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PRICE TWOPENCE

When once you can trust yourself, you know how to live.
—GOETHE.

The Black Army.

AFTER a Sunday evening lecture of mine a young gentleman rose to offer some opposition. While not wearing clerical attire, he had a very decided clerical accent, and I concluded that he had caught the twang in addressing Sunday-school children or in debating at Young Men's Christian Associations. Perhaps he had aspirations for the ministry, for one of his objections to my lecture was urged with much feeling. I had said that the ministers of all denominations were, for the most part, actuated by commonplace motives; that they went into pulpits as others go into law, or physic, or the army—for a living; and that their being called by the Holy Ghost was only the cant of their profession. My critic declared that I was wrong. He asserted that hundreds of them, perhaps thousands, entered their Churches, and engaged in the service of Christ, for purely disinterested reasons; that their great object was to save souls and fill heaven; that many of them were very poor, the average income of curates, for instance, being only £120 a year; and that some of them went abroad as missionaries to convert the heathen, facing all sorts of hardships, and carrying their lives in their hands. I cannot say that my critic put his case so tersely, but this was the substance of his objection; and I will give an answer, once for all, to what I daresay is a very common argument.

Now at the outset I wish to make my own position clear, and to guard against misunderstanding. In the first place, I have nothing to do at present with the truth or falsity of Christianity; yet at the same time I am entitled to expect of its ministers a decent conformity to its teachings. In the next place, I do not assert that there are no ministers or missionaries who are earnest and sincere. Some of them, I have no doubt, would preach Christianity if it were poor, despised, and oppressed. These are men of principle and conviction; men with a passion for their calling; men who really believe that they are under God's orders to exhort and reprove a fallen, sinful world, and to point out the only way of eternal salvation. There are also some lawyers with a passion for law, some doctors with a passion for medicine, and some soldiers with a passion for military affairs; as I daresay there are men with a passion for almost every one of what are called the "humblest" employments. But these are the exceptions, and may be eliminated from a general survey. When we talk of any profession, as such, we have to go by the average; and I say that the average minister, like the average lawyer, doctor, soldier, tinker, tailor, or ploughman, is simply earning a subsistence for himself and his family; in short, that he preaches for a living. Simply this and nothing more.

Let us look at the number of these clerical gentlemen. There are some fifty thousand of them in England alone. Will any man in his senses affirm that the law of averages does not apply to this huge Black Army? Are they all heroes and enthusiasts? The very idea is an absurdity. Try them by any other test, and what is the result? They are

average in stature, average in shape, average in looks, average in strength, and average in intelligence. Why then, even on the most favorable estimate, should they not be average in character? Has not the Catholic Church always recognised this fact, and made its priests sink their little individualities in the greatness and splendor of the Church? Has it not found a compensation for the pettiness of its myriad agents in the magnificence of its organisation? Are not all its orders, wheel within wheel, from the Pope down to the poor bog-trotting Irish priest, a practical recognition of the hard truth that the men of God, like the masses of other men, are actuated by the fundamental motives of human nature?

Look next at the *unfailing supply* of these clerical gentlemen. Exceptional motives are liable to fluctuation, and are therefore unaccountable. Any one of twenty men who saw a sovereign lying at his feet would pick it up, but it would be hard to tell which of them would risk his life to save a fellow being's. The British Army is filled by enlistment, and well filled, because poverty and misadventure drive thousands into taking "the King's shilling." But how full would it be if it depended upon the accession of men who yearn to fight and die for their country, turning from other attractions to follow that stern ideal? And how full would the Black Army be if it were not recruited like the Red Army, under the forceful pressure of the necessities of existence? Year by year every vacancy is filled, and a waiting crowd is clamoring for admission. The supply always equals the demand, and goes beyond it, as it does in every other trade and profession. This phenomenon can only be explained by the ordinary laws of human action. Were the Churches manned by persons of exceptional—that is, incalculable—motive and character, there would be variations in the supply. Sometimes there would be a lull, and sometimes a feverish activity. But nothing of this sort ever occurs; the supply of ministers is as regular as the supply of carpenters and tailors, and must be subject to laws of the same generality.

This is quite consistent with the fact that *aptitude*, as well as accident, plays a part in determining a minister's career; but it also operates in the case of other professions, without implying any ethical consideration. A young man at one of the universities may have a taste for theology, as another has a taste for science or art or history or poetry. He may have a bent for public speaking, without the active, enterprising character which is requisite for successful oratory in politics; he may be fond of the social attentions which are paid to clergymen, especially by the female members of their congregations; or his temperament may be suited to the comparatively easy, unharassed life which is led by the general run of Christian ministers, who go to bed when they like, rise when they like, and adapt their duties to their convenience.

We will now consider the financial aspect of the question. It may be true that the average income of Church of England curates is only £120 a year. But before I recognise any hardship in this, I must be assured that they would earn more (I mean on the average) in the general labor market. I am not at all satisfied that the ordinary curate is gifted with

more brains than the ordinary skilled artisan. He may talk better English, but that is an accident, and we all know that great nonsense may be couched in very elegant language. Being able to speak grammatically is no criterion of a man's ability to do anything serviceable for his fellow men, for which he may reasonably expect a fair remuneration. One's own experience, of course, is not everything; but I have met both curates and artisans, and I cannot say that the former showed any distinct superiority over the latter. Perhaps I shall be told that their superiority is ethical and spiritual; to which I reply that I am not discussing their character, but their capacity.

It must also be remembered that income is not the sole factor in determining employments; or we should not see so many clerks keeping up a respectable appearance on meagre salaries, while they might earn more in a rougher or more active occupation. A minister's life has certain advantages of personal comfort and social respectability. Nor is this all. His position is not precarious; he is not affected by commercial disasters and aberrations; his income is generally as certain, and as regular, as the succession of the seasons.

There is also the *prospect* to be considered. A curate's position is humble, and his income is "sadly limited," but a long vista of possibilities is before him—temporal as well as spiritual. He may become a vicar, a rector, a dean, an archdeacon, a canon, a bishop, even an archbishop. Who knows? Every one of Napoleon's soldiers fought with "a marshal's baton in his knapsack." Few of them *could* become marshals, but there was at least the chance, and the hope lured them to a hundred battlefields. And is not the "poor curate" under a similar inspiration? He also may climb the ladder of preferment, at the top of which shines resplendent, in the sunlight of glory, the golden prize of the great Archbishopric.

(To be continued.) G. W. FOOTE.

The Culture of the Supernatural.—III.

(Concluded from p. 51.)

THE utter uselessness of accepting at its face value anyone's explanation of the cause of his own subjective experience, is well illustrated by the belief in witchcraft. If there is a single belief on which clouds of apparently unimpeachable evidence could be produced, it is this. It has run its course throughout the whole of the world. Eminent men, not alone theologians, but doctors, lawyers, men of letters, and statesmen have given their testimony to the reality of diabolic intercourse. Those accused have themselves confessed to such intercourse; and although some of these confessions were extorted under torture, many were quite genuine. Thousands of people have been "bewitched" into a certain class of disorders and have manifested appropriate symptoms. Yet this belief is now dead amongst civilised and educated people. Even religious teachers accept the explanation that these witchcraft cases were due to distinctly pathological conditions and to the power of suggestion operating upon uninformed minds during an unenlightened age. But there is really no better evidence for communication with Divinity than there is of communication with Satan. The testimony of a man like Mr. R. J. Campbell, that he is conscious of a divine influence in his life, is of no greater value than that of a sixteenth century witch that she was conscious of a satanic influence urging her to particular actions. Whether the inspiration be angelic or diabolic, the evidence for either, or both, is the same. Mr. Campbell is no better authority on the matter than an ignorant peasant of four centuries ago. His is simply the survival of the belief in a form more acceptable to the changed religious convictions of the twentieth century.

There is nothing new under the sun, and human nature remains substantially unchanged generation

after generation. All the phenomena on which the old belief in witchcraft was based is still with us. Similar cases of delusion are still here, and the power of suggestion is one of the established facts of modern psychology. Nay, there may still be found thousands of people who are convinced of the activity of Satan. What, then, has happened? Only this; that taking the same facts on which certain religious beliefs were based, the modern scientist shows that they may be explained in terms of forces and conditions that altogether exclude operations of a supernatural character. The facts of the religious life remain; our understanding of them has changed materially. If Mr. Campbell, or anyone else, tells us that he had a feeling of a "divine presence," we may admit the feeling, but inquire how he became acquainted with its source? Mr. Campbell would not hesitate to challenge the conviction of a West African that an attack of epilepsy was due to enchantment or possession. Is his explanation of the origin of certain of his own emotional states of a really higher character? Between Mumbo-Jumbo and God, as casual agents, the difference is verbalistic only.

Old occurrences have to be explained in the light of new knowledge. This is the rule in all directions, and it is of peculiar force in relation to religion. To know what religious people have thought, and felt, and said, is no more than the data for a scientific study of the subject. To know why they thought, and felt, and said these things is what we really need to understand. And to do this we must either conclude that religious experiences are quite apart from life in general and stand in a special and isolated category, or it must be shown that they can be grouped with other experiences of an admittedly non-religious character. I believe that it is quite possible to do the latter. From medical records and from numerous biographies, it is easily possible to parallel all the experiences of the religious mystic. We can see the same sense of exaltation, the same conviction of illumination; the same belief that one is the tool of a superior power. Let us take, for example, the case of so eminent a writer as John Addington Symonds. He tells us that until he was twenty-eight years of age—the significance of this age limit will not be lost on those who know the connection existing between religious conversion and adolescence—he was liable to extreme states of exaltation concerning the nature of self. It is worth pointing out that Dr. Crichton-Browne expressed the opinion that Symonds' higher nerve centres were in some degree enfeebled by these abnormal states. In addition to this confusion, Symonds placed on record an interesting experience while under the influence of chloroform. He says:—

"After the choking and stifling had passed away, I seemed at first in a state of utter blankness; then came flashes of intense light, alternating with blankness, and with a keen sense of vision of what was going on in the room around me, but no sensation of touch. I thought that I was near death; when suddenly my soul became aware of God, who was manifestly dealing with me, handling me, so to speak, in an intense personal reality. I felt him streaming in like light upon me.....I cannot describe the ecstasy I felt. Then, as I gradually awoke from the influence of the anæsthetic, the old sense of my relation with the world began to return, the new sense of my relation to God began to fade."

