in his new kingdom; Christ's command to his disciples to sell their garments to buy swords; Christ's promise to the thief on the cross. These are recorded in none of the other canonical Gospels, and were rejected as fables by Marcion, the greatest Christian teacher of the second century.

According to Gibbon, the Christian community, before the time of Constantine, was composed, with few exceptions, of the poorest and most ignorant of the populace, and consisted chiefly of peasants, mechanics, boys, women, beggars, and slaves. This is, in some measure, corroborated by Paul, who says that in his days "not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," were amongst the ranks of the Christians, because God had chosen "the foolish things of the world," and "the weak things of the world," and

"the base things of the world and the things that are despised" to be the firmest believers in Christ (1 Cor. i. 26-28).

Irenæus, speaking of the Christians of his time who followed oral teaching only, says (Her. iii. iv. 2): "To which course many nations of those barbarians who believe in Christ do assent, having salvation written in their hearts by the spirit, without paper and ink, and carefully preserving the ancient traditions, etc..... Those who in the absence of written documents have believed this faith are barbarians, as far as our language is concerned; but as regards doctrine, manner, and tenor of life, they are, *because of faith*, very wise indeed."

This implicit belief in all the stories told by Christian propagandists is commendable, no doubt; but there are people who are so constituted that they cannot believe alleged miraculous events without something in the nature of evidence. The myths and absurdities of the Christian religion had no attraction for those blessed with "wisdom and understanding"; they found credence only amongst the illiterate and credulous—whom Jesus not inappropriately calls "babes" (Matt. xi. 25).

ABRACADABRA.

The Karen.

A STUDY OF SAVAGE MAN.

KAREN, or, more correctly, Kayen, is the name given by the Burmese to most of the mountain tribes occupying the provinces of Pegu and Tenasserim, in Further India. By the color of their dress these Karens have been separated into Red Karens, White Karens, and Black Karens.

In the following article no exhaustive study of the physical and mental traits, the appearance, dress, language, rites, superstitions of the Karen nation, as a whole, will be attempted. Such account, had I the ability to write it, could only suitably appear in some special journal devoted to anthropology, and would be quite out of place in the pages of a popular periodical.

All I essay is the presentation of a few truthful pictures from the daily life of an interesting race of savages. The White Karens are subdivided into many tribes. Of these, perhaps, the most representative, as well as the largest, is the tribe of the Sgaw Karens. These people occupy the mountainous parts of Tenasserim and Southern Pegu, from Mergui, in lat. twelve degrees N. to Toungoo, in lat. nineteen degrees N. They penetrate eastwards into Siam, and westwards into Arracan. It is of these Sgaws that I propose to treat. For five years I lived in their midst.

Yoonzaleen (river of yoon-trees) has a pretty sound, and the river is worthy of the name. Rising in a range of high mountains north-west of Maulmain, the capital of Tenasserim, rushing in a series of falls and rapids through scenes of a wild loveliness, it adds no inconsiderable tribute of waters to the great Salween River, joining this some forty miles above Maulmain.

The evening of a terribly hot day in April some years back found me encamped in a dense evergreen forest at the foot of a low, steep, rugged range of hills that, quite unconnected with the distant watershed, cropped abruptly out on the south bank of the Yoonzaleen, some miles above its mouth. For days past I had been suffering from malarious fever, and the hot day-long march had made me worse. I lay listlessly on my bed, half-dreaming to the music of cool, clear, rushing waters. Giant trees, covered by strange and beautiful creepers, alive with the flitting of birds and butterflies, cast a grateful shade over me. From the high bank on which I lay I could see far across the river to the north, where an unbroken forest stretched away to the meeting of earth and sky. Behind me, on the sloping hillside, rested a village of Sgaw Karens, the first dwelling-place of that tribe I had encountered. Seven families made up the village. This I told from the seven houses standing in a clearing made in the thick forest. As across the river, so here; the forest seemed to spread without any break or opening for miles. The houses, wholly of bamboo, thatched with a grass called "theckay" by the Burmese, were raised, as are all

dwellings in this country, European, Burman, or Karen, on piles. I was reminded of the pictures of the ancient lake-dwellings of Switzerland; but whether this custom of raising the houses on piles has come down as a survival from a former race of lake-dwellers is doubtful. More probably it has been necessitated by the heavy rainfall of this tropical land.

All the houses had pens for pigs and cages for poultry worked in between the piles, and were, as I learnt later, all built on a uniform plan. Each had one large room, a verandah, and a small room partitioned off by bamboo screens.

As soon as my followers had pitched the camp I sent to the village for its head-man. After some search he was found and brought to me from his "toungyah" or rice field, some distance from the village. He was a fine, stalwart fellow, a wild Karen, wearing the dress of his tribe—a long armless shirt, of home-made stuff bordered by five bands of red. No head-dress, and nothing on his feet. He carried even the ancient Karen cross-bow, with a sheaf of poisoned arrows, and a spear in his hand instead of the more modern weapons of gun or rifle. The color of his skin was a light brownish yellow, with the red blood showing through on the cheeks; clear hazel-brown eyes, with the aperture rather slanting, after the Mongolian type. His hair, cut straight on the forehead, hung in a thick fringe round a short though massive head, and broad high brow. Wild savage as he looked, he was so far civilised as to be able to speak Burmese. As he had been down to Maulmain, and had frequently met European officials, he was quite at ease with me in a few moments, and chattered away with fluency.

Presently I asked him what medicine his people took for fever. After telling me of one or two herbs, and describing the method of preparing the medicine from these, he added that nothing was so effective as the propitiation of the "nats" who cause the fevers. I asked whether this latter course was unailing. After some hesitation he admitted that it did sometimes fail. But he assured me that, by going through a certain ceremony with the wing bones of a cock that had been sacrificed to the "nat," they could always tell whether any illness would prove fatal or not. On further questioning, I learnt that, at that very moment, he had the requisite bones in his haversack. No amount of persuasion, however, availed to induce him to consult the oracle on my behalf that night. But the next night he returned, bringing with him some presents of fruit. During the day a brother forest-officer arrived at my camp, and, finding me very ill, halted for a day or two to look after me. I had risen in the morning with great pains in my bones, followed during the day by two or three severe attacks of ague. By the evening I was considerably prostrated. As old Yu-Po, the head man, took his seat by my bed, I turned to him and asked whether he would try the cock-bone oracle, and tell me if I was to live or die. At first he was reluctant; but, my friend joining in the request, he was at last persuaded. With great gravity he drew forth two wing-bones (radii) of a cock. Through each was drilled a hole. In this was fixed a small peg. Throwing the bones on the ground, he watched whether the pegs fell opposite to each other or away from each other. Besides Yu-Po, a number of villagers had also come down to my camp. They sat silent and grave, looking on at the ceremony. The dense forest of mighty trees, the swinging creepers hanging like coiled snakes in the gathering darkness, a solitary gleam of light on the swift rushing waters; around my bed the crowd of dark faces, out of which grew the form of Yu-Po in the foreground, intent on his magic rite, and believed in by his followers. After long delay Yu-Po announced, with a glad voice, I should recover. I did recover, thanks to large doses of quinine and a strong constitution. But to the Karens the nats had been at work, and the falling of the pegs was an omen. Through many months I lived among these Sgaw Karens, and now and again I saw some one or another of their strange superstitions.

One day, passing through a village, I saw a handsome young Karen matron. She stood by the bamboo ladder that led up to her house, and struck it again and again with a slow, monotonous beat, crooning the while a low chant over her baby. The child, wrapped in a few rags, she held close to her breast, and she looked now

and again, with straining eyes, into its pinched, wan face. In a low voice I asked a man standing by what was the matter. He told me that the child was ill, and the mother was chanting a prayer to the nats to drive away the sickness of her little one.

I passed on, and for an hour or two was without the village. All the time I could hear the mournful, plaintive prayer of the mother; the hollow, reiterated sound made by the bamboo of the ladder, struck by the monotonous hand that kept time with the chant. At last it ceased, and I returned. The woman, still clasping her little one close to her, had climbed up into the house. Her husband was standing by her, sad of face. The mother's was a face of despair. I called the man down, and asked whether he would let me see the child that I might give it medicine. He seemed pleased, and readily consented. I climbed up into the house. As I approached and looked at the child, feeling the little hands and forehead, the mother drew back, glancing wildly with a scared look into my face, as if she half thought I was going to deprive her of her baby.

The poor little thing was wasted and worn with fever. But with the help of quinine and brandy its life was saved. Months after, passing by the same village, I met the father, and by degrees drew from him the confession that he still thought that the incantation pronounced by his wife to the nats had played the chief part in driving away the fever.

Superstition dies hard, we say, and smile. Have we any right to look down upon these poor Karens and think ourselves superior to them? Have we not still a "prayer for the sick" in our Prayer-books? Do we not still pray to an undefinable Deity for rain and for fair weather, for plentiful crops, and, worst of all, for success in cruel wars? In what are we—"we, the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time"—less superstitious than the men of whom I speak?

One other myth and superstition of the Karens as I end.

"There was in remote antiquity," say the Karens, "a poor man surrounded by wealthy people. These persecuted him, and would afford him only three grains of rice from which to raise a crop. He was visited in his affliction by a tottering old woman, called grandmother Bieyau. She had been driven from the doors of the rich. He received her kindly. She proved to be a divinity in disguise, and made the poor man's three seeds produce an abundant crop, sending a destructive rain upon the rich, that destroyed them and their possessions. None remained on earth but the poor man and his family, from whom all the tribes of the earth are said to have descended. This goddess prescribed to the Karen Noah certain ceremonies he was to perform to ensure her favor. As soon as the paddy is planted, she is supposed to seat herself on the top of the smoked stumps and remain there watching its growth until it is reaped. When the plants are a few inches high, a small house, one or two feet in its largest diameter, is built for her in the field. In it are placed two ropes to bind stray spirits. When the house is completed, the following prayer is uttered: 'Grandmother, thou watchest my field, thou guardest my ground. Look well, lest people come in. Should they come, tie them up with this rope.'"

