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I will be as harsh as Truth and as uncompromising as Justice.—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Theology, Genesis, and Science.

MINISTERS of religion tell us that "it is becoming every day more difficult to accept all the stories in Genesis as literally true." Addressing the Students' Christian Union at the Melbourne University, Dean Stephen, Bishop elect of Tasmania, said that "most students believe that in Genesis there are mythical and legendary elements." A myth is defined as a story told to explain a fact or a belief. For example, the fact of the succession of the seasons is explained by the story of Persephone, and the fact of likeness and sympathy between man and woman by the story of the creation Eve out of Adam's rib. As explanations of facts we find myths in Greece, Chaldæa, Egypt, and India, as well as in Palestine. The Genesis stories of creation, of the tree of life, of the fall of man, and of the flood, have parallels in other literature, especially in that of Chaldæa; but Christian divines maintain that there are great differences between them. They assure us that the non-Biblical myths are very numerous, always polytheistic, and sometimes immoral, while the Hebrew myths are few in number, always monotheistic and moral in tone. The former ascribe low and degrading actions to the deities, while the latter attribute high and noble deeds to Jehovah. The Dean said:—

"At first the early Hebrew records seem to be like all others. Study shows them to be unique. The cause of this difference is what we call inspiration. God taught a few individuals higher truth than their neighbors, awakened their religious consciousness, and enabled them to judge current mythology and tradition, and after judgment to retain only such elements as were compatible with morality and religion. Hence, through inspiration the Jews alone were not hampered with a vast mass of myths which taught false morality and false ideas about God. The few which remained became the vehicles of Divine truth."

Greater nonsense never dropped from human lips. There is not a word of truth in that extract. Does Dean Stephen really believe that the Biblical account of the flood shows God in a favorable light? Does it represent him as the possessor of a highly moral character? Does the reverend gentleman regard the Book of Joshua as a vehicle of glorious truths about Jehovah?

Now, as the Dean frankly admits, the story of creation and man's fall, found in Genesis, is neither science nor history, but a mere myth. Archbishop Lowther Clarke, of Melbourne, recently preached three sermons on "Genesis and Evolution," long reports of which appeared in the *Age*. His Grace is in substantial agreement with the Dean, describing the first chapter of Genesis as being "neither a scientific treatise nor an historical record, but as partaking of the nature of a parable, or vision, or allegory." The curious thing is, that the Archbishop adopts those conclusions of science which do not clash with his own theology, but ruthlessly rejects those that do. He believes in the evolution of all animals below man. He speaks of the vast

periods of time "during which there lived and died successions of animals which played their part on the surface of the earth." He says that it is "quite impossible to give even an approximate estimate of the length of time required for these creations to develop and decay"; but he holds the old doctrine that when man appeared "he was created in the image of God, with a mind capable of understanding the thoughts of God, and with a power of speech which enabled him to convey his thoughts to his fellow men." He is reported to have spoken thus:—

"Evolution was manifestly a method of Divine working, but the application of it to the onward progress of man through lower ape-like forms to his present condition was now shown to be false. In the fossil remains there was no sign anywhere of an ape-man or a man-ape. There were all possible gradations of men from the lowest to the highest limits, but there was not a trace of an intermediate stage through which the ape was passing into man. We could, therefore, without any opposition from modern science, declare our belief in the ennobling statement of Genesis i.: 'God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them, and God blessed them.'"

By whom has the evolution of man through lower forms been shown to be false? The Archbishop gives no authority for his erroneous statement, and we boldly charge him with a deliberate misrepresentation of the teaching of modern science as to man's origin. Has he never heard of the fully attested fact that when the blood of a man is transfused into a chimpanzee there is an harmonious mingling of the two? Man's organism and the chimpanzee's are very closely related. For the evolution of man, then, we have the direct, experimental evidence of blood relationship. This evidence has been brought forward in the most complete and literal sense by such scientists as Friedenthal, Uhlenhuth, and Nuttall. Has his Grace the audacity to deny it? He has a perfect right to prefer Genesis to science, but he has not the shadow of a right to mislead his Australian hearers and readers about modern science.

Let us examine the Archbishop's doctrine of man a little more closely. As reported, he says:—

"The purport of the whole was to declare that when God created man with a living soul he made him for himself. Duties were assigned to man. He was shown the grandeur of work.....But all this was conditioned by obedience. Certain things we might freely do, while other things were as surely forbidden, because they led to death."

