

THE Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 42

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1913

PRICE TWOPENCE

MR. BRADLAUGH WAS AN ATHEIST, BUT HIS STANDARD OF DUTY WAS A VERY HIGH ONE, AND HE LIVED UP TO IT. HIS LIFE WAS AN EXAMPLE TO MANY CHRISTIANS, FOR HE ABOUNDED IN EVERY CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

—Henry Labouchere.

“Labby” and Bradlaugh.

The Life of Henry Labouchere. By Algar Labouchere Thorold. London: Constable & Co. 18s. nett.

MR. THOROLD has written a very entertaining, and by no means uninteresting, book about one of the most curious and fascinating personalities in the public life of England during the second half of the nineteenth century. I came across Henry Labouchere a good deal myself in the 'eighties. With Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Samuel Storey, he was connected with the People's League for the Abolition of the House of Lords, of whose Committee I was a member. I met him several times in connection with the work of the then youthful Metropolitan Radical Federation. And of course I saw something of him in connection with Bradlaugh's parliamentary struggle. On the whole, therefore, I am in a position to say, without impermissible temerity, that this Biography presents a lifelike portrait of the man who was universally called “Labby.”

It is not my purpose in this article, however, to deal any farther with the book in general. I have to confine myself mainly to the chapter headed “Labouchere and Bradlaugh.”

This chapter is of profound interest to Freethinkers. Mr. Thorold does justice to Bradlaugh as well as to Labouchere. These two men, so dissimilar in their personalities, yet so similar in opinions and objects, were thrown together in the struggle for the constitutional right of an English constituency to be represented by the man of its own choice in the House of Commons. This, and this only, was the issue in that great contest. Bradlaugh never denied the right of the House of Commons to expel him if it chose. What he denied was its right to refuse him admittance. A member must be in before he can be turned out. That is plain logic; it was also the law of England, as Bradlaugh succeeded in demonstrating. Fortunately the borough of Northampton elected Labouchere as his parliamentary colleague. They fitted each other to a nicety. Bradlaugh fought like a Trojan outside; Labouchere fought with at least the wiles of Ulysses inside. The final victory was won between them; although, of course, Bradlaugh was the Titan of the mighty struggle.

It was extraordinarily lucky that Labouchere was not only a Radical like Bradlaugh, but a Freethinker to boot. He laughed at being called “the Christian member for Northampton.” It was one of the best, if unintentional, jokes of the age. Mr. Thorold takes care to make it plain that “the Christian member for Northampton” had no intellectual differences with the Atheist member. He raises that point early in the Preface:—

“In his personal outlook on things he was as completely non-religious as a man could be. He was not
1,888

anti-religious. He fully recognised the utility of religious belief in others, perhaps even in society at large, and he based this recognition not so much on the hardness of men's hearts as on the thickness of their heads. But personally he, Henry Labouchere, took no interest whatever in the matter. In philosophy he was a strict agnostic, owning Hume, for whom he had the greatest admiration, and the Kant of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, as his masters. And he was remarkably well read in the works of those philosophers.”

Labouchere was as cynical and witty as Bradlaugh was passionately earnest. “I do not mind Mr. Gladstone always having an ace up his sleeve,” he once said, “but I do object to his always saying that Providence put it there.” Spoken in Labouchere's soft, bland voice, the witticism must have been irresistible. He was not a propagandist, but his convictions were held tenaciously. On this point one may quote the following sentences from Mr. Thorold:—

“It has often been pointed out that the difference between religious and irreligious people does not lie so much in opinion as in temperament. Labouchere had an essentially irreligious nature, he was a born *impie*, as the French say: Mr. Bradlaugh had the soul of a Covenanter. As far as speculative religious opinions were concerned, they practically coincided.”

It is not quite clear to me, at any rate, how the difference between religion and irreligion can rest upon a mere basis of temperament. This is to exclude it from all relation to the intellect. Yet the remark about Labouchere seems sound enough. The reader who does not know French must, unfortunately, be told that there is no English equivalent for *impie*.

One may pause at this point to quote a striking passage from Mr. Thorold stating his view of the inner meaning of Bradlaugh's battle with the House of Commons, and the significance of his ultimate victory.

“This means that the modern state is non-theistic, and that our civilisation, of which the state is the political expression, is based on those positive social needs of man, to which theological problems, however interesting in themselves, are irrelevant. Thus, in Bradlaugh's victory, to the winning of which Mr. Labouchere so powerfully contributed, one of the most important principles of 1789 was definitely ratified by the representatives of the people, the Lords, spiritual and temporal, and the sovereign of this country. A truly momentous event, the importance of which it would be hard to overestimate. For it means that God has ceased to exist in England as a political entity.”

I should personally endorse this judgment—in spite of the sporadic application of the unrepealed laws against “blasphemy” and “profanity.” No front-rank Freethinker has been attacked for a great many years, and any such attack would probably be unsuccessful, especially if initiated in London. Provincial prosecutions do not excite national interest, unless the persons aimed at are of national reputation—which, from the very nature of the case, is unlikely.

Mr. Thorold calls Bradlaugh “that upright and greatly persecuted man.” He pillories some of the bigoted Christians who referred to “Iconoclast” as “the bellowing blasphemer” and in other charitable ways. But the best tributes to Bradlaugh in this chapter come from the pen of Labouchere himself. The following was written soon after Bradlaugh's death.

"Mr. Bradlaugh was my colleague for ten years. During all these years our relations, political and personal, were always of the most cordial character. He was in private life a thoroughly true and amiable man, while in public life he was ever ready to sacrifice popularity to his convictions of what was right. He was, as is known, an atheist, but his standard of duty was a very high one, and he lived up to it. His life was an example to Christians, for he abounded in every Christian virtue. This the House of Commons came at last to recognise. I do not think there is a single member more popular or more respected on both sides than he was on both sides. Often and often Conservatives have, in a friendly way, said to me: 'What a much better man your colleague is than you are!' And I heartily agreed with them."

Here is another passage worth reproducing:—

"Regarding money, he was more than disinterested. So that he had enough to pay for his food, his clothes, and for his modest lodging in St. John's Wood, he never seemed to trouble himself as to ways and means."

Nor must one overlook the following:—

"He had a great affection for his books, and the only time I ever saw him disquieted about money matters was when he feared that he might have to give them up, owing to some bankruptcy proceedings that were threatened, in consequence of one of his numerous actions on the oaths question."

Bradlaugh's death as an Atheist has never been questioned except by hopelessly foolish or blackguardly Christians. Mr. Labouchere's last hours were in keeping with the rest of his life. Mr. Thorold says:—

"The earliest remark of Mr. Labouchere's that I have recorded in this book was a jest, and so was the last I heard him utter. On the afternoon of the day before he died, as I was sitting at his bedside, the spirit lamp that kept the fumes of eucalyptus in constant movement about his room, through some awkwardness of mine, was overturned. Mr. Labouchere, who was dozing, opened his eyes at the sound of the little commotion caused by the accident, and perceived the flare-up. 'Flames?' he murmured interrogatively. 'Not yet, I think.' He laughed quizzically, and went off to sleep again."

He was near his long sleep, and he had earned it.

G. W. FOOTE.

Materialism: Its Meaning and Value.

THANKS to Sir Oliver Lodge, "Materialism" is a little more in evidence just now than is usual. Despite the stock assertion that Materialism, as a mode of scientific or philosophic thinking, is dead, the British Association Address has been welcomed as a much-needed declaration against the Materialistic theories of scientific thinkers. Their welcome has, therefore, been also a confession. It made plain the existence of great uneasiness concerning this alleged corpse. They all agreed that Materialism was dead, but the agreement was wholly between themselves. They inspired each other with courage by a mutual assurance that no enemy was present. But when a scientific man did say a word in favor of ghosts—disguised as "discarnate human intelligences"—and the supernatural—respectably clothed as a "directive mind"—the relief experienced was great indeed. Strange that there should have been so much thankfulness for a promise of help against an enemy who does not exist!

The truth is that this expressed belief in the death of scientific Materialism is no more than an elaborate pretence. Materialism is not dead; it was never more alive than at present, and was never more generally recognised as the very groundwork of scientific research. I am not, of course, thinking of the bogies that some people create and call Materialism. Nor do I mean that all the theories propounded by Materialists from time to time have been either justified by results or are still worthy of credence. I mean by Materialism the principle which—for want of a better phrase—has now come to be known as "mechanistic"; and it may safely

be said that this rules to-day without serious challenge. To put the whole matter pointedly, even defiantly, to be scientific is to be Materialistic. To be a Materialist is the first requisite of the scientific worker.

Exactly what Materialism means I hope to be able to show later. At present my chief aim is to emphasise its place in the world of thought and its potency as an instrument in interpreting natural phenomena.

There is no line of cleavage in the intellectual world at all comparable to that which separates naturalism from supernaturalism. Between the two there is no logical middle term. There have been endless "harmonies" of the two, from the days of the Greeks down to Sir Oliver Lodge; but these have very seldom outlived those who proposed them, and in the end the two views have been left unreconciled and irreconcilable. This line of cleavage is not only the deepest in the intellectual world; it is also the oldest. It meets us at the very beginning of orderly reasoning about man and the world. The naturalistic interpretation gives us the very birth of what we call science, and it gave the first definite challenge to an all-controlling supernaturalism. At the end of several thousands of years these two views are still confronted. The fight for the ruling interpretation of nature still lies between the naturalist and the supernaturalist. It is true that no one now gives complete adherence to supernaturalism. The mechanistic interpretation is admitted to be sound, even though limitations are predicated. And it is equally true that the naturalism of many falls short of completeness. Under the guise of philosophy—some seem to think that philosophy is above the operations of scientific method—a pseudo supernaturalism still obtains; but the two views still represent the logical extremes of thought, and it is between these two that the battle must ultimately be fought. All other conflicts are affairs of outposts only. And the one permanent feature in this long contest has been the controversy over what has been known as Materialism.

"Materialism," says Lange, in the first sentence of his classic, *History of Materialism*, "is as old as philosophy, but not older." It was an apt rebuke to those who were more concerned with superficialities than with fundamentals. One might go even further than Lange and say that if we take philosophy as either the equivalent of organised knowledge, or the search for a verifiable principle of unity, then Materialism marks the very beginnings of sound philosophy. Human mental life begins in a world of delusion. The earth is flat, not round. The stars, so far off, are within almost grasping distance. The imaginary is as real as the actual. The simple appears complex, and the complex simple. Words play the part of things, and things are without constancy and order. If the world had been deliberately created by a deity whose whole aim it was to deceive man, the situation could not have been better devised. For long ages, so far as men think about the causes of things, their thoughts are radically false. The great task before man has always been to release himself from the snare of mere appearance and from the cloud of fantastic beliefs that usurp the place of theories based upon verifiable facts.

Under these conditions, the first step towards improvement, whether in ancient or modern times, is by way of pointing to a principle or to facts that appeal to all minds, to which all may refer, and which are above the coercion of mere fantastic theory. And unsatisfactory as were some of the early forms of Materialistic teaching, nothing else could have broken through the thick cloud of fable that blocked the way to useful knowledge.

It is to the credit of ancient Greece that—so far as we have any reliable records—the first attempt at a really scientific interpretation of nature began in that country. And it must be placed to the credit of Materialism that it commenced in an assertion of a principle to which Materialism has always remained true. When Thales affirmed water to be the cause of all things; or Aixemenes, air; or Heraclitus,

motion; or Empedocles, the four elements; there was affirmed the principle that natural phenomena owed their existence to the operation of forces inherent in nature itself. The need of external control was questioned, a principle of natural examination indicated, and an inevitable conflict initiated. The great battle between naturalism and supernaturalism, between science and theology, had commenced. Henceforth there were only two logical camps in the mental world. The one tracing everything to the operation of natural causes; the other, not indeed denying their operation, but asserting their ineffectiveness without a guiding or creative divine mind. From Thales down to Sir Oliver Lodge these two forms have, to use a biological phrase, "bred true." They were represented at the British Association of a few weeks ago, as they were in the streets of Greece—albeit the relative strength of the two parties had undergone a profound alteration.