This myth is scarcely more childish than the Bible one of Noah and the ark, or than our prayers for the protection of God. Nor are the Jewish and Karen legends of a deluge peculiar. In whatever country floods are constant, there, in some form or another in the folk-lore of the inhabitants, the old patriarch Noah appears. The whole Karen religion is a system of nature worship. All the powers of nature, the wind, the rain, the tempest, the lightning, the thunder, the roaring torrent, are personified and have their nats. A nat lurks in all diseases; a nat is the soul of all hurtful and powerful animals. Surrounded by wild, gloomy forests, in continual warfare with the elements of nature or wild animals, the life of the Karen is darkened, overshadowed by the evil spirits of his imagination. And a civilisation comes from the West and offers him a creed scarcely one degree less gloomy than his own.

C. T. B.

He is happy who, seeing his duty, can do it.—*Seneca.*

Acid Drops.

LORD SALISBURY'S retirement involves the loss of a very considerable figure to the political world. Haughty aristocrat as he is, he is, nevertheless, a man of brains; a weighty man, mentally as well as bodily. What difference it will make to the political situation is not a point for discussion in the *Freethinker*. It is more in our way to note that Lord Salisbury, like the late Mr. Gladstone, is an earnest Christian with High Church leanings. More has been done for clerical interests during his recent tenure of office than under any other government we recollect. It was a cynical answer to the Socialist agitation, but it showed practical capacity, to give another £600,000 a year to the so-called Voluntary Schools. And now we have the new Education Bill, which is to destroy School Boards altogether, and place elementary education almost entirely under clerical control.

Mr. Balfour is Lord Salisbury's successor in the Premiership. We take it that he is by no means as weighty a man as his uncle. He is a professed Christian, and has even written on behalf of religion—a thing Lord Salisbury has never done. In next week's *Freethinker* we propose to give our readers some idea of Mr. Balfour's religious views and arguments. Few of them will have read his writings for themselves, and those few may be pleased to have their memories refreshed.

We should be very sorry to say anything that would hurt the feelings of a kind father, who has borne a great affliction with exemplary fortitude. But the death of the Earl of Arundel—the Duke of Norfolk's only son—has been reported, with all its sad circumstances, in the daily newspapers, and the case can hardly now be regarded as absolutely private. The late heir to the Dukedom of Norfolk lived for more than twenty years, and all the time he was deaf and dumb and imbecile. Science was appealed to, but what could science do in such a case? It has not the power of creation—certainly not of the creation of brains. Prayers were tried, and pilgrimages to famous shrines; for the Duke of Norfolk is a devout Roman Catholic. But not even the Mother of God at Lourdes, or elsewhere, could do the poor lad any good; and his death must be regarded as a merciful relief to all concerned.

Had the Catholic Church been able to supply the Earl of Arundel's deficiency of brains, it would have made a big step towards the conversion of England; for there are so many people suffering, though not so acutely, from the same complaint. Such an achievement would have been far more efficacious than the recent annual pilgrimage to Canterbury, under the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. The pilgrims walked in procession through the streets, singing hymns for the conversion of England to the Roman Catholic faith. They were allowed to visit the Cathedral, but had to hold their tongues there, only silent prayer being permitted. At a special service of their own, however, they had the satisfaction of hearing from the Right Rev. Monsignor Crake Robinson that their cause was prospering, as the Ritualist party in the Church of England were being led of God to prepare the way for the Church of Rome.

Deputy Chief Constable Jones, of Hull, applied to the magistrates for an "extension" license at a local hotel, and the gentlemen on the bench granted it. There was to be a repast at the hotel, followed by an entertainment, and the company did not want to break up at the usual hour. And who were the company? Why, clergymen from Berlin, who were to receive the hospitality of their clerical brethren in Hull. For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Clerics are still recognising in the illness of the King a sort of "judgment" on the nation, though they are ascribing his recovery to the nation's prayers. Vicarious suffering is a doctrine of the Church; but in this case, as we said last week, it comes rather rough on King Edward, who is, we may be sure, anything but a willing victim. A diocesan missionary—the Rev. C. H. Sharpe—was engaged the other Sunday to preach to fashionable folks at St. James's, Piccadilly, with the object of improving the occasion. This he did in the approved clerical fashion. He said that God had laid the King low so that, instead of the crown being in the hand of the Archbishop, the knife was in the hand of the surgeon. Then he said: "We should be simply guilty of the weakness of a want of moral courage if we did not see in this God's hand of 'judgment.'" He added: "No finger of man is here. There is only the finger of God."

Well, suppose the Lord has had his finger in the pie—the finger which sent lice into Egypt—and has spoiled the pie, what is the "judgment" for? The diocesan missionary hastens to inform us. He scouts the commonplaces of "mysterious fate," "inscrutable dispensation of Providence," and so on. The thing is as clear as daylight to this man of God. It is all on account of the sins of Society—spelt with a big S.

Society has been unmindful of God, by which we suppose he means God's professional exploiters. It has been falling off from him or them, and losing its hold upon righteousness. Later on, the diocesan missionary condescends to come to details, and then we learn that the King has had an abscess near the vermiform appendix because Society has been in the habit of desecrating the Lord's Day!

The very Sunday before the intended Coronation, says this denunciatory sky-pilot, anyone standing at the bottom of St. James's-street could have seen a long line of cabs literally blocked, filled with men and women dressed up for their dinners and their parties that Sunday evening. At the same time workmen were openly putting up decorations, apparently regardless of the Fourth Commandment. Further, he says, we have only to look at Paddington, Hurlingham, Ranelagh, or Piccadilly, to see what neglect of public worship and spending the day in amusement is going on. In many of our country houses people spend their time in nothing but eating and exercise, unless it is gambling at Bridge. A lady near Queen's Gate told him a short time ago that when they first came to London they were surprised at the amount of invitations they got for Sundays.

What a dreadful state of things! This "insolent and arrogant ignoring of God"—to use the diocesan missionary's words—has gradually grown into a national scandal. Of course God was not going to put up with it. He is a jealous God and no respecter of persons, so he swoops down on the King's vitals—which is quite in accordance with his blundering way of doing things in Biblical history. Or, as the diocesan missionary puts it, "He must in some unmistakable way speak to us? And, verily, now He has done it." But is it an unmistakable way? This pulpiteer himself tells us in his sermon that a Roman Catholic lady said to a relative of his that she was quite certain it was a judgment for our not yielding to the Pope. A "judgment" to be of any use should be of such a nature as to leave no doubt as to the cause of its visitation. But here we see, according to this preacher, it is ascribed by some people to a cause entirely different to that which he sets forth. His sermon, from beginning to end, is the veriest nonsense.

The pious talk about the "hand of God" is continued in the *Rock*. But that paper takes quite a new view of the Lord's intervention. It expresses the strong conviction that the Lord postponed the Coronation in order to frustrate Romanite conspirators. This is news, and requires a little explanation. The *Rock* objects to omitting in the ceremony the reading of the Ten Commandments, the suggesting the sacrifice of the Mass by the use of the word "altar" in nearly fifty places, and the interpolation of a prayer which suggests the *Pontificate Romanum*. It is convinced that the "marvellous interruption of the program (in which most people see the hand of God)" was made in order to give the nation a further opportunity of revising the program, and eliminating that portion which has a Romish taint. It says: "The Romanite conspirators were evidently bent on exploiting the Coronation in the Ritualistic interest. Their design, so far, has been frustrated by the hand of God. It is now for the people to speak out through Parliament or by public meeting." This does, indeed, look like special Providence. Just when the Jesuits and the Ritualists were exulting in what seemed to be the certain success of their designs, the Lord steps in, puts the King to bed with a painful complaint, and gives the ultra-Protestants one more chance. How pleased King Edward must be to know that he has been made the earthly instrument of thwarting, for a time at least, the designs of those eternally-plotting Jesuits. Will this reflection assuage the pain and smooth the Royal pillow?

It is said that the Coronation ceremony, when it does take place, will be in a curtailed form, but that "the religious character of the occasion will be more strongly emphasised." One would have thought that that element was more than sufficiently in evidence in the original program. But the clerics are insatiable. They must boss the show, and if there was the slightest chance would entirely monopolise it.

As a variation to striking the King down as a "judgment," and then raising him up in answer to prayer, the Lord has been terrifying the inhabitants of Salonica with earthquake shocks, by which villages were demolished with loss of life.

A boat containing a Liverpool clergyman and twelve choir-boys was run down on the Dee; all the occupants were thrown into the water, and two boys were drowned. Was this an accident or a "judgment"? And where does that wonderful "hand of God" come in?

An aged man was killed by lightning at Hanworth, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Death by visitation of God." Why don't church-people talk of the "visitation of God" when lightning strikes the steeple of one of their joss-houses? Is it because they think these are the last places that come under his ken?

To-Day has some sensible remarks on the cant-phrase, "visitation of God," which has been used so freely and absurdly during the past few weeks. Since the Coronation fiasco it has rolled glibly off the tongue of nearly every individual, Jew and Gentile, publican and sinner, who has endeavored to evade Coronation contracts and engagements. *To-Day* seems to think it in this connection a mean, hypocritical subterfuge. So do we. It is, of course, convenient to have some one—even a visionary being like the Deity—upon whom to saddle the responsibility of what has happened, and to whom irritated applicants for the return of seat money or payment for work ordered and done may be referred. But the familiar phrase, ordinarily received with pious awe, seems to have occasioned amongst the victims much blasphemy and many shocking expressions of disbelief. The disappointed ones persist in demanding their cash, and refuse to listen to any excuses based on the "act of God." They can stand such talk in church, but have no patience with it in business.

