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What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service than the fact of having done it? Art thou not content to have done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing or the foot for walking?

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

The Dead Hand.

ONE or two comments of a mildly expostulatory character have appeared in the public press, occasioned by the will of the late Mr. Walter Savill, member of a large firm of shipowners. That gentleman, who left an estate valued at over half a million sterling, accompanied the bequests to his children with a proviso dealing with their religious beliefs. They were to receive the bequests only on condition that they professed the Protestant religion, by which he meant "any Christian religion that protested against the errors of the Church of Rome." Should they adopt at any time any religion except that of the kind indicated, all share in the estate was to be forfeited. Mr. Savill evidently understood the surest method of appeal to the Christian conscience. With some people, a bequest, accompanied by such a condition, would have been taken as a cynical insult to Christianity. It is, at all events, putting a cash value upon religion, with the implication that, provided the "persuader" be heavy enough, a conviction of the truth of the Protestant religion will be assured.

Legally, Mr. Savill was, of course, within his rights. Morally, he could have committed no greater offence against his fellows. It is a plain purchase of the mental freedom of those dependent upon him—a purchase that reflects far greater discredit upon the one who buys than upon the one who sells. As the world goes and as present human nature is constituted, various causes may induce a man to agree to dishonorable conditions, but there is no excuse whatever for the one who deliberately and voluntarily imposes such conditions. A man has a perfect right to give his goods to whom and to what he pleases, but to ask that those who receive them shall first of all sacrifice what they should most dearly prize, is to inflict a moral wrong of the gravest character.

Mr. Savill's personality is, however, in this matter, a thing of small importance. His significance is that he illustrates the workings of a principle which is indeed inevitable to human civilisation, but one that has its more sinister aspects emphasised by the ignorance and greed and folly of mankind. So long as human nature is human nature the power of the past over the present cannot be destroyed. It may be minimised or regulated, but it is, in its nature, indestructible. The past lives on in the present, as the present will live on in the future. The dead not only bequeath to us our physical bodies and the material institutions that regulate our activities, they transmit their ideas and beliefs, and so bind us with chains that gain strength from their invisibility. The best of men thus develop a post-humous tyranny, and their tyranny tends to become permanent in proportion to their goodness. The

iron rule of the bad man usually ceases with death. Its evil is patent, and the remedy obvious. But admiration for the good man blinds us to the evil of perpetuating his rule beyond the season of its beneficent operation. A French writer has well said:—

"The tyranny exercised over men's minds is the only real tyranny, because it cannot be fought against. Tiberius, Ghengis Khan, and Napoleon were assuredly redoubtable tyrants; but from the depths of their graves Moses, Buddha, Jesus, and Mohammed have exerted over the human mind a far profounder tyranny. A conspiracy may overthrow a tyrant; but what can it avail against a firmly established belief? The only real tyrants that humanity has known have always been the memories of its dead, or the illusions it has forged for itself."

Look where we will, in politics, in religion, in sociology, we find firmly established the rule of the dead. Trust deeds are framed and bind the minds of generations, or allow of escape only by a generally practised hypocrisy. We administer property more in accord with the desires of the dead than with the needs of the living. Our laws of primogeniture enforce the ideals of a dead and gone generation, and we hide our slavery under the specious apology that a man has a right to do as he wills with his own. A truism, if we could only decide what is a man's own. As it is, men not only claim their own while living, they claim as their own the thought, the life, the freedom of those that are yet to be born. The dead man sits behind the living judge regulating his decrees. From the cradle to the grave we are swathed in corpse clothes; the living becomes a mask hiding the grisly features of the innumerable dead.

By the time these lines are in print the Coronation ceremonies will be on us. Ostensibly these are concerned with the crowning of a living king; actually they are so many glorifications of the dead with whom we have little other connection than the fact of descent. The gaudy military parade, with its barbaric trappings and ostentatious display of primitive virtues, speak eloquently of a bygone age. The crowd of meaningless offices exhibit the ghosts of dead men converting into puppets their living descendants. The ceremony of anointing and praying over the king carries into our world of life those far gone dead who believed in the king deriving his power from the tribal gods, to whom he stood in an organic relationship. The formulæ used are the formulæ of the dead; the language expressed is the language of the dead; the sentiments expressed are the sentiments of the dead; the very garb of the monarch is the dress of the dead. It is, in truth, a very carnival of the dead, a colossal exhibition of the power of a dead past over a living present.

Go into any church or chapel, and the man who looks beneath the surface of things he finds himself in a veritable charnel house. There is a deep significance in the fact that religious worship begins around the grave, and that the earliest Christian Church is built around a tomb. It is the dead who created the forms and belief upon which current religions live. Not one of them was suggested by our own experience or is verified by our own observation. When I see a body of men and women discussing the inspiration of the Bible, the virgin birth, the resurrection, the possibility of miracles, or the existence of a soul, I cannot escape the weird feeling

that I am not listening to a body of living men and women, but to an assemblage of mediæval corpses that have been endowed with life to engage in the discussion of beliefs that were real to them, but which have now lost all vitality. And beyond even these I see the ghost of the poor benighted cave-man, in whose dull brain was born the first god and the first devil, and who now sits enthroned in the chair of the Archbishop chanting his pre-scientific beliefs in the language of Shakespeare.

Current society maintains a huge army of priests of various denominations. It gives them an official place in public ceremonies, and a prominent position in social life. Why is this so? No one can seriously claim nowadays that a priest discharges any function that cannot be performed by other men. Every defence of their existence practically ignores their priestly function and puts in a plea of social service. Why, then, is the order maintained? They are here solely because ages and ages ago the priest stood between man and his gods, and was credited with a magical power of affecting their relations. There is no other foundation for the rule of the priest. His rule is based upon the dead, his object is to perpetuate their power. We have outgrown the beliefs upon which the priesthood was built, but the hold of the past over the present is not easily shaken off. Ancestor worship in its pure form has been abandoned. But ancestor *service* is still maintained, and an army of 50,000 men are withdrawn from productive pursuits and saddled upon the rest of the nation for maintenance. They are servants of the dead, agents for the perpetuation of their rule.

It is at the command of our ghostly rulers that we maintain a priesthood. At their command we profess belief in a book nine-tenths of which has been discredited by current thought, and which is completely ignored in practice. It is the shades of the dead who obstruct our educational progress, and between pupil and teacher interpose the sinister figure of the priest. At their behest we place before our children Biblical legends as veritable history, terrify them with tales of an after-world, and fill their heads with teachings that they must painfully unlearn in after years. In the name of the dead we have for centuries done our best to convert the day of rest into a day of gloom and demoralisation. Sunday might have been a day on which the people, by long habituation, would have found relief from the more sordid aspects of life in healthful mental, moral, and physical recreation. But our dead rulers would have it otherwise. The gloomy superstition of an Asiatic people prevailed, and in their name we have sacrificed for generations one-seventh of the life of the people. Human sacrifice is a thing of the past in civilised countries. The practice of mental sacrifice is still with us, a civilised peace-offering to the shades of the departed.

Of course, it may be said the influence of the dead is not wholly bad. If the past dominates, it also guides. If its influence checks the hand of the reformer, its example nerves him to greater deeds. The same channel that transmits evil tendencies and noxious institutions gives us the clearer brain, the more assured outlook, the wider view, and the stronger love of right. This is true enough; the past is really evil only when we slavishly imitate its practice instead of patiently studying its life for lessons of warning and guidance. It is either a blessing or a curse, as we are taught by its experience or coerced by its decrees. Unfortunately, the cupidity and ignorance and inertia of mankind are upon the side of slavish imitation. Let us do what we will, the power of the past must always be great. The dead represent a steadily growing army, the living a stationary body. Against the single generation that is, there must be placed all the generations that have been. Under its best aspect the reformer has enormous odds against him; and when to these is added a consciously organised movement, represented by wills, bequests, institutions, and ceremonies, to keep past ideas alive, we are saddling the living with a weight

that may well be crushing. We have a legitimate debt of obligation to the past, but we have also a duty to the present and the future, and we are ill discharging that duty so long as we seek to perpetuate beliefs and customs without reference to contemporary knowledge and requirements.

C. COHEN.

The Ark of God.

THE Ark of God was at first itself a god worshiped by the people. On this point there can be no reasonable doubt. Canon Cheyne states that "the ark and Yahwè were practically synonymous terms." It followed that the worship of the ark was not idolatry, but the worship of a living and true god. That is to say, the ark was not an idol, but the deity himself. In Numbers x. 35, 36, we read thus:—

"And it came to pass, when the ark set forward, that Moses said, Rise up, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate thee flee before thee. And when it rested, he said, Return, O Lord, unto the ten thousands of the thousands of Israel."

Now, if the Jewish Yahwè and the Christian Heavenly Father are identical, as all Christians aver, we must conclude that this Almighty Being began his career in the form of a wooden chest or box. There was a time when the Creator and Preserver of the Universe existed as a portable chest which, on special occasions, used to be carried about from place to place. The idea of a portable deity is irresistibly laughable. Fancy two men being able to convey their Maker and Sustainer from one spot to another. His presence in times of war was indispensable; but he could not accompany the army without being carried. He could be carried, but only by men set apart for the purpose. If ordinary men happened to pick him up he struck them down dead on the spot. We read that on several occasions the Israelites omitted to take him with them to the battle-field, and that in consequence they were defeated. Not always, however, did the presence of Yahwè bring victory to his people. On one occasion he was specially fetched when the Israelites were at war with the Philistines. His arrival became known, and "the Philistines were afraid, for they said, *God is come into the camp.* And they said, Woe unto us." But Israel lost the battle, and the Philistines managed to steal Yahwè, and to carry him away with them to Ashdod. Here they housed him with Dagon, one of their own deities; but during the first night the two quarrelled, and next morning poor old Dagon was found lying face downward on the floor, broken in pieces. Yahwè's stay among the Philistines was the cause of painful death to thousands of people. He smote others with awful tumors. Both men and gods either perished outright or suffered terribly at his will. He was equally cruel to his own people whenever they displeased him. One day he was in a cart, a brand new cart too, between the house of Abinadab at Gibeon and that of Obbedom the Gittite. The oxen stumbled, and Uzzah put forth his hand to steady the cart; but Yahwè waxed so furiously angry that he smote the poor man to death for his rashness.