An advance of profound importance was made by another Greek thinker—Democritus. With truth he might have said, "Give me atoms and I will give you a world." Only fragments remain of his writings, but his philosophy, which reappears in Epicurus, and over and over again in the history of science, was saved from extinction by its clarity. His main teachings were that nothing comes from nothing, and nothing can be destroyed. Here was an affirmation of the principles upon which all science rests—the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy.* Everything, he said, has a cause and happens by necessity. Things are constantly being formed and constantly changing, and the variety of things in the world is due to the variety of the atoms and their innumerable modes of combination. But, beside the atoms and empty space, there is nothing but opinion. Democritus left no room for Deity, nothing for him to do; no room for that popular bugbear, design in nature. He saw that the causes of things have to be found in things themselves; and his teachings, faulty as they were, may be regarded as the most valuable contribution made by a single individual to the entire structure of scientific thought.

Metaphysicians and priests might contest these principles, but, once enumerated, there was small possibility of their being altogether ignored. Henceforth, they remain a power to be reckoned with. Epicurus gave them greater literary expression, and applied them to ethics. Lucretius, in one of the most remarkable pieces of writing that antiquity has given us, worked out a complete system from which the supernatural is definitely excluded. His main object was to show that nature did all things by itself, although tradition and ignorance attributed them to the gods. Had human thought continued the line of investigation marked out by the best of the ancient Greeks, the scientific discoveries and wonders of the past century might easily have been the world's possession centuries ago. How much the world lost by the overthrow of Pagan civilisation, no one can tell. It is only gradually that we have learned to partially appreciate how much the ancients knew, and the measure of our knowledge in this direction supplies us with some indication of the world's loss by the Christian conquest.

This, however, we can say with absolute certainty. Just as it was ancient Materialism that cut a way through the mass of fable and theology that prevented mankind setting out in an intelligent search for truth, so, at the Renaissance, and again in the seventeenth century, and yet again in our own days, all real advance has been dependent upon a tacit or avowed recognition of those basic principles of which Materialism has never ceased to assert the validity.

C. COHEN.

(To be continued.)

Dogmatism and Subterfuge.

IN its "Men and Matters" department the *British Congregationalist* for October 9 charges Mr. Bernard Shaw with taking "so great a delight in doing evil." The particular evil alluded to is that of attacking the Christian religion in the new play, *Androcles and the Lion*, now being acted at the St. James's Theatre. That journal is of opinion that it is the duty of ministers of the Gospel to recognise this evil and denounce it with unsparing severity. One clergyman, at least, seems to have discharged that obligation with remarkable thoroughness. The Rev. Arthur Hill, of Tollington Park, London, according to a report in the religious newspaper just mentioned, recently characterised *Androcles and the Lion* as "a brilliant flank attack on the Christian religion." He said:—

"How any intelligent man can imagine that this drama is enacted to expound the beauty of the Christian religion, or to defend or uphold it in any form, passes my comprehension. You have there one of the most alert intellects of our age obviously in open warfare with everything that the Christian religion has stood for during twenty centuries."

Mr. Hill waxed exceedingly vehement as he piled words upon words in condemnation of this wicked drama, in which Christian martyrs are treated as "snivelling, sponging, greedy hypocrites," the God of the New Testament is deleted, and the crucified Christ banished. Having worked himself up into a very high pitch of indignation, the reverend gentleman exclaimed:—

"I am with every man who is on our side. I am against every man who is against our faith. I am with every Church, great or small, that believes in Jesus Christ and his Gospel. I am at war to the knife with every man who dares to make that faith the theme of foolish and flippant jests."

As we read that extract two things suggest themselves to us. The first is that Mr. Hill, in the heat of that exuberant diatribe, completely forgot his vocation as preacher of the Gospel of redeeming love. It is his business to be for all men in the hope of winning them to Christ. Mr. Bernard Shaw is one of the people for whose salvation the Son of God died, and, surely, to be against him, as Mr. Hill declares himself to be, is equivalent to being against the loving Savior of mankind. The second thing is that if the reverend gentleman is resolved to be against every man who rejects and assails the Christian creed he has his work fully cut out for him. He will have to be against millions upon millions of his fellow-beings.

The opponents of Christianity are spoken of as evil-doers, but it happens that they are thus described by utterly incompetent judges. By what authority do Mr. Hill and his followers sit in judgment upon Mr. Shaw and those who agree with him? The former have nothing but the fact of their belief to support them, while the latter challenge that belief in the name of common sense. The strangest fact of all, in this connection, is that the Christian's *faith* and *knowledge* contradict each other on every point. He *believes* that the Gospel is the power of an omnipotent and all-loving God unto salvation, but *knows* that it is nothing of the kind. He *believes* that the risen and ascended Christ occupies the throne of the Universe and reigns, though he *knows* that he does neither; and he glorifies this imaginary king by putting his knowledge under a bushel and diligently nursing his faith. Now, if Christianity were true, faith and knowledge would be, not only in absolute agreement, but literally identical. The fact that they are so deeply at variance utterly disqualifies a Christian for speaking with authority on any Christian topic, and deprives him of the right to treat anti-Christians as doers of evil.

So far as the report of his sermon is concerned, Mr. Hill comes before us an unblushing dogmatist, who takes it for granted that to be against his faith is to be on the broad road that leadeth to destruc-

* Perhaps it is necessary to point out that the disintegration of the atom does not involve, as some people seem to imagine, the annihilation of "matter." It can only prove that the atom is no longer to be held as the primal form of matter. Materialism is quite unaffected by the fact.

tion. This is so self-evident that it would be a culpable waste of time even to attempt to prove it. So Mr. Hill indulges in an uncompromising and unqualified dogmatism. He realises how difficult it is to fight "the men who stab us in the back, make us the byword and scorn of the world, and then tell us that they are doing us good," and so he prefers open foes to those who make brilliant flank attacks, though he deals with both in his own haughty, cavalier fashion. It is possible, however, that he abstains from argument because it is so rare a commodity on his side. Faith is always fancy's child, never reason's, and whenever an attempt is made to argue on its behalf it proves quite futile. We have a telling example of this in the Correspondence of the Rev. Professor David Smith, D.D., in the *British Weekly* for October 9. A Belfast student, who avows himself practically an Agnostic, asks the Professor a few pertinent questions, such as, On the assumption that a God of love exists, how do you explain the cruelties practised in connection with the Jewish Tabernacle ritual? Do you believe that such a God ordered the total destruction of whole communities, innocent and guilty alike? On the same assumption, how do you account for the appalling cruelty of Nature which one witnesses every day? "Could a God of love have created creatures who must subsist by preying upon others weaker than themselves?" Those questions are genuine posers, and no one knows it better than Dr. Smith. He does not even try to answer them; he merely shuffles, trifles with words, but never comes to the point. He taunts the student with his serious lack of up-to-dateness, his old-fashioned standpoint, the standpoint of "a blind and stupid orthodoxy" which held sway fifty years ago. "The plain fact is," he says, "that your theory of the Universe is at least fifty years old: you contemplate those difficulties from the pre-Darwinian point of view." Then he adds:—

"A detailed discussion of your difficulties is impossible here; but this much may be said—that it would be like the breaking of the morning if you got hold of the principle of evolution, and applied it to your perplexities. History is an evolution—the gradual unfolding of the Divine purpose, the slow and painful growth of humanity toward an ever fuller maturity."

The plain fact is that Dr. Smith completely evades the difficulties raised by the Belfast student. The principle of evolution offers no solution of them, but leaves them just exactly where they were before it was discovered. The facts of cruelty, suffering, and sorrow in the Universe are not affected in the least by your acceptance or rejection of the Darwinian hypothesis. If a God of love exists, the evolutionary process has been under his guidance at every step from the very start. Who can contemplate the awful suffering attending the struggle for existence without being filled with shuddering horror? Is it not incredible that it can have been under the direction of an all-powerful, all-wise, and all-loving Heavenly Father?

There is nothing easier than to speak contemptuously of "the blind and stupid orthodoxy" of fifty years ago; but it does not seem to us that Dr. Smith's orthodoxy is one whit less "blind and stupid." Take the following specimen:—

"The Bible is the record of revelation, and revelation is an historical process—God's gradual self-discovery in the national life of Israel. Consider what this means. At the outset Israel stood on the common level of Heathenism, and God revealed himself to her little by little as she was able to receive it."

Where was God prior to his "self-discovery in the national life of Israel"? Why did he choose to find himself in the national life of Israel, rather than in that of the Egyptians or the Greeks? Or on the supposition that he did reveal himself as a stupendous respecter of persons in his selection of Israel as the medium of his gradual self-discovery, why was not Israel ever so much better in every respect than all other nations, and why did he allow her to be scattered abroad and eventually lost for ever? Was

such conduct, such glaring favoritism, worthy of a Deity of infinite justice and love? Even Judah fared no better in the end than Israel. She crucified his only begotten Son, and as a punishment was driven out of her own land and permitted to become a despised, rejected, and cruelly persecuted race for upwards of fifteen hundred years. These are stubborn facts, and no theory of evolution, on any Theistic basis, affords the slightest explanation of them. Dr. Smith only complicates the whole subject by his introduction of a self-discovering Divinity as a superintending agent into the evolutionary process in which, according to his own admission, "existing types have been evolved by the forces of environment and the struggle for existence." This strange admission is made in answer to the question, "Did God create beasts of prey?" but by making it the Professor virtually gives the case for Theism completely away. If God had no share in the evolution of beasts of prey, why should it be necessary to assign him any share in the production of man? He makes practically the same concession in connection with the extermination of whole communities in Old Testament warfare. He says:—

"All this, like the polygamy and concubinage of the patriarchs, belongs to a rudimentary stage in the development of civilisation, in the process of moral and religious evolution."

Of course; but all this is wholly inexplicable on the assumption that the process of evolution has always been under the charge of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good God.

Professor Smith wonders that the student's love of animals has not made him a better theologian. We rather think that his love of animals may have discredited his theology and made him an Agnostic. What is beyond controversy is that Dr. Smith's endeavors to amalgamate Theism and Darwinism are ridiculous in the extreme. The truth is that we must choose either Theism or Darwinism, for we cannot have both and retain our sanity.

J. T. LLOYD.

The Secret of Victor Hugo.

Complete Works of Victor Hugo in French. (Collection Nelson. 1s. each. 1913.)

AMONG the cheap reprints of the works of famous authors, it is doubtful if there has been one that has given more general satisfaction than this fine edition of the works of Victor Hugo, which has been issued by the enterprising house of Messrs. Nelson. Swinburne, who often wrote extravagantly, but never at random, has proclaimed with all his unrivalled eloquence that Hugo was the greatest of his contemporaries. Apart from Swinburne's admiration of Hugo, his knowledge of the great Frenchman's writings was unequalled, and his appreciation was always pleasant and inspiring.

Swinburne was never half-hearted, and he always came charging down the wind like a knight in armor. *Les Chatiments* he described as "a book written in lightning"; *Les Contemplations* as written in "sunlight and starlight." He boldly proclaimed *La Légende de Siècles* to be "the greatest book published in the nineteenth century," *Les Misérables* to be "the greatest epic and dramatic work ever created or conceived"; *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* to be "a work unsurpassed even among the works of its author for splendor of imagination and of style"; and *Quatre vingt-treize* to be "a work as rich in thought, in tenderness, in wisdom, and in humor, and in pathos, as ever was cast into the mould of poetry or fiction." Finally, he calls Hugo "one of the very greatest among poets and among men."

It would be difficult to undervalue the insight and sympathy which marks this generous appreciation of the great English poet to the great Frenchman whom he ever regarded as his master. Hugo's work was very different from the jewelled toys turned out of the literary workshops at the time. As often

grandiose as grand, he was at least a master artist, and, compared with others, his work was as the ocean to a millpond. Each succeeding volume from his pen abundantly proved his genius. The French language had been ransacked for centuries, yet here was a man who was able to introduce new rhymes by the dozen, and not merely grotesque rhymes, but for the loftiest purposes of poetry. Nothing shows his command of language and his prodigious vocabulary more than this. He was, indeed, a Napoleon of verse, and the prefaces to his verses remind one not a little of the Emperor's addresses to his army. They read like the addresses to poetic victories. Even when words are put into God's mouth, for Hugo used deity as Shakespeare did witches, we cannot help seeing the deific alias of Hugo.

It is characteristic, too, that all shades of religious opinion should be ably represented in his pages. Theism, Pantheism, Atheism, every mood, from a glowing optimism to a cynical despair is there. He would have sympathised with Septimus Severus, who kept a bust of Christ in his private room, "along with Jupiter, Orpheus, and other creatures of the same kind."