The Provost of Melrose has been convicted by a Scotch paper of having announced upon the postponement of the Coronation that "Divine service and other sports" would be put off.

Mr. Thomas Justice, of Dundee—whose name ought to be a guarantee of equity—contributes an article to the July *Quarterly Paper* of the Proportionate Giving Union. Funds for religious purposes must be raised somehow, and although millions are given annually the amount is quite inadequate. Such a crowd of persons engaged in the soul-saving business have to be supported that the utmost pressure has to be put upon the donating capacity of the faithful. Mr. Justice advocates the claims of what he calls "The Lord's Portion"—though we suspect it reaches other persons' hands first, and perhaps last. Nobody should be exempted from giving; not even the "young woman earning 10s. a week." Young men earning 25s. a week should give more, and still more should be set aside for "the Lord"—that is, the Lord's servants—with every rise in salary or increase in income. "Will our young people begin," Mr. Justice asks, "to think about the matter? The time to begin to give is when they begin to earn." In other words, if you want to make fools of them you must catch them young.

The Bishops assembled in Convocation the other day at the Church House, dressed in their scarlet and white robes, and looking quite pattern disciples of the poor Carpenter of Nazareth. The first subject they discussed was clerical poverty. This was to some extent disinterested, for the Bishops do not suffer from poverty themselves. But they were not disinterested enough to propose any sacrifice of their own colossal incomes for the benefit of their pinched and harassed fellow-laborers in the Lord's vineyard. Their chief idea was that the laity should be bled more freely in order to fill the depleted veins of the poor clergy. Nearly all the day was spent in discussing this noble subject, several votes were taken, and the Bishop of Gloucester was able to say that he thought he had never seen a more excellent series of resolutions. Their lordships then went home, took to their beds in due course, and perhaps dreamed of destitute parsons bathing in a golden flood of public generosity.

According to the *Huntley Express*, there is a Christian of great genius in London—the Rev. Hugh M'Intosh, formerly minister of Garty Free Church. It appears that he is the author of a book entitled *Is Christ Infallible and the Bible True?* which is described as "an attempt to answer all forms and phases of rationalism." Readers of it, we are told, will be confirmed in the "certainty that we have still an Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." We thought that was what the late Mr. Gladstone assured the Christians of. But it seems that assurance has to be made doubly sure by the great M'Intosh. Is it not odd, though, that an impregnable rock should need so much defence?

Mr. K. V. Millard, of Gramplan Mansion, Eastbourne, writes to the *Bristol Mercury* against "The Higher Criticism." He is a lawyer, and has made the study of the Bible a speciality for fifteen years. He is therefore emboldened to challenge all the Higher Critics, "whether Christians or infidels," to a public debate on "the inspiration of the Bible." Well, as he includes the "infidels," we fancy we could find him an opponent if he would only get some society or committee to put him forward as their representative. Some such guarantee is necessary to prevent an inrush of irresponsible cranks upon the public platform.

The *Weekly Telegraph* publishes a lot of nonsense about the great pyramid of Egypt. It begins by saying that this wonderful structure "was built by the Israelites in the days when the Egyptians were in power." Now, there is not the slightest evidence in the records of Egypt that the Jews were ever in that country. As far as anything can be proved by negative evidence, it is certain that the Bible story is purely imaginary. Even if it were partially historical, the fact remains that the Bible does not represent the Jews as the

builders of pyramids—or, indeed, the builders of anything—but simply brickmakers. The writer in the *Weekly Telegraph*, therefore, is improving on the Bible narrative out of his own head.

According to the editor of "The Religious World" department of the *Daily News*, a great work has been done in Africa by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. When wounds or sickness confined Tommy Atkins to hospitals or hospital-ships, this Society "brightened many a weary hour" for him. And how was it done? By tracts. Yes, by tracts. That is the Society's view, of course, strained through our contemporary's sieve. What we should like to have is Tommy Atkins's view. He is not the man we take him for if he is fond of tracts—unless he gets something with them, say in the shape of an ounce of baccy. The tracts are all right then. Smoking is impossible without a light, and in the absence of matches there are—well, the S. P. C. K.'s tracts.

Presbyterianism is not satisfied with its position in the Protestant world, but aims at conquests in Roman Catholic territory. It appears that there are already Presbyterian Churches scattered over the continent of Europe, and an appeal on their behalf is issued by the Committee on Continental and Colonial Work. Sunday, July 20, is fixed as collection-day on their behalf in all the Presbyterian places of worship in this country. The money thus obtained will be spent in promoting that "widespread spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction among the adherents of the Church of Rome," which the Committee are very happy to perceive. Particularly is it desired to "reap the harvest for Christ on 'the white fields of France.'" Of course there are no Christians to speak of in France at present—only Roman Catholics. This, at any rate, seems inferable from the Committee's language; and the assumption gives a good idea of the diffidence and humility of the Presbyterians. Every little Protestant sect is the only true Church; and all of them spit at the great Mother Church, without whom they would never have existed.

Mr. W. J. Colville, a Spiritualist orator, whose address on "Spiritualism" is published in the *Two Worlds*, refuses to believe "that persecution in the name of religion really emanated from religious motives at all." He says it was politics, not religion, that lighted the fires of the Inquisition in the days of Torquemada, and he applies the same observation to the wars of the Crusaders. But in both cases he is mistaken. Torquemada was simply a bigot, and the Inquisition was a purely religious organisation. That it may have been used at times for other ends is quite conceivable, but every agency in the world is liable to the same sort of misuse. Nothing is plainer, likewise, to anyone who has read the inner details of the Crusades, than that it was religious fanaticism which hurled the hordes of Europe against the more civilised inhabitants of Asia. Peter the Hermit, who preached the first Crusade so successfully, appealed to nothing but Christian enthusiasm. Would they any longer, he asked, allow the sepulchre of Christ to remain in the hands of the "infidels"? Nor does it seem that Peter realised any personal advantage. He appears to have gained nothing and lost his life.

The better the place the better the deed. Or should it be the worse the deed? In a recent divorce case a Mrs. Tombs alleged that her husband led the choir in the local Wesleyan church, and was accustomed to sing hymns with a young lady member with locked doors. This sort of thing does not cause a terrific flutter in religious circles. But what a universal row there would be if it were related in connection with a Secular Hall!

Frederick Bedell, aged seventeen, was brought before Justice Gaynor in Brooklyn the other day on a writ of habeas corpus. He was one of forty boys who hired a field in the Hempstead Meadows, Nassau County, to play baseballs and other games on Sunday. Twenty-seven of them were arrested by the police, apparently at the instigation of the Rev. Mr. Willetts. Assistant District Attorney Graham contended that the ball games on Sunday attracted a crowd and caused a disturbance. Justice Gaynor smiled at such reasoning. If it was a question of disturbing public worship, he wanted to know why the police did not arrest the men who were playing golf instead of the boys who were playing football. Moreover, he did not see why ball-playing on Sunday should be stopped. His conclusion was "I'll let this boy go." On the whole, it was a distinct set-back to the Sabbatarians.

Five undergraduates of Pembroke College, Oxford, have been expelled for alleged blasphemy and profanity. The specific charges against them were that: (1) They formed themselves into a club or society, which called itself the "Immoralists," or the "Immoral Club"; (2) that they designated one another by the names of the persons in the Holy Trinity and the Virgin Mary; (3) that they openly toasted those persons in Hall; (4) that they assisted, in one of their rooms, at a travesty of the Holy Communion; and (5) that two of their number had openly discussed a pantomime they

were composing, in which the Savior was held up to ridicule and contempt. This was the indictment upon which Bishop Mitchinson, master of the college, and his colleagues, at an irregular and secret inquiry, passed upon the undergraduates sentence of expulsion from the college and University.

But the whole thing dwindles down into a mere nothing when the real facts are stated. On one occasion the philosophy of Nietzsche was under discussion, and somebody remarked that Nietzsche had said that he would rather be called an "Immoralist" than a "Moralist," in the conventional sense. Thereupon one of the five delinquents observed, jestingly: "Suppose we call ourselves 'Immoralists'?" The question was never thought of again by any one of the five men. Then the facts as to the travesty of Holy Communion were these: A friend from London—an old Cambridge man—was on a visit to one of the five malefactors. Late at night this gentleman amused his hosts by giving an imitation of the conventional drawl and manner of the typical curate. He took up for this purpose a Prayer Book, opened it by chance at the Communion Service, and read a passage. He was stopped by his friends, who reminded him that the window was open. But, apparently, the mischief was already done. Some amiable eavesdropper had caught the recitation. As to the pantomime, that never went further than a sketch on a sheet of notepaper, and had nothing to do with the Savior, but with John the Baptist.

These are the facts ascertained by Mr. Labouchere, who, in *Truth*, has given Bishop Mitchinson and his colleagues a severe castigation for their intolerance and injustice. The real meaning, we suppose, of this most unjustifiable severity is that the Universities are now so permeated with a spirit of religious scepticism that the orthodox clerical heads have deemed it desirable to try the effect of a little terrorising, without much regard to the particular merits of the case with which they have begun.

The way in which the heathen are often converted is well illustrated in the following story told by a lady missionary in Burma. In one of her tours she distributed a number of bottles of pain-killer in a cholera-stricken village which she passed through. When she returned to the village some months later, she was met by the head man of the community, who said: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." He then conducted her to a room, and showed her the pain-killer bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon the shelf; and before them the whole company prostrated themselves in worship.