Now, the point to be specially noted here is that the earliest narratives viewed the ark as virtually one with what it contained. What did it contain? It is extremely difficult to discover what the contents really were. In 2 Kings viii. 9 we read: "There was nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone which Moses put there at Horeb, where the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of the land of Egypt." Though this is in agreement with Deut. x. 5, the best Biblical scholars are convinced that there is no truth in the statement, and that the Deuteronomical account of the ark is largely legendary. What they maintain is that for the ark of the Deuteronomist, with its two inscribed tables, there is no historical parallel. The two stone-tables themselves, with the Ten Commandments inscribed upon them, are doubtless pure inven-

tions. Even on the assumption that such tables ever did exist, there is no evidence that they were ever placed in the ark. It was only when the more thoughtful people, in later times, began to be ashamed of the crude religious ideas and practices of their ancestors, that the priestly party presumed to edit and insert glosses into their historical documents. The Jehovistic and Elohist narratives, in so far as they can be traced, treat the ark, not as a symbol of the revealed law, not as containing "a perfect written embodiment of the fundamental demands of Israel's righteous God," but as "the focus of Divine powers." Indeed, the Yahwè of the ark was the reverse of righteous. He was rather an almighty fiend, destitute of the slightest trace of a moral sense. His supreme delight was in scenes of cruelty and slaughter. Human life was valueless in his sight. What, then, did the ark contain? Clearly some mystic representation or symbol of a deity, which to primitive Israelites was not a substitute, but the reality itself. Criticism impels us to the conclusion that the ark contained two sacred stones, bearing no inscription whatever. And thus the ancient Jewish religion is brought into line with all the primitive religions of the world. In Egypt such arks were common. They are present in all sculptures or paintings of festal processions. They were placed on boats which were ornamented at both ends with the heads of the divinities concealed within. Inside the arks were stone images of the gods. Babylonia, too, was crowded with similar ark-boats, as we learn from the cuneiform texts. In the earliest historical times the arks appear without the ships, and were invariably borne in Babylonian and Assyrian festal processions. In Palestine the ark was not carried in processions, but only accompanied the army in wartime. But the contents of all these ancient arks were essentially the same.

Yes, we can trace Judaism back to a period when it was nothing but a form of stone-worship. Why is Jacob represented as resting at night, during his flight from home, on a stone-pillow, when he could easily have found a softer one, and as, on awaking in the morning, taking the stone that he had put under his head and setting it up "for a pillar" and pouring oil on the top of it? At the same place, years afterwards, he is said to have erected a stone-altar, and called it the House of God. As the Rev. Professor Moore, of America, says, "the worship of holy stones is one of the oldest forms of religion of which evidence has been preserved to us, and one of the most universal," and this gentleman goes further and observes that "it has often persisted in venerable cults in the midst of high stages of civilisation, and in the presence of elevated religious conceptions, while its survivals in popular superstition have proved nearly ineradicable, even in Christendom." We know that stock-and-stone worship is severely condemned and ridiculed by the later prophets of Israel; but, in spite of all opposition, it was almost constantly practised. Stones were worshiped either as being, or as enshrining, a deity. In some instances it is certain that the stone was believed to be alive, while in others it was looked upon as merely the residence of a deity, or the resting-place of a departed human spirit. But the most significant fact is that, generally speaking, all sacred stones were directly or indirectly associated with burying places; and the same thing is true of sacred trees. Stonehenge, for example, is spoken of as the remains of an old Druidical temple, and such it may easily be; but, in any case, if it became a temple for the living, it is more than likely that it did so because it was already the abode of the dead. It is an incontestable fact that Stonehenge is surrounded by nearly three hundred barrows or tumuli, every one of which is a tomb. From time to time several of them have been opened and carefully searched, and in each one human remains were found. In 1722, Lord Pembroke opened a double barrow, and came upon "the skeleton of the interred; perfect, of a reasonable size, the head lying towards Stonehenge, or northward." In 1728, Dr. Stukely opened another, and found what

appeared to be the remains of a girl of about fourteen years of age. The probability is that, first, some great chieftain was buried there, and that a few stones were set up to mark the spot. The first stone was doubtless a *maenhir*, the second a *dolmen*! the former being an upright, and the latter a table. Then other stones were added from time to time, and they all became objects of worship; and the fame of the temple was the means of converting its vicinity into a graveyard.

Now, whether Stonehenge, and other similar remains in Great Britain be of Druidic origin or not, "there can be very little doubt," to quote Grant Allen's words, "that every one of these monuments is essentially sepulchral in character"; and there can be as little doubt but that originally they were all direct objects of worship. The inescapable implication is, of course, that all gods are creations of man's fancy, and had a most crude beginning. Take the Greek divinities as portrayed by Homer and Hesiod, and you can trace them all back to pieces of wood or stone slabs. Artemis was originally a log in Eubœa; Pallas Athene, a stake of a rude unwrought fashion; Heracles, an unwrought stone at Hyethos; the Paphian Aphrodite, a conical pillar of Asiatic type; Apollo, a conical stone in Attica; and even the great Zeus himself, a boulder in Argos. The same story might be told of the great gods of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, India, and, it must be added, Palestine. Speaking of Yahwè, Grant Allen says:—

"I do not see how we can easily avoid the obvious inference that Jahweh, the god of the Hebrews, who later became sublimated and etherealised into the God of Christianity, was, in his origin, nothing more nor less than the ancestral sacred stone of the people of Israel, however sculptured, and perhaps, in the very last resort of all, the unhewn monumental pillar of some early Semetic shiekh or chieftain."

"But," someone may exclaim, "how absolutely perfect in every respect the Christian Heavenly Father is—all-powerful, all-wise, all-good, and all-loving." Granted; but it is the very perfection of the Christian God that works his ruin. Such a God is out of place in such a Universe; and the process of his evolution in the human brain has meant, from first to last, a misguided and wasteful expenditure of time and energy. He ought to have shared the doom of his brethren in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Let us be comforted, however; his passing, too, is now in progress. His devotees are a dwindling minority, and his houses are being deserted. And we have this further consolation, that the Passing of God is in exact proportion to the Coming of Man.

J. T. LLOYD.

A Christian Jew.—II. A Study in Pathology.

COMPLAINING, often quite needlessly, and sometimes quite gratuitously, of "interruptions"—which cannot altogether be avoided when a crowd of people are more or less excited in the presence of burning questions—Mr. Warschauer manufactured for himself a convenient "grievance," of which he has not scrupled to take the meanest advantage. It became the cover under which he withdrew the debate (as he thought) from any further publicity.

I am very glad I incurred the expense of a professional shorthand report of the debate. I could ill afford it, but it gives me one great advantage. I am able to condemn Mr. Warschauer out of his own mouth. The printed word stands,—unlike the shifting sands of memory which are so treacherous.

IV.

Readers of the verbatim report will be able to see the tricks and shuffles to which Mr. Warschauer resorted. It will be my duty, though not my pleasure, to draw attention to some of them. But I wish to show, first of all, the steady and deliberate way in which—for reasons already alluded to, though not

definitely assigned, but left to the reader's penetration—Mr. Warschauer maintained the attitude of injured innocence. That there were some interruptions I do not deny. No debate ever took place without them. But to call the meeting "disorderly" is simply ridiculous. In the first place, it was good-tempered from beginning to end. The only ill-temper during the two evenings was displayed by Mr. Warschauer and his clerical colleague, whose eyes blazed with the passion of bigotry. In the second place, Mr. Warschauer ostentatiously invited most of the interruptions he suffered. He repeatedly talked at the audience and about himself,—which is a sin that only a novice or an egotist commits. And it was really comical to see a speaker of his size and voice scolding a big audience for smiling audibly at some of his little sermons and self-conceits. Pedagogic airs on the platform are always insufferable. Audiences resent being treated like school-children. A certain deference should be shown by every speaker to an audience of his fellow men—and the greatest speakers always show it. After all a speaker, especially when his theme belongs to the highest category, is addressing not so much the particular persons before him as humanity itself. The more impersonal he is the better. And if he condescends now and then to a more personal level, he should assume no more than the attitude of a friend who is talking over an important topic and exchanging ideas with them. The more you respect your audience the more they will respect you. If you treat them contemptuously they will resent it,—and serve you right!

Talk about "interruptions"! Why, in former times, I have had Christians howling at me in debate, merely for stating my own case and replying to my opponent's; that is, for saying what they should have expected me to say. I have had to wait minutes to get a hearing, to speak against interrupters shouting twenty at a time, and to do this for nearly half an hour at a stretch. Even the physical energy and the voice I had in those old days were strained to the uttermost on these occasions, yet I never made matters worse by attacking the audience I was there to persuade. I say deliberately that if a public debater is not master of himself, as well as his subject, he is a failure—and all the eloquence in the world will not make him otherwise.

V.

But I have said that Mr. Warschauer's ill-temper was partly natural and partly artificial. Here is a salient instance. When the Chairman (Mr. Cohen) introduced Mr. Warschauer to deliver his last speech, and the last speech in the debate, he expressed a hope that they would give him their "most attentive hearing." I can hardly conceive any man acknowledging that attention by a fresh complaint and a fresh insult, unless acting on something more than the impulse of the moment. Directly he stood upon his feet Mr. Warschauer said this:—

"Mr. Chairman, if this last speech of mine should pass off without interruption, it will be the first speech that has so far passed off. It will be the first in the course of this whole two-nights' debate; and so, perhaps, you will try and establish at the last moment a record."

The Chairman had asked for quiet attention. It was insolence on Mr. Warschauer's part to amplify the Chairman's invitation. And what language he chose! The first sentence, even if true, was out of place and ill-mannered; the second sentence was a fresh provocation. And the first sentence was *not* true. Mr. Warschauer himself shall prove its falsity. After he and I had both spoken for half-an-hour on the first night of the debate, he said: "*It is a great pleasure to take some share in a discussion that is proceeding with such good temper and good feeling on both sides.*" That is how the proceedings went on while Mr. Warschauer behaved himself. He broke the peace himself. The first interruption arose through his long and labored insinuation that I was a coward because I insisted on answering him in my own way instead of accepting his dictation. Men and women

in the audience, who had known me for twenty, thirty, and in some cases nearly forty years, were better judges of my courage than Mr. Warschauer; and when he pressed his insinuation to the point of tediousness it was not unnatural that they should show signs of impatience and desire him to resume the debate of the subject.

Mr. Warschauer maintained this attitude to the very end of the debate. He was not to be pacified (or diverted) by the Chairman's good service in the cause of order. Neither did he show the slightest spark of good feeling when the Chairman intervened to prevent his introducing fresh matter in the last speech, and I rose and begged both the Chairman and the meeting, as a personal favor to me, to let Mr. Warschauer say what he wished to say. "That will be from our side," I said, "the best exhibition of good temper, and, if he accepts it, it will be the best exhibition of the same on his side." Christian charity was not equal to reciprocating Atheistic goodwill. Mr. Warschauer went on his own ill-conditioned way. At one point he told "some" of the audience—meaning "some" Atheists, who might or might not be present—that they regarded something which he took seriously as "a mere matter for paltry jesting." An orthodox listener said "Hear, hear!" Is it surprising that the unorthodox portion of the audience manifested dissent? Mr. Warschauer had the effrontery to tell persons he had grossly insulted that they could shout him down but could not argue him down. "Oh," he exclaimed, "you can hiss —" Whereat a voice cried "There was no hissing. Don't be silly. Get on with your argument." That unknown critic really summed up the whole situation in three short sharp sentences. The Chairman heard no hissing, I heard none, many auditors have assured me they heard none. Mr. Warschauer may have been mistaken, for he had worked himself up (with the aid of his clerical colleague) into a great state of excitement. If there was a hiss it could not have been a very aggressive one; and it was provoked. But even if it were the worst hiss in the world it was only one man's doing, and it was silly (if not intentionally worse) to throw the onus of it upon hundreds of innocent people.