That may be good theology, but not a single fact can be adduced in support of it. The most reverend gentleman deals alone in dogmas, not at all in facts. For example, he seems to believe that man is totally differentiated from all other animals by his possession of a "living soul," but every scholar is aware that in Hebrew psychology "soul" is the common possession of both animals and man. Surely his Grace is not ignorant of the fact that Gen. i. 20, should read thus: "And God said, Let the waters swarm with swarming things [even] living souls." The Hebrew word for "soul" is *néphesh*. Even the beings that swarm in the ocean are called "living souls" in the first chapter of Genesis; and Canon Driver admits, in his excellent Commentary, that "no pre-eminence of man is declared in these words, 'And man became a living soul'" (Gen. ii. 7).

Again, his Grace quotes the words, "And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed," and adds the comment that "clothing marked man's attempt to hide his shame;" but this is an utterly unscientific and false account of the beginning of the wearing of clothes. His Grace is not entirely blind to the falseness of his statement, for he adds, "That did not wholly account for its use, which was determined largely by climate." Of course, Archbishop Clarke believes in the Fall, for otherwise he would have no Gospel to preach, and his profession would be an absurdity. And yet his explanation of the "initial catastrophe" is absurdly vague. This is how the *Age* for July 6 puts it:—

"Dr. Clarke invited his hearers to regard the story of the Fall not as an isolated historical fact, but as a perpetually recurring illustration of all human experience.....When man was innocent, he rejoiced in God's presence. When he had sinned against God, he tried to hide himself from his presence."

In reality, that is a flat denial of the old doctrine of the Fall as taught by Paul and Augustine, and as expressed in all the great creeds. The Most Rev. Dr. Clarke preaches what he does not really believe himself, and explains away the fundamental tenets of the Christian Faith. He does not believe that the human race was ever in Paradise in a state of perfect happiness. Listen to this:—

"What did just and true criticism say to this story? It asserted that man's course had been one of painful upward struggle, that he had never known a state of happiness, though through the ages he had been striving after it. All this was true, and the story gave the reason. It did not assert that races of men lived in Paradise, but in describing the ideal life for which God made man, it related the causes of his fall and spoke unmistakably of the painful upward struggle to which his sin had condemned him."

Most assuredly that is not honest exegesis. That is the scientific version of the struggle for life, in which the strongest survive. It is not the teaching of Genesis. It is not sin that condemns us to this struggle, but our very nature which we share with all the animals. The struggle is universal, and survival is the reward of strength and skill.

J. T. LLOYD.

The Christian Kaiser.

THE other day the *Daily Telegraph*, which is in its way a very Christian newspaper, reprinted the report of a conversation held in 1910 with the German Emperor. In this conversation the Emperor is reported to have said:—

"I often read the Bible. I like to read it every night. A Bible lies on a table at my bedside. I find the most beautiful thoughts expressed in it. I cannot understand how it is that so many persons pay so little attention to the Holy Scriptures. Can anyone read the Gospels and other portions of the Bible without feeling convinced that the words contain a simple truth established in unquestionable facts? Whenever I have to make any decision I ask myself what the Bible would teach me to do in that particular case. The Bible is to me the fountain from which I draw light and strength. In hours of sorrow and depression I seek consolation therein. I am convinced that many who have neglected religion will regain definite religious belief in our time, and will feel the need of communion with the Almighty. Periods of dangerous doubt have always produced in their wake periods of enthusiastic religious feeling. I cannot understand how life can be lived without real communion with the Almighty."

In the present condition of affairs one may venture to suggest to the *Daily Telegraph* that it does Christianity a decided ill-service in publishing the above. The best thing would have been to have kept this conversation buried in its columns. For while everyone knows Kaiser Wilhelm to be a very Christian man, Christians in this country are not likely to emphasise the fact. So long as he was the villain of the piece, the proper and customary Christian course would have been to refer to his conduct as

Atheistical, to say that his mind is governed by secularistic or materialistic ideals, and to point to him as a glaring example of the evil that results when a man loses his hold on the principles of the Christian faith.

As it is, the Christianity of the Kaiser is self-confessed. It is open, even aggressive. It is unmarred by doubts, undiluted by any hesitancy as to the value of the Bible. And, if I remember rightly, at the time when this conversation was first published it was widely reprinted in the religious press for the encouragement of the pious, and the confounding of unbelievers. The Kaiser was a Christian, he believed in the Bible, he could not realise anyone getting on without it. It encouraged him by day; it comforted him at night. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Christianity has long been living on testimonials: here was one of the first value. It had received testimonials from all sorts of people, it had sent round circulars inviting them, and had afterwards published them in book form—just as though the Churches were running a patent medicine, or a new brand of soap. Here was one from a real live Emperor. It was, naturally, made the most of. I wonder how they relish its reproduction now?