A statement has recently been made concerning "religious darkness" in Victoria which would thrill an Exeter Hall audience with astonishment and dismay. Journeying north from Bairnsdale, near the New South Wales border, a clergyman came across people "who had never heard the name of Christ." Well, if this ignorance is such a terrible thing, whose fault is it? The One Above, who is partly Christ himself, should have taken better means for spreading his Gospel, especially as he must have foreseen the failure of human agency in this part of the world as in far more extensive sections elsewhere.

Like an old war-horse, Dr. Temple finds himself still susceptible to the military sights and sounds which affected him in early days. He recently introduced himself to the troops encamped at Alexandra Park as a soldier's son. "My childhood," he says, "was passed in a garrison town in the midst of soldiers, and from those early days has remained with me a constant delight in the sight and sound of all that serves in his Majesty's forces. I cannot see soldiers march without my heart beating as if I wished to march with them, or hear the words of command without a strong desire to obey them myself." The *Cambrian News* describes this utterance as "ecclesiastical humbug." But the Archbishop was probably sincere, and the same words from an ordinary individual would be intelligible enough. The difficulty is to reconcile them with Dr. Temple's professional preaching of the Gospel, of which the Sermon on the Mount is one of the most striking and important parts. That section of Christ's teaching would exclude even an army of defence. The Welsh Nonconformist print thinks it "worse than nonsense to speak of a profession that entails human slaughter and the infliction of all sorts of loss and misery upon innocent people, in words of unmeasured adulation. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke like a savage. We are a long way from the noble and glorious victories of peace when the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is supposed to be the representative of Jesus Christ in this country, can glorify war and those who follow it as a profession."

Lady Wimborne has written a book against Ritualism. She says it is a deliberate attempt to Romanise rural England. And what is the result? A few people are driven into the Dissenting chapels, but the larger number are turned adrift from the Church altogether. "Unless a remedy is found," her ladyship says, "the Church of England will fall, and great will be the fall of it." To which we say "Amen."

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

August 17, Failsworth Sunday School Anniversary Services.

To Correspondents.

C. COHEN'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—July 20, m., Kingsland; a., Victoria Park. 27, m., Kingsland; a., Victoria Park. August 3, m. and a., Victoria Park. Address, 241 High-road, Leyton.

A. E. RANDALL.—See "Acid Drops." You are quite right; there is not a scrap of positive evidence that the Jews were ever in Egypt.

E. CHAPMAN, secretary and *Freethinker* newsagent for the South Shields Branch, has removed to 32 James Mather Terrace, Ocean-road.

W. P. BALL.—Your cuttings are always welcome, being always useful.

W. P. ADAMSON.—See paragraph. Sorry to hear that Dundee is so given over to godliness—and all that goes with it.

G. MASON.—Thanks for paper.

A. POPE.—We have devoted a paragraph to the gentleman's letter. See "Acid Drops." But we fancy he is a mere pretender. Pleased to have your good opinion on the other matter.

E. S.—There is no trustworthy evidence that the very earliest Christians were persecuted. We have examined the story of the alleged persecution under Nero in our *Sign of the Cross*—a criticism of Mr. Wilson Barrett's play. For our part, we do not believe a word of it. In any case, an act of personal cruelty by Nero is not the same thing as a general persecution. No laws against the Christians were promulgated under that Emperor. We agree with you that the alleged persecutions suffered by the early Christians form a subject for careful and candid treatment. "Abracadabra" might deal with it.

D. McLEISH.—(1) We cannot enable you, by a few lines in this column, to carry on an argument on Evolution with a Christian opponent. You should read a statement of Darwinism for yourself. There is a good summary of it by the late Dr. Avling, which can be had at our office, price one shilling. (2) Father Lambert, an obscure American priest, did write a little book on Ingersoll, and Ingersoll did not reply to it. Those are the facts. Ingersoll's reason for not replying was that the book was not worth replying to. Thousands of Christians "answered" Ingersoll. He replied to the most eminent of them, and declined to spend his life advertising the rest. He had something else to do. (3) Yes, you can answer any Christian by keeping to Paine's *Age of Reason*.

O. Z. (Edinburgh).—Sorry to hear that Messrs. Menzies & Co. have declined to supply Freethought literature to any of the local agents. This sort of bigotry is one of the greatest obstacles to our circulation. Thanks for your encouraging letter. We have handed over your order and remittance to the proper quarter. Unfortunately there is a delay in connection with the subscription edition of Ingersoll. The first consignment has not yet arrived from New York, but it is expected daily.

J. STANWAY.—Thanks for your good wishes.

GREEVES FISHER.—In our next.

T. KEMPSTER.—(1) The term "Atheist" was in existence before the term "Agnostic." Both appear to mean the same thing practically. Why then should the Atheist change his name? By the way, if you believe in the "design argument" you are no Agnostic. Our view on that subject is given in our pamphlet entitled *Darwin on God*. (2) Mr. Foote is not exactly "all right" again, though he is much improved.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Boston Investigator—Progressive Thinker—Torch of Reason—Hull Daily Mail—Two Worlds—Morning Advertiser—Public Opinion—Bristol Daily Mercury—Searchlight—Awakener of India—Crescent—Stratford Express—Daily Dispatch—Truthseeker (New York)—Freidenker—Blue Grass Blade—Leicester Pioneer.

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.

Sugar Plums.

WITH regard to the letter from Mr. J. W. de Caux, which appears in this week's *Freethinker*, it is well to interpose a qualification. Mr. de Caux's appeal is a general one, and he could hardly have made it otherwise. It is earnestly to be hoped, however, that the poorer Freethinkers will not send their mites for such an object. Only those who can really afford it should send subscriptions. Mr. Foote is naturally averse from taxing "saints" who may be poorer even than himself, and every one of them will please consider that this paragraph is meant seriously. There are other occasions on which the poor Freethinker's mite could be given and accepted. For a less personal object all might contribute according to their opportunities. We say this without losing sight of the fact that there is a general as well as a personal element in this particular case, and that Mr. Foote's capacity of continuing to work with vigor for Freethought must necessarily be of some importance to the Freethought party.

Mr. H. Percy Ward is delivering Sunday Freethought lectures on the vacant ground opposite the Prince's Theatre, Morley-road, Bradford; in the afternoon at 3, and in the evening at 7. Also on Monday and Thursday evenings at 8. Some bright-looking bills of these meetings are in circulation, with a portrait of Mr. Ward (eyeglasses and all) in the top right corner. We wish our young colleague all success in this bold enterprise.

A memorial to Robert Owen was unveiled on Saturday, July 12, in the old churchyard of Newtown, by Mr. G. J. Holyoake. Many co-operators were present, and Mr. J. Shillito, chairman of the Wholesale Co-operative Society, presided. When the ceremony was over, the memorial was left in charge of the Vicar and his successors for ever. We suppose this was inevitable, but it was rather odd considering what a heretic Robert Owen was, and how he was denounced by the clergy during his lifetime.

Mr. Holyoake pronounced a very thorough-going panegyric on Robert Owen; it was eloquent, and perhaps a little overdone. Owen was not really the discoverer of moral causation and the power of environment over character. He was the populariser of these ideas, and he spent his fortune in trying to realise them by social experimentation. For this, of course, he deserves great credit and warm gratitude.

The *Daily Dispatch* (Manchester) gives an account of the starting of the Co-operative movement by the Rochdale Pioneers. "Most of the twenty-eight," it says, "were Socialists of the Owen school, and Secularists." "I daresay some of them," the writer adds, "were more outspoken and self-conscious than cultured in their deportment; for there is a priggery of Secularism as well as of other more ecclesiasticalisms. But they left their mark on industrial Britain, and in a thousand places other hands are daily rubbing the mark into the national character."

Rev. William Thurston Brown, of Plymouth Congregational Church, Rochester, New York, has resigned his pulpit. He tells his congregation that "Religious creeds and social conventions stultify and strangle manhood." He says he will neither live a lie nor teach one.

A really good thing has happened on the West Ham School Board. Mr. Maurice Russell brought forward a resolution: "That the School Management Committee be requested to draw up and submit to the Board a scheme of moral instruction for the children in the schools of the Board, to be substituted for the present syllabus of Bible teaching." Mr. Russell made a good speech, and good speeches were made by his supporters. The fun was contributed by the Chairman (Father Ring), who said that, while he had no right to intrude his religious views upon the ratepayers, he would say, with all reverence, that he looked upon every anecdote, chapter, and miracle in the Bible as inspired. Four voted for the motion and nine against. This is more than two to one, and may be regarded as a bad defeat. But it may also be regarded as a fine victory. Ten years ago such a measure of success would have been deemed impossible. No wonder that one of the four cried, "We are moving in the right direction, Mr. Russell."

Mr. F. J. Gould, who is a "Secular Education" member—and, we believe, the only one—on the Leicester School Board, tells in the local *Pioneer* the story of his protest against the action of the Chairman of the School Management Committee in suspending a Board teacher, Mr. G. W. Cook, for declining to attend a distribution of Coronation medals. Mr. Gould put his case before the Board very temperately, but his moderation seemed to be lost on several of the members. Dr. Bennett, for instance, said he was "utterly sick" of Mr. Gould and his revolutionary speeches. Perhaps it would have been judicious to give this gentleman something a little stronger and make him vomit. When it came to the voting, Mr.

Gould stood alone. One or two other members gave him their sympathy, but nothing more substantial. All the more honor to Mr. Gould, therefore, for having the courage of his convictions.

The *Daily Telegraph* for Saturday, July 12, under the heading of "To-Morrow," reported that the "Colonial Premiers visit Taplow." That was on Sunday, of course, and we hope they enjoyed themselves. Right below this item of news the *Telegraph* printed a long list of "Museums and Galleries Open on Sunday." It was pleasant reading for an anti-Sabbatarian.