VI.

Mr. Warschauer demonstrated, in spite of himself, that the audience was extremely good-natured. Instead of ending the debate in his own language, as one of the two disputants, he treated the audience—Christian and Secularist alike—to a long and pious quotation from Professor John Fiske,—whom, curiously enough, he appeared all along to regard in some very special way as a scientific man. The Secularists, not being pointedly provoked, listened with patience and courtesy, and made no sign of dissatisfaction. The Christians naturally applauded, and many Secularists joined them, merely as a mark of good feeling. Mr. Warschauer, however, still kept in the tantrums. I moved a formal vote of thanks to the Chairman, and he seconded it; and while the Chairman was on his legs, briefly acknowledging the vote of thanks, Mr. Warschauer (with his clerical colleague) hastily ran down the steps into the ante-room, leaving the Chairman talking. When I reached the ante-room I asked him if he thought that was a proper proceeding. He said something in reply about not being frightened by my "bravos." Such an expression invited a blow. I told him he was seeking a quarrel, but I did not intend to oblige him.

Mr. Warschauer actually made it a grievance that more Secularists than Christians attended the debate. We found him an audience and he grumbled. I wish he would find me as many Christians to hear me talk Atheism. He even referred to the meeting as "packed." This again was stupid bad manners. I advertised and announced the debate well in the *Free-thinker*, and made no charge whatever to the joint-committee for doing so. Mr. Warschauer's friends were just as free to attract the attention of their side through Christian papers. Not a single Chris-

tian paper gave the debate a word of announcement. Whose fault was that? Not the Secularists'. They sold more tickets than the Christians, but they did not even accidentally pack the meetings, for no Christian was kept out. There was room enough—just room enough—for all.

The fact is that Mr. Warschauer did not mean to be pleased. He sought grievances—and he found them.

VII.

I want to show now—still appealing to the verbatim report—how unscrupulously Mr. Warschauer acted in several instances.

With regard to Darwin he showed himself capable of saying anything. When he thought he was able to make use of Darwin he paid this tribute to that great man:—

"Now I will give you a quotation from the man whom my friend, Mr. Foote, using the language of strictest moderation, called the Newton of biology. I mean the supreme biologist, Charles Darwin, who has done more, not only for biology, but for human thought in all departments, than whole hordes and wildernesses of other men put together."

But when Mr. Warschauer found I was better acquainted with Darwin's writings than he was, that I was able to cap his quotations, that Darwin was really not available as a Theistic auxiliary, and that he actually was against the Theistic champion of his pet theory of a "first cause," the Newton of biology became very much smaller cheese. Mr. Warschauer then discovered that "Darwin was a supreme biologist, but an extremely poor philosopher."

The first use that Mr. Warschauer put Darwin to was to make him father the theory of Creation. Darwin was still a Theist, though no longer a Christian, when his first great book, the *Origin of Species*, was published, and he spoke of life as "having been originally breathed by the Creator" into few forms or into one, thus starting the process of Evolution on this planet. Mr. Warschauer ought to have known that Darwin subsequently became an Agnostic, and reproached himself for "trunkling to public opinion" by using the "Pentateuchal term of creation" when he only meant appearing "by some wholly unknown process." That was in a letter to Sir J. D. Hooker. Darwin further explains, in his "Autobiography," that the Design Argument as presented by Paley used to appear to him unanswerable, but he saw its fallacy in the light of the principle of Natural Selection. I repeat that Mr. Warschauer should have known this. If he knew it, he acted dishonestly in quoting the "Creation" passage from the *Origin of Species* as if it represented Darwin's mature and steadfast thought. If he did not know it, he was inexcusably ignorant, and there was something very comical in the triumphant air with which he read out the passage.

Being corrected as to that blunder, Mr. Warschauer went on to another, and a worse one; if indeed it was a blunder at all, for, with the most charitable intention, I find it difficult to believe that he was acting honestly. He read a passage from a letter of Darwin's in which "the impossibility of conceiving that this grand and wondrous universe, with our conscious selves, arose through chance" seemed to him "the chief argument for the existence of God." Mr. Warschauer threw in a reservation before reading this passage, because he saw me turning to the letter in question; but he treated it, all the same, as a positive testimony of Darwin in favor of Theism. He reproved the audience for not cheering it:—

"Why do you not clap? I will tell you why you do not clap; because, in spite of your profession of openness of mind, you are persistently applauding what makes in the direction of dogmatic denial, and you are excessively nonplussed when there is anything quoted that makes in the direction of affirmation."

Mr. Warschauer treated this passage as "making in the direction of affirmation." He presented it to the audience in that way. He read it in that way. Yet he must have known it was nothing of the kind.

The qualification he threw in before quoting the passage, as if it were of no particular importance, should have come at the end, where it would have appeared all-important. This was obvious enough when I read the passage myself as *Darwin wrote it*. Darwin called the argument against "chance" the "chief argument for the existence of God," not the most convincing; indeed, he wound up by saying that he had "never been able to decide whether it was an argument of real value." Mr. Warschauer ended his quotation at the semi-colon instead of going on to the full stop. In this he followed a method of controversy which I am sorry to say is only too common in Christian Evidence circles.

Unfortunately for Mr. Warschauer, and any defence he may set up, it is in evidence that he played that trick before. It may be found in his *Anti-Nunquam* (p. 29), which he published seven years ago in reply to Mr. Robert Blatchford. He quotes the same Darwin passage there, stopping short at the semi-colon, and omitting the clause between the semi-colon and the full stop, which gives the whole passage an entirely different complexion.

My readers will see next week, in the final instalment of this article, why I have gone over this ground so long and so carefully. It helps to explain what Mr. Warschauer has done in the *Atheist's Dilemma*, and how he came to fall into such an abyss of controversial dishonor.

G. W. FOOTE.

(To be concluded.)

Will Rome Rule in Mexico?

[We reproduce this article from the New York *Truthseeker*. It is presumably from the pen of the Editor—Mr. George Macdonald. It deals with an interesting and very important topic.—EDITOR.]

WHEN the Indian statesman, Benito Juarez, established the republic of Mexico fifty years ago, church property of value was confiscated; and later, under his successors De Tejada and Diaz, a complete separation of Church and State was effected. The upholders of the old regime before Juarez were "the corrupt National Church, the Army, and the conservative aristocracy." The struggle which overthrew these forces is known in Mexican history as the "war of reform."

The revolution just over in Mexico has also been a war of reform, and the Church, which went down in the first one, hopes to rise by means of the second. Stephen Bonsal, who is in Mexico City as special correspondent of the *New York Times*, reports that the Catholics are organising to rule the nation. He writes as follows (May 22):—

"A sign of the times that is variously interpreted is the tremendous activity in preparation for the electoral campaign that is to follow the retirement of President Diaz and Vice-President Corral and the temporary installation of Senor de la Barra as president. On all sides now are to be seen broadsides addressed to the people by would-be or actual leaders. They are widely circulated and receive attention equal to that given to the belated war news.

Enrique Delos Rios is calling the radicals of all parties to rally about him. He says that he wants in Mexico a republic so advanced that it will make the United States look mediæval by comparison.

The organisation of the Catholic party, of which General Diaz always said he was afraid, is proceeding, and is extending its ramifications to the most distant sections of the country. Gabriel Sommellers, a wealthy capitalist, is the organiser of record and the nominal leader of the party. Directly behind him, however, are the prelates of the Church and the landed aristocracy—in so far as they have not gone abroad—and they have an immense following of willing or unwilling peons, who are under the influence of the bread giver and the parish priest. Another fact is that the Catholic Church in Mexico has a capital of at least \$200,000,000—a larger sum than the capitalisation of all the Government banks—which escaped confiscation in the days of Benito Juarez or has since been amassed. This, of course, would give the Church party a very strong position either in business or politics.

While the Maderistas—or Progressives, as their self-effacing leader would have the party called—are not

resting on their laurels, their campaign organisation is still rudimentary as compared with that of the Catholics. Many keen observers of this new trend of affairs to-day, expressed the opinion to me that any election held in the next few months under the broader franchise and the Australian ballot, would, if fair, result in the defeat of Madero and the justification of the judgment of Diaz, who always excused delay in the extension of the suffrage by saying that he could not hand the country over to the Church party which he had fought so long."

A great deal has been written of late both in denunciation and in defence of the Diaz administration and of conditions under it. Even if things are as bad there as they are painted by Fornaro in *Diaz, Czar of Mexico*, and by the author of *Barbarous Mexico*, the future state is sure to be worse than the present one if the Catholic party wins. It will profit the country nothing to cast out the Diaz devil if seven others in the shape of priests are to be let in or restored. At best the friends of Mexico can only hope that by the triumph of the Progressivists, leaving out the Catholic party, the people will find themselves as well off as they have been under the "Czar." No such hope can be entertained should the Church come in with the new Government.

Whatever evils have developed with the presidency of Diaz, there seems to be no denying that Mexico is quite as much indebted to him for its continued existence as an independent republic as this country is to Washington or Grant. For the separation of Church and State he and his advisers, like Don Joaquin Baranda, deserve the same credit that we give to the fathers of this Republic for incorporating that principle in the Constitution of the United States. Being an "anti-clerical" (he joined the International Freethought Federation in 1892), Diaz is naturally the friend of education, and for that reason he deprived the clergy of the control of educational institutions and multiplied public schools:—

"When Porfirio Diaz entered upon the presidency," says the *New York Sun*, "the national income was only \$19,776,638; by 1907 it had reached the sum of \$114,286,122. Mexican 4 per cents. rose to 97 on foreign exchanges. In 1884-85 the imports were \$23,786,684 and exports \$46,670,845, while in 1909-10 imports had increased to \$194,854,547 and exports to \$260,056,228. In 1876 there were only 407 miles of railway in Mexico, and after thirty years of the presidency of Porfirio Diaz there were 15,000 miles, valued at \$1,324,272,621. In 1909 these railroads carried 85,652,756 passengers and 9,756,869,153 tons of freight, and their receipts were \$61,187,794, as compared with \$2,564,890 earned by the railroads in 1876. There were 4,420 miles of telegraph in Mexico when Diaz became president; the telegraph and telephone lines of the Republic in 1909 extended over 20,000,000 miles, bringing the most remote parts of the country into touch with the capital. In 1876 the post office department carried 4,709,750 pieces of mail, and in 1909 the number carried was 191,744,906, and a revenue of \$4,316,948 was derived from the service. In public improvements great sums of money have been spent, no less than \$120,000,000 on the ports, harbor channels, and the lighthouse service. Twenty-nine years ago Mexico had only one bank and it was maintained by foreign capital. In 1907 it had 32 national banks with assets of \$764,001,986. In 1877 there were 4,715 public schools in the country and 164,699 pupils; in 1909 there were 778,000 pupils in 12,599 schools.

'Mexico,' said President Diaz recently, 'was once without a middle class, but she has one now.' And he added: 'It is a great comfort to me in my old age to feel that the future of Mexico is secure at last.' The retirement of Porfirio Diaz is brought about by this middle class, educated in the public schools."