With a slight variation of expression this passage might have been taken straight from the pages of some mediæval mystic. There is no question of the intense reality of experience. That was as real as anything that ever occurred to any saint in the calendar. The distinction here is that Symonds knew and stated the cause of his sensations. And no one would question that Symonds' explanation completely covers the ground. Of course, one may be met with the rather cheap retort that saints and mystics did not use chloroform to produce their visions. Granted, but chloroform is not the only agent by means of which the subject may be thrown into an abnormal condition as a means of inducing a sense of spiritual illumination. And, as a matter

of fact, from the most primitive times, the use of herbs and drugs, valued in religious ceremonies for the state of exaltation induced, is one of the commonest practices. Tobacco, hashish, coca, laurel water, with numerous other agents of a similar kind, have been largely used in religious ceremonies. And when we have not this plan—sometimes side by side with it—we have the practice of fasting and other forms of self-torture, solitary brooding, and the like, obviously practised because of the abnormal conditions provoked.

It is not argued that there was in all this deliberate imposture. That would have implied the presence of more knowledge than people actually possessed. But it was known that these abnormal states followed the use of certain drugs, or was consequent on the practice of certain austerities. They were accordingly valued because they were thought to bring people into touch with an already believed in supernatural world. In this way there was always going on, and is still going on in a more or less modified form, a positive culture of the supernatural. People create a sense of the supernatural by the cultivation of states of mind that are of no greater evidential value than the experience of an opium eater is proof of the objective reality of his vision.

Above all, if one wishes to really understand the nature of religion, one must never lose sight of the earlier forms of religious life. It is sometimes said that we must explain the lower by the higher. This is sheer fallacy. The higher can only be explained by the lower. In biological investigation it is now generally conceded that the secret of animal organisation lies in the cell. Let this be modified as much as is possible, it is still the basis of organic structure. So, too, with religious phenomena. The important feature in the history of religion is that the story is a continuous one. The forms of religion change with time and place, but its fundamental properties remain. And as we are driven back to the cell to explain organic activities, so we are compelled to take the mental life of primitive man as supplying the key to an understanding of all forms of religion. Apart from this, we are merely engaged in a word-contest which inevitably ends in false theory and confusion.

Finally, the study of abnormal nervous states, as providing much of the material on which all religions have built, does not exhaust the survey. There still remains the misinterpretation of feelings and frames of mind that are perfectly normal, and of their diversion into religious channels. Current religious literature is full of quite worthless chatter concerning the way in which religion opens up a larger and fuller life. Because, at a certain time of life, young men and young women begin to take an active interest in the social life around them, and because this is often connected with religious work, it is assumed that religious belief is the impelling force. But against this there is the positively demonstrated fact that this is a phenomenon of adolescence. Statistics are quite conclusive on this point. And the whole significance of adolescence, physiologically, psychologically, and socially, is the calling into operation of feelings hitherto dormant, and the creation of a consciousness that simply craves for a part in the larger life of the species. At this stage the whole nature of the individual cries out for communion with his fellows. He becomes less self-centred, more alive to the demands of others upon him, and manifests tendencies in the direction of what the world calls self-sacrifice. It is not the religious nature that is craving satisfaction at adolescence, it is the social nature. It is the period when development awakens in the individual a sense of unity, of kinship with the species to which he belongs.

Left alone, and in a thoroughly civilised environment, these awakening impulses would receive gratification, and undergo a healthy development, by participation in a rational social life. If, however, as so often happens, the strongest

expressed influences encountered are of a religious form, these developing feelings are clothed in a religious dress. The new, strange, and inchoate feelings of sex, the gropings of a social consciousness of kind, are by interest or ignorance, or by both combined, interpreted as the direct influence of the spirit of God, and the individual is induced to give to religion what properly belongs to society. In such cases we are concerned with the wrong interpretation of normal feelings, or with the exploitation of the social nature of man by religious organisations. Man is emphatically not a religious animal; he is a social animal. But how man interprets his own nature is determined by the actual knowledge in his possession. Given a sufficient absence of knowledge, and the religious explanation is completely triumphant. Given adequate knowledge, and the religious explanation is seen to be useless, and is discarded. The gods are seen to be only man in masquerade, and the activities of a supernatural world the product of human ignorance of the nature of the natural one.

C. COHEN.

Twaddle About the Soul and Inspiration.

In the *Christian World Pulpit* for January 22 there is a very remarkable sermon by the Rev. James L. Gordon, D.D., entitled "Inspiration." This discourse is remarkable for its great length, its grandiloquence, its self-contradictions, its pretentiousness, and its shallowness. Dr. Gordon gives us the following ascending degrees of fineness, or scale of values: "The hand is finer than the foot, the ear finer than the hand, the eye finer than the ear, the brain finer than the eye, the mind finer than the brain, the spirit finer than the mind, and the soul—the soul is the essence and quintessence of all unseen and spiritual values." Having got at the soul in that novel fashion, the reverend gentleman favors us with several original definitions of it. He calls it "a bit of God, a perfect atom of Divinity," "the exact centre of a universe," "the invisible force of a human personality," and "the sum total of all human sensations and aspirations." Then he quotes Henley's well-known lines—

"Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul."

According to this divine, God is broken up into innumerable little bits, and each little bit is encased and corrupted in a material body. And yet, after setting the soul in so lofty and dignified a position, he drags it down again thus:—

"What the shell is to the nut, what the skin is to an orange, what the glove is to the hand, what the shoe is to the foot, what the casket is to the jewel—that the soul is to the body."

Adopting Dr. Gordon's style, we say that as the nut is finer than the shell, the orange than the skin, the foot than the shoe, and the jewel than the casket, so is the body finer and more valuable than the soul, which is the very opposite of what the preacher wishes to set forth.

Unless the printer is grossly unfair to him, Dr. Gordon is an extremely careless writer. In another part of the sermon he describes the soul as "an extinguishable spark of Divine life." It is perfectly true that to blow out the flame is not to blow out the candle; but any fool can see that the candle's usefulness depends upon the flame. What the preacher desires to prove, however, is the indestructibility of the soul; but he never gets within sight of his goal. Here is a fine sample of his style:—

"Your hand may sleep in paralysis, your eye may slumber in blindness, your ear may decline in deafness, your brain may fag in weariness, your nerves may relax in sheer exhaustion, but your soul lives on, fresh, vital, and strong."

That is the dogmatism of complete ignorance. When hand and eye and nerve and brain shall have ceased to be, neither Dr. Gordon nor anybody else knows of any-

thing destined to survive them. The soul is a purely imaginary entity. God is admittedly an incomprehensible being, and a bit or an atom of him would be equally inconceivable. To define the soul as "a bit of God," or "a perfect atom of Divinity," is therefore to use words to which intelligible meanings cannot be attached. Then, again, to speak of the soul as "the sum total of all human sensations and aspirations" is to deny its existence as an entity; and the dissolution of the body puts an end to all sensations and aspirations. The surest thing about human sensations and aspirations is that they are human both in their origin and in their nature.

Indeed, all talk about the soul as an entity is wholly absurd. Dr. Gordon says that "the grandest moment in a man's life is when he becomes conscious of his soul." As a matter of fact, no man ever does become conscious of his soul. An ignorant belief in it is common, but knowledge or consciousness of it no one has. A man will be born again in very truth when he becomes conscious of possessing a soul. We are only conscious of ourselves as units. The people who believe that they have souls are, as a rule, unbearably conceited. Dr. Gordon tells us that when Richard Mills was converted, he wrote in his diary these words: "Clang! Clang! Clang! went all the bells in heaven, for Richard Mills was born again." Of what infinite importance the poor fellow believed himself to be in the Universe. Even Dr. Gordon regards himself as great enough to speak for God. Without a blush he says that "God divides men into two classes, Spiritualists and Sensualists." If so, all we can say is that God's classification is incorrect, men being by no means so divided. Millions of people who are not Spiritualists conscientiously live by their higher nature, and never become the slaves of their appetites and passions. If Dr. Gordon does not know this we must pronounce his ignorance culpable. Science, which knows nothing of the spiritual, unhesitatingly condemns sensuality as an offence against our own nature. All allusions to and descriptions of "the spiritual" are utterly unmeaning, "the spiritual" being nothing but the city of refuge of total ignorance. Here is an apt example:—

"The fundamental fact about man is expressed in five words—Man is a spiritual creature. He has a soul. He is a soul. He can respond to a spiritual inspiration. He can reflect the thought of God. He can mirror the face of Truth. He can know God."

High-sounding words, but as empty as any drum that fills the atmosphere with sound. He who speaks of "the response of the moral qualities in man to the moral qualities in God" entirely misinterprets man's moral nature. Man's moral qualities are the result of countless ages of social evolution, and have absolutely no connection with any other world than this.

We are quite willing to accept the statement that society is governed by ideas, and that "the progress of the world depends on the startling power of new thought." Neither have we any objection to the further proposition that "new ideas depend on new inspirations," because "inspiration" is a word whose primary reference is to a physical act, and which may legitimately be employed as a symbol of mental stimulation. For instilling into it a supernatural meaning there is absolutely no justification in a single well-attested fact. And yet Dr. Gordon claims the term in the interests of supernaturalism. "An inspiration," he says, "is a flash of soul-revealing consciousness"; but it would be more intelligible to define it as a natural quickening or stimulation of the mental faculties. Were it not for the theological misapprehension and misapplication it would be perfectly legitimate to call a man of genius an inspired person, in which event Shakespeare could be spoken of as one of the most inspired men that ever lived. There is no limit to Dr. Gordon's rapacity. He steals the word "insight" and rechristens it "soul-sight," assuring us that "the soul has dreams, visions, and revelations." He praises Haydn for his dramatic declaration

during a performance of his *Creation*: "It came from above! It came from above!" He wants us to believe that great sermons and noted hymns are gifts from God. Indeed, he waxes eloquent in the glorification of what he calls an inspiration:—

"It is the Divine original. It bears the trade-mark of the skies. The signature of God is upon it. It is history and prophecy in one rod lightning flash of supernatural glory. Its thrill is the sure sign of the touch of God for the soul. It is the greatest thing in human experience."