Some excellent works have been published under the auspices of the Hibbert Trust, especially the *Hibbert Lectures* by C. G. Montefiore, Count Goblet d'Alviella, Professor Sayce, Dr. Hatch, Professor Pfeleiderer, Professor Kuenen, Ernest Renan, Professor Rhys Davids, and other distinguished men. It is now announced that the Trustees will issue in October the first number of *The Hibbert Journal*—a quarterly publication on liberal lines for the discussion of religious, theological, and philosophical subjects. We shall have pleasure in introducing it, on its appearance, to the notice of our readers.

We regret to see by the newspapers that Mr. James Rowney has been charged at Marlborough-street Police Court with conducting a disorderly meeting in Hyde Park, and bound over in his own recognisances in the sum of £10 to keep the peace for six months. According to the police, Mr. Rowney referred to Christianity as a sanguinary religion—only he used a shorter and more expressive epithet. This does not seem to have been denied, but Mr. Rowney argued that the word should be taken with the context, and that all he meant was that Christianity had been foremost in the shedding of blood. The point of the prosecution, however, was that the crowd was incensed by Mr. Rowney's language, and the police had to interfere to prevent a breach of the peace. The answer of the defence was that there was no disorder worth speaking of, and that no trouble would have occurred if the police had not interfered.

We daresay a very little evidence goes a long way against a Freethinker in a police-court. At the same time, we venture to remind open-air speakers that it is a matter of common prudence to avoid the use of words which are of ambiguous meaning, or at least of ambiguous application. This applies with special force to a word which, while a legitimate epithet in certain strong forms of speech—being used by Shakespeare and Shelley—is also a "swear word" of only too common employment in the London streets. Orthodox persons come along and hear a Freethought lecturer using the word, and they conclude that he uses it as they use it. This is a mistake, but it is an easy one to fall into, and it is therefore better to banish such a word from the platform. Leave it to the Christians, for it may be said to belong to them, since it occurs thirteen times in the Bible.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, who gave evidence against Mr. Rowney, said that there was "a fearful uproar" in that gentleman's meeting before the police arrested him. But the Rev. A. J. Waldron is hardly an impartial witness in such a case.

A correspondent sends us a newspaper cutting which he says "may interest you." It records that "the Rev. N. D. Hills, who has been warned by sleepless nights of a possible break-down, has come to Europe for a short rest." We suppose this is a sort of hint that Mr. Foote might take a trip to America with the same object. But this is not possible at present. Mr. Foote hopes to get a holiday very shortly, but it will have to be nearer home.

To Freethinkers.

92 Jetty-road, Great Yarmouth.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

You are well aware of the terrible mental ordeal which our devoted friend and advocate, Mr. G. W. Foote, has undergone during the past year—an ordeal which redounds to his credit as a truthful and upright man.

Unfortunately, but perhaps inevitably, severe illness supervened, from the effects of which he has not yet completely recovered.

A long holiday, now that he is able to enjoy it, would do much for him, and would perhaps restore him to his former state of health and vigor; and such a holiday it is, I think, the duty of Freethinkers to enable him to take.

I propose, therefore, that, as a slight acknowledgment of his past valuable services to the cause of Freethought, we at once present him with the wherewithal to take it. My own subscription of two guineas will be an earnest of my sincerity in this matter.

Owing to circumstances with which you are all acquainted, the "wherewithal" will have to take the form of a present to Mrs. Foote.

In the end I will furnish every subscriber with a list of what has been received, so that those who wish their names not to appear in print will please indicate some other form of acknowledgment.

Subscriptions may be sent, if preferred, direct to Mr. Foote, at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.; otherwise to me, at the above address.

Yours fraternally,
J. W. DE CAUX, J.P.

John Morley on Education.

IN view of the present position of educational affairs, it is to be regretted that in the collected edition of his works Mr. John Morley has not seen fit to include his admirable book on *The Struggle for National Education*, published in 1873, but which has been for many years out of print. As many of our readers may not be acquainted with the work, and as it is not at all easy to procure nowadays, we give the following expressions of opinion from it as being applicable to the quarrel which Episcopalian arrogance and Nonconformist want of principle have perpetuated in this country.

Here at the opening of the book is an expression of opinion concerning the clergy of the Established Church, which is as true as it is forcible:—

"What is true, and a very important truth, is that the State Church has never resisted or moderated those coarse, ferocious, intolerant, and obstructive impulses in the nation; that, on the contrary, she has encouraged them, and, where she could, has not unflinchingly turned them to her own profit. The clergy have not been the only enemies that freedom and light have had in our country, but the enemies of freedom and light have always found the clergy ready to lend unctious to their own bad causes, and eager to dress up obscurantism and servility in preacher's phrases and Biblical precedents" (p. 6).

A further reference to the clergy on p. 83 is worth giving:—

"Somehow clergymen are not exactly like other men. They are very apt to look at laws as those people do who never can be taught that it is wrong to smuggle or to cheat a railway company. None but clergymen would think it honest to draw pay for forcing what they call Catholic practices and Catholic truth into a Protestant establishment. Indeed, one can hardly imagine a more admirable training for a low-class attorney than a short apprenticeship to one of these heroic Anglicans, whose whole lives seem spent in finding out by how many devices of costumes, lights, banners, processions, practices, postures, they can strain and evade the law without being convicted and punished."

It is part of the Secular case against the maintenance of the present system that the granting of money to schools in which religion is taught inflicts upon Secularists and non-Christians all the injustice that the payment of Church rates by Dissenters involves. The reply to this is that the Government grant is paid for the secular instruction only. This excuse was urged more than once by Mr. Gladstone, whose mind Mr. Morley characterises (p. 57) as a "busy mint of logical counterfeits." Mr. Morley's retort to this plea is that—

"No sensible man will be imposed on for a moment by an artificial division of the purposes of the grants. In subsidising the denominational system you are subsidising all the incidents of that system. Every grant to a sectarian school is a direct grant to the sects. These payments constitute a policy of concurrent endowment in thin disguise.....They [the sects] make the school the stronghold of what theological system they choose. The State has really a comparatively small voice in its administration. The parent has no voice at all—the same parent, mark, for whose rights, for whose feelings, for whose opinions, the clerical party are so solicitous on paper..... We permit the clergy and their patrons to bribe us with a fraction of voluntary subscription.....We sell the chances of the young for the thirty or more pieces of silver of the system which is absurdly called voluntary" (pp. 55, 122, 123).

Against the advocate of purely secular instruction in State-supported or in State schools the religionist argues that, first, he is warranted, if this becomes law, in withdrawing his children from instruction altogether;

and, secondly, that it takes away from parents the right of giving their children the religious education that seems to them necessary. To the first plea Mr. Morley replies sharply that "A parent who comes forward and declines to let his children attend school unless they receive religious instruction might as well decline to pay taxes unless the State would guarantee a mass for his soul or provide him with a chaplain." And to the second there is the simple reply:—

"Parents have an inalienable right to choose the kind of religious instruction which their children shall receive. No one disputes that. Our simple contention is, that along with this right of choosing their religious instruction goes the duty of paying for it. If I say to the parent, Your child shall not be allowed to receive instruction in Catholic doctrine or in Baptist doctrine, I am a tyrant. If the parent should say to me, I insist that you shall pay for instructing my child in doctrines which you do not accept, then it is he who is the tyrant. Yet nothing less than this is involved in the present educational system. We are teaching the religion of some with money raised by the taxation of all. Every man, as has been said, pays for the religion of somebody else—the bad principle which we all supposed to have been permanently abandoned by English statesmen, until Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster revived it."

It would take up too much space to quote all the good things that Mr. Morley has said in this volume. Present events show that they are as much applicable to the education controversy as ever, and, owing to the deliberate abandonment of their professed principles by the Nonconformist bodies, have even a wider application than when first written. The pity is that a volume which contains so much sound sense on the subject should not have been re-issued in the collected edition of his works.

Free-Will and Necessity.

(Concluded from p. 444)

THE emancipation of the physical world from the clutches of superstition may be regarded as an earnest that the moral world must soon follow it into liberty; for the moral, at best, is but another phase of the physical. We ourselves are necessary phenomena, and could not, with the antecedents we had, have been otherwise. We are effects of causes, which in turn were effects of certain prior causes, and so on till we are led by the chain of phenomena back to the solid substratum of matter and force. Had the materials of our bodies been different, we should have differed physically and morally; had our ancestry been otherwise, so should we; had our age or nation, our creed or government, been different, so must we have differed; had we been born in Mercury or in Saturn, how unlike life had been from the present reality! I presume no one questions this. Everything in our physics reappears in our moral character. Take an extreme case: suppose human beings had not constituted a race, and had never been propagated as they are. How strange life would have been without love, courtship, or marriage! Can anyone estimate the difference in which lack of those would have resulted? I trow not. Love, courtship, and marriage constitute the greatest events in the life of our race; round these cluster government, police, and religion; and round those the moral character of the individual is formed and developed. And here we see the necessities of human nature, themselves the natural product of prior necessities, resulting in equally necessary moral actions. The study of food, clothes, shelter, health, and disease will lead to similar results—viz., that the physical lead by necessary and inevitable processes to moral states and actions. One might enlarge indefinitely upon this subject, and illustrations might be culled from life by scores to evidence the truth that moral actions are as much necessitated as the fall of an unsupported stone, or the revolution of the seasons. It is not requisite, however, to proceed further in this direction, except only to remark, what everybody knows and admits, that the moral character depends much, and necessarily depends much, upon the education we receive in early life. Both a man's personal merits and demerits shrink into insignificance when seen in the light of truth—even if they do not vanish altogether.