The restoration of the Church to power will mean the loss of all that has been gained for civilisation in Mexico in the past half century. The system of peonage—that a debtor is bound to serve a creditor until his debt is paid—which is the worst blot on the Government, flourished under a National Church and is not likely to be reformed by a Catholic party. The mass of the population of Mexico, a mixed Spanish and Indian caste, is ignorantly and primitively Catholic, and contributes its quota to the Church's illiterate millions.

Acid Drops.

Westminster Abbey, the principal church (we suppose) in England, has been closed for months in order that the Archbishop of Canterbury and King George may have a high-class crowd to watch them going through the "anointing" process on a single day in June. Many other churches in London are uglified and desecrated by rough woodwork intended to accommodate sightseers on Coronation Day at so many guineas per head. Which reminds one of the text, "My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Nothing stands in the way of the clergy when they are bent on business—neither worship, nor decency, nor "God." They have the grace, however, and the professional instinct, to see that they must make it up to "God" in some way; so they have arranged for another farce at Queen's Hall on June 21,—a farce, by the way, in which Church and Dissent is co-operating most cheerfully. Bishops and Nonconformist leaders will be cheek-by-jowl all the day; for they are going to keep it up a deuce of a while, and give the Lord no rest for ever so many hours on a stretch. They call it a Day of Intercession. They are to ask "God," presumably, to keep in a good temper, and not give their game away. And the British public are invited to watch the performance at the rate of—"Seats 1s., Reserved Seats 2s. 6d." Such is Christianity nearly two thousand years after Christ.

Cato could not understand how two Roman augurs could meet each other without laughing. One would like a snapshot of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. F. B. Meyer meeting on the Day of Intercession.

A certain Cocoa Firm announces that a packet of its product will be supplied to "each of the 40,000 policemen along the line of the route of the Coronation procession." Forty thousand policemen! There are not half so many in the whole metropolitan area. The Cocoa Firm must have been reading the Bible too much lately. The arithmetic of Holy Writ is so peculiar.

Pope Pius X. dispenses English Catholics from the Friday rule of abstinence from meat during Coronation week. Such a crowd of them will be out of doors—munching sandwiches. Even the Pope has to give way on such occasions.

The Bishop of London kindly and condescendingly releases his flock in London from the religious obligation of regarding Friday as a day of Fasting or Abstinence during Coronation week. The flunkey is as strong as the priest in this ecclesiastic.

The *Church Times* is likewise very melancholy over the situation. In a leading article on the Coronation, it expresses a fear whether there will be another king crowned in England, but decides that the throne will remain for yet awhile with us. But, alas! it is not so sure about a national religion. That, it feels, may go at any time. So that, although the king may be there, it sorrowfully asks, "Who will consecrate and crown him?" There will be no band of Bishops and Archbishops to bless the king, and he will go his royal way ungreased by episcopal hands and unblessed by episcopal prayers. The prospect is truly awful, and the *Church Times* is naturally moved to tears at the contemplation of the coming catastrophe.

Rev. G. Denyer, vicar of St. Paul's, Blackburn, is what the Bible calls rending his garments. He laments the decay of loyalty. There is so much "irreligion eating into the very heart core of the national life," and "if a man rebels against his Divine King, what chance is there of his proving loyal to any earthly Sovereign?" Under the instinct of self-preservation the reverend gentleman is sagacious and lucid. He has caught sight of the vastly important truth that it is the worship of the Lord in heaven that makes men bow down to all sorts of Lords on earth. Well does the Prayer Book call the Deity "the Lord of Lords."

Another Blackburn vicar, the Rev. W. Woodall, complains of his church collections. Two large congregations only put £6 11s. 6d. on the church plates. Two hundred and sixty-three persons gave a penny each, and eighty-six gave a halfpenny each. The vicar groans over the fact that there is always money for picnicing and amusements. Very likely. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." In other words, people shell out for what they like—and vice versa.

Estates left by deceased apostles of the poor Carpenter of Nazareth have not been running so big just recently. Here are a few we have noted:—Rev. Edmund Percy Weatherell, East Bridgford, Notts, £7,781; Rev. Edmond Frederick Jackson, of Regent-road, Morecambe, formerly chaplain of Durham Prison, £7,215; Rev. Hon. Llewellyn Charles Robert Irby, Whiston, North Hants, £15,543; Rev. Henry Charles Davies, of St. Hilary's Rectory, near Cowbridge, Glamorgan, £14,368; Rev. Charles Edward Long, of Leamington, £11,290. These are pretty fair humps, however, to get through the eye of a needle.

"Blessed be ye poor" is of the very essence of the gospel of Christ, and the clergy are paid to preach it. The Bishop of Manchester complains that a number of them have to practise it. "An underpaid clergy," he says, "is an evidence of defective spiritual life in the Church." He himself has no reason to complain. There is no defective spiritual life about his £4,200 a year. But he pleads for the poorer clergy, and asks for a fund to guarantee them a minimum salary of £200 a year. He sees, however, that it won't do to trust to church collections. On that point he is too much in agreement with the Rev. W. Woodall. "Ask any churchwarden you please," he says, "whether all the people who put a penny in the plate every Sunday are equally able to afford a penny. He will tell you that their gifts bear no sort of relation to their means. If pennies were withdrawn from circulation, a considerable proportion of those who now give a penny would give a halfpenny, and only a very small number would think of putting in two halfpence." Evidently it won't do to trust to these generous Christians. You might as well try to get milk from a bullock. The Bishop asks for 2,100 Churchmen who will give £10 each, and thus keep a number of his poorer clergy out of a dead certain seat in heaven. We doubt if he will get what he asks for. It will be unfortunate for the clergy if he does—in the next world. But perhaps they don't mind that.

A clergyman writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "The Supply of Clergy." He thinks that "anything which tends to keep the number low may be looked upon as providential," as "most of the clergy whom we have now are as unlike Christ as they can possibly be." "The kind of clergyman I know," he adds, "is a very self-conscious, very important, often opinionated, almost always very weak, and always, alas! a rather (not to put it too strongly) unattractive sort of person." This might be called "The Clergy: by One of Themselves."

It is time that the Socialist organs protested against the sniffling piety of the Liberal Nonconformist and semi-Socialist school of politicians. We have pleasure in reproducing the following paragraph from last week's *New Age*:—

"We are living in great days. It is a privilege to be alive.....Our days are like the dawn of the Kingdom of God.It is humanity that is coming to its own.....It is the Son of Man ascending His throne.....we are marching into the realisation of the "world to come." These passages are taken from an editorial on the Friendly Societies which appeared in the *Christian Commonwealth* of last week. The *Christian Commonwealth* is conducted by an Editorial Board consisting of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. Sidney Webb, and others equally eminent. We cannot congratulate them on their conceptions of progress or the Kingdom of God. Apparently we both read the same book day and night, but we read black where they read white. Undoubtedly this vulgar outburst of sniffling optimism is due in part to the signal given by Mr. Lloyd George himself. There never has been in England before to-day a politician with the impudence to employ the terminology of the little Bethels in the service of a political party. But Mr. Lloyd George, having begun it and found it extremely profitable, we may expect to be flooded by it before very long. Nay, more, the worst effect to be feared from the Payment of Members is the introduction not of the professional politician into Parliament, but of a crowd of Nonconformist parsons of the Silvester Horne and R. J. Campbell type. As ignorant of economics as they are of politics, and as ignorant of life as they are offensively familiar with their boojum, they will be ready to announce the Kingdom of Heaven as lying round the corner of every sentimental measure introduced by their friends."

Our readers know that we have often called attention to the danger arising from the presence of so many Nonconformists—a number of them professional—in the Liberal party and the House of Commons.

How easy it is to philosophise on a basis of error, and build up theories in the absence of exact knowledge! Here is an instance. Religion, says "J. B.," of the *Christian World*, begins in a sense of wonder. "The childhood of the race, like the childhood of the individual, begins in what we may call an undisciplined wonder. Man was mastered by his imagination." Nothing could be further from the truth

than this. The picture of primitive man devoured by curiosity and wonder, and developing gods out of a sheer riot of imagination, is a common superstition amongst civilised people, and is a conception that would suit very well the book of the modern religionist. But it is quite false. The savage is the least curious and the least imaginative of mortals. The causes of things trouble him but little. Far from his being curious, it is the curiosity of civilised man that astonishes him the most, just as it is the ignorant among ourselves that inquire least. His gods are no more products of a lively imagination than is the existence of his fellows. The same dull experience that forces a recognition of the one forces a recognition of the other. He thinks of everything in terms of himself, not because of the strength of his imagination, but because of its weakness. It is the steady pressure of experiences that he does not understand that unconsciously develops the notion of superhuman beings. His gods are as concrete as his neighbors, even though they are unseen. Could the savage have wondered more he would have been less religious. The man who does not grip these simple and easily proved aspects of savage psychology has not even approached a rational understanding of religious phenomena.

At an inquest held over a death that occurred in a Christian Science Home in Anderson-street it transpired that the deceased paid 25s. a week for the invalid's rooms and from 10s. to 12s. a week for treatment, which consisted solely of reading and praying. One lady practitioner stated that her charge was 4s. a time for applying this "treatment." It was not stated why the patient did not do her own praying and save the money.

General Booth tells the world, through Mr. W. T. Stead as an interviewer, that he is willing to take money from the Government in the shape of payment by results. "Let the State," he says, "supply the funds by paying us at a fixed rate per head for every wastrel, drunkard, criminal, or prostitute converted into a law-abiding, self-supporting citizen." We do not believe the payment would be a very large one. And for two reasons. A good many years ago the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies challenged the Salvation Army to produce six members in Marylebone who had not been drawn away from other religious bodies—and the challenge was declined. More recently the Salvation Army Suicide Bureau saved more persons in London from committing suicide in the first week of its existence than official returns show as committing suicide in London during the whole year. Salvation Army figures, like Salvation Army statements, are not as trustworthy as they ought to be.

At a recent Conference of Jewish ministers in Portman Rooms, London, the Rev. Dr. Salis Daiches, of Sunderland, read a paper on "The Jewish Attitude towards Conversionists." He said that a large sum was spent in promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, but an incomparably larger amount of good could be done if the money were spent for the thousands of poor, ignorant, and irreligious people who nominally professed the Christian faith. Resolutions were passed, after discussion, expressing regret at the manner in which the workers in British missionary societies endeavored to make converts to Christianity from among poor and destitute members of the Jewish faith. This is on all-fours with what we have said for any number of years in the *Freethinker*. Nor is the phenomenon confined to the conversion of the Jews. Christian missionaries all over the world take advantage of the poverty of the natives, and practically buy the bulk of the converts they make. In India such converts are called "rice Christians." They are Christians as long as free rice comes along.