We should dearly love to come across an inspiration that answers to that extravagant eulogy. We have searched the Bible and the theological literature of all the ages without once catching the faintest glimpse of it. We have heard and read innumerable sermons, Dr. Gordon's included, without discerning the slightest trace of it. More than once have we waded through Baxter's *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, in the writing of which he prided himself on being "only a pen in God's hand," but never met with one idea that bore "the trade-mark of the skies." Those who take the preacher's claim seriously must surely come to the conclusion that the Holy Ghost talks a vast amount of nonsense, and never utters a thought with his own signature upon it.

We believe with all our heart in the splendor and glory of the human imagination, in the inspiring grace and beauty and elevating influence of poetry and art, and in the cultivation of the noblest moral qualities for the betterment of human conditions; and it is our honest conviction that there is ample scope for the full exercise of all man's faculties within the sphere of this world alone. It is highly probable that the greatest poet the world has ever seen was an unbeliever in supernaturalism; and it is an established fact that one who might have almost become his equal, had he lived, was an avowed Atheist. Shelley had his inspired moments, when ideas of transcendent charm and loveliness were suddenly born within him and found expression in faultless music. The flights of his glowing imagination were not hampered or circumscribed by the fact that he acknowledged neither God nor the spiritual world. Lucretius was no less a poet because the supernatural was non-existent to him: his unbelief did not clip the wings of his fancy in the least, though he went the length of saying that—

"When our mortal frame shall be disjoined,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel because we shall not be."

No, there is nothing in Freethought to damp the ardor or to curb the genius of poet or artist. The world we live in is densely packed with all sorts of wonders and beauties and experiences which are calculated to stimulate the mind, and the problems of life are sufficiently numerous and great to give incessant and fruitful occupation to the strongest and keenest intellects, and to fire the finest imagination. Poets generally take very little practical interest in social questions, however religious they may be. But Shelley had a passion for social reform because he loved his fellow-beings. Destitute alike of the love of God and the hope of heaven as incentives to good works, he was irresistibly moved thereto by his humanity alone.

J. T. LLOYD.

Pears' Soap Bubbles About Paine.

Pears' Shilling Cyclopadia for 1913 is a pocket edition of omniscience in 1,070 pages, containing, amongst other things put together in handy form for quick reference, an infinite number of bovrilised biographies of prominent men. At p. 861 is an account of Thomas Paine in ten lines and one "thumper." Here is the "thumper":—

"In 1794 his *Age of Reason* was published, and again his atheistical opinions roused strong opposition." After reading this airy description of Paine's opinions, one is surprised to find that, in the

general "Introduction," the editor states that "in every instance the essential facts are given, and each edition is revised to the date of publication." Taking for granted that in this particular instance the "essential facts" were "revised so recently as a few months ago, it must be assumed that the editor had access to documents and declarations, hitherto unknown to all the world, in which Paine must have revised and re-edited his pronounced Theistic opinions as writ large on every page of the *Age of Reason*. For everybody who knows Paine's writings, and especially that classic piece of polemical English, the *Age of Reason*, knows that Paine lived and died a Theist; that he wrote elaborate and passionate arguments against Atheism and its doctrines in the very work cited by Pears'; and that in almost the opening lines of the *Age* he wrote down his decidedly anti-atheistic opinions, as below:

"I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life."

No Christian apologist can add to the sum of arguments adduced by Paine in Part I. in favor of the God idea. They may copy his language, but they cannot surpass the beauty and the forcefulness of his rich and varied style.

In Pears' *Cyclopædia* of general information (one of the twenty crammed sections of this wonderfully cheap volume) a generally fair definition is given of Atheism as "the denial of the divine, [and] it assumes three forms—denial of the existence of God, denial that God has been proved to exist, and denial of the possibility of knowing of divine existence." Judged by this threefold test, Paine was the very reverse of being an Atheist. In fact, he did not deny the existence of God; he adduced a long string of what he considered proofs of God's existence, and he emphatically answered "Yes" to the question, Canst thou by searching find out God?

The truth is that the lie that Paine was an Atheist got started a hundred years ago, and a thousand holy agencies of organised lying have kept up the deceit ever since. With the illuminating instance before us of fair play towards Atheism given in Pears' commendable description quoted above, I am unable to believe that the *Cyclopædia* has sinned maliciously against Paine, and I venture to believe that Pears' editor will make an honest attempt to digest a few more essential facts for the benefit of the sane people who expect to find facts in a book of reference, and that he will in future editions remove this blemishing inaccuracy from the pages of this marvellous shillingsworth.

We make this appeal to Pears' in the academic interests of literary and historic truth. As Atheists, some of us have perhaps groaned to find Paine, like Voltaire, fighting keenly in the Theistic ranks, armed *cap à pie* with all the weapons of logic, in the general assault upon the impregnable rock of our holy Atheism. Well, it is useless for us to kick against the dead wall of facts, or to curse the nature of things. Paine, in spite of all our regrets or of the ignorant denial of his detractors, was a Theist; but transcendentally above that label shines his greatness and courage in speaking unpopular truths in an age not always cruel enough to kill the unbeliever, but always mean enough to lie about him. Will our age be candid enough at last to disown a hoary lie?

WILLIAM HEAFORD.

The Agency of Insects in the Dissemination of Disease.

THE part played by insects in spreading disease has been made startlingly evident by recent medical science. There are various reasons for thinking that all diseases will be ultimately traced to the malign influences of microbes. Immense weight is added to this theory by the fact that in every instance in which we possess a full history of the genesis and development of a disease, the germs responsible for its existence have been detected through microscopical observation and experiment. In the inquiries

which have for their object the prevention and ultimate extinction of disease, zoologists, botanists, entomologists, and physicians have all lent their aid. The victories already won constitute one of the most amazing episodes in the chronicle of scientific achievements.

As Metchnikoff and other bacteriologists have demonstrated, comparatively few of the parasitic organisms which reside in or upon higher animals or plants are seriously detrimental to their hosts. For this providential concession we should be sincerely grateful, for were even a tithe of their number inimical to the wellbeing of higher living things, our planet would soon be swept clear of all its most characteristic animals and plants.

It is most proper to remark that, from the standpoint of the plant or animal preyed upon by parasites, these unwelcome intruders are most assuredly where they should not be. In the eyes of cold and dispassionate Nature, however, there is nothing anomalous in their presence. Parasitism is a necessary condition of their existence; apart from their hosts they would perish. Every time a human being doses himself with quinine or any other drug he is either slaying or ejecting from their natural dwellings millions of these minute creatures who have dropped in upon him for the time being. Still, it is quite ethical on our part to place our own comfort and convenience first, and to expel the microbes whenever necessary.

At this point it may not be altogether unprofitable to emphasise the important distinction between infectious and contagious disease. What are known in medical circles as contagious diseases are those which are transmitted by contact with the diseased subject, either by touch or by the use of the same articles, by the breath or effluvial discharges from the body, as well as other sources of contagion. Small-pox and measles are well-known examples of contagious disease. Infectious diseases, on the other hand, are those that are disseminated indirectly, as, for instance, by the adventitious introduction of solid or liquid substances into a human or animal body. Yellow fever, malaria, typhoid, and other diseases are examples of this nature. It is therefore obvious that all contagious diseases may be contracted through infection; but a large number of infectious diseases are very rarely contagious, and even then in very exceptional circumstances. The importance which resides in this distinction between infection and contagion is clearly illustrated in the following passage:—

"Until a few years ago it was believed that yellow fever was highly contagious, and every precaution was taken to keep the disease from spreading by keeping the infected region in strict quarantine. This often meant much hardship and suffering, and always a great financial loss. We now know that it is infectious only, and not contagious, and that all this quarantine was unnecessary. The whole fight in controlling an outbreak of yellow fever or in preventing such an outbreak is now directed against the mosquito, the sole agent by which the disease can be transmitted from one person to another."*

Among all the insect enemies of man the mosquito is probably the deadliest. When Linnæus prepared his famous list of living things in 1758, he catalogued six species of mosquitoes only. When, in 1901, Dr. Theobald published his work on mosquitoes, he enumerated three hundred and forty-three kinds. At the time of writing some six hundred species are known to exist, and numerous others doubtless remain to be discovered.

A great impetus was given to the study of mosquitoes when it began to be suspected that these creatures played a very uncanny part in the propagation of disease. It was discovered that the eggs of the insect are deposited in water. When the eggs hatch the larvæ burst open the lower end of the eggs, and then enter the water. An aquatic medium is absolutely essential to the growth of the larvæ. A small quantity of water will suffice, but unless there be sufficient to cover the larvæ they die. The

* Dr. Doane, *Insects and Disease*, p. 9.

mouth parts of the different species vary very considerably, as their feeding habits are frequently quite dissimilar. Some mosquito larvæ prey on the young of other species, or on other insects. The majority of the "wrigglers," as the Americans call them, content themselves with a diet of algæ, diatoms, and other lowly-living forms, which they sweep into their mouths. This end is achieved by the motions of their little brush-like organs, which impel currents of water towards their mouths.

When hatched the larvæ are extremely small, but, given a high temperature and an abundant food supply, they grow very rapidly. In a day or two the outer skin becomes hard and inelastic, and in this manner prevents further growth. A new integument now forms underneath, and the old skin is discarded. This process is termed moulting, and is repeated four times during the weeks covered by the life of the larvæ. After the fourth moult the free-swimming larva is transformed into a still active, but fasting, pupa. The pupal period occupies from two to six days more. When the mature insect prepares to emerge, the pupal skin splits along the back, and the fully-developed mosquito makes its appearance. After resting on its discarded skin, or on the water, until its wings have hardened, the insect enters upon its flying career.

Although all mosquitoes appear much alike, there are nevertheless marked structural differences in the two sexes. This is important, as the male's mouth organs are so constructed that it cannot, even if it desired to suck our blood, engage in that disease-creating occupation. Some authorities contend that the female is alone capable of biting, but others think that the males of some species draw blood. In any case, the lady mosquito is the chief offender.

Malaria dates from the dawn of human history; and although various theories were propounded in antiquity concerning it, it was not until the commencement of the eighteenth century that modern views began to be expressed. In 1718 Lancisi advanced the view that the swarms of gnats, mosquitoes, and other insects which haunt malarial regions carry poisonous substances, and introduce them by means of their mouth organs into the human body. This was a most progressive step, as all previous inquirers appear to have associated malarial fevers with impure air alone. But it was not until 1880 that Laveran, a French army surgeon, began to study the blood of malarial patients microscopically, and he soon detected the parasite responsible for the disease. He met with the usual experience of the pioneer; but his discovery was amply verified by other investigators, and was universally acknowledged by the world of science. That his experimental work is now fully recognised is evidenced by the fact that the Nobel prize for medicine was recently bestowed upon him.