Hugo is plainly not at home upon "sacred ground." He was too much of a Voltairean to write like Dante, Calderon, or Milton. He cared no more for that reservoir of falsehood, the Bible, than he did for Herodotus, Ossian, or Sismondi. To write successfully upon Christian themes, a man must feel as a Christian. Hugo's piety was but a reflex of the sentimental interludes in his life, inserted between the freethought of his mother and the scepticism of his later years.

Hugo's chief prose works, *Les Miserables* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, possess that hold upon the reader which is the distinguishing mark of every book that deserves to be called a literary masterpiece; but I sometimes think that Hugo's life is more dramatic and is more attractive than anything that he wrote. His long and chequered career was filled with experiences of the most diverse kind. He mixed with princes, he knew the men and women of the streets, he was well known in the political arena, the wide worlds of literature and the theatre were open to him. He knew the extremes of triumph and exile; at one time the popular idol, and at another eating the bitter bread of banishment.

The story of his exile gives dignity to a stormy life. For nineteen dark years his voice did not falter nor his heart fail. From Jersey and Guernsey he dispatched that marvellous series of songs and satires which passed secretly from hand to hand in France, and were read with tears and cries of rage during that reign of terror which ended in the downfall of the Second Empire. These poems were veritable bombshells in the political arena, for Hugo wrote poetry as an eagle flies, and his devastating genius rocked the French political world out of its complacency.

Did ever despot suffer such impeachment as the pinchbeck Napoleon the little? Was ever monarch attacked in such grand and sonorous lines with such sinewy rhetoric, sounding declamation, pictorial richness? The barbed words of the author were carried over hill and dale, over even the ocean, and found their responsive chords in humble people living in small towns and remote villages, and became to them things which marked out one day from another by the ecstasy of intense emotion.

The love of liberty and of democracy has been a common possession of the great poets, but few have surpassed Victor Hugo in the ardor of his devotion and in the rapture of his praise. An avowed Free-thinker and an unashamed Republican, Hugo always stood in the very forefront of the battle. In his lyrics we find a most magnificent expression of the claims of the indomitable human spirit which stands erect in the presence of adverse fortune and bids defiance to all malign fate. There is no finer ethical inspiration than breathes through the unforgettable lines of his inspired utterance. Let Valjean, the convict, Gilliat, the fisherman, Gavroche, the street

urchin, speak of his humanity; and the superb crown of song laid on the altar of Liberty proclaim his love of Freedom. It was a most animating message that the great French Freethinkers of the eighteenth century bequeathed as a legacy to the nineteenth century. Equally inspiring was the message of this great poet of the nineteenth century brought to the twentieth as a gift, and it is of splendid augury for the future that liberty in our day should have received such a glorious coronal of song as had never before been laid at her feet:—

"Our glorious century gone
Beheld no head that shone
More clear across the storm, above the foam,
More steadfast in the fight
Of warring night and light
True to the truth whose star leads heroes home."

MIMNERMUS.

Mr. Chesterton's Challenge.

CONCERNING an "Acid Drop" dealing with the Infallibility of the Pope, which appeared in this journal for October 5, and is to be found on p. 682, Mr. Cecil Chesterton writes as follows:—

"SIR,—Must I own that I had completely 'forgotten that for ages there was a bitter conflict between Augustinianism and Arianism, now the one and now the other being *ex-cathedra* pronounced orthodox'? Would the author of your 'Acid Drops' mind refreshing my unfortunate memory by mentioning, say, one or two of the many occasions upon which Arianism was officially approved by the Holy See? Also, by the way, why 'Augustinianism'? I do not impugn the orthodoxy of St. Augustin's faith, but I cannot recall that he had anything whatever to do with the Arian controversy. Are you perhaps thinking of St. Athanasius?"

We thank Mr. Chesterton for giving us the opportunity to enlarge upon and prove the statements made in the "Acid Drop" in question. Of course, the term "Augustinianism" was used in a loose, general sense, to cover the doctrines usually known as orthodox in the Catholic Church. Every Church historian knows that there is no essential difference between the tenets advocated by Athanasius and those championed later by Augustine. Again, the paragraph under discussion did not contain the words "Holy See," as employed by Mr. Chesterton. Technically speaking, the "Holy See," never approved of Arianism, for the simple reason that it did not exist during the Arian controversy. What the "Acid Drop" contended was, that Arianism had been *ex cathedra*—from the chair, or with authority—pronounced orthodox on repeated occasions. From the beginning, Holy Church, as the Body of Christ, or the Temple of the Holy Ghost, has been held to be infallible; and we are quite willing to admit that this view is legitimately based upon definite New Testament declarations. Nothing is more undeniable, however, than that this infallible Church has always been the scene of the most acrimonious controversies. The followers of the Lamb have invariably been notorious for their unlamblike characteristics. Their quarrelsomeness was a byword. They quarrelled for generations about the Trinity, while their disputes over the person of Christ lasted some three hundred years. The ineffable relations of the Godhead were a subject, the discussion of which roused the passions of all classes to positive fury. As Eusebius tells us, "Bishop rose against bishop, district against district, only to be compared to the Symplegades dashed against each other on a stormy day." Speaking of Constantinople, Gregory of Nyssa informs us that "Every corner, every alley of the city, was full of these discussions—the streets, the market-places, the drapers, the money-changers, the victuallers. Ask a man 'how many oboli,' he answers by dogmatising on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, and you are told, 'The Son is subordinate to the Father.' Ask if the bath is ready and you are told, 'The Son arose out of nothing.'"

It was to put an end to these disputes that the first General Council was convened by Constantine the Great. This famous Council met at Nicæa in 325. It was one of the stormiest assemblies ever held. The two men around whom the tempest raged were Athanasius and Arius, who hated each other as only two Christians could. Illustrative of the extent to which the Holy Fathers were under the control of unholy passions, there is an old legend to the effect that the Right Reverend Bishop of Myra made an exhibition of his Christian gentleness by dealing a blow, with all his force, at Arius's jaw. In the end, by a snatch vote, Athanasius won, while Arius was sentenced to a life of exile. Ten years later, another Council was convened at Tyre, before which Athanasius appeared as defendant instead of Arius. In ten short years the tables had been completely turned, Athanasius being now deposed and banished, while Arius was to be received in triumph at Constantinople. After the banishment of Athanasius, a synod, held at Jerusalem, examined the new confession of faith submitted by Arius, and pronounced it orthodox. Still another Council, convened at Antioch, reaffirmed the deposition of Athanasius, and promulgated anew the Arian creed. It is also a well-known fact in ecclesiastical history that the great Italian Council of Ariminum lapsed into Arianism, some say by an oversight. The truth is that, as Dean Milman puts it, "The two great patriarchates of the East, Constantinople and Alexandria, brought to issue, or strove to bring to issue, their rival claims to ascendancy, and council after council promulgated, reversed, and re-enacted their conflicting decrees."

We hope we have now sufficiently refreshed Mr. Chesterton's "unfortunate memory" to enable him to see that the claim to infallibility for either Pope, Council, or Synod is unspeakably absurd, so absurd that only blind faith, such as the Church always demands, can tolerate it. All through her history, from the days of the Apostles to our own, the Christian Church has been mainly occupied in promulgating, reversing, and re-enacting her contradictory and irreconcilable decrees; and even to day it is only by the exercise of arbitrary authority, as the Modernists well know, that anything like peaceful unanimity can be maintained.

J. T. L.

ANCIENT HINDU SCEPTICISM.

Did God exist, omniscient, kind,
And never speak his will in vain,
'Twould cost him but a word, and then
His suppliants all they wish would find.
If God to men allotted woe
Although that woe the fruit must be
Of men's own actions, then were he
Without a cause his creatures' foe,
More cruel thus than men who ne'er
To others causeless malice bear.

—Muir's "Religious and Moral Sentiments from Sanscrit Writers."

FREE WILL.

Men deceive themselves in this, that they think themselves free. Now, in what consists such opinion? Solely in this, that they are conscious of their actions, and ignore the causes that determine them. The idea that men have of their liberty comes, then, from this, that they know not the cause of their actions, for to say that these depend on the will is to use words to which no meaning is attached.—*Spinoza*.

OLD AND NEW FAITH.

Faith in a divine power, devout obedience to its supposed will, hope of ecstatic unspeakable reward, these were the springs of the old movement. Undivided love of our fellows, steadfast faith in human nature, steadfast search after justice, firm aspiration towards improvement, and generous contentment in the hope that others may reap whatever reward may be, these are the springs of the new.—*John Morley*.

Acid Drops.

Holy Russia is Jew-baiting again. One almost shudders at the awful picture of superstition and fanaticism. This "Ritual Murder" trial is as bad as the old prosecutions for witchcraft. If you want one overwhelming indictment of Christianity, point to the Jews. And if you want a new proof of the greatness of Shakespeare's heart and the grandeur of his genius, turn to that matchless passage in the *Merchant of Venice* where Shylock voices the protest of his race against ages of Christian inhumanity. What intellect, what passion, pouring in a torrent from the Master's soul! And it was written more than three hundred years ago, when all Europe was sunk in the barbarism that Russia lies in now.

The Bishop of London objects to the Churches taking money from people who employ girls at starvation wages, and drive them to prostitution to eke out a living. We have nothing whatever to say against the Bishop's objection, except that it is rather late in the day to raise it, and if it were acted on the Churches would soon be short of funds. It is notorious that, among sweaters of labor, religious people figure very prominently; and, indeed, if all religious employers paid a fair wage, the problem of underpaid labor could be very easily dealt with. Moreover, why draw the line at sweating? What of the revenues of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, derived from slum areas and the like? Will the Bishop refuse that portion of his salary which comes from these sources? We doubt it. We remember the Bishop explaining that his £10,000 per year was barely enough to make ends meet, and we scarcely think he will do anything that would mean a reduction of income. Similar objections to the Bishop's have been raised before, but they are mostly intended for the shop window. They know the advice will not be acted upon; and, if it were, those who give it would be the first to explain that their words had been wrongly construed.

Lord Hugh Cecil has a pretty habit of saying some very caustic things. Discussing the Ethics of Property at the Church Congress, he told his audience that the Church's manner of dealing with reform was like the man who ran after a 'bus and only caught it at the end of the journey. The illustration hits off the situation exactly. The Church is the last even to talk about reform; to conceive it bringing it about is the dream of a fanatic or a fool.

"What is right in heaven," said Mr. Snowden at the Church Congress, "must be made the rule on earth." We hope not. We have heard of some very curious things in heaven, and we feel sure there would be trouble if earth did likewise. And, after all, Mr. Snowden might better justify his claim to be a Labor leader if he left heaven alone. People have decided what ought to be right in heaven by first of all finding out what is right on earth. If Mr. Snowden does not know, he has yet to learn the alphabet of genuine reform.

Southern Italy has been visited by another terrible earthquake. There was a wild rush of worshippers from the principal church at Santa Maria di Capua Vetere, where vespers were being held; many people were knocked down and trodden upon, and two women killed. Such is the elevating influence of religion in the presence of danger! At Naples images were dragged out of churches and placed in the public squares, to protect the women who remained there all the night.

"When Secretary of State Bryan set out upon his lucrative lecture tour with the 'Prince of Peace' packed in his grip, he made the explanation through his paper, the *Commoner* (August, 1913), that he could not meet his expenses out of his salary of \$1,000 a month, and must 'augment' his income by resort to the platform. On September 9 Secretary Bryan signed for publication in another paper the statement that he speaks on educational subjects only, and 'it is for this object that I give my lectures, not for a lucrative end.' That statement is printed in the *New York Times*. The explanations are contradictory, and have nothing in common except that both are false. The falsehood of the first consists in saying that he needed the money for expenses, and of the second in saying (1) that his subjects are educational, and (2) not given for a lucrative end. The lectures are not educational, for no one learns anything from them that is true. Bryan is in the religious class with Pastor Russell and Billy Sunday. People are not educated by ignoramuses."—*Truthseeker* (New York).

Rev. A. B. Maughan, of Beighton rectory, near Sheffield, finding he was in the wrong train, pulled the communication cord and stopped the train for his own convenience. The penalty for this sort of thing is £5, but the Blyth magistrates treated it as a purely technical offence, and dismissed the case on payment of costs. There are some advantages in being a clergyman.