The *Christian World* says it is not surprised that Jewish ministers should protest against the work of the Societies for Converting Jews to Christianity. One society alone spends £50,000 a year, mostly in London, and the *C. W.* remarks that "No impartial observer can fail to be unfavorably impressed by the small amount of good done." The truth is, as we have often pointed out, these societies are kept going mainly for the benefit of the agents employed, and exist by trading upon the necessities of the least admirable types of the Jewish people. Habitual beggars who have sucked dry the charity of their co-religionists turn to the mission and profess an interest or a belief in Christianity only so long as doles are forthcoming. We have asked for years for the production of a convert from Judaism of two or three years' standing, and who was not deriving financial benefit from his adopted creed. Hitherto we have met with no response, and we are sanguine of any better fortune in the future.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* must be short of copy to print two columns by "an English clergyman" on "Do the Dead Return to Earth?" He cites the Czar and Czarina as believers in this sort of spiritualism. But what a catch! The Czar is a poor superstitious little mortal, and was right under the thumb of the fanatical Father John. Then a roundabout semi-ghost story is told, on the authority of people of high social standing, who couldn't—positively *couldn't*—tell a lie. Finally, the writer declares that angels and saints do come and speak with their friends on earth,—which we believe they do, in lunatic asylums; and that "these things are mostly hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to the babes,"—which we can well believe too. We presume the *Liverpool Daily Post* knows what class the bulk of its readers belong to.

Christian nations are the cheekiest on earth. The Chinese translation of *David Copperfield* is one of the most popular books in modern China. What translation of any Chinese book is popular in England? We can teach China. Of course. But China cannot teach us. Also of course.

A Finlay Dunn joke. "The Y.M.C.A. brand—Young Men's Castaways."

Dr. Forbes Winslow, who is responsible for a deal of "popular" writing, has discovered a new argument against flying. He writes to *M. A. P.* :—

"The Bible says, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' The air is made for birds, the earth for human beings, the sea for fishes. If we attempt to conquer the air or to exist under the sea, we fly in direct opposition to Providence."

We do not imagine this will seriously trouble airmen. If they can overcome the trouble with their engines, and the opposition of air currents, they will cheerfully face the opposition of Providence. And they can console themselves with the reflection that nearly all that man has done worth doing has been in opposition to Providence. The steam engine, the diving bell, the submarine, are all in opposition to Providence. Providence sends diseases and man discovers remedies. Providence sends disasters and makes good the evil they cause. Generally it has been a stand-up fight between man and Providence, and it is gratifying to record a fair number of successes to the former.

We take the following from *John Bull* :—

"The missionary catch in Egypt is still very small. In his book, entitled *Cairene and Fellaheen*, dealing with the work of the Church Missionary Society in Egypt during the last two years, the Rev. Mr. MacInnes confesses to one baptism in 1908, eight baptisms in 1909, and two in 1910—'all after long and careful preparation.' And here is an illuminating story of the wondrous work. Taken for the first time to Communion, a convert looked at the solid bread but did not eat. The wine he swallowed at a gulp, then, handing back the cup to the missionary, he remarked, 'Fill it up again, brother; I lub de Lord and I doan care who knows it.'"

What an extraordinary story for a missionary to tell! But if it is true it isn't new. We told the same story ourselves, twenty-five years ago, in our lecture on "The Blood of Christ," and several times since. Our negro communicant was perhaps a little more pointed. After emptying the cup at a single "pull" he handed it back to the missionary, exclaiming, "Fill 'im up agen, massa; me lub Jesus."

The following is taken from the *Daily Chronicle* :—

"Going to the police at Clonturk, county Mayo, a woman named Mary Anne Feeney said to the officers, 'I have killed a witch.' Police went to a little roadside cabin where Feeney lived with an old-age pensioner named Norah Conniffe, and there they found Conniffe terribly injured. She was unconscious, and died shortly afterwards. Investigation shows that Feeney was seized with the idea that her companion was a witch, and it is alleged she stripped her of all her clothing and ordered her to fetch some water. When the woman refused, Feeney, it is stated, took the bar off the door and beat her unmercifully, inflicting terrible injuries."

This horrible superstition is all over the Bible, so that John Wesley declared that to throw over witchcraft was to throw over the Bible. Yet this "Holy Bible," with its record of superstition and bloodshed, is forced into the hands of little children in the public elementary schools of Great Britain.

"Providence" is as indiscriminating in Canada as it is over here. We see by a cutting from the *Manitoba Free Press* of May 25 that the Roman Catholic Church at St. Cecil de Masham, a French Canadian village thirty miles north-west of Ottawa, was struck by lightning on May 24, while the congregation were at evening prayer; in fact, they were all on their knees at the moment. Six worshippers

were rendered unconscious, and a rush took place for the doors, but was happily stopped just in the nick of time. The church, the convent, and the presbytery were all destroyed by fire. No doubt "Providence" was circumvented to the extent of the fire-insurance policy.

Mr. Thomas Luck, aged seventy, dropped dead in the pulpit of Rye Wesleyan Church. During his address he had sung "Draw me nearer, blessed Lord," as a solo. Probably he would have sung something else if he had known the Lord was going to take him at his word.

A sensation was caused at Chester by the sudden death of Mr. John Lee, a retired tradesman, at St. Peter's Church. Had he been a Freethinker, and died suddenly at a Secular meeting, it would have been an unmistakable "judgment."

Thomas Toft and Annie Clark Robson, both evangelists, apparently in regular employment, favored Wakefield with their ministrations. Soon afterwards they were arrested on a charge of stealing jewellery and silver teaspoons to the value of £20 from their landlady. Both were remanded.

Another pious father wanting to rule his children from the grave! Mr. Walter Savill, of Finches, Lindfield, Sussex, and 15 Billiter-street, London, E.C., shipowner, etc., died on May 4, and left estate of the net value of £1,583,983 11s. 11d. His will contains the following clause :—

"If either during my lifetime or after my death any child or remoter issue of mine shall not profess the Protestant religion, or shall forsake the Protestant religion, and adopt the Roman Catholic or any other religion, then and in every such case, and as from the occurrence of such event, such child or remoter issue of mine shall absolutely forfeit and lose all share and participation in and right or power over the principal and income of all and every part of my residuary estate then not actually paid or transferred. By the expression, 'the Protestant religion,' I mean any Christian religion which protests against the errors of the Church of Rome."

We wonder if there is any other religion in the world, except Judaism, which breeds such bigotry in its devotees.

"A flower," says the Rev. A. J. Waldron, "is infinitely more mysterious than a man." It looks as though the reverend gentleman had been taking stock of himself lately.

They have a cheerful kind of a parson in Glasgow—the Rev. A. F. Forest, who preached a sermon to "boys and girls" on the "Day of Rest and Gladness." It was a Christian day of rest with a Scotch Christian gladness. He lamented, of course, the decline of the good old Scotch Sabbath, when "there were few shops open besides the dairies and the apothecaries; few workmen were employed; people did not dream of asking things to be done on the Sabbath day; there were no Sunday trams or Sunday concerts." And, says Mr. Forest, when he was a boy he was so fond of the Sabbath, "I wearied for its coming, and felt a little sad at its going." Far be it from us to cast doubt upon the word of a preacher of the Gospel; but, for the sake of others of a less credulous mind, we should like a little corroborative detail of that statement. And in the remembrance of his rollicking boyhood, and inspired by sorrow at the demoralisation of modern Scotland, Mr. Forest thus addressed the children before him :—

"Boys and girls, 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Put away your lessons and games, buy nothing in the shops on that day, and go to no concert or entertainment. Come to church and Sabbath-school. There is no reason why you should not take a walk together into the country, or in the parks, if you remember it is the Sabbath."

We should like the unbiassed opinion of those kiddies of the Rev. A. E. Forest.

The *Guardian* remarks that although the output of theological literature is enormous, very little of it is calculated to check the propaganda of infidelity or effect the conversion of infidels. We agree, most cordially. Theological literature is better calculated to make unbelievers of Christians than Christians of unbelievers. So much proving of things that are said to be self-evident, and such frantic eagerness to save indestructible beliefs from annihilation, is calculated to make a wooden image sceptical.

Father Bernard Vaughan, who is conducting a motor mission chapel in East Anglia, hopes to see an aeroplane mission in a few years. A capital idea for lessening the clerical population. Let us hope the "Father" who isn't a father, and is always egging on other men to be so, won't be the first victim.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

(Lectures suspended for the present.)

To Correspondents.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND, 1911.—Previously acknowledged £252 1s. 9d. Received since:—Juliet and Julian, 5s.; James Moffat, £1; Clifford Williams, 2s. 6d.; Arthur Storer, 2s. 6d.

THE VANCE TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Previously acknowledged, £10 2s. 6d. Received since:—G. and S. Roleffs, £5; H. A. Lupton, 5s.; John Sumner, 10s. 6d.; H. C. B., 10s.; James Moffat, 10s.; Louisa Thomson-Price, £2 2s.; G. Davey, 10s.; J. W. de Caux, 10s.; W. H. Morrish, £1; T. G. Thomas, 2s. 6d.; (Mrs.) J. V. Barlow, 5s.; R. H. Rosetti, 2s. 6d.; Annie Bolt, £1 1s.; J. Chick, £1 1s.; W. Dodd, £1; A. B. Moss, £1; F. A. Davies, £1; J. E. S., 2s. 6d.; A. S. V., 7s. 6d.; Clifford Williams, 2s. 6d.; Richard Carroll, 5s.; C. and H. Shepherd, 5s.; W. Bean, 3s.; Mr. and Mrs. Samuels, 5s.; H. L. Fisher, 5s.; Arthur Storer, 2s. 6d.; C. Cohen, £1.

B. SIGER.—There is something in what you say, but we have no sub-editor or secretary, and are in danger of being overwhelmed with work.

C. BUDGE.—Glad you "thoroughly enjoy the *Freethinker*." We quite understand that you are surrounded with religious bigotry in such a neighborhood. You mistook our offer. It was to send copies of this journal containing the Debate on inquiries like the one we referred to—not to those who have already seen it in our columns. We could not undertake to do that—as you will recognise on second thoughts.

JOSEPHINE KUETGENS.—Thanks for the cuttings. Such things are generally useful; occasionally not, perhaps—but none of us can be lucky every time, and a wide shot can be put up with now and then if most hit the target.

LIONEL VALDAR.—Shall be sent as desired. Your appreciation is flattering, yet we feel it is sincere.

LOUISA THOMSON-PRICE (Louisa Samson), sending cheque to the Vance Testimonial Fund, after saying some nice things about the N. S. S. secretary, adds: "I feel sure that all her old friends will endorse the sentiments you so cordially express regarding her devotion, energy, and capabilities. Personally, I consider it a privilege to count her as my friend, and my heartfelt hope is that she may soon again be able to take up some measure of duty with the brave spirit she has shown during the time she has been suffering from deprivation of sight."

JOSEPH BATES.—See paragraph. Thanks.

JULIET AND JULIAN, who give no other name and address, subscribing to the President's Honorarium Fund, call it "a first contribution in return for the benefits we have derived from your publications." Quite romantic! May we say that the lady's participation doubles the welcome of the subscription?

J. EUGENE LICHFIELD, 125 Hastings-street, Sunderland, says it was not a Mormon missionary who baptised the two young ladies at Roker. As the Mormon elder at Sunderland, he states that "We have done no baptising for some time, and our ceremonies do not correspond with the one described." The newspapers again! we suppose.