Had we been able freely to choose our own nation, ancestry, constitution, sex, and all else that goes to make our life what it is, there might have been some excuse for the fiction of free-will, as it is generally understood. But unless the choice is made at the very beginning of the series, there is no place for it afterwards. A man may be able to refuse, under given conditions, to jump over a high cliff; but when he takes the fatal leap, unless he is in some way caught and supported by a force not his own, he must go to the bottom, no matter what tremendous issues may be involved. And so he must if he be thrown over by others. In the moral region this holds: one event, one incident, leads to another. Every effect is the product of a cause or causes; every effect in turn becomes the cause of something else. Cause and effect, in physics and in ethics equally, know no beginning, no end—they constitute an endless chain, the links of which are infinite in number, and all in their due order. We are the product of an infinite series of phenomena, every one of which has planted its elements in us, has left its mark upon us, in physics and morals. Whoever reflects upon it will readily perceive that our physical constitution, and every part of it, must have their effects in our thoughts, hopes, fears, desires, and wishes, motives and actions.

With these facts and reflections in mind, let us examine the doctrine of free-will. What does this doctrine mean? How far does it extend? If it be asserted that the will is fully or absolutely free, facts and arguments abound to show that this is a fallacy. A man cannot will or wish that of which he has no knowledge. The child's wishes cannot be so numerous as those of the man, for his knowledge and capacities are so very circumscribed. Nor can the mere savage feel the same range of desires as the civilised man. The former, no doubt, longs for his dinner, and devours it with as keen a relish as the latter; but is it possible the savage can wish or will the same variety, styles of cookery, the service, surroundings, elegance—the caprice, it may be—as the civilised epicure? He can have no conception of such adjuncts to a dinner. Here the will can be free only to the extent of the knowledge and taste possessed; and so in a thousand other cases that might be instanced. Civilisation and culture vastly extend the play of the will; whether they render it more free is quite another question.

But what is will? Is there not a pitfall in the word? Some people seem almost to personify it, or else to treat it as a member, an organ, or a special faculty of the individual. To me it seems the will is no more a part of man's constitution, mental or physical, than his seeing, walking, or thinking. When we walk, see, taste, sleep, think, it is not any particular part of us that does it; it is the person as a whole. No doubt we use our legs to walk and eyes to see; but it is the individual that walks and sees. The will is not a part of us; it is merely a state or condition we are in—a mental act, a desire, a wish, a purpose, a resolve. What more it can be I know not. I have no doubt that all the mystification thrown around the subject by metaphysicians has risen from theological bias: they have, for the most part, endeavored to harmonise man with moral government conducted by means of rewards and punishments, and so have corrupted the philosophy of *willing* in favor of essential barbarity admitted into the government of mankind. The moment theology is dispensed with, and the will is examined apart from all bias, the truth appears. The will, in its highest phases, is nothing more than the best and highest wish we have, developed into resolve or determination—if, indeed, wish and will can be separated or distinguished even so far as that.

We cannot help wishing whatever our nature, circumstances, and sentiments incline us to. But our wishes are many, our wants and desires often clash one with another; present pleasures compete with more lasting ones in the future. Often there is a struggle between our desires, a wild and passionate turmoil, and each in turn gains a temporary victory; till one is decidedly conqueror we must be passive. Some men spend years in suspense, their desires all the while struggling in a drawn and wearisome battle. If men possessed wills that could decide offhand, they would never submit to suspense of this sort; they would finish the quarrel, and act in a prompt and ready manner. No doubt, in this

respect, men immensely differ from each other ; though everyone must have experienced the conflict of opposing desires, and the suspense, more or less severe and continued, to which I refer.

Now, in a battle of this sort, what decides the issue ? Not the will, for a whole host of wills or wishes are often struggling together. A judicious man will reflect, weigh, balance the *pros* and *cons.* as best he can, and, as popular language puts it, decide or resolve upon a certain course. Like an honest and enlightened jury, his verdict goes with the strongest evidence. As in physics, so in morals—the greater force always conquers or sways the less. You cannot conceive of a pound weighing as much as two pounds, or of a steam-engine of a thousand horsepower having the force of one of five hundred. So in morals, we cannot act without motives ; the motives we can neither create, shape, destroy, nor resist ; in every case the strongest motive sways us and bears us on to the commission of crime or the performance of a virtuous deed. Sometimes the prevailing motive is so strong, or its counter agents so few or weak, that the person rushes to the deed with the force of a stone falling to the ground ; at others, the motives are so evenly balanced that the stronger but just wins the day, and the individual goes to his deed (good or bad) slowly, with reluctance, with “almost half a mind” not to go at all.

The subject of motives is an immense one, and as intricate as extensive. The motive which weighs with one man and decides him will scarcely, or not at all, move another ; the motive that hurls a youth into action with a bound fails to stir him when he is an old man. The sight of distress does not move the miser—it opens the heart and the purse of the philanthropist ; the vision of a beautiful female face throws a youth into a fever of excitement, rouses all the chivalry of his nature—it does not affect the old man ; a gorgeous landscape fills the poet with ecstatic musings, and the will to linger in view of it—the merely business man regards it from the *£ s. d.* point of view, and wishes it his own for the wealth it would bring. Yet, in one respect, we are all alike, for throughout life we are the sport of motives which we never made ; if we escape from one it is to fall a prey to another. We can no more escape those motives than we can jump off the earth into some other planet ; they dominate us from cradle to grave ; their tyranny is unbroken, unrelaxing. We are no more free to leave our natural path through life than a planet is to escape from the gravitating force of the sun. Our life is decided for us by our antecedents, constitution, education, and surroundings. Could all the elements that enter into our life be sifted out, fully estimated in all their complexity, the mathematician might predict our whole future course as correctly as that of a planet. Even as it is, we can often form more than a happy guess of the actions of one we well know in new circumstances. We know what motives are most likely to sway him, and to what extent ; we know what motives the new conditions will supply, and hence the predictions we venture to utter.

If this doctrine be true, says the orthodox, it is fatal to morality. So much the worse for morality, then. Nothing can be good which is not founded on truth. Morality founded on false motives is not the sort we want. If necessity be true, and that it is “all nature cries aloud through all her works,” morality must be adjusted to that truth, not that truth to a false morality. Do we not find the solution of the difficulty in the doctrine of reaction ? Every planet is whirled round in its orbit by the superior force of the giant sun ; but the very smallest planet sways the sun to some extent. In chemistry, also, and throughout nature, every action is attended by a reaction ; influence and counter-influence run through the universe and through society. “No man liveth unto himself ; no man dieth unto himself.” Each unit is a necessary phenomenon, but so are his neighbors ; we are all, in the main, swayed by the same leading motives ; hence we act and react upon each other incessantly. We are all struggling for the same goal, happiness, the minimum of pain, the maximum of pleasure ; the mass, or society, forms a stream or river ; the units must go the general way, they must adjust themselves to their surroundings ; but in doing this they move more or less their nearest fellows ; those who cannot adjust themselves must be got rid of in some

way, not from revenge, but from necessity. Necessity is everywhere ; it compels most people to live as their neighbors do ; it compels society to check, or expel, or destroy, those who injure it or endanger its interests. In society, man is played upon by a host of motives ; by education he learns to play them off one against the other ; habit, self-interest, respect for others, self-respect, love, hatred, likes, dislikes, hopes, and fears, all tend to mould his character and develop his nature. The bad man is he who shows little or no regard for others, who seeks his own pleasure at the unfair cost and expense of his neighbors ; the good man is he who seeks his own happiness conjointly with that of others. The true type of social man is he who enjoys life and does the least harm to his neighbors, but the utmost good in his power ; and that society is the best and most enlightened which can prevent the evil of the vicious by the infliction of the least possible pain ; that can reclaim and utilise the worst of characters ; and above all, that can prevent crime, by educating and training the young, and by preventing gigantic monopolies in the few and the consequent poverty in the many.

In a word, when we regard necessity as swaying *all equally*, we shall perceive that, so far from destroying morality, it tends to increase and establish it by giving us the certainty that a wrong once done can never be undone, never atoned for, never expiated, and, therefore, must be prevented by all the motives that can be focussed upon those likely to commit it. The doctrine also shows us the folly of driving young criminals more deeply into crime by mere punishment, instead of teaching and encouraging them to do better for the future. When once the true doctrine of motives has been fully mastered, society and reformers will do their utmost to place the best motives before the young, so as to induce them, independently of priestly threats and Tory oppression, to do what is right. When this has been properly done, the system of bribery and intimidation, which goes under the names of rewards and punishments, may be laid aside.

Necessity does not destroy the will, it creates it ; for in every case a man wills or wishes in the direction of the strongest motive. The only freedom we can rationally hope for is exemption from ghostly and political tyranny, and that is enough. That freedom can be won only by the spread of education and enlightenment, so that each man may freely understand both his rights and his duties.

JOSEPH SYMES.

Hymns.

It is surprising what an amount of error and false teaching is contained in many hymns, particularly those relating to “*salvation.*” The most unreal, untrue doctrines are sung with a swing, and things which if stated in cold fact would only rouse denial are accepted in a hymn because it is a hymn, and may be set to an effective tune. Sometimes the most repellent statements as to God and man, death, judgment, heaven and hell, are glibly sung by many who cannot possibly believe them.

Again, numbers are harmfully influenced, alarmed, or nervously terrified by the words of a hymn—words that find a secret lodgment in the mind, and curse it with recollection ; and, like Banquo’s ghost, will not “down.” These haunting hymns, not associated with any tender memories, linger in the brain as a secret irritant. Ingrained, perhaps, from childhood, yet rejected in later years for the falsehoods which they teach, they often awaken more wicked feelings than they can quiet, and become disturbing elements in an otherwise serene life.