In 1885 Dr. Golgi proceeded on the lines laid down by Laveran, and made a minute study of malarial parasites. He determined their life-history in the blood, and distinguished the three parasitical organisms which cause malarial fevers of the tertian, quartan, and remittent types. It is now known that the life-histories of these parasites are very similar, the main difference residing in the time taken in their reproduction. At first the parasite is rod-like in form. It moves in the blood-plasm, and quickly proceeds to attack the red blood-corpuscles and penetrates into their interior. It feeds upon the blood-cell it has pierced until it has completely assimilated it.

"After about forty hours, if the parasite is *vivax*, or about sixty-five hours if it is *malariae*, it becomes immobile; the nucleus divides again and again, and the protoplasm collects around these nuclei, forming a number of small cells or spores, as they are called. In about forty-eight or seventy-two hours, depending on whether the parasite is *vivax* or *malariae*, the wall of the corpuscle bursts, and all these spores, with the black pigment and the waste products that have been stored away within the cell, are liberated into the blood-plasm."

(To be continued.) T. F. PALMER.

Acid Drops.

We have been amused lately by a reperusal of Moncure D. Conway's *Autobiography*. It is a bold and honest book intellectually, but it was written in Conway's old age, and there is a subtle blight of "respectability" all over it—especially in its later portions. Conway had bravely denounced the prosecution of the *Freethinker*, and indignantly protested against the malicious use of the word "indecent" by its enemies. At the great St. James's Hall meeting after the editor's liberation from Holloway Prison, he raised a perfect storm of cheers by saying that some of Mr. Foote's elders had thought he was going a little too far in his attacks on Christianity, but the Christians had gone out of their way to prove that all Mr. Foote had said against it was true. They answered him by putting him in prison, which was exactly the policy that he had charged them with through the whole of their history. It was a great hit, and the meeting rose to it. But there is not a word about Mr. Foote or the *Freethinker* prosecution in Conway's *Autobiography*. He had fallen exclusively into the society of "respectable" people; that is, people of social standing and more than average income. We gratefully remember his attitude at the time of our prosecution. And we sincerely regret that he edged away from "common" (that is, poor) people in the later years of his life.

The worst of that sort of thing is that it always spells failure in the end. An agitation of any sort without the support of the masses is doomed to sterility. Conway found that out, but he did not profit by the lesson. He relates the brief history of his Congress of Liberal Thinkers, held at South Place Chapel in 1878. We attended it in company with James Thomson ("B. V."), who was bitterly satirical over the sorry exhibition of half-heartedness we witnessed. The "classes" were represented—but not the "masses." The organisation started came to nothing. The world couldn't be set on fire by twenty-four highly respectable unorthodox ladies and gentlemen meeting occasionally at Huxley's house. The one open fighter who helped in calling the Congress was Clifford—and he, alas, was dying. There was another fighting man whom they had not taken into their calculations; he was a man of the people, and he was destined to lead and inspire the real fight for Freethought for many years to come. His name was Charles Bradlaugh.

We recollect hearing at the Congress of Liberal Thinkers that the fight for mere freedom of speech was over. Nearly everybody was saying so. We have been hearing the same thing from the same sort of people ever since. But the event has always belied their cheerful (and timid) optimism. Conway was obliged to see this. He admits that while that Liberal Congress was sitting London was seething with superstition. There was soon "a recrudescence of wildest fanaticism" and "also a recrudescence of legal persecution." In that phrase, presumably, the *Freethinker* case is discreetly included. But the point we want to emphasise is Conway's admission that while the Liberal Thinkers were "theoretically abolishing superstition" it was actually flourishing with remarkable and even explosive vitality. The same thing is to a large extent true now. Let us never be deceived by easy counsels in which the wish is father to the thought. The Goddess of Wisdom is always armed. She wears her helmet and wields her sword. It was a grand symbol of the old Greeks. And we hope Freethinkers will not forget the great truth it enshrines. Civilisation is never safe from superstition while they co-exist. Look at the Rome of the Cæsars and the Rome of the Popes. Who could have imagined that the one would be succeeded by the other? Yet it was so. And to forget the lesson is to invite disaster.

The danger of a recrudescence of superstition is noted by Dr. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University, U.S.A., in an article in the *International Journal of Ethics*. He is doubtful if the scientific mind is holding its own. "Superstition not unlike belief in ghosts," he says, "is still widespread and rank," and "ideas of prayer as irrational as fetish worship have immense vogue among the people." The Gods, in short, threaten to come back. George Macdonald, editor of the New York *Truthseeker*, with reference to this matter, puts the case very pointedly. "Christianity produced the Dark Ages once," he says, "and who knows that it cannot repeat the trick?"

From the *Christian World* we learn "there is a strong movement among the leaders of Free Churches" to induce the editor of the *Daily News* to reconsider the advisability

of a Church census in London. We are not surprised. What is the good of printing columns of sensational stuff about the progress of the Gospel, the way in which London is being won for Christ, with the many thousands of converts gained by professional evangelists, if a census is to be taken which proves that all these successes have resulted in a diminished attendance? The Free Churches have always twitted the Church of England, when it objected to a religious census in Wales, with being afraid of having its weakness disclosed. What other reason is there for their objecting to the *Daily News* census? Of course, the real reason is disguised by a professed fear that important items of the religious life are ignored and unimportant ones emphasised. But the census does not pretend to deal with the state of religion, but with the number of church attendances. And if we give the Churches the full benefit of all who attend from non-religious reasons, this will about balance those who stay away without having their faith in religious teaching diminished.

"Materialism is dead." "It is the doctrine of a handful of discredited thinkers." Such is the burden of men like Sir Oliver Lodge and of many others who are less conversant with the real facts of the situation. Meanwhile, science goes on its way making one discovery after another in virtue of its loyalty to the materialistic principle of investigation. And here is one of our leading neurologists, Sir T. S. Clouston, in an article in the current *Quarterly Review*, insisting that if we are to understand mental phenomena "we must think of mind not as a self-existing, self-acting entity, but as an energy which is as dependent on brain and brain memories for its exhibition as electricity, motion, or heat are on matter." And in a recent address by Dr. Schafer, we observed that eminent physiologist declaring that the outcry over the Materialism of his presidential address before the British Association only demonstrated the ignorance of Fleet-street. This is exactly what was said in the *Freethinker* at the time of the hubbub. The ordinary English journalist is really an uneducated person, and the developments of newspaper work seem to hold out greater attractions than ever to irredeemable mediocrity.

The Bishop of London says that for every ten men in East London who listened to the Gospel twenty-four years ago, you will now find six hundred. Perhaps the twenty-four years has reference to Bishop Ingram's appearance on the scene, and this is his graceful way of paying himself a compliment. We have no means of testing the figures, but we should like to know where this additional 590 manage to hide themselves. Evidently they don't show up in church attendances. And one cannot think of a Bishop tolling an untruth.

None so blind as those who won't see. A reviewer in the *Guardian* remarks that "In England, though it may be otherwise in the Latin countries, unbelief is rare." We readily grant that in England unbelief is neither so bold nor so pronounced as it is, say, in France; but to speak of it as "rare" is simply ridiculous. We do not believe that the proportion of unbelievers to believers is very much different in England to what is the case in France. But here it goes under a number of more or less fancy names. Moreover, in the political world the rule is for those who are Freethinkers to keep their opinions to themselves, or at most never allow their Freethought to make itself obvious in connection with their political life. But if England were to be suddenly seized with an epidemic of mental honesty and straightforward speech, we believe it would be found that the number of unbelievers would not be very far short of many sects that rank themselves as quite respectable in point of numbers.

A Wycliffe preacher—that is, a Kensitite—went into St. Matthew's Parish Church, Sheffield, with a hammer, which he used on an image of the Madonna and Child. The head of little Jesus was knocked right off, and the Madonna's head and face were seriously injured. The iconoclast begged the Archbishop of York to prosecute him. Whether his wish will be granted remains to be seen. Meanwhile we note the strange harmony in the household of faith.

Another poor professional Christite. Rev. William Henry Arundell, rector of Stocksleigh, Devon, left £23,043. If the Gospels are true he must have made a big splash in hell.

One thing is certain amidst the chances and changes of French politics. The men at the head of affairs are nearly all Freethinkers. The new Ministry under M. Briand is as full of Freethinkers as the old Ministry under M. Poincaré.

The latter, who is now President of the French Republic, is a well-known materialistic scientist.

Among the interesting, and sometimes valuable, books included in Nelson's "Shilling Library" is the *Letters of Dr. John Brown*. This is not the place to say anything about the general contents of this volume. Our object here is not literary. We desire to illustrate a very significant fact in the bearing of Christians towards Freethinkers. Now that the Blasphemy Laws are falling into disgrace, it is often contended that "blasphemers" are rightly punished, not for their heresy, but for "hurting the feelings" of their orthodox fellow citizens. How absurd and hypocritical this is may be seen by the fact that it is only one set of people's feelings that receive protection. A question of "wounded feelings" should be considered impartially. A Christian should be punished for "outraging" the feelings of Freethinkers as much as a Freethinker for "outraging" the feelings of Christians. But this is never contemplated—and it never will be. For the present view of the Blasphemy Laws is merely an excuse for punishing Freethinkers by incurring an unanswerable charge of intolerance. Now one of the things most strongly reprobated by Christians is "ridicule." This is no wonder. The most trying of all criticism is *ridicule*—when you are not sure of your ground, which no Christian of to-day really is. But the Christian who objects to ridicule when applied to his convictions does not object to it when applied to the convictions of his opponents. On the contrary, he thoroughly enjoys it, and says it is the most just and effective way of dealing with them. Moreover, the Christians are all pretty much alike in this respect. Station and education seem to make no difference; neither does character,—and that is curious. Dr. John Brown was one of the best and kindest of men by nature. Christian as he was, and an orthodox Christian too, a beautiful sonnet was addressed to him by Swinburne, which opens this collection of his *Letters*; while the very last thing in the volume is a letter from another Freethinker, Mark Twain, wittily declaring that "He was the most extensive slaveholder of his time, and the kindest; and yet he died without setting one of his bondmen free." Yet this good man, so finely eulogised by two Freethinkers who loved him, had the gracelessness to refer to Professor Tyndall in the following manner, three or four years after the delivery of the famous Belfast address:

"Thanks again for the Tyndall; ridicule is one of the best ways of meeting his pernicious and idiotic stuff."