W. P. BALL.—Your cuttings are always welcome.

B. ELLERY.—You have simply to inform the teacher, or head master of the school, that you desire your child to be withdrawn from religious instruction. That is enough. If you experience any difficulty write to us again. Withdrawal forms can be obtained at the N. S. S. office.

G. AND S. ROLEFFS, subscribing to the Vance Testimonial Fund, say: "We are delighted to contribute. A brave, true, and honest woman."

H. A. LUPTON writes: "I first met Miss Vance at the N. W. London Branch a good many years ago now, and I quite agree with all you say of her."

JOHN SUMNER, sending cheque, says: "I know that Miss Vance has done yeoman service for the cause; and I think it does credit to Secretary and Principal alike, that you should so warmly advocate its recognition. I trust Miss Vance may soon be restored to health, both for her own sake and for yours, because I know what a luxury may be and is a capable secretary, who gives not perfunctory service, but whole-hearted devotion to the interests of her chief."

W. H. MORRISH, the fine old Freethought veteran, whose memory of Freethought work and Freethought leaders goes back to the days of Southwell—before Bradlaugh's great personality had entered the movement—writes to us from Bristol: "I am glad there is a movement to present something to Miss Vance, for she well deserves it, and I have pleasure in sending you my cheque for that object. I hope your appeal will be liberally responded to."

J. W. DE CAUX, the Yarmouth veteran,—who, we are sorry to hear, has been troubled by the treacherous weather lately, but is better now, writes: "I am very sorry for Miss Vance, and I enclose my sympathetic mite for her."

ANNIE BOLT, subscribing, hopes the Vance Testimonial Fund "will be a huge success."

J. CHICK sends cheque in recognition of Miss Vance's "devotion to the Freethought cause and the great intelligence and business abilities she has placed at its service."

F. A. DAVIES wishes the Vance Testimonial all the success it deserves.

A. HOPKINS.—Other matters have been occupying all our time. We shall deal with the Rev. Dr. Dixon presently. The exposure must not be spoiled by hurry. Thanks for letter.

W. T. COLLINS.—Mr. Mann expressed a personal view of Paine's *Age of Reason*. It is no good discussing that.

J. CARTER.—Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* has for some time been out of print. A new edition, greatly enlarged, is now being published, in six volumes, at 10s. 6d. each. It may take years to complete. The rest of your letter will be referred to next week.

R. CARROLL.—It was an omission. Subscriptions to the Vance Testimonial Fund should be sent direct to Mr. Foote, who has charge of it, and is responsible for it.

W. DODD feels "sure of a good response to Mr. Foote's appeal" for Miss Vance.

E. GWINNELL.—What is the use of trying to follow Dr. Warschauer up in Christian papers? You don't seem to know them.

SOME correspondence stands over till next week for want of space.

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

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

ORDERS for literature should be sent to the Manager of the Pioneer Press, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., and not to the Editor.

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.

Sugar Plums.

We reproduce the following from the *Christian World*:—

"A dispute as to a certain text recently arose in a well-known Liverpool office. Presbyterians, Anglicans, Baptists, a Wesleyan, a Calvinistic Methodist, and a Roman Catholic were all parties to the dispute, but not one could produce a Bible, though a prolonged search resulted in the discovery of a Book of Common Prayer and a volume of Dr. Watt's hymns. At last application was made to the lift attendant, who instantly produced two copies of the Scriptures, one in the authorised version and the other in the revised. The curious part of the incident is that the lift-attendant is a professed Atheist, a reader of the *Freethinker*, and a warm admirer of Mr. Robert Blatchford."

The lift-attendant sends us the cutting himself. He tells us that he keeps quite a little library of Freethought literature, including the *Bible Handbook* and *Bible Romances*, and that his copy of the *Freethinker* "goes the round weekly."

Blackburn "saints" having complained of difficulty in getting the *Freethinker* supplied regularly, Mr. Joseph Bates, who has been lecturing in the town, has made arrangements with one of the newsagents to keep a number of copies on hand. Address: A. Astley, Stationer, 37 Church-street.

Mr. E. Burke, who has been defending the *Freethinker* against the attacks (and lies) of the Wood Green bigots lately, and has also lectured with acceptance for the local N. S. S. Branch on "Reason and Superstition," will be happy to deliver the same lecture for other Branches if they wish. His address is 69 Bolmont-road, West-green, South Tottenham, N.

Cheques, or filled-in postal orders, for the Vance Testimonial Fund, should be made payable to Mr. G. W. Foote—and to no one else. They should also be forwarded to him direct. Other methods only give trouble and cause delay.

"Conduct and Causation" is the title of a good article by George Ives, M.A., in the June number of the *Humanitarian*. The writer traces the decay and death of the Devil through recent ages. Once the Devil was the instigator of all crime, as he still is according to the language of English indictments:—

"At length a little, but increasing, band of thinkers looked for the causes and reasons, since, with the devil quite dead, they had need to find origins. And then, in the light of knowledge, the phantom shapes, conceived as vampires and obscene satyrs, lifted and cleared, and all that was left was human, for good or evil. They found, indeed, callous and brutal people, but there were also much higher types among those classed as murderers; there were average men or women, goaded by quite exceptional circumstances; hasty and violent natures incapable of control or reflection; alcoholic votaries frenzied and poisoned by drinking; and combinations of all these states. The devil-possessed were found to be epileptic, while the depraved were often proved to have been born abnormal, and even those who appeared as monsters were diagnosed as being really, although perhaps obscurely, insane."

This natural causation is substituted for supernatural influence. "Tis in ourselves," as wise Shakespeare puts it, "that we are thus or thus."

Our Ocean Churches.

THE God Neptune, riding in his car, and flourishing a trident over the waves, appeared in plaster on the wall of the first-class saloon of the American liner *St. Paul*. Immediately below Neptune, a table was adorned with the folds of the Stars and Stripes, and on the flag lay a Bible and an Anglican Book of Common Prayer. We had all been invited to the first-class saloon for at least this once during the voyage to New York; even two demure girls from the steerage crept into a corner; and nothing could surpass our Sabbath respectability, which was eminently typified in the grey-haired captain's dark uniform, and the prim jackets, white buttons, and sleek faces of the ship's staff—all of whom had apparently attended, under orders, to pay their voluntary devotions to the British-American God. The captain listlessly repeated the prayers, mumbled a passage from the prophet Zechariah, and murmured a chapter from the book of Acts. Meanwhile, I speculated on the singular survival of Neptune and his pagan fork from the age of Homer into this Twentieth Century, which is witnessing the decline of Christianity. Moreover, I lamented the absence of the black man. This black man was a white man before whom I had one morning paused reflectively when he emerged from the ship's coal-hole, covered from head to foot in sable dust. I respectfully stepped aside to let him pass. Quite genuine was the respect; for I recognised the debt which we easy-going passengers owed to this coal-heaver and his class. Upon their long-drawn toil rested the security of the vessel and its various freight of English, Welsh, Scottish, Irish, Germans, Italians, Russians. I would have liked to place the "coal-passer," in all his blackness, in the midst of the congregation, as a symbol of the daily despising and rejection of the proletariat upon whom society and Church are alike dependent.

"He was despised and rejected of men." This was the key-note of a Nonconformist service held during the evening of the same Sunday in the second-class saloon. The fortune of the sea had delivered us into the hands of a Russian Baptist pastor who had obviously been trained in the school of Spurgeon. Pale, black-haired, spectacled, he reproduced the barbarian theology which I had heard expounded many years ago by the portly and good-humored orator of the Newington Tabernacle. But what the wit and rhetoric of Spurgeon made passable in 1873 (when I heard the distinguished Baptist) struck me with melancholy from the lips of this pious Russian in the summer of 1911.

"Despised and rejected of men," he sighed, as he gazed at the 53rd chapter of Isaiah in his open Bible. His talk was of failure, decline, ruin, sin. Christians, he said, were ashamed of their religion. The Jew was proud of his Talmud; the Mohammedan openly prayed at the appointed hour; the Chinaman and Hindu loyally declared their faith; the Christian alone meanly evaded a frank avowal of his creed. That is to say, the Christian of Europe and America. We are now, exclaimed this Russian pessimist, nearing the close of an age. A portentous change is occurring. Christianity is leaving America and Europe, and slowly establishing itself in the East, and the Gospel which is despised by the West, is being accepted by Russia, Japan, Corea, China, and the rest. In Russia, particularly, there was reason for hope—and at this point the preacher's depression seemed disappearing. But when I expected to hear of the conversion of professors, members of the Duma, Social Democrats, rebellious Poles, and the like, the recital again took a bilious turn. The pastor described how he and his friends paraded the Nevskoi Prospect of St. Petersburg one midnight, and collected a mob of drunkards and prostitutes into a mission-hall, and opened to them the good news of the sinfulness of man and the salvation by Christ. The yelling and cursing crowd

subsided into awed silence as the tale of the Slain Lamb, seven-eyed and seven-horned, was faithfully unfolded; and harlots sobbed repentantly. The result, however, was not entirely satisfactory. Two or three harlots were led by missionary hands to a Rescue-home; and of the remainder, not a word. I have no doubt whatever that the Nevskoi Prospect is to-day as much blotched by the disgrace of prostitution as ever. Prostitution arises from psychological and economic causes which Baptist spells cannot effectively remove. For the zeal of Christian workers in such spheres I affirm my entire respect; but against the rocks of social evil and material misery the action of the petty wash of Evangelicalism is futile and ironic. Of the true origins of the diseases of the commonwealth the Russian pastor had no conception, beyond attributing everything to Sin. To his view, Humanity seemed to be rather a sore than a healthy organism. I do not subscribe to Nietzsche's scathing prophesings, but, as I listened to the Baptist's dismal story of human defect, I could not help feeling the force of Nietzsche's denunciation of "slave morality." This gospel of sin and depravity knocks its head on the earth in cringing abjectness. I would sooner believe in the manly paganism of Neptune than in the creed of servility. The swing of the trident bespeaks a hopefuller heart than the upraised hands of supplication.

The "fountain filled with blood"—the most wonderful of Cowper's contributions to English literature—figured largely in the Russian pastor's discourse. He relished the theme, and gloried in the vision of the stained Cross. Before the simple-minded congregation—for such it was—he pictured the drip of the blood of the Paschal Lamb, and we endured the sprinkling of the crimson tide. "The blood, the blood, the blood!"—thus three times the preacher exclaimed in rapture. I thought of the Taurobolium—that extraordinary ritual practised in Rome at the period of the rise of Christianity. Over a grating a bull was slaughtered, and the blood oozed from the carcass into a pit below, where a man or woman, weary and heavy-laden with a sense of unworthiness, lay in expectation of purgatory through the red and sacrificial stream. Here, in the second-class saloon of the *St. Paul*, was a fragment of ancient Rome revived; and the congregation fervently sang:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

It is indeed true that man is often enough oppressed with a sense of purposes unachieved, powers unrealised, ideals falsified. At such moments, the glory of history in its triumphs of love, order, and progress should be presented; not the morbid flow from the veins of a sacrifice.