GERALD GREY.

The Court of Appeal has decided that Church parsons’ incomes, supplemented by grants from societies organised for that purpose, are liable to income tax on the full amount. We are glad to hear it. Why should not these men of God share the common burden with their fellow citizens ? If they expect the best places in kingdom-come, they should not shove too sturdily for the best places on earth ; but if they get them, they should pay their percentage to the taxgatherer like their less fortunate brethren.

Christ and the Devil.

I HAVE ventured to compare the government of the world in the Christian scheme, by a God and a Devil, with our own felicitous government by party. There is, however—or, rather, there appears to be—a striking difference between the two. In our government, when the Prime Minister finds himself decidedly in a minority, he goes out of office, and the Leader of the Opposition goes in; in the government of the world the Leader of the Opposition seems to have always had an immense majority (and his majority in these days is probably larger than ever before, seeing that sceptics and infidels have multiplied exceedingly), yet the other side is supposed to retain permanent possession of office. I say “supposed” because the Bible itself suggests that this popular opinion is a mistake, the Devil (if there be a Devil) being entitled by it the prince of this world, which surely implies his accession to power.

Although the Godhead, or governing power of the world, according to the Christian scheme, is usually spoken and written of as a trinity, it is, in fact, quaternary or fourfold for Protestants, and quinary or fivefold for Roman Catholics. The former have God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and God the Devil; the latter supplement these with Goddess the Virgin Mary. Both formally acknowledge the first three as collectively and severally almighty, but Protestants implicitly acknowledge the fourth, and Roman Catholics the fifth, as more almighty still (these solecisms of dogma cannot be expressed without solecisms of language). With the Roman Catholics I am not concerned here. With regard to the Protestants, and those especially professing the Protestantism of the Church of England, I may safely affirm that the Devil is not less essential to their theology than is any person of the Trinity, or, in fact, than are the three persons together. Indeed, the Father and the Holy Ghost have been practically dispensed with, leaving Christ and Satan to fight the battle out between themselves.

The Church of old conceived the divinity in the form of an equilateral triangle, whereof the base was Christ, as the whole system was founded on belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Father and the Holy Ghost were the two sides, leaning each on the other; and the Devil was the apex, as opposed to, and farthest from, our Blessed Savior. But in course of time the theologians (perhaps merely wanting some occupation for their vigorous talents, perhaps deeming it undignified to have two persons of the godhead supporting each other obliquely like a couple of tippy men, perhaps simply in order to make matters square) set to work, and pushed up the two sides, so that each might stand firm and perpendicular by itself. This process had two unforeseen results: it expanded the apex, which was a very elastic point, so that it became the crowning side of the square, and it so unhinged the sides that after a brief upright existence they lost their balance, and were carried to Limbo by the first wind of strange doctrine which blew that way; and the Devil and Christ, or Christ and the Devil (arrange the precedence as you please), were left alone confronting each other. These two are, of course, equal and parallel, the main distinction between them being that Christ is below and the Devil above, or, in other words, that the Devil is superior and Christ inferior (the Devil seems entitled to the precedence). Thus matters have continued even to the present time, the divinity showing itself, as we may say, without form and void; and we are free to speculate on the momentous questions: Will the crown (which is the Devil) fall into the base (which is Christ)? Will the base float up into the crown? Will the two coalesce halfway? Will they both, unknit from their sides, be carried away to Limbo by some blast of strange doctrine? One thing is certain, they cannot remain as they are. Rare Ben Jonson chanted the Trinity, or Equilateral Triangle; rare Walt Whitman has chanted the Square Deific (with Satan for the fourth side); no poet can care to chant the two straight lines which, in the language of Euclid, and in the region of intelligence, cannot enclose a space, but are as a magnified symbol of equal—to nothing.

—James Thomson (“B.V.”).

Legalised Barbarity.

THE enactment of 1876 known as the “Cruelty to Animals Act,” commonly called the “Vivisection Act,” establishes the correctness of the old saying, “The law’s a hass.” Public sentiment had been aroused by reports of the cruelty practised in foreign physiological laboratories, and indignation knew no bounds when the fact was revealed that these cruelties were practically copied by our own physiologists, and practised in Christian England. Protests and petitions fell upon the Government thick and fast, and the chief movers in this system of scientific savagery were appealed to for a removal of this blot upon the civilisation of the land. The result of this, on the one hand, was that, at a meeting of the British Association held at Liverpool in 1870, a committee was appointed to consider the subject of “Physiological Experimentation,” and their report, duly published in the *Medical Times and Gazette* and in the *British Association Reports*, 1871, recommended, among other things, that “no painful experiment is justifiable for the mere purpose of illustrating a law or fact already demonstrated; in other words, experimentation without the employment of anæsthetics is not a fitting exhibition for teaching purposes.....For this reason no painful experiment ought to be performed by an unskilled person, with insufficient instruments and assistants, or in places not suitable to the purpose—that is to say, anywhere except in physiological and pathological laboratories, under proper regulations.”

The rules were countersigned by some of the leading physiologists—M. A. Lawson, G. M. Humphry (now Sir George Humphry), J. H. Balfour, Arthur Gamage, William Flower, J. Burdon-Sanderson, and George Rolleston. As time passed on, however, nothing was done to enforce these rules in any way or at any place; and, indeed, the particular practice most distinctly condemned—vivisectional experiments as illustrations of recorded facts—flourished more than ever.

The prospectuses of various places of instruction—including University College, London; Guy’s Hospital Medical School, St. Thomas’s Hospital, Westminster Hospital Medical School, etc.—for 1874-5 mentioned among their attractions “demonstrations on living animals,” declaring that “gentlemen will themselves perform the experiments,” etc. But this is not all; one of the signatories of the above rules was Dr. J. Burdon-Sanderson—probably the most eminent English physiologist. After signing the “rules,” he edited and brought out, in 1873, a *Manual of Exercises in Vivisection*—the celebrated *Handbook of the Physiological Laboratory* (J. & A. Churchill, London), to which he, Dr. Lauder Brunton, Dr. Klein, and Dr. Foster were joint contributors—which, as the Preface declares, is a book “intended for beginners in physiological work. It is a book of methods, not a compendium of the science of physiology.....Many subjects.....have been left out, either because they do not admit of experimental demonstration or because the experiments required are of too difficult or complicated a character to be either shown to a class or performed by a beginner” (Editor’s Preface, p. vii.). Mr. Colam furnished the Royal Commission (see Appendix iv., p. 379) with some observations respecting this book, among which he said: “That the object of the editor and his coadjutors was to induce young persons to perform experiments on their own account, and without adequate surveillance, is manifest throughout the work by the supply of elementary knowledge and elaborate data. Not only are the names and quantities of necessary chemicals given, but the most careful description is provided in letterpress, and plates of implements for holding animals during their struggles, so that a novice may learn at home, without a teacher.....Dr. Foster allures the student by assurances of inexpensive as well as easy manipulations.....the student is encouraged to repeat the torture ‘any number of times.’ These facts are significant.” So that, after signing the “rule” that “no painful experiment ought to be performed by an unskilled person,” etc., he consistently brings out a *Handbook* “intended for beginners in physiological work,” with full instructions for “holding animals during their struggles, so that a novice may learn at home, without a teacher,” how to vivisect dependent creatures!

The tactics of Dr. Burdon-Sanderson seemed typical of those adopted by physiologists in general, therefore the appeal to scientists fell flat, and the attention of the public was directed to Parliament. The result of the pressure brought to bear in this quarter was the passing of the “Cruelty to Animals Act of 1876,” commonly called the “Vivisection Act.” This law did not prohibit vivisection; it restricted it. It prevented ordinary persons from performing vivisectional experiments, it is true; but it legalised the practice by making it a State concern, and thus virtually elevated vivisection to the platform of the learned professions by making *patrician* cruelty a grace. This law not only countenances the practice, but protects the interests of vivisectionists. The simple outcome of the Act is the conviction of ordinary men for cruelty, while scientific men are licensed to perform deeds so outrageous that none but the brain of a madman or a scientist could be capable of conceiving of such horrors—performances the very recital of which causes ordinary folk to sicken! This appears to be