While conducting divine service at the Chapel of the Holy Spirit at Haywards Heath, the Rev. G. Pearson "suddenly became demented." Suddenly? Surely the poor man had been graduating for that condition. No one in his complete senses, at this time of day, could be pursuing the clerical occupation.

Why do things of this kind happen in churches, which, being consecrated, are full of the Holy Ghost? The parson is full of the Holy Ghost too—by virtue of his ordination. Strange!

Man's imagination cannot keep pace with the subtlety and variety of nature. The incidents of every novel and every play have occurred, or will occur, in the ordinary course of things. Many years ago we wrote a little story of a Mad Parson, who lost his head in a pulpit, and was besieged by his congregation, who tried to put an end to his scandalous sermon. It may be found in our *Comic Sermons*.

"The care of Children" was the subject of a paper read by Dr. Mary Murdoch at the National Union of Women Workers Conference at Hull. In the course of the discussion there was a striking speech by Miss F. R. Gray, headmistress of a girls' school, who was very severe on religious novels. We venture to reproduce her words from the *Daily News* report:—

"The crying need of our young people of to-day, Miss Gray declared, was discipline. Lawlessness rather than freedom, self-gratification rather than self-control, desire for present pleasure rather than for future happiness—these were all signs of the times.

"There was a lack of moral fastidiousness in much of the literature of to-day.

"The books of which I am thinking," she went on, "are written with an ostensibly moral, and even religious, motive, and they are false to the core. They teem from the press in England and in America in their hundreds of thousands, and they are frequently commended by persons of undoubted piety.

"The life that is depicted in these books is utterly unreal," declared Miss Gray. "There is no fidelity to nature or to art; the only interest is the love interest, and this love is a mere animal passion that should be called not love but lust. While on the one hand it triumphs over the ordinary principles of morality, such as truth, justice, and honor, on the other it associates itself with religion in a way which may fill one person with nausea, while from another it conceals the poison.

"I often wonder how many young women have found the downward path more easy and more alluring because of these "religious" novels. They are to be found in the libraries of girls' clubs and Sunday-schools as well as in our free libraries."

This is a very grave impeachment of a certain class of pious literature.

The *Guardian* says it has the "utmost respect" for Suffragan Bishops. They work very hard, and "they have little time to think." That is really a gem, and we decline to run the risk of dimming its brilliancy by any comment.

There was one meeting of the Church Congress at which Nonconformists and Churchmen fraternised. This was when they had for discussion the relations of Christianity to civilisation. And, of course, they all agreed that civilisation was nothing without Christianity. This was the one point they could talk about without quarrelling, and it was demonstrably false. Civilisations have been wrecked by Christianity, but none have been made by it. The civilisation it inherited it destroyed—or, on the most favorable view of affairs, failed to preserve. And it has always been living upon the fruits of imbuing agencies that in nine cases out of ten it did its utmost to crush out of existence. The Churches never could agree on preaching a common truth, but they can agree to preach a common falsehood.

It almost seems as though the rule of Christian writers is to find out what are the facts and then state the reverse. Thus, in *The Christian Tradition and its Verification*, Mr. T. R. Grover says: "Nowhere in classical literature—perhaps nowhere in non-Christian literature—is there a teacher of men who is recorded to have taken the same interest in children that Jesus did." Now, what was the interest Jesus took in children? His interest in them was

to use them as an illustration of the simplicity and credulity that would attain the kingdom of heaven. That is about the limit of his interest in them. As a matter of fact, one striking feature in the New Testament as a whole is its scant recognition of family life. And this feature remains true of early Christianity. Children are practically ignored, and their influence on adult life completely overlooked. Writers like Dean Milman and Principal Donaldson have pointed out the striking absence of the recognition of home life in early Christian writings, and the consequence of this in increasing the barbarity of succeeding ages. The era of the deliberate manufacture of records in support of Christian claims is past, but that of the equally deliberate falsification of historic fact is still with us. And the mass of misrepresentation is so great that adequate correction is almost hopeless.

Although we do not suppose that anything very drastic will result from the report of the Royal Commission on Divorce, the Church of England is getting a little uneasy about it. A proposal has been made to invite the co-operation of Nonconformists, in order to guard and protect the Christian ideal of marriage. The Church of England Men's Society is to propose a resolution at its forthcoming Congress declaring the Majority Report to be contrary to the law of the Church, and affirming its adherence "to the principle of the indissolubility of marriage." These people are evidently living away back in the Middle Ages. Sensible people will realise that the indissolubility of marriage—under all conditions—simply does not, and cannot, exist. Even where it exists in theory, it disappears in practice. Above all, it is not a question of the law of the Church, but the needs of contemporary society. A dissolution of marriage is always regrettable, but all sane folks will admit that there are other eventualities more regrettable still, and it is in order to avoid these that some revision of our divorce laws is called for.

Rev. A. M. Mitchell, vicar of Burtonwood, near Earlstown, Lancashire, says "There is none other landowner but God." In England, too! But the reverend gentleman admits that God is not in possession. And the landlords smile. They dread Lloyd George more than Parson Mitchell's "God."

The land question "is above party," Mr. Mitchell says; "it is a task for all citizens, all Christians." This is a fair sample of the loose way in which these men of God gabble. Mr. Mitchell seems to think that "citizens" and "Christians" are convertible terms. If he does not mean that, what does he mean? One of two things,—either citizens are not Christians, or that Christians are not citizens. We leave the reverend gentleman to get out of his own muddle.

Marrying a man to reform him is an ancient folly. According to a newspaper report a man called James Flynn has just been sentenced at London Sessions to twenty-one months' hard labor. He was one of the five convicts who made a startling escape from Gloucester Gaol in October, 1906. After his release on ticket-of-leave he courted and married a Salvation Army girl, but in a few weeks he wanted her to support him by the worst of occupations, and she was compelled to leave him. A religious wife does not appear to have done him any sort of good.

In the case of the Berkeley Hotel burglary, Mr. Justice Darling reduced a sentence of seven years' penal servitude to three years. Justice Darling explained that was not because the prisoner in question was a good man, or any better than his associates; it was solely because he had "assisted the community" by betraying his fellow-burglars. This is quite a common practice; but we do not find it quite clear how the community is assisted, or future burglaries made more difficult, by the reduction of this sentence. It is some comfort, of course, to the owners of property to get it back. It is cheering to the police to bag the whole of the gang. It is satisfactory to the judge, we presume, to sentence them. And when we have enumerated these advantages the list seems to be about exhausted. At any rate, we do not see where the community has been assisted to any vital extent.

What is the interest of the community in this matter? Its chief interest is surely not the restoration of a little property—important though that may be to the owner. It certainly is not to gratify the professional pride of either policeman or judge. It seems to us that the chief interest in the situation is the criminal; and this is the one aspect of the situation that is left out of account. The important thing is that the criminal is there, and the vital question is what to do with him. These men were all equally guilty. They were all, we will say, equally oblivious to the sacred

rights of property; yet one man has his sentence reduced by more than one-half—for what? It is really a reward for proving himself to be a little worse than the others. The one decent quality he possessed was that of sticking to his "pals." True, it was loyalty in a bad cause; but loyalty is loyalty, no matter how expressed. Then along comes "Justice" in wig and gown, and says: "You are all equally bad characters, at present. But if one of you will prove yourself worse than the others—if, in addition to being a thief, one of you will turn traitor—that one shall be rewarded." And straightway "Justice" destroys the last shred of decency by a threat of torture. We say deliberately, by a threat of torture. For it is torture to say that if a man turns traitor to his "pals" he shall receive three years, but if he remains loyal he shall have seven.

And so "justice," as understood in a Christian country, plucks the last decent feeling from a man instead of using it as a lever for improvement. It will not be pretended that this particular criminal is the better man for betraying his associates. He will come out of prison, in all probability, rather worse than he went in. And justice declares itself content. For our part, we would like to see it made positively illegal for judges to bargain with criminals in this manner. Let the police catch, and let judges condemn. The more efficient they are the better. And, if we can summon up enough common sense, when the police have caught and the judge has condemned, let us deal with the criminal as a problem to be solved once and for all. But, in the name of common decency, let us put an end to a bargaining between judges and criminals which does nothing to diminish crime, and only serves to prove how barbaric we still are in our dealing with social questions.

An article in one of the religious quarterlies is on "The Supply of Missionaries." That's all right; the critical question is—the demand for them. At present the supply always exceeds the demand.

More "Providence." This time at Nome, Alaska. More than half the city has been devastated by an earthquake; 500 houses are destroyed, and nearly 4,000 people are homeless. What the hurricane began the fire finished. "He doeth all things well."

Bishop Cameron, of Capetown, told the Church Congress that it was practically impossible to have Europeans and natives worshipping in the same church. He said that "in many places to attempt to enforce such common worship would mean the alienation of the whole European community." So much for the Christian Brotherhood of Man in actual practice. What the European community will do when it gets to heaven is a bit of a puzzle. Perhaps there, too, there will be compounds for the colored folk. Or, perhaps, they will be colored afresh. It is curious, by the way, that in all the visions of heaven that have been seen, all the inhabitants were white. We do not recall a single description of black angels hovering round the throne. Bishop Cameron strongly recommended "providing Europeans and natives with separate opportunities of worship." He also advised against the blacks being allowed to vote on terms of equality with the whites in Church Synods. This, he explained, might lead to the European vote being quite swamped. Bishop Cameron evidently believes in the franchise so long as he can make sure which way the vote will go. Why not adopt Mr. Dooley's advice—let them all vote equally, and a white bishop do the counting?

The Bishop of Barking has been presented with six hundred guineas in order that he may take a little holiday. Some holiday makers with that some of money would be away for years.

When God Laughs is the curious title of a shilling novel. In that other work of fiction, the Bible, God laughs in the Old Testament and weeps in the New. Readers buy or borrow the book, and take their choice.

The opening of the first Sunday-school Exhibition at Sittingbourne reminds us that such schools were originally established to teach ordinary education on the only day in the week available, prior to the introduction of the Factory Acts restricting the use of child labor. Sunday-schools nowadays have nothing to do with real education. Instead of the rule of three, they teach the truth of the "three-in-one"; instead of sense, nonsense. In short, they are incubators for hatching little Christians.

Mr. Eden Phillpott's new play, *The Shadow*, is unconventional in so far that it has a murderer for a hero, who knocks

a miserly squire on the head one dark night. The hero justifies his action by saying, "Bean't the Bible full o' such things?" A shrewd hit which should make the "gods" sit up.

Albert Davis died in Bedford Gaol after a hunger strike of nearly five months. He rarely touched food but more often took a little milk. His death was due to exhaustion. This came out at the inquest. He was only twenty-one years of age; he had no brothers or sisters, and his father and mother died from small-pox when he was nine years old. What a desolate fate—even for a criminal! He appears to have thought he would get himself released—like the Suffragettes. He forgot that he was only a man. Besides, he belonged to a very poor family. Moreover, as forcible feeding was not used, his case was not reported to the Home Secretary.

A nice point was raised at the Marlborough-street Police Court when several Suffragettes were brought before the "beak" for fighting the police at the arrest of Miss Annie Kenney on the previous afternoon. One of the culprits was a clergyman; evidently a very "high" Churchman, for he claimed to be a "priest of the Catholic Church," while admitting that he was "a priest of the Church of England." He objected to be sworn on the book which had just been kissed by a wicked policeman. He even claimed to affirm. But the magistrate would not let him do that. He was told that he would have to be sworn on the Scriptures sanctioned by the Church to which he belonged. There was perhaps a lot of practical good in this decision. But could it be maintained at law? On the whole, we venture to doubt it. One would like to hear the point argued.

After bombarding Cabinet Ministers, the women—or the pious among them—are to take a turn at bombarding God. A number of "Leagues" have combined to issue a circular calling for a week of prayer. They say the claim for the enfranchisement of women "can be rightfully and conscientiously pleaded before God." Well, but he ought to know all about it as it is. We can understand arguing it out with Asquith, but why argue it out with God? Anyway, we expect it will be a one-sided discussion.

The *Referee* has been printing a number of letters complaining of "Blasphemy in the Parks." The letter-writers are enthusiastic but contradictory, for one complains of the pollution of the minds of young women, and another says "one never sees a decent woman" at these meetings. Another correspondent writes from Paris. Perhaps he walks over to Hyde Park every Sunday.