How ridiculous this sounds after the lapse of nearly forty years! How ill-mannered, also, is such language in reference to a scientist of Tyndall's size and weight! "Don't let us argue with him," Dr. Brown seems to say, "let us ridicule him and make people laugh at him." And this in spite of the fact that Tyndall's own style of controversy was as grave as possible, and his language of the most correct good breeding. One cannot help reflecting that Christian bigotry was enough to poison so sweet and sound a nature as Dr. Brown's; and what worse could be said of it?

We remember an almost sadder case than this. Bishop Berkeley, a man of saintly character, to whom Pope ascribed "every virtue under heaven," wrote an article in the *Guardian*, in which he said that the author of the famous *Discourse on Freethinking* "deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water." And who was the author of that wicked book? Anthony Collins, a man of most exemplary character. The great John Locke was charmed with him and made him one of his executors, praising his "love of truth and moral courage as superior to almost any other he had ever known"—according to Professor Fraser.

In another part of this week's *Freethinker* we reproduce a *Star* report of a curious case at the court of Coroner Waldo, of Southwark. Evidently the Coroner was angry at the foreman of the jury preferring the Affirmation to the Oath. But that does not excuse the vulgar insolence with which he addressed Mr. Ray. The Bradlaugh Oaths Act gives the same rights in every respect to those who affirm as to those who swear. Dr. Waldo may think otherwise, but in that case he is mistaken,—as he may learn to his cost if he insults an affirming jurymen who is able and willing to carry the matter further.

For two or three generations at least after John Wesley, says Dr. Scott Lidgett, "when any man became distinguished for religious fervor, for moral earnestness, or for humane sympathies, men said of him, 'He has turned Methodist.'" Well, this is simply not true. Methodists might have said it; but then no one has ever accused them of lack of impertinence. Rightly or wrongly, but as a mere

question of fact, with large numbers of people a profession of moral earnestness and humanitarian sympathies was in no sense identified with Methodism. Methodism was rather a synonym for moral cant and religious hypocrisy. We are not now saying whether this identification was justifiable or not, but it was there. All the same, we should like to know with what humanitarian movements Methodism was allied in its earlier years. It was certainly not the Temperance movement. Neither was it the movement for the rational treatment of criminals, nor for the equality of the sexes. And it is significant that the developments of the worst features of the English factory system, with its systematic depopulation of the countryside in the interests of the factory owner, and its wholesale murder of women and children for the sake of huge profits, was coincident with the development of Methodism. Perhaps Dr. Scott Lidgett will explain.

A correspondent of the *Methodist Times*, commenting on Mr. Elmore's description of Sunday in East Ham (noted in last week's *Freethinker*), wishes to know why the Churches were passed over in dealing with East Ham's Sunday resources. We fancy Mr. Elmore might reply that he was dealing with the absence of places that offered a clean, healthy entertainment, and which might offer to the crowds parading the streets some better attraction than the public-house. Of course, in the ordinary way, such articles in a religious paper would have dwelt upon the number of churches, their tremendous power in beautifying and purifying the district, and the eagerness with which the crowds flocked to the services. For once in a way, a little of the truth was allowed to show itself. Hence the surprise of the correspondent. The same gentleman also observes on Mr. Elmore's remark that the streets of East Ham on Sunday presented "a dismal spectacle," "What better of a sane and health community could one wish to meet with?" That sentence is a gem, and it would be a pity to spoil it by comment.

"When Miss Mary Boone arrived in New York last week from Munich with a gold and diamond chalice which Princess Louise Ferdinand of Bavaria wished to present to the new Spanish church in this city, the customs officers refused to let the bauble pass without duty. Miss Boone thereupon hiked to the residence of Cardinal Farley, who went forthwith to the custom house and came away with the chalice. We do not understand the action of the customs officials. If there is a law under which they acted in refusing to let the importation pass in the custody of the woman, how could the appearance of the Catholic prelate alter the state of affairs? What is the graft? How are Farley and the Catholic churches privileged above secular citizens and institutions to import articles of value duty free? Does exemption from taxation and assessments imply an equally corrupt immunity from the customs charges the rest of us have to pay? Do corruption, protection, and graft become virtuous when practised in the name of religion?"—*Truthseeker* (New York).

A lady living at Plumstead has six sons in the Army, four of whom have reached non-commissioned rank. Their mother is naturally proud of her sons, and we should be very sorry to say anything that would diminish her pride in her family, or the sons' respect for their mother. But in connection with this we came across a comment in one of our leading newspapers to the effect that not many women have rendered more splendid or honorable service to their country than this one. And to that we do object most emphatically. The notion that parents only do the country service when they supply sons for the Army or the Navy is simply monstrous. Any parent that brings up a child in a clean and honorable manner, and leaves it at maturity capable of playing his or her part in the work of the world, has done the State full and honorable service. The mother who has sons working honorably on the land, or in any other decent occupation, has quite as much cause to be proud of her family as has the mother of these six soldiers, and we hope that she would endorse our opinion. We do not wish to saddle her with responsibility for the opinion of the newspaper from which we quote, but that opinion may surely be taken as an indication of the undeveloped character of our civilisation.

The *Guardian* warns people against assuming that Disestablishment will heal religious differences and cause the various sects to work more amicably together. It also points out that neither in America nor in Ireland has the absence of an Established Church had this effect. For once in a way, we find ourselves in agreement with a religious paper. We should, of course, support any measure of real Disestablishment on purely political grounds, and as an act of justice towards all citizens. But we should not expect,

in the present state of the world, any remarkable results to follow from it. We certainly should not expect Christians to become less Christian or less intolerant, either towards each other or towards non-Christians, as a consequence of such a measure. All that the absence of one Established Church in the States has meant is that all Churches are established. They are more or less protected by the State, and non-Christians are more or less harmed by them.

This is really what we should expect to see follow the Disestablishment of the Church in England and Wales. And this is really all that the vast majority of Nonconformists have in view. Their objection is not to religion patronised, protected, and endowed by the State, but to one religion being selected, and that one not their own. If the State offered to endow all sects alike, the cry for Disestablishment would be killed outright—except with a few enthusiasts for principle. The clamor of Nonconformists to have their sects officially represented at State functions, their acceptance of public money in the shape of remission of rates, their maintenance of religious functions in connection with municipal life, their use of the State for the suppression of anti-Christian opinion, with their support of the State teaching and endowment of religion in schools, proves that they are not advocating a genuine Disestablishment of religion. It is the Disestablishment of a Church they are after. And, candidly, we have no desire to see the Church of England pulled down in order to erect in its place Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and the numerous other rag-tag and bob-tail of the religious world. Religion is only genuinely disestablished when a sufficient number of people have ceased to believe in it. While they do believe in it, all history shows that they will scheme and manœuvre for the help of the secular power in maintaining it. The man who does not recognise this has read history with his eyes closed.

The truth is gradually leaking out as to the conduct of the Balkan Allies during the recent war. Here is a passage from an article in the *Outlook* :—

"Not one, but a hundred, Cawnpores have marked the march of the Servian and Bulgarian Nana Sahibs. The blood of scores of thousands of Turkish and Albanian women and children is on the hands of the 'Christian' armies. Old men and prisoners have been shot, stabbed, or brained with the rifle-butt after almost every Servian and Bulgarian occupation of conquered territory. 'The Cross' has not been 'raised above the Crescent,' as Mr. Harold Spender fondly asserts in the gushing columns of the *Daily News*, but it has been raised above a hundred and fifty thousand butchered men, women, and children, sacrificed to a devilish inhumanity and to a still more devilish cupidity and calculation by the officers and soldiers of King Peter of Servia and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It was not merely the defeat of the Turkish arms that the savage victors desired. They wanted the conquered land to be utterly cleared of inhabitants in order to have unimpeded room for Servian and Bulgarian colonisation. 'There will be no Moslem questions for the future in Macedonia,' said a Serb conqueror to Miss Durham, as reported by her in the *Nation*. 'The Moslems have been killed off.' The lowest estimate which has been made of the work of ruthless, deliberate massacre places the total of murdered Turkish and Albanian people—men, women, and children—at over a hundred and sixty thousand and probably as many as two hundred thousand."

"The common bond of outrage and butchery," the *Outlook* says, "will hardly provide a solid base of Balkan union."

Some day or other a collection of noble sayings of actual personages will be made. It will be a fine task for whoever undertakes it. We doubt if anything in the collection will beat the saying of the lofty-souled Frenchwoman who offered Condorcet a shelter when he was proscribed during the French Revolution. According to the law, whoever gave refuge to a proscribed person incurred the penalty of death. But that did not frighten her. "If you are outside the law," she said, "we are not outside humanity." Isn't that grand? Condorcet's action was also grand. He would not bring peril upon her house, and he went forth to his doom. He was an Atheist. Probably she was too.

We told the Leeds police that there was plenty of necessary work for them without worrying Freethought speakers over a little "extra" language. Many of the clergy want a great deal more looking after. We see that the Rev. Joseph Armitage Haigh has been arrested with a reformatory-school boy and charged with "a grave offence." His guilt or innocence the law will decide. We are merely congratulating the Leeds police on attending to their proper business.

Mr. Foote's Engagements

Sunday, February 2, Queen's (Minor) Hall, Langham-place, Regent-street, London, W., at 7.30, "Woman's Worst Enemy."

February 9, 16, and 23, Queen's (Minor) Hall, London.

To Correspondents.

J. D. REDDING.—You can obtain "specimen" copies of the *Freethinker* (back numbers, of course) from our publishing office for free distribution. You would merely have to pay the carriage.

E. B.—Your cuttings, etc., are very welcome.

G. BARNARD.—The reply is simply disreputable. But it is not worth a rejoinder. And if the Rationalist Press Association does not object to such an abuse of its name by one in whom superiority of nature does not correct the defects of education, there is no more to be said.

E. HANNAH.—See paragraph. Thanks.

E. J. JONES.—Too late for this week; in our next.

"BAFFLED."—Yes, the Deity *has* sold the Suffragists. But will they take it as his answer?

W. P. BALL.—Many thanks for cuttings.

M. M. MANGASARIAN (Chicago).—Very glad to hear from you again. Thanks also for your new lectures. We shall be writing you very shortly. Meanwhile we wish to assure you that you have many admirers (amongst our readers, at any rate) over here.