injustice, but we are assured that the laws of our land are framed upon exquisitely equitable lines. This assurance is all there is to comfort us in the case of the Act in question. Apart from these considerations, however, the law upon the surface appears excellent. It prohibits painful operations upon animals not anaesthetised; it demands that an animal so operated on shall be killed before it recovers from the anaesthetic if the experiment is severe, etc.—in other words, the popular demands were met. But here is the farce—I had almost written *fraud*—of the whole proceedings. The law recognises certain “certificates” which absolutely obliterate the restrictions it has imposed. These certificates are known by various letters—“A” dispenses with the use of anaesthetics; “B” dispenses with the necessity of killing the animal before it recovers consciousness if anaesthetics are used; “C” permits experiments in illustration of lectures; “D” permits experiments for testing former discoveries; “E,” with “A,” permits experiments on dogs and cats with anaesthetics; “E E” with “D” dispenses with the necessity of killing a cat or dog experimented on under anaesthetics before it has recovered consciousness; “F” permits experiments on horses, asses, or mules. In the light of the legality of these certificates, of what practical use is the existing law? A man obtains a licence, and he is bound to the requirements of the Act; he applies for certificates which at once free him from the requirements of the law and leave him free-handed! Convenient, however, as the law is, it is not always that a vivisector takes the trouble to secure the certificates. Take the case of Dr. G. W. Crile. This gentleman performed a series of vivisectional experiments upon sixteen dogs at University College, Gower-street, in 1895, between April 25 and May 28, inclusive. The experiments are recorded in Dr. Crile's *Surgical Shock*, a book devoted to the record of the most horrible mutilations of animals conceivable. In all, 148 dogs were used, the first sixteen being operated on in London as already stated. No other book of mutilations appears to have come within measurable distance of it, for Dr. Crile was awarded the Cartwright Prize for this book of blood and torture. The Doctor's experiments in London were conducted under a licence alone, for he had no certificate, therefore he was bound to operate on animals under anaesthetics, and to kill them before they recovered consciousness. He, however, calmly gives his readers evidence that he violated the law in more cases than one. On page 14 he says: “In all cases the animals were anaesthetised, usually by the use of ether, occasionally by chloroform, either alone or mixed with ether.” In some cases, the doctor does not say which or how many, “Curare and morphine were used.” Neither curare nor morphine, however, is an anaesthetic. The great vivisector, Claude Bernard, in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, for September, 1864, after giving the opinions of travellers, especially that of Waterton, on the effect of curare, says: “A gentle sleep seems to occupy the transition from life to death. But it is nothing of the sort; the external appearances are deceitful.By means of experiments into the organic analysis of vital extinction, we discover that this death, which appears to steal on in so gentle a manner and so exempt from pain, is, on the contrary, accompanied by the most atrocious sufferings that the imagination of man can conceive.” And on p. 182: “In this motionless body, behind that glazing eye, and with all the appearance of death, sensitiveness and intelligence persist in their entirety. The corpse before us hears and distinguishes all that is done around it. It suffers when pinched or irritated; in a word, it has still consciousness and volition, but it has lost the instruments which serve to manifest them.”

Writing of morphia, the same great authority says: “Morphia is not an anaesthetic; it is a narcotic.....sensibility persists, for if we pinch the animal he moves and cries. At the same time, morphia plunges dogs into a state of immobility, which permits us to place them on an experimenting trough without tying or muzzling them” (*Revue des Cours Scientifiques*, vol. vi., p. 263). Dr. Crile says some of his experiments in London were performed under curare and morphine; neither being an anaesthetic, the experiments so performed were not made on anaesthetised animals. This, however, is but the commencement of the evidence against Dr. Crile. On p. 137 he admits that some of “the animals were allowed to partially recover from the anaesthesia,” and on p. 146 he says that “care was necessary to prevent excessive inhalation of the anaesthetic by the animal.” The Doctor's work, as he tells us, consisted of “experimental research into surgical shock.....by the infliction of different injuries” (p. 7), therefore one would hardly expect to find profound anaesthesia. We have already found that the Doctor was not correct in saying that “in all cases the animals were anaesthetised,” and a little later we find a sidelight on this question of anaesthetics. “At one time the anaesthesia was overlooked. *The dog became profoundly under its influence.*” If words mean anything, these words mean that profound anaesthesia was undesirable! Ordinary persons would expect “overlooking” to mean that anaesthesia was not produced; Dr. Crile, however, means that the anaesthetic was “overlooked” when the animal became profoundly anaesthetised! In Expt. iv. (p. 22) Dr. Crile speaks of his “crushing of the paw with forceps,” and says that he “crushed the foot extensively just before corneal reflex was

abolished”—that is, before proper anaesthesia was established; and on p. 23 we read: “*Under incomplete anaesthesia* crushing of foot,” etc., which was “repeated several times”; and on p. 31 we are told of the “removal of the ether.” Expt. v. (p. 23) appeared in the Parliamentary Report for 1896, and was described as “painless”! Dr. G. V. Poore stating that “In experiments performed under licence alone the animals suffer no pain, because complete anaesthesia is maintained from before the commencement of the experiment until the animal is killed.” Admitted, this is the law; but Dr. Crile, on p. 23 of his book, says he operated “under incomplete anaesthesia”; therefore he acknowledges having violated the law! On the publication of Dr. Crile's admission the Hon. Stephen Coleridge energetically took the matter up. He wrote the Home Secretary, and submitted proof. The reply sent, under date “2nd September, 1899,” was to the effect that Dr. Crile meant by “incomplete anaesthesia” a condition “in which the creature is quite insensible to pain, although the corneal and other reflexes can still be obtained.” The writer proceeded to say that “It is quite usual for even severe operations to be performed on man in this state of ‘incomplete anaesthesia.’” Mr. Coleridge replied that the law requires “complete anaesthesia” when licence alone is held; that, although the Parliamentary Report gave his experiments as performed under “complete anaesthesia,” Dr. Crile himself declared that he operated under “incomplete anaesthesia.” Mr. Coleridge subsequently sent the Home Secretary the result of his inquiries among the chief surgeons of the land, quoting the words of many to prove that the Secretary of State was mistaken that “it was quite usual for even severe operations to be performed upon man in this state of ‘incomplete anaesthesia’”; among others, Dr. Thomas Bryant, F.R.C.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to H.M. the (late) Queen, Consulting Surgeon at Guy's Hospital, late Examining Surgeon at the University of Cambridge, who said: “I have read your circular, and read it with surprise, as you have clearly been hoaxed.” “I replied to this letter,” says Mr. Coleridge, “that the august quarter from which the information emanated seemed to me to preclude such an hypothesis.” To this letter the Secretary of State did not reply.

And what of Crile's experiments? Take two as typical of the sixteen. Expt. iv. consisted of (1) crushing of paw with forceps; (2) foot crushed extensively; (3) nerves of shoulder torn out; (4) opposite paw severely crushed; (5) certain organs crushed; (6) the skin and other parts crushed; (7) abdomen cut open; (8) some nerves in the neck cut. Take the last of the series—Expt. xvi., London, May 28, 1895: “.....At one time the anaesthesia was overlooked. The dog became profoundly under its influence, causing a very great fall in blood pressure of forty millimetres in eighty-five seconds. This fall was recovered in forty seconds on removal of the ether.” After the removal of the ether—that is, after the dog had ceased to be profoundly anaesthetised—the fearful experiment proceeded: “hip-joint amputation,” “cutting of skin,” “quickly cutting the sciatic nerve,” “sawing the femur,” and “boiling water poured on the intestines” (p. 31). This was not done in Paris or Strassburg or New York—it was done in London. This was not performed upon a dog “profoundly under the influence of anaesthetics,” but upon one from which the “ether had been removed”!

And what is the value of all this torture? Sir Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S., who performed the operation on the King—probably the most popular surgeon in the country—says: “Many years ago I carried out on the Continent sundry operations upon the intestines of dogs; but such are the differences between the human and canine bowel that, when I came to operate upon man, I found I was much hampered by my new experience, that I had everything to unlearn, and that my experiments had done little but unfit me to deal with the human intestines” (*British Medical Journal*, November, 1898). So this great surgical authority opposes vivisection. Medical testimony could be indefinitely multiplied. Dr. Wilson, M.D., LL.D., in his presidential address to the British Medical Association (*Lancet*, August 5, 1899) said: “I am prepared to contend that the indiscriminate maiming and slaughter of animal life with which these bacteriological methods of research and experimentation have been inseparably associated cannot be proved to have saved one single human life, or lessened in any appreciable degree the load of human suffering. I have ventured to make that announcement before, but in a halting, academic fashion; I reiterate it here, and now with the strongest and fullest conviction.” Surgeon-General Charles Gordon, C.B., honorary physician to the late Queen, in a speech at the Westminster Palace Hotel, June 22, 1892, said: “I hold that the practice of performing experiments upon the lower animals, with a view to benefiting humanity, is fallacious.”

E. S. G. MAYO,
Secretary to the S.W. Branch of the British Union for
the Abolition of Vivisection.
Rotunda Buildings, Salisbury-road, Cardiff.

“Providence” is giving Egypt a turn. A destructive fungus is infesting the cotton plant, and cotton and cotton seeds amount to eighty-five per cent. in value of Egyptian exports.

Correspondence.

SUMMER FOODS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—The wonderful long-distance walking victories that have just been won by fruitarians in Germany have sent a thrill of interest throughout the world as to what will eventually be found to be the best food for health and stamina for the human race. The virtues of the beefsteak have been vaunted so long that it comes to us almost as a shock to learn that the champion tennis and racquet player of the world never eats meat, that one of the most brilliant cyclists of today is a strict fruitarian, and that the old Roman gladiators, who fought for their lives as well as for glory, found it wise to live on dried fruits, grains, and oil, in order to obtain the finest muscles and the most enduring wind and stamina.

Personally, too, I have been struck with the general improvement in health of those who have given up eating meat as a cure for headaches, rheumatic tendencies, and nerve debility; that I feel it to be a matter of great importance, at this season of the year, for larger numbers of people of all ages and occupations to begin to experiment by adopting a fruitarian dietary during the summer and autumn, and letting the results of their experiments be known, in order that we may get larger data to generalise from.

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I have the honor to enclose my card, and to remain, your obedient servant,
A PHYSICIAN.

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LONDON.

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

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CLERKENWELL GREEN (Finsbury Branch N. S. S.): 11.30, R. P. Edwards.

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HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY (West London Branch N.S.S.): 7.30, F. A. Davies.

KINGSLAND (Ridley-road): 11.30, C. Cohen.

STRATFORD (The Grove): 7, G. Parsons.

VICTORIA PARK (Bethnal Green Branch N. S. S.): 3.15, C. Cohen, "Christianity and Labor"; 6.15, Mr. Moss, "A New Religion."

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, E. White.

COUNTRY.

BRADFORD (opposite Bradlaugh Institute): H. Percy Ward—3, "Heaven: and How to Escape It"; 7, "Christianity and Woman." Mr. Ward will also lecture on the above ground on Monday and Thursday evenings at 8.

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