Next morning, nature itself corrected the illusions of Anglican respectability and Baptist piety; and on the great Atlantic the sun, wholesome and virile and inspiring, flung its liberal gold.

F. J. GOULD.

New York, May, 1911.

Persecution, Pornography, and Assassination as Handmaids of Religion in Spain.

TRAGEDY and farce are closely connected in the affairs of religion, and nowhere more so than in the recent antics of the religious spirit in Spain. Untaught by disaster and unchastened by the brand of infamy which the hand of humanity has sealed on her saintly brow since she assassinated Ferrer, the Church continues the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—vengeful, cowardly, and unscrupulous.

Scarcely had the Catholic bishops in Poland succeeded in extracting the sweetest honey of delight from the bitter sentence of twelve months' imprisonment inflicted upon Niemojewski at their behest and on their instigation by a Russian court

of justice, than their *contrères* and confederates in Spain grew pale with envy and outrivalled them, first in ferocity, and then in stupidity, only to relapse a few days later into a deeper and more cowardly ferocity than before; which things are not an allegory, but the cold presentment of some very burning and brutal facts in the latest manifestations of religious bigotry in Spain, and should be for a warning to the over-confiding Freethinker who imagines that tigers should be allowed loose from their ecclesiastical jungles and given ample opportunity *within the law* to mangle and devour, without let, hindrance, or retaliation.

Let us begin, then, with the newest achievements of religious bigotry in Spain.

I.

On May 17, the Spanish papers reported the case of the prosecution of Don Salvador Sáenz Cenzano, the editor of an humble provincial organ—evidently of Radical complexion politically, and pronouncedly Freethought in its religious attitude—called *El Progreso Riojano*. His offence was that in two separate numbers he had reproduced in his paper a certain pamphlet in which, according to the prosecuting Fiscal, ridicule and contempt were thrown upon the Catholic religion. The pamphlet is described as one by Ramón Vereá, and it was stated in court that various editions of the incriminated writing have already appeared in various journals in Spain. The counsel for the defence pleaded that Senor Vereá, the author of the pamphlet, had never been prosecuted nor punished for what he had written, and that the original publisher of the booklet had made the proper deposit of the work, as required by the Spanish law. For that reason (and on other grounds) the counsel repudiated the idea of culpability as attaching to the act of his client.

By a strange coincidence, the Spanish prosecution was one directed against the re-issue (as a *feuilleton* of a daily paper) of a pamphlet entitled *A Freethought Catechism*, being almost the same title as that borne by the publication for issuing which Niemojewski was recently prosecuted in Poland. Extracts from Vereá's *Catechism* frequently appear in advanced Spanish organs both in the Peninsula and in South America. A copy of the *Catechism* is in my possession, and consists of a very sane and acute examination in question and answer of all the fundamentals of "natural" and "revealed" religion. My edition is published in the valuable series of pamphlets issued by the Asociación de Propaganda Liberal at Montivideo—an extraordinary collection of pamphlets which cover the whole ground of controversy between Christians and Freethinkers, and this in a manner at once popular, witty, and learned. I can well understand that copious secretions of venom would accumulate in the souls of the pious at the bare thought of the faithful being "catechised" by a thinker like Ramón Vereá, whose lambent wit and scorching irony would burn up all the rags of superstition which hide the offensive ugliness of religion from the gaze of reason.

After the case was argued in court the jury, owing to their misunderstanding as to the grammatical purport of a question in law put to them for their decision, gave a verdict which, in spite of their purpose and intention (as witnessed in a document subsequently published by them), had the legal effect of declaring the prisoner legally culpable of the crime alleged, viz., of "bringing mockery upon religion." For this offence (of which Jesus, "in his day," was reputed guilty) the tribunal inflicted upon "Salvador Sáenz Cenzano—as perpetrator of the crime of mocking religion, without any circumstances which might modify his responsibility—the sentence of 8 years, 6 months, and 21 days of imprisonment; all the accessory costs; and a fine of 1,000 pesetas [£40]." The judge in this monstrous case—a clericalist of a malignant type—was no doubt inspired by God, as he was seen conversing with some Jesuits just prior to the delivery of his judgment, in which,

naturally, he attacked Freethought propagandists as men of base morals.

II.

A few days after this odious sentence, the scene is shifted, and the farce begins. On Sunday, May 21, the "Defensa Social"—the Catholic Committee that organised the murder of Ferrer and ruled over Barcelona like a troop of hyenas during the repression that followed the abortive insurrection—called a meeting in the Condal city, ostensibly for the protection of public morality and the suppression of pornographic books, shows, concerts, pictures, and postcards, but really for the purpose of creating a ring-fence of privilege around the vices of the rich and the pious, by means of the enforced compliance of a duped and dragnaded democracy. It is not on these terms, or by such methods, that any people can, or should, submit to be "moralised"—least of all by men who hate liberty more than they love virtue, and whose eyes can never detect vice when it lurks in the ample folds of religion. On the morning of this farcical gathering *El Progreso* put the anti-pornographic zeal of the Defensa Social to the test of sincerity by publishing a long leading article in which it reproduced some choice fragments of the Song of Songs. The article stated that—

"Solomon, the man with the 800 concubines and the 600 queens, composed these Songs by which the Church, shameless and cynical, passed judgment upon herself by pretending that these love verses were dedicated—and at that time of day, too!—to Jesus Christ and the Church."

Then followed a verbatim string of quotations from the sacred poem, which, as *El Progreso* declared, would never be allowed to be said or sung in public by any music-hall artiste. These verses not being wrapped up in language of archaic quaintness, as in the English version, read in Spanish like quintessential pornography.

For the purpose of record, let me state that the quotations cited by *El Progreso* were taken from chapters i. 1-15; ii. 4-10, 14; iv. 1-7, 10-12; v. 1-4, 8-10, 13, 15, 16; vi. 2, 3, and 7; vii. 1-3, 6-9; viii. 3, 5, 8, and 10.

The writer of the article had no doubt that the authorities would prosecute the editor for publishing these pornographic passages, and stated, rightly enough, that the upshot of the new purity campaign organised by the inquisitorial bullies of the Defensa Social would be the prosecution of these choice tit-bits of highly-colored erotics.

Well, the meeting took place, and the hall resounded with cheers of all the Tartuffes and Pecksniffs in Spain, in favor of morality—their morality. Two of the principal orators were the pious and cowardly Count de Santa Maria de Pomés, who did so much, with lying insinuations in the press, to dig Ferrer's grave,† and the religious and ridiculous Dalmacio Iglesias, whose mentality is sufficiently indicated by his statements made at the meeting, "that everything which goes against the Church is immoral," and "that Freemasonry has made a secret compact to bring about the Republic by means of corrupting public morals."

On the following day the bigots fell into the trap, and duly initiated a prosecution of *El Progreso* for publishing spicy extracts from the Word of God. As *El Progreso* remarked, in its number for May 13, this is hard on the Bible! "Now and henceforth, the Bible, on the admission of the monarchical and Catholic authorities in Spain, is a pornographic book." If the authorities should dare to bring this case into court, the defence will not shrink from making a tremendous exposure of the pretentious hypocrisy of religion.

III.

A few days after the farce, tragedy resumes her place. On May 28, a body of Radicals and Freethinkers, returning from a meeting at San Feliu de Llobregat, were met by a band of Carlists, headed by

* See *El Proceso de Ferrer*, by Dr. Simarro (vol. i), *passim*.
† Vide Simarro, p. 166, etc.

a priest, Don Buenaventura Bullig, and treacherously fired upon by the bigots. It was clearly a premeditated and unprovoked outrage. Five men were killed on the spot and many others were wounded. The Carlists came on, fully armed, with bands and banners flying, and their leader—armed with a revolver—gave the signal for attack, with cries of "Long live the Inquisition and Don Jaime" (the Carlist chief). The egregious Dalmacio Iglesias (a deputy in the Cortes, forsooth) turned up afresh amongst the murderous gang, armed with a revolver. He is looked upon as the political sponsor of the aggressors, and in the Cortes the other day Alejandro Lerroux, the Radical chief, referred to him contemptuously as the assassin of San Feliu. Before the ambushade and murder were perpetrated, a solemn mass was sung, as though to bless the weapons of the assassins. The ceremony, though distinctly illegal, which blessed these "cossacks of heaven" was fully canonical and, as such, implicitly invested with the sanction of the Bishop of Barcelona. The distribution of arms to these Carlist bands lends countenance to the belief widely entertained in Spain that the convents and monasteries are so many fortresses and arsenals from whence the Clericalist reaction is able to organise outrage or sally forth against the hated Republicans and Rationalists. This latest exploit was a grave tactical mistake. By this stroke, without decimating its enemies or even intimidating them, the Church has only served to revive the bitter—the almost extinct—memories of the late Carlist War by bringing into the field the present Carlist band of assassins. It must not be forgotten that the sympathies of the Church were and are distinctly with the reactionary Monarchist parties in Spain; the Alfonist regime only having been accepted *faute de mieux*. The Carlist War, in fact, was engineered and blessed by the Church; it was led by fanatic priests, conducted in the Church's interests, and accompanied by ruthless assassinations—inspired largely by religious fanaticism—quite in the spirit of the mediæval religious crusades. The present Government, put on its mettle by the rising temper of the Radicals, has had to take action, if only to prevent the outbreak of reprisals. Tardily, and, I fear, grudgingly—for one has to walk warily in Spain for fear of the Church—the law has been set in motion, and some of the ringleaders of the recent outrage have been captured. At present, however, not much has been done: a few priests arrested, *voilà tout*. By this outrage, the ferment of hatred of religion and abhorrence of the priest have been newly stirred in the hearts of all the Progressives in Spain, and a feeling has been generated that may at any time lead to drastic measures being adopted against the holy institution which now, as ever, empoisons the public life of Spain, and exerts a baleful influence in political, social, and economic spheres by which she is enabled to defeat the highest aspirations of the national conscience.

From these recent instances, read in the light of the terrible history of religion in Spain, we can see how dark is the shadow thrown by the Cross—that true emblem of death and suffering and senseless revenge—upon the life of the Spanish people.

WILLIAM HEAFORD.

Bernard Shaw.

George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. By Professor Henderson. 1911.

THE whirligig of time brings strange revenges. All that the Philistine disclaimed some years ago the middle-class gentleman adores to-day. Walter Crane's beautiful designs have long been accepted at their true value. In music Wagner has arrived, and is, indeed, on the eve of his departure. But nowhere has the reversal of positions been so rapid or so

absolute as in literature. The Socialist writers ran a great risk. They were odious, unpopular, and were supposed to exhibit all the worst features of petty political propagandists. William Morris is now a classic, Edward Carpenter has a large and ever-increasing audience, and Bernard Shaw is one of the foremost literary figures in the public mind—Shaw, with an effrontery like Cassandra, a readiness and an irreverence equal to those of Panurge, and a brain as astute as Machiavelli's. "It is roses, roses all the way."