The now godly *Referee* prints further letters on "Blasphemy in Hyde Park." It is the dull season, parliament is not sitting, the sea-serpent has ceased to attract, and our pious contemporary is short of copy. There is nearly always a business explanation of these things.

The Rev. W. L. Watkinson told a gathering at a Wesleyan Methodist luncheon recently that "I was wasting my time reading a bit of fiction the other day." Was it the Bible?

Canon Samuel Augustus Barnett left estate of the gross value of £10,580. Not bad for a faithful friend of the working man.

The newspapers have been using heavy type to draw attention to a Kentish apple weighing a pound and a quarter. They would have to use poster type to do justice to the apple in the Garden of Eden.

Otto, by the grace of God, King of Bavaria, has reigned over his kingdom for twenty-seven years, although he is quite mad and is confined in Furstenried Castle. His devoted subjects must be worthy of the same institution.

"Everlasting Fires" is the wording on an advertisement in the daily press. It has no theological significance; and only relates to a special brand of coal.

A real conversion will take place shortly. The unfinished "Temple of Jezreel," on Chatham Hill, is to be converted into a picture palace. It was built about thirty years ago, at a cost of £45,000, by James Jezreel, founder of the "New and Latter House of Israel." When five stories had been reached, Jezreel himself died. Poor Jezreel was born too late to work that oracle.

Mr. Foote's Engagements

Sunday, October 19, Secular Hall, Rusholme-road, Manchester; at 3, "Sir Oliver Lodge's Theology"; at 6.30, "Shakespeare's Humanism in the *Merchant of Venice*."

October 26, Stratford Town Hall.
December 7 and 14, Queen's (Minor) Hall, London.

To Correspondents.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND, 1913.—Previously acknowledged, £197 5s. 9d. Received since:—P. M. W., £1 ls.; W. Bailey, £20; Five Edinburgh Saints, 10s. 6d.; G. Smith, 10s.

A. EYLES.—Miss Vance, the N. S. S. secretary, is sending you a form for the withdrawal of your children from religious instruction. Our shop manager is executing your order.

P. M. W., subscribing to the President's Honorarium Fund, through our publishing office, writes: "I should like to say how glad I am that the President is so much better. How greatly I admire his ability and his devotion to the cause, and how sincerely I wish him health and strength to carry on his work."

E. B.—Many thanks for cuttings.

W. GOODBOURN.—The reverend gentleman's advertisement is not worth repeating here. He seems to expect to fill his church with readers of a racing paper. But the poor men of God must do something to fill up.

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

H. ROBERTS.—May be suitable next week.

G. SMITH.—Thanks for your "further small mite" to the President's Fund. We note your view that it should progress more rapidly, and would do so if converts only gave their old "pew rents and collection money."

J. ROBERTSON.—Acknowledged as desired. Thanks also for good wishes. Mr. Foote is keeping well. If the insomnia would only go right away he might almost hope to flutter the laurels of Methuselah.

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.

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

Sugar Plums.

Mr. Foote's friends in Manchester and the district will probably be glad to hear him again. They will have an opportunity to-day (Oct. 19). He lectures, afternoon and evening, at the Secular Hall, Rusholme-road, All Saints; and his subjects are, or should be, attractive.

Although it is Mr. Foote's intention not to lecture two Sundays following, for some time at least, he is breaking this rule next Sunday (Oct. 26), when he lectures at the Stratford Town Hall, right after his visit to Manchester. This is unavoidable if he is to take one of the Stratford dates.

A medical friend, who travelled a considerable distance to hear us lecture at Birmingham, does us the honor to remind us that he is indebted to us for his "mental emancipation in the old days" when he "was a student in London." He also writes:—

"I thoroughly enjoyed hearing you again at Birmingham, after so many years, and made an effort to go there. I was glad to see your health permitted you to stand the strain of speaking in such a large hall. Your voice sounded very clearly and could be heard in the back parts of the hall."

Some of our friends will like to read that.

Mr. Cohen lectures at Glasgow to-day. See the "Lecture Notices" for particulars. We hope the local "saints" will give his visit the utmost possible publicity. That is all it wants.

Arley Lane, who does the "Pulpit and Pew" for the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury*, devoted his two columns in last week's issue to Mr. Foote's lecture in the Birmingham

Town Hall on Sunday evening, October 5. We reproduce the first portion of his descriptive report:—

"Once, when sheltering from rain under a tree in the vicinity of the Benbulbin mountains in the West of Ireland, a laborer who had run from his work to avoid a drenching, said—

"'It never rains here. It doesn't stop to rain. It tumbles down in solid sheets of water. When the wind blows on it, ye might think it was rainin' bullocks. By the seven lame pipers of Ballydehob, but it's the rale rain we get in the Benbulbins.'

"Let me advise all my friends to drive the forty miles from Bundoran to Sligo, with the Benbulbins on their left, the Atlantic on their right.

"But let the day be fine.

"My last run over that ground was done in a rainstorm that nearly washed me off the car, so that I reached the Imperial Hotel at Sligo more like a drowned rat than an English tourist.

"All of which came to my mind as I plashed through the streets of Birmingham on Sunday eve, now and then peeping in at church and chapel doors that I might observe how many had come to worship the Creator on a very wet evening.

"For though it was not raining bullocks, the downpour was so continuous and persevering that one wondered what it might have accomplished if its talents had been exercised in another and a more virtuous direction.

"Not many in the churches; fewer still in the chapels; public worship, it would seem, is largely dependent on the weather.

"'You can't expect folks to turn out on such a night,' was the actual observation of a preacher of distinction. What? Not for God? Not for heaven? Not for the everlasting ecstasy?

"Is weather to stop us from pursuit of the heavenly Jerusalem? Are we to risk the gates of pearl because of an evening's rain?

"But if the churches and chapels were drawn blank, the Town Hall was full.

"Full to the last benches in the great gallery; full to the front bench on the floor.

"No music; no singing; no attraction beyond the speech of Mr. G. W. Foote, who was announced to deal with the Theology of Sir Oliver Lodge.

"Not that the crowd cared two straws for Sir Oliver or his Theology.

"Close inquiry proved that most were subjects of good-humored derision.

"'Sir Oliver,' said one, 'is an unbeliever who talks to mugs in the chapels.'

"Said another: 'I'm here to hear Foote, no matter what he talks about.'

"These were apparently respectable, shrewd, and intelligent men of the upper working-class.

"The congregation was, in fact, mostly composed of men, just as the church and chapel congregations are mostly composed of women."

It will be noticed that Arley Lane corroborates what we said about the terrible rain and the splendid audience. The rest of his report is a bright and humorous summary report of the lecture. Occasionally the reporter offers a little criticism of his own, but it is always good-tempered and impartial. We thank him for breaking the ridiculous silence on the part of the Birmingham press, which affects to be ignorant of Mr. Foote's existence, although his name on a bill brings a great crowd of people—without any help from them.

There was an improved audience last Sunday at the Foresters' Hall, Highgate-road, and Mr. J. T. Lloyd's excellent address was followed with the keenest interest. The platform this evening (Oct. 19) will be occupied by Mr. Max Hope, who will deal with "The Assumptions of Sir Oliver Lodge."

Mr. Cohen had a good meeting at the opening of the Stratford Town Hall course of lectures on Sunday. His lecture was warmly applauded, and was followed by interesting questions and discussion. Mr. Lloyd occupies the same platform to-night (Oct. 19), his subject being "Heroes of our Faith."

A man who is prosecuted for "blasphemy" has a perfect right to conduct his own defence in his own way; though whether that is always the best way to frustrate the Blasphemy Laws, and help to break them down, is open to discussion. When our advice is asked for in any particular case we are ready to give it. We have usually found, however, that it has not been followed. Perhaps the best thing we can do is to offer a few words on the subject generally.

According to the common law of "blasphemy," ever since Lord Coleridge's judgment in 1883, it has been perfectly legal to attack the fundamentals of Christianity, provided that the disputant respects "the decencies of controversy." That is the whole point at issue now. It is useless to argue that anyone has the right to say *what he likes, when he*

likes, *where* he likes, *how* he likes, and to *whom* he likes. He cannot possibly have such a right as that in a place of public resort, where other persons have the same right to be that he has himself. What has to be argued is that he has not transgressed the "decencies of controversy"—meaning thereby the *ordinary* decencies of controversy. A Freethinker may claim the same freedom of speech that prevails, for instance, in political discussion. He should be able to speak of Jesus Christ as freely as the most extreme Tories—and the *Daily Mail*—speak of Mr. Lloyd George. He should be able to speak of Christianity as freely as Sir Edward Carson or Captain Craig speaks of Home Rule. He should be able to speak of Christians as freely as they speak of "Infidels." He should be able to speak of the "gods" of to-day as freely as religious people speak of the "gods" of the past, or the "gods" of distant parts of the world. Equal freedom with other controversialists is what the law allows him, and what he should maintain against his prosecutors.

The worst thing a man prosecuted for "blasphemy" can do is to indulge in an attack on Christianity or a defence of Atheism. The jury are not there to decide such matters, and persistence in such a line of defence will only annoy them and incline them to "get their own back" when their turn comes to speak. Showing-off is another bad policy. It will not be easy to make the judge take you at a fanciful valuation, and juries naturally resent being treated as bigger fools than they are. Above all, don't display too much of what the man in the street calls "lip." He who is pleading for fairplay should respect it himself. He who is pleading for toleration should at least be conciliatory. George Jacob Holyoake made a nine hours' speech at his trial in 1842, and he used to say humorously, but not without some degree of truth, that he deserved his sentence for talking at such inordinate length.

We are assuming, of course, that the defendant in a "blasphemy" prosecution wants to make the best use of his opportunity to attack the Blasphemy Laws and hasten their repeal; in other words that he is fighting for an acquittal at the best or a disagreement of the jury at the worst. That is the only thing that really counts. Making conviction difficult is the only effective way of stopping prosecutions. But if a defendant is animated by other motives, they are of no importance to anyone but himself, and would not excite our interest or demand our attention.

Camberwell Borough Council has employed the Bishop of Southwark to consecrate a new addition to Forest Hill Cemetery. Councillor A. B. Moss offered to do the job at half the Bishop's price. His offer was not accepted. Had it been so the Council would have lost nothing on one side and gained something on the other. Cash in hand is a solid thing, and Mr. Moss's hocus-pocus would have done the land quite as much good as the Bishop's.

There are few lady speakers on the Freethought platform, and we should make the most of those we have. Birmingham "saints" are reminded—and we ask them to let their friends and acquaintances know it—that Miss Kough lectures this evening (Oct. 19), at the King's Hall, Corporation-street.

Mr. W. Bailey, of Manchester, who has already subscribed liberally to the President's Honorarium Fund, writes us as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Foote,—As some compensation for the loss you have sustained in the curtailment of your lecturing tour, I send you a further contribution of £20 towards your Honorarium Fund, hoping that friends of the 'best of causes' may see their way to similar action. I trust your pen may for many years yet continue to expound those principles to which you have devoted a long and strenuous life.—Believe me sincerely yours, W. BAILEY."

We appreciate Mr. Bailey's good wishes, as well as his generous subscription, and we hope they will be realised. But we also hope that our voice, as well as our pen, will do a good deal more service to Freethought before the end.

This is not exactly a "Sugar Plum" but we don't know where else to put it—for we don't mean it to be an "Acid Drop." Mr. Justice North, who sentenced us to twelve months' imprisonment for "blasphemy" in 1883, died on Monday (Oct. 13) in his eighty-fourth year. We were the last prisoner he ever tried. He was removed to the Chancery Court after our trial—which he took twice at the same Sessions in order to secure a conviction. He had been for many years in retirement and most people thought he had joined the great majority. His one passport to immortality is his historical connection with the *Freethinker* case.

Musicians and Freethought.

"The quickening and growth of the spirit of Rationalism have produced consequences not entirely beneficial; for although the purgative function of the inquiring mind and the apotheosis of that entirely Protestant quality called *common sense* have done much to guard us from temptations to error, yet we have lost a great deal in the domain of the mystic and the picturesque.....The truth remains.....that so far as art is concerned.....the triumph of reason and the reign of positive negation are attended by results which can only be called deplorable."—Extract from the *Musical Standard*.