HARRY SHAW.—You have full permission to translate any of our articles into Esperanto. Is there any need to say more? Of course our great object is to be read.

C. W. COYLE.—Glad to hear that this journal affords you so much "intellectual enjoyment."

SOME correspondence stands over unavoidably till next week.

THE SECULAR SOCIETY, LIMITED, office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

THE NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY'S office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

WHEN the services of the National Secular Society in connection with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the secretary, Miss E. M. Vance.

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 Shop Manager of the Pioneer Press, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., and not to the Editor.

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

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.

"Woman's Worst Enemy" is the subject of Mr. Foote's lecture at Queen's Hall this evening (Feb. 2). It should be of peculiar interest in view of the "week of prayer" organised by the leaders of the Suffragist movement and the prompt collapse of "woman suffrage" cause in the House of Commons on Monday.

The January course of lectures at the Public Hall, Croydon, was wound up on Sunday evening by Mr. A. B. Moss, who had an excellent audience. The Secular Society, Ltd., having started this interesting experiment at considerable cost is now leaving it to the new N. S. S. Branch to continue the local propaganda.

The West Ham Branch holds a "social" at the Workmen's Hall, Romford-road, Stratford, on Saturday evening, February 8. Admission is free and all Freethinkers are cordially invited. Start at 7.30.

The Annual Meeting of the Rationalist Peace Society will be held at 167 St. Stephen's House, Westminster, on Thursday evening, February 13, at 8 o'clock. Members are earnestly invited to attend. St. Stephen's House faces the Embankment just a little east of the Parliament buildings.

The late Andrew Lang's book on the Bacon theory of "Shakespeare" has been published promptly. Another book on the same subject is now announced—"The Bacon Heresy," by Mr. J. M. Robertson, which is sure to be a thorough piece of work, whatever judgment it may challenge in other respects.

We see by the *Truthseeker* that an effort is being made to organise Sunday morning Freethought lectures in New York, with Mr. William Thurston Brown as speaker. We wish the experiment all success. There certainly appears room for it. We have often wondered why nothing of the kind existed in the biggest city in America.

Mrs. Ingersoll, the widow of R. G. Ingersoll, who is therefore the first lady in America in our estimation, has sent us a card announcing her daughter Maud's marriage to Mr. Wallace Marcus Probasco. Of course the nuptial ceremony was on secular lines and of the greatest simplicity. We wish the bride and bridegroom a long and happy union. Our one regret is that we cannot accept their kind invitation to look in at one of their at-homes.

The Ingersoll family is still a subject of attention in America. It also seems to be growing in spite of the Colonel's death. Billy Sunday, the revivalist, is running round the story that Ingersoll recanted and told his son to return to his mother's faith. Mrs. Ingersoll's "faith" was the same as her husband's, so their "son" hadn't far to go; moreover, the said "son" is like Jesus Christ in this that he is a product of Christian imagination.

This week's *Freethinker* leaves the editorial hands on Tuesday evening. Two days later there will be a meeting of the National Secular Society's Executive. At that meeting the whole matter involved in the purposes of our "Fighting Fund" will be discussed and decided. It is probable that very early action will be taken. The policy of the London County Council appears to be one of evasion by delay. But this will not be submitted to by the friends of free speech and discussion. A really definite statement may, therefore, be expected in our next issue.

The matter of the President's Honorarium Fund stands over for another week. We desire to say something about it ourselves in addition to the annual circular, and we prefer to let both appear in the same number of this journal. Meanwhile subscriptions—which will be publicly acknowledged in due course—are being acknowledged privately.

The American friend who offered to make up any deficiency on the full £300 for the 1912 Fund forwarded us his cheque with the utmost promptitude, but he omitted to say whether we were to disclose his name or not, so we are waiting until we hear from him again.

Correspondence.

FIELDING—MACAULAY—SHELLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your luminous exposition of the resemblance between Shelley's dedication of *Peter Bell* and Macaulay's forecast of the New Zealander suggests to me the possible relationship of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop to Fielding's Mrs. Slipslop in *Joseph Andrews*.

The Rivals appears to have been first produced in 1775, while *Joseph Andrews* appeared in 1742; and may it not have been that, to enhance the risible element in his first attempt as a dramatist, Sheridan expanded the somewhat limited vocabulary of Mrs. Slipslop into Mrs. Malaprop's somewhat overdone "derangement of epitaphs"?

J. W. O'LEARY.

[The Dame Quickly of Shakespeare (*Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*) is probably the "great original" of the whole species.—EDITOR.]

Religion and Rapine in the Balkans.

THE Balkan nations have sullied their triumphant career of conquest and racial revenge by exhibiting some of the worst vices of the "bottom dog" rendered vicious by the new-found capacity to bark and bite. The fact that the conquerors are Christian will not deprive them of one atom of the sympathy and enthusiasm with which Freethinkers throughout the world are wont to greet the efforts of brave races "nobly struggling to be free." But the fight for liberty and national redemption from an intolerable yoke is one thing, and the entrance upon a veritable crusade of ferocity is another.

The initial proclamation by the Bulgarian Ferdinand of a crusade against the Turk, with the religious sanction and approval of the Bulgarian variety of the Christian faith, was of bad omen for the humane prosecution of the war—that is to say, for its prosecution with only the ordinary accessories of superfluous killing consecrated by the usages of war as practised by the present-day followers of the Prince of Peace. The events of the last few months have served to prove that a war of religions under the immediate patronage of rival gods and priests can engender more ferocities than a mere war of races, and that the Christian hatred of the Moslem and Jew, *qua* Moslem and *qua* Jew, has suffered no mitigation in the long course of the ages.

Already, in mid-November, the news was known in England that the Greek soldiers in Salonica had sacked the Jewish quarter, ransacking and destroying the synagogues; and this, coupled with the time-honored violation of young Jewish women, completed the picture of terror and desolation wrought by the newly consecrated soldiers of the Cross. The *Times* correspondent at Salonica tells us that, "inaugurated by the local Greek press, a crusade of anti-Semitism has spread over the armies, with the result that the unfortunate Israelites have been pillaged and mercilessly ill-treated." The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* did not confine the blame to the Greeks, for he says that "on their march to Salonica the Bulgarians had already had more than a taste for blood and rapine, having ravaged without mercy the Turkish villages on the way, and as soon as they entered Salonica they began to pillage systematically the quarters occupied by them." As the Greek and Bulgarian armies made practically simultaneous entry into Salonica, the inhabitants, who, as is well known, are mostly Jews, were caught between two fires and maltreated by two sets of infuriated bigots. We can now understand why certain pious people in this country were hungering after a full-dress national thanksgiving and singing of the *Te Deum* in the churches and chapels in laudation of the Lord for crowning with victory the army of the Balkan Allies.

The Jews of European Turkey are mostly the descendants of the 800,000 Jews that were driven out of Spain by the Holy Inquisition and the Christian monarchs of Spain, who acted as the familiars of the Holy Office. There are now in the Balkans some 400,000 of these scattered offshoots of a scattered race—the Sephardim, as they are called, to distinguish them from the Achkenazim, who came from Poland, Hungary, and Germany, driven forth, in both cases, by the holy zeal of the Christian. The Sephardim speak—writing it in quasi-Hebrew characters—the old language of Spain, and hold a tenacious remembrance of the prosperity and brilliant culture that their forefathers created in Spain under the Arab domination.

My friend Lorand, who knows these Balkanic Judeo-Spaniards well,* states that for some time after their dispersion, the Sephardim were subdivided into as many local groups as there were centres of origin, and that right down to the seventeenth century the Castilian, the Toledan, and the Barcelonian groups of emigrants kept themselves distinct and separate. Salonica contained thirty-six of these

divisions, corresponding to as many parishes, but with the march of time unity was at length established.

At a period of their chequered history when the cup of their sufferings was filled to overflowing, the Jews enjoyed in Turkey a long spell of hospitality and toleration. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the age of gold for the Sephardim. The Jewish refugees from Spain and Portugal, who were distinguished by their culture, found ready access to the Sultan's court, and careers were opened up to them in diplomacy or in the public administration. For two centuries the Sephardim Jews in Turkey carried on the high functions of state, but, subsequently, these passed from them into the hands of the Greeks. During the early days that succeeded the establishment of the Sephardim in the diverse states of the Sultan's dominions, the first emigrants from Spain and Portugal, whose forefathers had provided a rich succession of savants, philosophers, and renowned physicians to the Caliphs of Cordova, strove to develop in their new home the culture which they had fostered in Spain. The sterilising influence of the Turk was, however, by no means so favorable to their efforts for culture and civilisation as the enlightened rule of the Arabs.

In these later years the educational work of the "Alliance israélite" brought about a revival of culture amongst the Balkan Jews, and this has borne moral and political fruit; the enlightened Jews in Macedonia, who, for the most part, were affiliated to the Masonic lodges, were amongst the first to rally to the liberalising movement which, four years ago, brought about the downfall of the Hamidian regime. The lodges of Salonica became the principal hotbeds of the Young Turk revolution, and the Israelitish element was honorably associated with the new Government of Turkey: with the official Government as also with the secret government organised by the Committee of Union and Progress. Until the Kiamil Cabinet was formed, the Jews occupied the highest posts under the Porte, and the boycott against Greek commerce was especially their work. The revenge which the Greeks have recently taken in the form of massacre, rape, and rapine is thus seen to be the culminating point of a long series of racial and religious rivalries between Greek and Jew, accentuated by the recent irritations occasioned by commercial loss through the boycott; and, secondly, by an insolent sense of mastery and victory on the part of the Greeks.

There is danger lest, in its anxiety for peace and its indifference to anything so ideal as fair play for Jews against Christians, Europe may ignore the hard case of the persecuted Jews at Salonica. Apparently, some 100,000 Sephardim are immediately affected by these tragic outbursts of mediæval horrors in and about Salonica, which, whether it become a Bulgarian or a Greek town, is already predominantly a Jewish town. In fact, Salonica is, perhaps, the place where the Jewish element is most predominant from a numerical, and normally, from a self-government point of view.