After these happenings it is not so astonishing that an "authorised" biography of Shaw should be published at a "guinea net," and that it should be written by a university professor. The book is entertaining, and gives some interesting glimpses of the well-known writer, despite a certain tendency to "spread-eagleism" and hero-worship. To Professor Henderson, Shaw appears "a genial Celtic Mephistopheles," but he insists on his seriousness as a writer. In this he is right, for Shaw, despite his chameleon-like changes, always maintains stoutly the rottenness of the prevailing ideals. He criticises these ideals in his novels, his dramas, his musical, sociological, and theatrical reviews. He sets up these ideals, strips them, and puts them to the test. And the ordeal is the cleansing fire of truth and the scalding water of satire. So thorough is the process that few impostures may walk and live. He is so much more than a merely brilliant author. Underlying all his wit and irony you find a sanity, a balanced good sense, which mere smartness is apt to lack. Occasionally, of course, he justifies his reputation as a "Celtic Mephistopheles," and grins under the cock's feather, as in his attacks on Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. But the total impression left by his work is of a man grappling earnestly and seriously with social and religious problems, not of a clown grinning through a horse-collar. And that impression is very welcome, for, as Heine finely says, "unless wit is based on seriousness it is only a sneeze of the reason."

Shaw has not the temperament which suffers fools gladly, and when he is annoyed he is merciless. He sees all round a subject. Is he writing to Benjamin Tucker, the apostle of Individualism, he will tell him that true Individualism can only be gained through Socialism. When addressing Socialists he will warn them of the dangers of Socialism to individual liberty. He will gibe at religious people for their savagery, and scoff at Freethinkers for their admiration for science. Sometimes the victims get angry; but the ready Irish wit comes to the rescue, and the jester is again forgiven for his audacity.

After all, Shaw's plays contain his most valuable work. He has been at great pains to emphasise his technique and his philosophy, and to explain that his technique is old and his philosophy is new. Frankly, neither is originally Shavian. The one is clearly seen in Ibsen, and the other plainly conveyed from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. But Shaw's comedies are interesting, valuable, right. He has re-introduced high comedy on the English stage. So far as England is concerned, the comic spirit, as Meredith so admirably calls it, has had few chances between Shaw and the Restoration dramatists. The main secret of Congreve and Wycherley's interplay of character is not mere depravity. It is the absolute equality of equipment with which men and women pitch their battles of wit.

The impress of Shaw's personality is on all his work. Even his newspaper articles retain their freshness and survive the test of republication triumphantly. They are the work of a witty, brilliant, and clever man. With a strong, haughty, careless nonchalance he has expressed himself very freely. He once asked "Who is Hall Caine?" and people have not done laughing yet. His phrases hit. "Sardoodledom" is not a compliment to the author of *La Tosca*. "Bardolatry" is applied to the worship of Shakespeare. Moreover, he is too much in earnest to be impartial. "I have never claimed for myself the divine attribute of justice," he says, blandly.

His life's work is a siege laid to the social and religious abuses of his time by an author who had to cut his way into them at the point of his sword, and thrown some of the defenders into the moat.

Shaw's humor is Voltairean; so, too, are his indomitable common sense, his capacity of crusading, and the acidity of his sarcasm. Listen!—

"A theatre to me is a place 'where two or three are gathered together.' The apostolic succession from Eschylus to myself is as serious and as continuously inspired as that younger institution, the apostolic succession of the Christian Church. Unfortunately, this Christian Church, founded gaily with a pun, has been so largely corrupted by rank Satanism that it has become the Church where you must not laugh, and so it is giving way to that older and greater Church to which I belong—the Church where the oftener you laugh the better, because by laughter only can you destroy evil without malice, and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness."

Shaw's emendation of the "Golden Rule" is often quoted: "Do not do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same."

Bernard Shaw is indisputably the most brilliant living English dramatist. His plays have crossed all frontiers and have been played in half the capitals of Europe. The nimble lightning of his wit rouses men everywhere. The purely parochial success of an ordinary writer sinks into insignificance beside a reputation of this kind. Bernard Shaw has taken his place as one of the most distinguished figures in English literature in our day. This is well, for just now there is a resurrection of Puritanism led by clerical Holy Willies, whose mission is to denounce innocent Sunday recreation and to attempt to compel people to return to the dull, dismal, dreary, rectangular conventions of the seventeenth century. From Burns to Whitman the poets have sounded the march of Humanity towards the greener pastures and freer air, while the ideals of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" have been spreading over the earth. But suddenly, just as poor human nature has begun to breathe freely, this whisper of the ghost of John Calvin is heard again. At such a time Professor Henderson has rendered a service by calling attention to the personality of Bernard Shaw, the Prince Rupert of the Army of Human Liberation.

MIMNERMUS.

Open-Air Work Hurts Them.

THE *Standard* "Church Notes" man is unhappy. He says:—

"It is surely time that the attention of the Bishop of London's Evangelistic Council were drawn to the recently quickened activity of the infidel propaganda in the parks and open spaces of London.....Everywhere there are large crowds ready to be interested.....The contest is waged in uneven terms. While everything that believers hold dear is subjected to attack, the defence is often to seek. Small wonder that the enemy should sneer that the Church dare not fight."

Seeing how very chary the Bishop of London's Evangelistic Council is of putting up an accredited competent man to fight, the sneer seems to have some warrant, and the *Standard* man does not mend the position by talking of "confident impudence," of such statements as that "hardly any men of science believe in a personal God," or by a denial of the statement "that stories of suffering saviors are common to many religions."

The sort of defence which seems to be required by the *Standard* man may be judged by his standard of requirements for his Church champion. "A strong voice, capacity to bear interruptions, quickness of retort, and the power of overcoming a natural loathing for contact with blasphemers.....These are as essential as scholarship and oratorical ability." He moans: "We want trained Christian advocates, and plenty of them.....The fact remains that the atheistic

opposition, with less opportunity, is doing much more than the Church."

And then his next paragraph puts the capstone on the well-organised infidel movement, for it is an admission that there is a regrettable diminution in all the numbers of the religionists, for they do not increase with the nation's increase, "especially in view of all that is done by the Church for the young in the way of providing clubs and other secular attractions. We are not really getting hold of the young if the confirmations fall off." Which they do.

There is no suggestion as to what the *Standard* man would like to do with the Bishop of London's Evangelistic Council, nor what he thinks could be done to "get hold of the young," and his value as an up-to-date teacher of how not to do it can be appraised by the fact that almost half of his column of verbiage and intolerant piffle is devoted to some scholarly remarks on some new books dealing with ancient Rome and the very doubtful martyrdoms of centuries ago.

Some of the scribes who deal with church and chapel matters must have great difficulty in keeping straight faces when spinning out their creeds. They are working a new idea just now to explain the shocking (to them) shrinkages which now attend every denomination.

It is politics, the admixture of politics and religion, which has done the mischief. Considering the extreme youthfulness of the children who attend Sunday-schools, it is somewhat difficult to accept as serious the new explanation "that the real cause of the decline in church membership, Sunday-schools, and other branches, is the fact that the chapels organise their religion with politics" as really responsible for there being no morning Sunday-school and only 94 children at the afternoon performance at one of the largest meeting-places in West London.

It is all Mihi and Beatti Matin; dry rot has set in among them; the pale Galilean has to take a back seat; the persistent hammering of the last hundred years is now beginning to tell, and Christian Evidence advocates, for all their loud voices and quickness of retort, are beaten to a frazzle—and they know it, too; and appeals to the Bishop of London's Evangelistic Council will not provide much in the way of increased membership.

T. S.

And thou, whom sea-walls sever
From lands unwall'd with seas,
Wilt thou endure for ever,
O Milton's England, these?
Thou that wast his Republic, wilt thou clasp their knees?
Those royalties rust-eaten,
These worm-corroded lies,
That keep thine head storm-beaten
And sunlike strength of eyes
From the open heaven and air of intercepted skies?
These princes with gauze winglets
That buzz in the air unfurled,
These summer-swariming kinglets,
These thin worms crowned and curled,
That bask and blink and warm themselves about the world.
—SWINBURNE, "A Marching Song," *Songs Before Sunrise*.

Centuries
Ago your decadent Catholic Church
Had peremptory notice to be gone;
Yet still it haunts the world, the subtlest power,
The sweetest and the strongest. Rome's a vase,
Empty, discolored, dusty, chipped and cracked,
So full of roseleaves once, of martyrdoms,
Of blood, of tears, and of the wine of life,
That its memorial savor, unexpired,
Enthrals the dotting world. —John Davidson.

BIGOTRY.

Bigotry has no head and cannot think, no heart and cannot feel. When she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses it is amid ruin. Her prayers are curses, her God is a demon, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue written in the blood of her victims, and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.—Daniel O'Connell.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

LONDON.**OUTDOOR.**

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N. S. S. (Victoria Park, near the Fountain): 3.15 and 6.15, Miss K. Kough, Lectures.

CAMBERWELL BRANCH N. S. S. (Brockwell Park): 3.15 and 6, C. Cohen, Lectures.

EDMONTON BRANCH N. S. S. (The Green): 7.15, Mr. Burke, "Reason and Superstition."

FINSBURY PARK: 11.30, A. B. Moss, "The Religion of the Future."

ISLINGTON BRANCH N. S. S. (Highbury Corner): 12 noon, Ivan Paperno and Walter Bradford. Newington Green: 7.30, Ivan Paperno, a Lecture. Highbury Corner: Wednesday, at 8, Ivan Paperno, a Lecture.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (Ridley-road): 11.30, F. Schaller, "Science and the Bible."

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Parliament Hill): 11.30, Debate on "Immortality" between Mr. Radcliffe and Mr. Fry; 3.30, A. B. Moss, "Bradlaugh—the Iconoclast."

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S. (outside Maryland Point Station, Stratford): 7, W. Davidson, "The Church and Education."

WOOD GREEN BRANCH N. S. S. (Jolly Butchers Hill, opposite Public Library): 7, Mr. Allison, "Secularism: What it Means."

COUNTRY.**OUTDOOR.**

CHORLEY (Cattle Market): Week's Mission by Joseph A. E. Bates, commencing Friday, June 23. Each evening at 7.30.

HUDDERSFIELD BRANCH N. S. S. (Market Cross): 8.45, Geo. T. Whitehead, "Let there be light." Saturday, at 8, Geo. T. Whitehead, "Christian Morals."

LAINDON, ESSEX (opposite Luff's Hairdressing Saloon): Saturday, June 24, at 7, R. H. Rosetti, "Heaven."

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Secretary—MISS E. M. VANCE.

This Society was formed in 1898 to afford legal security to the acquisition and application of funds for Secular purposes.

The Memorandum of Association sets forth that the Society's Objects are:—To promote the principle that human conduct should be based upon natural knowledge, and not upon supernatural belief, and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action. To promote freedom of inquiry. To promote universal Secular Education. To promote the complete secularisation of the State, etc., etc. And to do all such lawful things as are conducive to such objects. Also to have, hold, receive, and retain any sums of money paid, given, devised, or bequeathed by any person, and to employ the same for any of the purposes of the Society.

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