I NEVER really knew what the "balm of Gilead" was, but I apprehend the phrase alright, and I should say that the above piece of writing must be as this very "balm" to all those highly respectable people who sit in choirs and organ-lofts, for whom the said periodical specially caters, apparently. But I have a notion that all this fuss about Rationalism and negation has something of the air of the "twice-told tale" about it. Once upon a time, we were told that the world was less moral, less just, less sober, and all on account of Rationalism. Now we are informed that we are less "mystic" and "picturesque," and it is all on account of this same Rationalism. Personally, I have not the slightest idea what the terms "mystic" and "picturesque" convey in music; but Rationalism is to be "deplored," and so it is blamed for the world's loss of some idea or emotion which no one has ever seen, felt, or heard.

When one speaks of the "mystic" in a certain class of literature, I understand fairly well; but in music, or even in art generally, what does it denote? Can music evoke any such precise idea, state, or emotion to the senses that can be defined as "mystic"? Even a word like "picturesque" (except in a general connotation, *i.e.*, fit to become, or fulfilling the subject of a picture) evades definition. All this talk about the mystic and picturesque in music is sheer verbiage, and ought to be relegated, with those other "palpably nugatory" abstractions which so annoyed Ruskin, to the land of "What is it?"

As for Rationalism, Professor Bury's recent book, *A History of Freedom of Thought*, will, for the modest sum of one shilling, educate the writer to a better circumspection of his subject. To the Greeks of old, Rationalism was necessary not only for their philosophic speculation, says the Professor, but "as a condition of their literary and artistic excellence." The whole history of art and literature down to the present time is subject to this identical interpretation, as may be understood from Lecky and Bagehot. That England has been backward in the arts is due, says Buckle and Herbert Spencer, to the very absence of this Rationalism. But I feel sure that the writer in the *Musical Standard* is relying more upon an interpretation of his thesis through individuals rather than by general influences, and, as he specifies music, I will endeavor to show, by recalling some of the greatest names in the art, how utterly ridiculous is this chatter about the "deplorable" results of "Rationalism."

Bach (1686-1750) is one of the greatest names in music. He is generally looked upon as part and parcel of the Church, at least by people who only see with their eyes. They note a host of his works bearing the title and purport of religion, and they think that is sufficient. Yet it is difficult to conceive him in any way but as a Rationalist. Bach was a *Capellmeister*, and, therefore, religion was his business. German opera was practically non-existent, and the concert platform was unknown, and so Bach was subject to the Church's religious forms because there were no other vehicles for his art. Theology or creed was evidently of secondary importance to a man who could write the *B. Minor Mass* for the Catholics and the *St. Matthew Passion* for the Protestants. No one but a free man in creed and theology would use material (as Bach did) from secular works in religious compositions. Look at the opening chorus of the *Christmas Oratorio*, which

is taken from the *Birthday Ode* for the Queen of Poland, while the Virgin's song, concerning the advent of Christ, originally appeared in the secular cantata, *Hercules auf dem Scheidewege*, where it is sung by Vice when endeavoring to seduce Virtue.

Handel (1685-1759) is another greatly misunderstood artist. Here in England he is considered one of the pillars of the Church. The *Messiah* has almost become part of middle-class religion. But Handel was, as Edward Fitzgerald says in one of his chatty letters, "a good old Pagan at heart, till he had to yield to the fashionable piety of England." One writer in *Grove's Dictionary* actually demonstrates that wherever Pagans appear side by side with Jews and Christians in the oratorios, the former have "musically" the best of it. For example, in *Saul*, the "Along the monster Atheist strode" is quite picturesque beside the respectable piece which follows—"The youth inspired by thee, O Lord." In *Theodora* the "Venus laughing from the skies," compared to the Christian choruses, is like a fresh breeze blowing into a stuffy room. Handel, like Bach, used his secular material for his oratorios. Little does John Smith, grocer, know, when he talks about the "heavenly music" of the *Messiah*, that he may be listening to the *Italian Duets*! Handel was a Pagan.

The great literary and social ferment (essentially rationalistic) which brought about the French Revolution naturally bore some musicians with it. Among the greatest of these was Gluck (1714-87), whom Burney called "the Michael Angelo of Music." He gave the world those wonderful operas, *Orpheus*, *Aleeste*, and *Iphigenia*, all of which are cast in the mould of classic antiquity. We know nothing of Gluck's religion, but we know something of his art, and that must guide us. It was in the Pagan art of ancient Greece that Gluck sought his ideal, and in the æsthetics of the Freethinking encyclopædists of his day that he looked for the guidance of this ideal. Gluck was decidedly a Rationalist, but still he wrote that immortal aria "Che faro senza Eurydice."

Gossec (1734-1829) was one of the official musicians of the Revolution, and besides being ordained by the Republic as the first composer in France, and writing operas, he composed several revolutionary pieces, such as the *Hymn à la Raison*, *L'Offrande à la Liberté*, etc. He was known as a Freethinker, not only in religion, but in art. Like later reformers—Berlioz and Wagner—he wrote for huge orchestras and bands.

Grétry (1741-1813) was another musical reformer and partisan of the Revolution. He advocated a sloping auditorium and a hidden orchestra long before the days of Bayreuth. His writings are full of "reforms." He was the friend of Voltaire and a decided Freethinker. Indeed, his name appears in *Maréchal's Dictionnaire des Athées*. Among his "rebel" music is the *Fête de la Raison* and *La Rosière Républicaine*. Both Gossec and Grétry are names which count in musical progress.

For the real musical reverberation of the French Revolution we must look to Beethoven (1770-1827), the "great pathfinder," as Wagner calls him. That he was a confirmed Freethinker is allowed by all his biographers.* He was in open revolt against all the creeds, and would even make fun of the Bible. Among his works are two masses and an oratorio, which, on account of their religious titles, will specially claim our attention here. The *Mass in C*, says Nohl, "is not a religious composition," and Macfarren suggests that it "might scarcely have proceeded from an entirely orthodox thinker." In the *Missa Solennelle*, which Beethoven considered his "most finished work," the formula of the Church is completely ignored. "Its astounding grandeur," says Schlüter, "leaves no room for religious feeling." Dannreuther says it is a "a veritable hymn to humanity.....before the glory of which all that pertains to any particular Church, to any particular

priesthood, vanishes as shadows in a noonday sun." Look at its *Agnus Dei*. Where is the peace in the *Dona nobis pacem*? It is revolt! Even in his solitary oratorio, the *Mount of Olives*, biographers find the "unchristian hand" of the composer. The way Christ is made to sing a lengthy *scena ed aria*, a florid duet, and quite a "sparkling trio" (as Rockstro says), has shocked England so much that a special *libretto* has been substituted. Beethoven is one of the greatest names, if not the greatest, in music, and he is this in spite of his "deplorable Rationalism."

The creator of the German *lied* was Schubert (1797-1828). He wrote hundreds of compositions, from symphonies down to simple *strophe* songs; and, notwithstanding all the so-called benefits which this Christian civilisation has conferred upon the world, he died a pauper at the age of 31. Schumann says that Schubert could have set a placard to music. His settings of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine are real tone-pictures. *Grove* says we know nothing of his religion. Yet we have that delightful poem of his preserved by Schumann, which tells us all we need know:—

"Leave them racing, hurrying on
To some distant goal,
Building creeds and proofs upon
Half-seen flashes in the soul.
Not a word of it is true,
Yet what loss is theirs or mine?
In the maze of human systems
I can trace the thought divine."

From this it would seem that all religions were the same to Schubert, and thus he could write a *Mass* for the Catholics, an *Oratorio* for the Protestants, and a *Psalm* for the Jews! He was certainly a Rationalist, and he wrote the "mystical" *Der Wanderer* and the "picturesque" *Erkönig*.

One of the freest minds in art which took service under Heine's flag, in the "war of liberation," was Robert Schumann (1810-56). One has only to read his prose works and his letters to know how utterly free he was from that "inherited usage" which was Heine's *bête noir*. J. M. Wheeler gives him a place in his *Dictionary of Freethinkers*. He wrote a *Mass* and a *Requiem*, which, although they bear the Catholic formula, are full of characteristics opposed to Catholic ritual. His so-called "profane oratorio"—*Paradise and the Peri*—is considered by most writers as his chief work, and the very title of the composition gave offence in certain "respectable" quarters. Schumann was the first musician to sally forth sword (or shall we say pen) in hand to rout the Philistine.

Berlioz (1803-69), "the mighty Hector," believed neither in a God nor Bach, says his friend Hiller. In his charming autobiography, which W. E. Henley ranked as a classic of its kind, Berlioz tells us how he scandalised the pious Mendelssohn by laughing at the Bible. I suppose it is not too much to say that he is the greatest musician France has produced. His *Damnation of Faust*, like the *Faust* of Schumann, is a true understanding, and worthy setting, of Goethe's masterpiece, and infinitely superior to Gounod's cheap and tawdry stuff. Berlioz' works are like huge canvases of tone. Heine said his music reminded him of "primeval monsters and fabulous empires." Among his so-called religious works are an oratorio, *The Infancy of Christ*, a *Requiem*, and a *Te Deum*. Of the two latter, one eminent critic has said, they "stand like colossal statues at the gates of a barbarian temple. They are absolutely unchristian in feeling." Surely this writer didn't expect a Berlioz to write à la Sankey-Moody hymnal. Berlioz was an Atheist like his father, and I suppose he is one of those people responsible for the loss of the "mystic" and "picturesque" in music. Bah! it is enough to make a stir in that ground of *Père la Chaise*.

Félicien David (1810-76), the composer of the symphonic ode, *Le Désert*, was a Freethinker, much taken up with St. Simonianism. Offenbach (1819-80), the most brilliant exponent of the lighter *opéra comique*, was also a Freethinker. English critics complained that he even introduced his scepticism into his *libretti*. Many will remember the recent revival (up-to-date) of his *Orphee aux Enfers* in

* In an article, entitled "Beethoven and the Revolution," in the *Freethinker* (August 4, 1907), I dealt at length with Beethoven's religious views.

London. Henry Litolff (1818-91), a famous pianist in his day, but now only known to fame as the composer of the overture, *Robespierre*, and the delightful *Spinnlied*, was a thorough rebel and Freethinker. When a youth he threw himself into the Vienna rebellion of 1848, and even at middle age he couldn't keep out of the Paris Commune of 1871. Another fine pianist, alive to-day, who took part in the Paris Commune, and is a Freethinker, is Raoul Pugno.

We will now turn to the land of the *bel canto*—Italy. The first free musician, at any rate in modern times, is Rossini (1792-1868), known best of all for his opera, *William Tell*, the overture to which is such a favorite in all concert *répertoires*. Rossini was a reformer. It was he who broke the back of the singers' tyranny and domination. When the "star" of the day said, "I shall sing such and such a *cadenza* there, Signor Rossini," the signor replied, "You will sing just what I have written; no more and no less." Chouquet tells us that Rossini was a sceptic. He also wrote music that may be called "religious," with a stretch of fancy—for instance, *Moses in Egypt* and a *Stabat Mater*—but it must be patent to the meanest musical person that every note in these is stage music. A hymn of thanksgiving in *Moses* is worked out to the accompaniment of a polonaise!

The great Verdi (1813-1901), whose *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and *Aida*, belong to our operatic *répertoires*, was also a Freethinker. In his earlier days he was always in trouble with either Church or State on account of his *libretti*. I remember reading that during his latter days, when in retirement, how he insisted upon priests keeping to their soul-saving business, and not interfere with secular affairs.

Boito (1842), the composer of *Mephistophele*, is still living. He was one of the rebel poets of Italy, with Carducci, in the 'sixties and 'seventies. He is a candid Freethinker, and in his *Mephistophele* made a daring satire on the Roman Church. In the scene where Mephistopheles is crowned, all the demons and witches kneel down in adoration to a parody of the music of the Catholic *Tantum Ergo*. Needless to say, the stage was rushed on the first performance, and a riot ensued.