My attention was drawn with special interest to this dark shadow on the Balkan horizon by a pathetic article in *El Progreso* of January 10, written by Senor Sam Levy, the late editor of *La Epoca* of Salonica. The article, written in the curious Spanish which survives amongst the Balkan Jews, is an appeal to Spain and to her people and government to defend "the holy cause of humanity" by intervening in defence of the threatened Sephardim,—

"that is to say, in defence of a hundred thousand Judeo-Spaniards who are your brothers in language and nationality. Europe is looking on with indifference at the scenes, so dishonorable to humanity and to modern civilisation, that are being enacted in Macedonia, a cursed land soaked with human blood, and, above all, in Salonica, which has been the cradle of liberty.....In the streets, in the squares, and in every corner of Salonica, the Greeks, those unworthy descendants of ancient Hellas, are wounding, robbing, violating, assassinating, and despoiling under the indulgent eyes of the officials and the authorities."

* *Le Ralliement* (Bruxelles), January 5, 1913.

This touching article, which originally appeared in the *Heraldo*, and produced a painful and sympathetic impression on Spanish public opinion, winds up with an appeal to the mother country for protection:—

"All these victims, Spain, are thy children; the children whom thou did'st abandon five centuries ago; but they have not cast aside their maternal language, nor their traditions, nor their memories."

Resolute intervention on behalf of these, her long-lost children, is Spain's obvious duty, and such an act in noble reparation of an ancient wrong would be more honorable to Spain than the wasting of her substance upon illusory empire in the Rif. Here is a chance for Spain now that a new regime of progress seems dawning upon the country by the signal revenge upon Maura which the ghost of Ferrer has again inflicted upon that dangerous bigot.

Senor Sam Levy has written to me with further information on these Greek outrages and on the future dangers to which the Sephardim are subjected. He states that when the invaders entered into the Macedonian towns the Sephardim, who were well affected to the Turks, did not indulge in any manifestations of joy, nor did they display any outward signs of sympathy with the conquerors. The Greeks have officially declared that the persecutions to which the Jews have been subjected were due to the frigid reception which they accorded to the soldiers of the Cross. But even if the Jews had given way to transports of delight in welcoming their implacable enemies, the Greeks, the latter would doubtless have persecuted them under some other pretext equally frivolous. The truth is that the Greeks are jealous of the commercial prosperity of the Jews, and are piously anxious to effect their ruin. According to advices received from Macedonia, more than 8,000 Jewish families have been the victims of numerous acts of robbery, the infliction of the bastinado, and the rape of young girls in the presence of their parents. Jewish merchants and traders have been assassinated in broad daylight and their property plundered. Already three accusations of the ritual crime, the blood accusation—that sure provocative of massacre so dear to the heart of Christians in Eastern Europe when they lust to kill—have been made against the Sephardim. My correspondent dreads the awful consequences to his race when the Easter festivities take place. Senor Levy declares most positively that if the press in Western Europe takes no notice of these abominations, the persecutions will break out again in more terrible form. If the Greeks remain at Salonica, the total ruin of the Sephardim is—he thinks—a matter of certainty. For that reason he insists that Spain and the rest of Europe should seriously concern themselves with this new danger to civilisation. His view is that Spain ought, in the first place, to take under its protection the Sephardim of the Balkans, and afterwards organise a systematic and rational system of emigration for the reintegration of the Sephardim into the body of the Spanish race. The uncultivated lands in Spain, left fallow since the days when Moor and Jew lived peaceably side by side under the Spanish sun, might, he considers, be apportioned to the refugee Sephardim, true sons of mediæval Iberia, expatriated from her once fertile soil by the relentless ferocity of the Holy Inquisition. Senor Levy appeals to the English press to create a strong current of public opinion on behalf of the threatened Sephardim, and I am glad to be his mouthpiece in making urgent appeal for humanity and justice. As for Spain, she has every interest, and her Government has every incentive of national duty, to step forward now to repair in some measure the calamitous mistake and crime—the mistake being greater than ordinarily is the case than the crime—to which the nation was driven five hundred years ago when the Church rooted out of Spain and Portugal the quick-witted, cultured, and industrious ancestors of the Sephardim. I am glad to say that the question of repatriation has already enlisted much sympathy in influential quarters in Spain. Thus one generation is called upon to heal

the wounds of the past, and thus the conscience of the race slowly but surely acquires the painful but salutary conviction that religion in general, and the Christian superstition in particular, are seminally the *morbus maleficus*, the perennial plague-spots of humanity, ever sapping the foundations of sympathy and goodwill between man and man and race and race; yielding only to the disinfecting influence of rational culture and to the enlightened secularisation of the social activities of mankind.

WILLIAM HEAFORD.

God's Views on Women.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, an American authoress, says of men: "They admire God because he made himself in their gender, and knew what he was about when he invented woman." According to the Bible, however, woman was merely an afterthought of creation, and "brought sin into the world and all our woe," shortly after her appearance on the scene. She owes to man the rib for her manufacture. Eve, says Paul, was in the transgression. She had the curse which involves most suffering, and "He shall rule over thee" was a prophetic portion thereof. From first to last the Bible is a he-book. God is masculine, and his only-begotten child is a son. Why did he not beget a daughter to right the wrong Mother Eve is said to have committed? The Roman Catholics have endeavored to supply this omission by elevating Mary to a position of more importance than God the Father himself.

Throughout the Bible women are treated with contempt. All God's favorites were polygamists. Women were bought and sold in the same way as other merchandise. Rebekah was virtually bought by Abraham's servant for Isaac. In the Ten Commandments a man's wife is classed with his ox, his ass, or anything which is his. In the chapter following the Decalogue permission is given to fathers to sell their daughters into slavery. Sarah gave Hagar, her female slave, "to her husband, Abraham, to be his wife," and when he was tired of her he cast her with her child into the desert. "And God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bond-woman."

The patriarchal system had long been established when the Bible was compiled, although there are traces in the Old Testament records of a far earlier matriarchal stage, when kinship was traced through mothers, fathers being uncertain. The power of the father was supreme, extending, as in the case of Abraham, to life and death. He never thought of consulting Sarah as to whether he should sacrifice her only son. According to the divine laws dictated by God to Moses, all that a husband had to do if his wife found no favor in his eyes was to "write her a bill of divorcement, give it in her hand, and send her out of his house" (Deut. xxiv. 1). The woman had no power of appeal. Her husband was accuser, judge, and jury. No remedy is offered to the woman if her husband finds no favor in her eyes. A female child was held to be an extra defilement to a woman, and an additional atonement was required.

Painters depict angels as feminine, but the Bible angels are all males. The three who appeared to Abraham were mistaken for men. The one who wrestled with Jacob is called a man. The angel that announced a child to Manoah's wife was "a man of God." The angel that announced to Zachariah the birth of John was a male, and so was the one who appeared to Mary. It is curious how often angelic visits were followed by births.

The preacher who writes in the name of the sensual sultan Solomon declares: "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found." This is put forward as God's word, and his opinion of his handiwork. Burns paid God a better compliment when he wrote of Nature:—

"Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!"

The women most praised in the Bible are Rahab, the harlot, who betrayed her own people, and Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, who basely assassinated a man who took refuge in her tent. If women had written the Bible, they would not have selected such heroines as these. No wonder some of them desire a revised Woman's Bible of their own!

God surely never meant women to read his holy volume, or he would have expunged the many shameless stories and filthy words which it contains. A decent deity would hardly have had the effrontery to inspire such narratives as those of Lot and his daughters, Tamar, the Levite's concubine, Bathsheba, Abishag, Aholah and Ahoibah, and the details of Ezekiel, Hosea, and the Song of Solomon, if he had expected feminine readers. Had the Bible been written by women, be sure we should have had a different representation of them. Perhaps we might have read that it was Adam, not Eve, who was in the transgression.

The New Testament regards woman in much the same light as the Old. Paul says: "But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man" (1 Cor. xi. 3). In his epistle to the Ephesians (v. 22), he commands: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord." That is to say, the submission must be unquestioning and complete. "For," he repeats, "the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church.....Therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands *in everything*." No despot could require a larger charter than granted by Paul. Again he says: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection" (1 Tim. ii. 7). He affirms, in the most pronounced terms, that the position of woman is a subordinate and servile one. "I suffer not a woman to teach," he exclaims with masculine arrogance (1 Tim. ii. 12).

In the seventh chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, where Paul deals with the marriage relation, he puts that institution on a purely bestial basis, and says: "He that giveth a virgin in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." Not a word as to the possibility of a girl having a will of her own in the matter. In a succeeding chapter (xi. 6-10) he insists that "the woman" must either be covered (wear a veil, as they do in the East) or "let her also be shorn." "For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man. For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man." The verse which follows, "For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head because of the angels," has puzzled the commentators. It is illustrated by similar precepts in the Koran. Paul, like Mohammed, thought that even the angels might fall into the snares of female beauty. A little further on (xiv. 34, 35) Paul again says: "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." Paul well knew that the whole tenor and spirit of the Bible touching the status of woman is that her main mission is but to minister to man—his inferior, not his equal.

Our "great exemplar" was a male, who never married. The references of Jesus to the sex are entirely of a monkish character. "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" he brutally exclaims to his mother. His chosen disciples were men, though he let women minister unto him. He taught that marriage was an inferior state, praising those who made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake (Matthew xix. 12). In the Apocalypse we find that the elect of heaven are those "not defiled with women" (Rev. xiv. 4). The Catholic Church has always taught that unnatural celibacy is the higher state of life, and the early Christian Fathers unite in condemning the characters of women. Tertullian calls her "the gateway of hell."

Through the ages when Christianity was predominant she was regarded emphatically as the temptress, the agent of Satan, to lead men from the holy life. Of the nine millions who, it has been computed, were slaughtered in the persecution of witchcraft, probably only one in five hundred was a male.

The teachings of the Bible have contributed to make slaves of women and tyrants of men. There are abundant signs that this old teaching will not suit the present day. Women, who desire the emancipation of their sex, should cease to work for the religion which has built its churches on their prostration, and have the courage to affirm that Paul's authority has no influence with them.

(The late) J. M. WHEELER.

—Sub-Editor of the "Freethinker" and Author of the "Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers," etc.

The Infidel and the Christian.

[The following extract is from Mark Twain's *What is Man?* which was given to the public only after his death. The book is in the form of a dialogue between an Old Man—a Determinist—and a Young Man—an orthodox Christian. The Old Man's theory is that conscience is a product of environment and outside influences, and, therefore, the standard of right and wrong must vary according to circumstances. The Old Man further contends that the mainspring of all of our actions is to do that only which gives us pleasure. The purport of the following story is to force home the admission that if it is wrong for an infidel to disturb a Christian's religion, it is equally reprehensible for a Christian to shake the faith of a heathen in his own pet gods.—E. B.]

OLD MAN.—I will tell you a little story. Once upon a time an Infidel was guest in the house of a Christian widow whose little boy was ill and near to death. The Infidel often watched by the bedside and entertained the boy with talk, and he used these opportunities to satisfy a strong longing of his nature—that desire which is in us all, to better other people's condition by having them think as we think. He was successful. But the dying boy, in his last moments, reproached him, and said:—

"I believed and was happy in it; you have taken my belief away and my comfort. Now, I have nothing left, and I die miserable; for the things which you have told me do not take the place of that which I have lost."

And the mother also reproached the Infidel, and said:—

"My child is for ever lost, and my heart is broken. How could you do this cruel thing? We have done you no harm, but only kindness; we made our house your home, you were welcome to all we had, and this is our reward."

The heart of the Infidel was filled with remorse for what he had done, and he said:—

"It was wrong—I see it now; but I was only trying to do him good. In my view, he was in error; it seemed my duty to teach him the truth."

Then the mother said:—

"I had taught him all his little life what I believed to be the truth, and in his believing faith both of us were happy. Now he is dead and lost, and I am miserable. Our faith came down to us through centuries of believing ancestors; what right had you, or anyone, to disturb it? Where was your honor, where was your shame?"

YOUNG MAN.—He was a miscreant, and deserved death.

O. M.—He thought so himself, and said so.

Y. M.—Ah—you see, *his conscience was awakened!*

O. M.—Yes—his Self Disapproval was. It *pained* him to see the mother suffer. He was sorry he had done a thing which brought *him* pain. It did not occur to him to think of the mother when he was misteaching the boy, for he was absorbed in providing *pleasure* for himself then. Providing it by satisfying what he believed to be a call of duty.

Y. M.—Call it what you please, it is to me a case of *awakened conscience*. That awakened conscience could never get itself into that species of trouble again. A cure like that is a *permanent* cure.

O. M.—Pardon—I had not finished the story. We are creatures of *outside influences*—we originate *nothing* within. Whenever we take a new line of thought and drift into a new line of belief and action, the impulse is *always* suggested from the *outside*. Remorse so preyed upon the Infidel that it dissolved his harshness towards the boy's religion, and made him come to regard it with tolerance, next with kindness, for the boy's sake and the mother's. Finally, he found himself examining it. From that moment, his progress in the new trend was steady and

rapid. He became a believing Christian. And now his remorse for having robbed the dying boy of his faith and his salvation was bitterer than ever. It gave him no rest, no peace. He *must* have rest and peace—it is the law of our nature. There seemed but one way to get it; he must devote himself to saving imperilled souls. He became a missionary. He landed in a Pagan country ill and helpless. A native widow took him into her humble home and nursed him back to convalescence. Then her young boy was taken hopelessly ill, and the grateful missionary helped her tend him. Here was the first opportunity to repair a part of the wrong done to the other boy by doing a precious service for this one by undermining his foolish faith in his false gods. He was successful. But the dying boy in his last moments reproached him and said:—

"I believed and was happy in it; you have taken my belief away, and my comfort. Now, I have nothing left, and I die miserable; for the things you have told me do not take the place of that which I have lost."

And the mother also reproached the missionary and said:—

"My child is for ever lost, and my heart is broken. How could you do this cruel thing? We had done you no harm, but only kindness; we made our house your home, you were welcome to all we had, and this is our reward."

The heart of the missionary was filled with remorse for what he had done and he said:—

"It was wrong—I see it now; but I was only trying to do him good. In my view, he was in error; it seemed my duty to teach him the truth."

Then the mother said:—

"I had taught him, all his little life, what I believed to be the truth, and in his believing faith both of us were happy. Now he is dead—and lost; and I am miserable. Our faith came down to us through centuries of believing ancestors; what right had you, or anyone, to disturb it? Where was your honor, where was your shame?"

The missionary's anguish of remorse and sense of treachery were as bitter and persecuting and unappeasable now as they had been in the former case. The story is finished. What is your comment?

Y. M.—The man's conscience was a fool! It was morbid. It didn't know right from wrong.

O. M.—I am not sorry to hear you say that. If you grant that one man's conscience doesn't know right from wrong, it is an admission that there are others like it. This single admission pulls down the whole doctrine of infallibility of judgment in consciences. Meantime, there is one thing which I ask you to notice.

Y. M.—What is that?

O. M.—That in both cases the man's *act* gave him no spiritual discomfort, and that he was quite satisfied with it and got pleasure out of it. But afterwards when it resulted in *pain* to him he was sorry. Sorry it had inflicted pain upon the others, *but for no reason under the sun except that their pain had given him pain*. Our consciences take no notice of pain inflicted upon others until it reaches a point where it gives pain to us. In all cases, without exception, we are absolutely indifferent to another person's pain until his sufferings make us uncomfortable. Many an infidel would not have been troubled by that Christian mother's distress. Don't you believe that?

Y. M.—Yes, you might almost say it of the average infidel, I think.

O. M.—And many a missionary, sternly fortified by his sense of duty, would not have been troubled by the pagan mother's distress—Jesuit missionaries in Canada in the early French times, for instance; see Episodes quoted by Parkman.

Y. M.—Well, let us adjourn. Where have we arrived?

O. M.—At this. That we (mankind) have ticketed ourselves with a number of qualities to which we have given misleading names. Love, Hate, Charity, Compassion, Avarice, Benevolence, and so on. I mean we attach misleading meanings to the names. They are all forms of self-contentment, self-gratification, but the names so disguise them that they distract our attention from the fact. Also, we have smuggled a word into the dictionary which ought not to be there at all—self-sacrifice. It describes a thing which does not exist. But, worst of all, we ignore and never mention the Sole Impulse which dictates and compels a man's every act; the imperious necessity of securing his own approval, in every emergency and at all costs. To it we owe all that we are. It is our breath, our heart, our blood. It is our only spur, our whip, our goad, our only impelling power; we have no other. Without it we should be mere inert images, corpses; no one would do anything, there would be no progress, the world would stand still. We ought to stand reverently uncovered when the name of that stupendous power is uttered.

Y. M.—I am not convinced.

O. M.—You will be when you think.

"My Lord the King."

FOREMAN OF JURY REFUSES TO AFFIRM AT SOUTHWARK INQUEST.

THE foreman of a jury at the Southwark Coroner's Court to-day refused to take the oath, or to pronounce the words "on behalf of my Sovereign Lord the King," in the affirmation.

The coroner (Dr. Waldo) noticed that the foreman, a man named Ray, was not holding a Bible. Mr. Ray explained that his objection was a conscientious one.

Mr. Ray then repeated the affirmation until he reached the words "on behalf of my Sovereign Lord the King." He then observed, "I shall not say that."

The Coroner: What objection is there?

The Foreman: I am here to do my duty in the interests of the people present. The King has nothing to do with what is to be decided here.

The Coroner: You are not worthy to sit here, you had better go.

The Foreman: I do not see why I should say those words.

The Coroner: You are subject to a penalty, you know, if you do not do what you are summoned to do.

The Foreman: I might do it just as a matter of convenience if the jury wish, but I am not bound to pledge myself to the King.

The Coroner went over the affirmation again, and the foreman repeated the words until he reached "on behalf of my Sovereign Lord the King." The foreman then remarked: "There you bring him in again. It is the same thing again."

The Coroner: You had better go. You are not worthy to sit here.

The Foreman: I am here to serve faithfully in the interests of the people present, and the King is not here, and is not interested in the case.

The foreman said he was willing to do his duty, but not to repeat the words.

The Coroner: You are subject to a fine, you know, and you could go to prison for contempt of court. Officer, just remove this man.

The coroner's officer then spoke to the foreman, who left the box saying, "Don't summon me in future, then, to attend a jury."

The Coroner: You are subject to a fine for contempt of court or to be sent to Brixton Prison, but you can go.—*Star* (Jan. 21).

A NOVEL PRAYER.

O Lord, you know that I do not believe in you as you are described in the Bible and believed in by the Church. You know I do not believe in the Bible as the Word of God. If it is true, as affirmed, that you created the universe, it follows that you have created all that is in it. You have created evil as well as good, the Devil as well as the angels, hell as well as heaven. If you have made men at all, you have made them as they are. If they are good it is because you have made them so, if they are wicked it is equally your work. If you are omnipotent and universal, as you are said to be, there can be no evil thing or wicked deed that is not the result of characters and conditions which you have created. If there is a hell and men are to be burned in it, it is because you have wished it to be so. All things are possible with you; had you wished to make men good and happy you would have done so. It has pleased you to make them evil and wretched. You are not, then, good, nor do you love your creatures. It is evident their sufferings give you pleasure or you would make them happy. Could I believe in you, I could not worship you, except through fear, the meanest of emotions, but the only one you seem desirous to excite. We cannot love you for the good you have done, for it serves only to make us more miserable, by contrast with the evil you have forced us to endure. And so, O Lord, if the Bible be truly your Word, and you are as the Old Testament describes you, I can only hate you and be thankful that I do not believe. And now, O Lord, if I am wrong it is because you have made me so, and because you wish me to continue so; for you can make me believe and do what you please. Created by you, I am a mere creature in your hands, and am responsible for nothing. I have not the power to choose between good and evil, as I am told I should do, for I can judge of right and wrong only through the use of a brain created by you in the full knowledge of the conclusions it would lead me to; with you and not with me rests the responsibility. I can only be thankful that I am not cowardly enough to fear nor weak enough to worship so horrible a creature as the God of the Church. Amen.—*By the late W. S. Andrews, Commissioner of Records, New York.*

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.**INDOOR.**

QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL (Langham-place, Regent-street, W.): 7.30, G. W. Foote, "Woman's Worst Enemy."

KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (Mr. Wright's, 327 Essex-road, Islington, N.): 7.30, Business Meeting—Plan of Lectures.

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S. (Workmen's Hall, Romford-road, Stratford, E.): 7.30, Miss K. B. Kough, "What Should We Do Without Christianity?"

COUNTRY.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N. S. S. (King's Hall, Corporation-street): 7, F. A. Davies, "Labor and the Churches."

LIVERPOOL BRANCH N. S. S. (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): C. Cohen, 3, "The Physiology of Faith"; 7, "Religious Ideas in the Light of Science."

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-
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