Now we come to one who startled all the dovecootes of respectability in art and life—Wagner (1813-88). He was an inherent rebel. In 1849 he was among the democrats advocating reform in Dresden, and finally took part in the rebellion. On its suppression, Wagner fled to Switzerland, but his assessors, Bakounine, the apostle of Anarchism, and Roeckel, the musician, went to prison. Wagner was always a strict Freethinker and an Atheist. At first, a friend and follower of Feuerbach; then of Schopenhauer. In later years, although still maintaining his *animus* against the God-idea, he became enamored with the ascetic side of Christianity, in an ultra-development of Schopenhauer's surrender of the will. His operas, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are well known to the masses, but it is in his stupendous music-drama—*The Ring of the Nibelung*—that he reveals his great genius. Not content with revolutionising his art, he preached the reason for his revolt in some of the most remarkable books of the century, viz.: *Art and the Revolution*, *Music of the Future*, etc. An excellent summary of his philosophies, in art, religion, and politics, is contained in Bernard Shaw's *The Perfect Wagnerite*. I suggest it will not be presumptuous to claim Wagner for Rationalism, and for having contributed a quota to the progress of music, even if we have lost something of the "mystic" and "picturesque"!

Hans Von Bülow (1830-94), a great pianist, a great conductor, and a composer of note, was a militant Freethinker, if not an Atheist. His writings bear abundant evidence of this. As a young man he was swept into the revolutionary philosophies of '48, and they always seem to have stayed with him. To him the God-idea was all-harmful, and he blamed it for all the "banalities in the world," including Philistinism. He was a man every inch of him, this same Von Bülow.

Anton Rubinstein (1830-94) has been designated the "founder of the musical education and civilisation in Russia." He was, besides that, one of the world's greatest pianists, and his works are among the classics of the musical art. His well-known *Melody in F* belongs to "the people," whilst his *Ocean Symphony* will be cherished by the elect for all time. Rubinstein was a confirmed Agnostic, and priests were a continual fund of amusement to him. The orthodox oratorio, where artists sing highly dramatic incidents dressed in conventional "evening dress," and as immovable as a rock, raised his ire. Rubinstein said that if the people wanted Bible history in *libretti*, they ought to have it with full scenery and effects, and to this end he devised his "sacred operas"—*Moses*, *Christus*, etc., but they were unsuccessful.

Brahms (1833-97), who was bracketed with Bach and Beethoven as the "Three B.'s of Music," also belongs to the Rationalists. His *Four Serious Songs* are poems upon the uncertainty of human life, and almost a glorification of Death. *Grove's Dictionary* admits that the composer did not hold to the immortality of the soul. The writer says "the dogmatism of the Churches did not appeal to him." The great *German Requiem*, although it has the mark of a church piece by title, is nothing of the sort. Again, we have a critic (Streatfeild), as with Berlioz, who calls the work "unchristian"—i.e., I suppose because the composer does not allow the æsthetic principle to play "second fiddle" to the devotional. Brahms' *Song of Destiny*, and *Song of the Fates*, tell us more of his heresy.

The intellectual opening of Russia, which seems to have been sequential to the liberal decades following the emancipation of the serfs, gave to musical art the genius of Moussorgsky (1835-81). Here was a staunch democrat and Freethinker who dared (and it meant *dare* in those days in Russia) to say, "Hold out the hand of fellowship to the masses, and learn from them the true purpose of life." He practised what he preached, but what a sad tale it is in his life. His songs are truly "human documents." Those weird *Songs and Dances of Death* reveal his very soul. One writer has called him the "musical Nihilist," and not without reason. The *Peep Show* is a delicious satire. Moussorgsky hated "authority," and the official, the priest, and the academic person all come in for severe handling under his lash of satire.

Two masters of the Neo-romantic school—Greig and Tschaiowsky—belong definitely to Freethought. Everyone knows their music, if really not the best of it. Greig (1843-1907) was the friend of the great literary Freethinkers—Ibsen, Björnson, and Brandes. He set to music the *chef d'œuvre* of the first, *Peer Gynt*. Björnson's *Sigurd Jorsalfar* also had his setting. He ignored Christianity, and Brandes tells us he was a Freethinker.

Tschaiowsky (1840-93), the great tone poet of pessimism, was an Agnostic. His letters, especially those to Von Meck, tell us of all his "doubts." Providence, immortality, and the rest, all are discussed by him. Critics actually tell us that he reveals his "doubts" in his music. Markham Lee, in his brochure on the composer, says he can imagine Tschaiowsky saying, in his *Pathetic Symphony*, "There is no God!"

Unquestionably, one of the first names in music to-day is that of Richard Strauss. His conception of the musical art is something immense. He uses tone as a Titan. But I must pass on to his philosophy. It is clearly Nietzschean, as revealed in his tone-poems, *Also sprach Zarathustra* and *Ein Heldenleben*. The composer has, in the former, attempted to represent man in his effort to solve the riddle of the universe. In *Heldenleben* Strauss portrays man's life-conflict, his triumph, and final peace. This, like *Tod und Verklärung*, called forth a perfect storm of hostile criticism on account of its realism. Strauss also belongs to Freethought.

Among the foremost French composers of modern times are Massenet, Bruneau, and Charpentier, all

Rationalists. Massenet (1842-1912) was a confessed Voltairian. His oratorio, *Marie Magdalene*, and the opera, *Hérodiade*, caused considerable stir by reason of the freedom of their texts. Bruneau was the friend of Zola, and a good fighter for liberty all round. His "naturalism" in *L'Attaque au Moulin* and *La Réve* was subjected to much criticism. Gustave Charpentier is still living. He is a staunch Freethinker and revolutionary Socialist. His opera, *Louise*, and a tone-poem, *La Vie du Poet*, reveal revolutionary ideas.

These are the names of giants in the musical art, and I claim them for Rationalism. If music has lost anything by this "Rationalism," it is only the bonds and fetters which bound it to social and religious convention. The progress of all art is dependent upon progress in civilisation, and the latter seems to be determined in relation to conflict with "the powers that be." Thus Rationalism or Freethought, in its conflict with religion, is an absolute condition of civilisation, and so of Art.

H. GEORGE FARMER.

Shelley and Keats on Richard Carlile.

SHELLEY'S first piece of important prose was the "Letter to Lord Ellenborough," before whom Daniel Isaac Eaton was tried for "blasphemy" in March, 1812, his offence being the publication of the third part of Paine's *Age of Reason*. This virtuous man and honorable publisher was found guilty and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, also to stand in the pillory. Shelley was not yet twenty, and he waited to see if some older and more influential champion of freedom would "raise his voice in the indignation of outraged humanity." But no one spoke, and the young poet stepped into the breach. The manuscript of his letter was entrusted to Mr. Syle, a well-known printer and publisher of Barnstaple. Shelley ordered a thousand copies to be printed, but the tradesman was more easily frightened than the author. Mr. Syle suppressed and destroyed all the remaining sheets after some two hundred copies had been delivered. It was difficult to circulate even a few of these copies, but the pamphlet survives amongst Shelley's prose works, and is a monument to his honor. It is not, as a composition, to be compared to such a superb achievement as the later *Defence of Poetry*, which was so highly—yet not too highly—praised by James Thomson. But the Letter to Lord Ellenborough was one that only Shelley could have written; it is creditable alike to his head and heart; its style was wonderfully mature for a youth only half way through his twentieth year; and it has the distinction, we repeat, of being his first prose writing of real importance.

Six years and a half later, in October, 1819, Richard Carlile had to answer six indictments for "blasphemy." He read the whole of the *Age of Reason* in his defence, in order to have it published as part of the report of his trial. He was found guilty (of course!) and sentenced to a fine of £1,500 and three years' imprisonment in Dorchester Gaol. The news of this judicial crime reached Shelley at Florence, where he was "in hourly expectation of Mary's confinement." He was also "full of all kinds of literary plans." Yet he could not forbear giving his attention to the new "blasphemy" case. Writing to the Gisbornes on November 6, 1819, he said: "I have just finished a letter of five sheets on Carlile's affair." What became of it we do not know. Is there any Shelleyan alive—Mr. Wise, Mr. Dobell, or another—who can give us any information on the point? Dr. Dowden, Shelley's official biographer, says that the letter was "addressed to Leigh Hunt." He gives a brief account of it, running only to seven lines; and winds up, characteristically, with bigoted nonsense about "the indecencies of Paine's commentary on the story of the birth of Jesus Christ"—as if it were not Shelley's opinion, but Dr. Dowden's, that really mattered.

The Carlile case attracted the attention of another great poet—John Keats. Writing to his brother George, before Carlile's trial came on, Keats first observed that England was recovering from the reaction which followed the French Revolution, and then he proceeded:—

"There are little signs whereby we may know how matters are going on. This makes the business of Carlisle [Keats's spelling] the bookseller of great amount in my mind. He has been selling deistical pamphlets, republished Tom Paine, and many other works held in superstitious horror. He has even been selling, for some time, immense numbers of a work called *The Deist*, which comes out in weekly numbers. For this conduct he, I think, has had about a dozen indictments issued against him, for which he has found bail to the amount of many thousand pounds. After all, they are afraid to prosecute. They are afraid of his defence; it would be published in all the papers all over the empire. They shudder at this. The trials would light a flame they could not extinguish. Do you not think this of great import?"

Richard Carlile was happier than he knew. His own indomitable manhood was equal to anything. No one ever looked on the face of danger with greater equanimity. He was incapable of fear. He was as stubborn as the oak of his native Devonshire, as enduring as the Dartmoor granite. And he had friends amongst the people, and friends of eminence like the great Jeremy Bentham. But he was unaware that his fight was watched by two mighty poets, both Republicans and Freethinkers, both friends of human liberty and progress, both young and fated to die young, and both destined to become fixed stars in the firmament of English literature. Richard Carlile has been sneered at by dilettante reformers, who had none of his passionate devotion to principle, nor a single spark of his fiery courage. They could never have wielded his sword even if they had seized it in a moment of unwonted enthusiasm. He fought like a Titan, and there was no room for "delicacy" in such a struggle. He had all the qualities that were requisite. And the two most exquisite poets of his time—for Coleridge was alive then, but not creative—looked out from their towers of song and saw where his whirling sword gleamed in the desperate fight, and recognised, with the intuition of genius, that he was a true hero battling for the most precious possession of humanity; for that intellectual liberty, without which life is a slavery and happiness a disgrace. G. W. FOOTE

Everybody will remember the destruction of Messina by earthquake in December, 1908. A *Daily Chronicle* representative has been writing on that City of the Dead—for the old city is left in its ruins and a new city is springing up beside it. The only church that the earthquake left standing was San Niccolo. It stood, but its interior is a scene of desolation. Another edifice—a Pagan one—was luckier:—

"Littered about the quays and floating in docks I noticed scores of Royal Custom House registers of the earthquake days. Wavelets ripple over the sunken wharves, the quay-side and adjacent streets remain rent asunder in mighty gaps; the Parade all uphoven, smashed, and encumbered with rubbish as when the tidal wave, 150 feet in height, retired after its vent of herculean castigation. One object rivets attention. The giant form of Neptune, trident in hand, surveys the scene serenely from the summit of his superb fountain. The sea has respected its god. Pious folk pointed me to the survival of this and like pagan memories, in contrast with the annihilation of their own sacred shrines, as proof positive that the quake was the handiwork of demons."

What a brain-addling thing superstition is!

Obituary.

With the deepest regret I record the death of our comrade and friend, John Clark, of Loyland, near Preston, who died on October 8 (while unconscious), after a short but severe attack of pneumonia. He was a member of the Preston Secular Society; and when conscious he refused the attentions of the clergy. All his spare time was taken up with the propaganda of the causes he loved. He lived and died a Secularist, but was buried a Christian. The funeral took place Saturday, the 11th.—A. P.

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.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (Mr. Miller's, 8 Mathias-road, Stoke Newington): Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.30, Meeting—*re* Evening Lectures.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Foresters' Hall, 5 Highgate-road, N.W., adjoining "The Bull and Gate"): 7.30, M. Hope, "The Assumptions of Sir Oliver Lodge."

STRATFORD TOWN HALL: 7.30, J. T. Lloyd, "Heroes of Our Faith."

OUTDOOR.

EDMONTON BRANCH N. S. S. (Edmonton Green): 8, "Beelzebub," "Meteorology, Biblical and Scientific."

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Parliament Hill): 3.15, a Lecture.

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N. S. S. (King's Hall, Corporation-street): 7, Miss K. B. Kough, "Androcles and the Lion."

GLASGOW SECULAR SOCIETY (North Saloon, City Hall): C. Cohen, 12 noon, "The Rule of the Dead"; 6.30, "The Physiology of Faith."

MANCHESTER BRANCH N. S. S. (Secular Hall, Rusholme-road, All Saints): G. W. Foote, 3, "Sir Oliver Lodge's Theology"; 6.30, "Shakespeare's Humanism in the Merchant of Venice."

LEICESTER (Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate): 6.30, J. M. Hogg, "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform."

PROPAGANDIST LEAFLETS. New Issue. 1. *Christianity a Stupendous Failure*, J. T. Lloyd; 2. *Bible and Teetotalism*, J. M. Wheeler; 3. *Principles of Secularism*, C. Watts; 4. *Where Are Your Hospitals?* R. Ingersoll. 5. *Because the Bible Tells Me So*, W. P. Ball; 6. *Why Be Good?* by G. W. Foote. *The Parson's Creed*. Often the means of arresting attention and making new members. Price 6d. per hundred, post free 7d. Special rates for larger quantities. Samples on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—N. S. S. SECRETARY, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.



LATEST N. S. S. BADGE.—A single Pansy flower, size as shown; artistic and neat design in enamel and silver; permanent in color; has been the means of making many pleasant introductions. Brooch or Stud fastening, 6d. Scarf-pin, 8d. Postage in Great Britain 1d. Small reduction on not less than one dozen. Exceptional value.—From Miss E. M. VANCE,

General Secretary, N. S. S., 2 Newcastle-street, London, E.C.

America's Freethought Newspaper.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT, 1873.

CONTINUED BY E. M. MACDONALD, 1883-1909.

G. E. MACDONALD EDITOR.
L. K. WASHBURN EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscription in advance	...	\$3.00
Two new subscribers	...	5.00
One subscription two years in advance	...	5.00

To all foreign countries, except Mexico, 50 cents per annum extra. Subscriptions for any length of time under a year, at the rate of 25 cents per month, may be begun at any time.

Freethinkers everywhere are invited to send for specimen copies, which are free.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY,
Publishers, Dealers in Freethought Books,
62 VESSEY STREET, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Determinism or Free Will?

By C. COHEN.

Issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.

A clear and able exposition of the subject in the only adequate light—the light of evolution.

CONTENTS.

- I. The Question Stated.—II. "Freedom" and "Will."—III. Consciousness, Deliberation, and Choice.—IV. Some Alleged Consequences of Determinism.—V. Professor James on "The Dilemma of Determinism."—VI. The Nature and Implications of Responsibility.—VII. Determinism and Character.—VIII. A Problem in Determinism.—IX. Environment.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET.
(POSTAGE 2d.)

THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

A LIBERAL OFFER—NOTHING LIKE IT.

Greatest Popular Family Reference Book and Sexology—Almost Given Away. A Million sold at 3 and 4 dollars—Now Try it Yourself.

Insure Your Life—You Die to Win; Buy this Book, You Learn to Live.



Ignorance kills—knowledge saves—be wise in time. Men weaken, sicken, die—not knowing how to live. "Habits that enslave" wreck thousands—young and old. Fathers fall, mothers are "bed-ridden," babies die. Family feuds, marital miseries, divorces—even murders—All can be avoided by self-knowledge, self-control.

You can discount heaven—dodge hell—here and now, by reading and applying the wisdom of this one book of 1,200 pages, 400 illustrations, 80 lithographs on 18 anatomical color plates, and over 250 prescriptions.

OF COURSE YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT EVERYONE OUGHT TO KNOW.

- THE YOUNG—How to choose the best to marry.
- THE MARRIED—How to be happy in marriage.
- THE FOND PARENT—How to have prize babies.
- THE MOTHER—How to have them without pain.
- THE CHILDLESS—How to be fruitful and multiply.
- THE CURIOUS—How they "grew" from germ-cell.
- THE HEALTHY—How to enjoy life and keep well.
- THE INVALID—How to brace up and keep well.

Whatever you'd ask a doctor you find herein.

Dr. Foote's books have been the popular instructors of the masses in America for fifty years (often re-written, enlarged) and always kept up-to-date. For twenty years they have sold largely (from London) to all countries where English is spoken, and everywhere highly praised. Last editions are best, largest, and most for the price. You may save the price by not buying, and you may lose your life (or your wife or child) by not knowing some of the vitally important truths it tells.

Most Grateful Testimonials From Everywhere.

Gudivoda, India: "It is a store of medical knowledge in plainest language, and every reader of English would be benefited by it."—W. L. N.

Triplicane, India: "I have gone through the book many times, and not only benefited myself but many friends also."—G. W. T.

Panderma, Turkey: "I can avow frankly there is rarely to be found such an interesting book as yours."—K. H. (Chemist).

Calgary, Can.: "The information therein has changed my whole idea of life—to be nobler and happier."—D. N. M.

Laverton, W. Aust.: "I consider it worth ten times the price. I have benefited much by it."—R. M.

Somewhat Abridged Editions (800 pp. each) can be had in German, Swedish, or Finnish.

Price **EIGHT SHILLINGS** by Mail to any Address.

ORDER OF THE PIONEER PRESS,

2 NEWCASTLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

President: G. W. FOOTE.

Secretary: MISS E. M. VANCE, 2 Newcastle-st. London, E.C.

Principles and Objects.

SECULARISM teaches that conduct should be based on reason and knowledge. It knows nothing of divine guidance or interference; it excludes supernatural hopes and fears; it regards happiness as man's proper aim, and utility as his moral guide.

Secularism affirms that Progress is only possible through Liberty, which is at once a right and a duty; and therefore seeks to remove every barrier to the fullest equal freedom of thought, action, and speech.

Secularism declares that theology is condemned by reason as superstitious, and by experience as mischievous, and assails it as the historic enemy of Progress.

Secularism accordingly seeks to dispel superstition; to spread education; to disestablish religion; to rationalise morality; to promote peace; to dignify labor; to extend material well-being; and to realise the self-government of the people.

Membership.

Any person is eligible as a member on signing the following declaration:—

"I desire to join the National Secular Society, and I pledge myself, if admitted as a member, to co-operate in promoting its objects."

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Dated this..... day of..... 190.....

This Declaration should be transmitted to the Secretary with a subscription.

P.S.—Beyond a minimum of Two Shillings per year, every member is left to fix his own subscription according to his means and interest in the cause.

Immediate Practical Objects.

The Legitimation of Bequests to Secular or other Free-thought Societies, for the maintenance and propagation of heterodox opinions on matters of religion, on the same conditions as apply to Christian or Theistic churches or organisations.

The Abolition of the Blasphemy Laws, in order that Religion may be canvassed as freely as other subjects, without fear of fine or imprisonment.

The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the State Churches in England, Scotland, and Wales.

The Abolition of all Religious Teaching and Bible Reading in Schools, or other educational establishments supported by the State.

The Opening of all endowed educational institutions to the children and youth of all classes alike.

The Abrogation of all laws interfering with the free use of Sunday for the purpose of culture and recreation; and the Sunday opening of State and Municipal Museums, Libraries, and Art Galleries.

A Reform of the Marriage Laws, especially to secure equal justice for husband and wife, and a reasonable liberty and facility of divorce.

The Equalisation of the legal status of men and women, so that all rights may be independent of sexual distinctions.

The Protection of children from all forms of violence, and from the greed of those who would make a profit out of their premature labor.

The Abolition of all hereditary distinctions and privileges, fostering a spirit antagonistic to justice and human brotherhood.

The Improvement by all just and wise means of the conditions of daily life for the masses of the people, especially in towns and cities, where insanitary and incommodious dwellings, and the want of open spaces, cause physical weakness and disease, and the deterioration of family life.

The Promotion of the right and duty of Labor to organise itself for its moral and economical advancement, and of its claim to legal protection in such combinations.

The Substitution of the idea of Reform for that of Punishment in the treatment of criminals, so that gaols may no longer be places of brutalisation, or even of more detention, but places of physical, intellectual, and moral elevation for those who are afflicted with anti-social tendencies.

An Extension of the moral law to animals, so as to secure them humane treatment and legal protection against cruelty.

The Promotion of Peace between nations, and the substitution of Arbitration for War in the settlement of international disputes.

FREETHOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

LIBERTY AND NECESSITY. An argument against Free Will and in favor of Moral Causation. By David Hume. 32 pages, price 2d., postage 1d.

THE MORTALITY OF THE SOUL. By David Hume. With an Introduction by G. W. Foote. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

AN ESSAY ON SUICIDE. By David Hume. With an Historical and Critical Introduction by G. W. Foote. price 1d., postage ½d.

FROM CHRISTIAN PULPIT TO SECULAR PLATFORM. By J. T. Lloyd. A History of his Mental Development. 60 pages, price 1d., postage 1d.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HYPATIA. By M. M. Mangasarian (Chicago). 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS. By Lord Bacon. A beautiful and suggestive composition. 86 pages, reduced from 1s. to 3d., postage 1d.

A REFUTATION OF DEISM. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. With an Introduction by G. W. Foote. 32 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

LETTER TO LORD ELLENBOROUGH. Occasioned by the Sentence he passed on Daniel Isaac Eaton as publisher of the so-called Third Part of Paine's *Age of Reason*. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. With an Introduction by G. W. Foote. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PAST. Essays on Human Evolution. By J. M. Wheeler. A Very Valuable Work. 192 pages, price 1s., postage 2½d.

BIBLE STUDIES AND PHALIC WORSHIP. By J. M. Wheeler. 136 pages, price 1s. 6d., postage 2d.

UTILITARIANISM. By Jeremy Bentham. An Important Work. 32 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM EXAMINED. By Jeremy Bentham. With a Biographical Introduction by J. M. Wheeler. A Drastic Work by the great man who, as Macaulay said, "found Jurisprudence a gibberish and left it a Science." 72 pages, price (reduced from 1s.) 3d., postage 1d.

THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION. By Ludwig Feuerbach. "All theology is anthropology." Büchner said that "no one has demonstrated and explained the purely human origin of the idea of God better than Ludwig Feuerbach." 78 pages, price 6d., postage 1d.

THE CODE OF NATURE. By Denis Diderot. Powerful and eloquent. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY CONCERNING HUMAN LIBERTY. By Anthony Collins. With Preface and Annotations by G. W. Foote and Biographical Introduction by J. M. Wheeler. One of the strongest defences of Determinism ever written. 75 pages, price 1s, in cloth; paper copies 6d., postage 1d.

LETTERS OF A CHINAMAN ON THE MISCHIEF OF MISSIONARIES. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

PAMPHLETS BY C. COHEN.

FOREIGN MISSIONS: THEIR DANGERS AND DELUSIONS. Price 9d., postage 1d.

AN OUTLINE OF EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS. Price 6d., postage 1d.

SOCIALISM, ATHEISM, AND CHRISTIANITY. Price 1d., postage ½d.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL ETHICS. Price 1d., postage ½d.

PAIN AND PROVIDENCE. Price 1d., postage ½d.

THE PIONEER PRESS,
2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

PIONEER PAMPHLETS.

Now being issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.

No. I.—BIBLE AND BEER. By G. W. Foote.

FORTY PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: single copy, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 6 copies, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 18 copies, 3d.; 26 copies, 4d. (parcel post).

No. II.—DEITY AND DESIGN. By C. Cohen.

(A Reply to Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace.)

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: Single copy, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 6 copies, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 18 copies, $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 26 copies, 4d. (parcel post).

No. III.—MISTAKES OF MOSES. By Colonel Ingersoll.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: Single copy, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 6 copies, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 18 copies, $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 26 copies, 4d. (parcel post).

IN PREPARATION.

No. IV.—CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS. By G. W. Foote.

No. V.—MODERN MATERIALISM. By W. Mann.

Special Terms for Quantities for Free Distribution or to Advanced Societies.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 NEWCASTLE STREET, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE POPULAR EDITION

(Revised and Enlarged)

OF

“BIBLE ROMANCES”

BY

G. W. FOOTE.

With a Portrait of the Author.

CONTENTS.

The Creation Story
Eve and the Apple
Cain and Abel
Noah's Flood
The Tower of Babel
Lot's Wife

The Ten Plagues
The Wandering Jews
A God in a Box
Balaam's Ass
Jonah and the Whale
Bible Animals

Bible Ghosts
A Virgin Mother
The Crucifixion
The Resurrection
The Devil

144 Large Double-Column Pages, Good Print, Good Paper

SIXPENCE—NET

(POSTAGE 2d.)

THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 NEWCASTLE STREET, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.