Perhaps the *Daily Telegraph* in reprinting this had some notion that it would show up the Kaiser as an arch-hypocrite. In all probability a great many Christians will so regard it. But it really proves nothing of the kind. I do not see there is any reason to doubt that the Kaiser really meant every word he said. There is a childlike simplicity in the question, "Can anyone read the Gospels and other portions of the Bible without feeling convinced that the words contain a simple truth established in unquestionable facts?" that at any other time would appeal most powerfully to the British Christian. Such childlike faith could only go, they would argue, with a nature that is little short of sainthood. There is nothing hypocritical about this confession of faith. The Kaiser is a Christian. There is no doubt of that. Of course, it is a little awkward for our Christians for him to come out in that character just as he is being depicted as a monster of duplicity, and his Christian soldiers are charged with breaking all rules of what are facetiously called "civilised warfare." But that cannot be helped. His Christian character remains.

It will be observed that the Kaiser's rule of life is that recommended by many preachers. "Whenever I have to make any decision I ask myself what the Bible would teach me to do in that particular case." Precisely so. That is the rule all good Christians profess to go by. That is the rule they always have gone by. When the Churches taught the divine right of kings they found it in the Bible. When other Christians found it advisable to behead one king and drive out another, they found it in the Bible. When Christians wanted to prove the earth was flat, they found the proof in the Bible. When they wanted to burn heretics or witches, they found justification in the Bible. When the slave owner of America wanted sanction for purchasing human flesh and blood, he found it in the Bible. And if the Kaiser's troops want justification for smiting their civilian enemies hip and thigh, they can find that in the Bible. The great beauty of the Bible is that you can always find it in the Bible. It doesn't matter what it is, it is there. If you want peace you can read yards about love and turning swords into ploughshares. And if you want war you need only turn the pages to find both precept and practice to your taste. A wonderful book is the Bible! It is the poor man's comfort, and the Kaiser's guide and councillor. Without it the Kaiser would be lost. With it he is—any of the Christian papers of this country will supply a description.

"The Bible," says the Kaiser, "is to me the fountain from which I draw light and strength." Really, a "War Lord" could ask for no better guide. Consider the following:—

"And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it [*i.e.*, the city] into thine hands, thou shalt smite every

male thereof with the edge of the sword. But the women, and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, thou shalt take unto thyself; and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies which the Lord thy God hath given thee..... Of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth."

Or these :—

"I will make my arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh."

"The Lord thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction until they be destroyed."

"And He shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven; thou shalt no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have destroyed them."

"If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment; I will render vengeance on mine enemies, and will reward them that hate me."

Where could the invader of Belgium find a more comforting guide than in these passages? It is quite true that these injunctions have not been literally carried out. *Everything* breathing has not been killed, and the names of the Kaiser's enemies have not been blotted out. Still, something has been done, and, after all, one can very rarely live up to one's ideal. It is enough to aim at the stars, even though one never hits them.

When the German detachment was sent to Pekin, some fourteen years ago, the good Christain Kaiser advised his troops :—

"When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy."

That is certainly a little nearer the Biblical note, and at the time it was uttered it was charitably—and perhaps properly—attributed to excess of Christian feeling. The prayer now ordered by the Kaiser to be said in all public services shows the same commendable piety :—

"Almighty and Merciful God, lead us to victory, and give us grace that we may show ourselves to be Christians towards our enemies as well."

One could expect nothing less from a ruler who "cannot understand how life can be lived without real communion with the Almighty." He feels that at every step of the way he has the Deity on his side. He is carrying out the Deity's wishes. Of course, his enemies have the same conviction, but that is a phenomenon that never disturbs a genuine Christian. The Kaiser is behaving as a Christian. That is, he is acting as Christians have always acted. No good Christian would do anything of which he believed the Lord would disapprove. But, on the other hand, every good Christian believes the Lord will approve anything he does. The Kaiser is no more than an illustration of a very common phenomenon. It was one of his own countrymen who said that the Bible was a nose of wax. By that he meant that it could be pulled this way or that so as to fit any countenance. It pleases the Godly to find all kinds of people expressing their admiration of, and their obligation to, the Bible. But the ungodly may well inquire the value of a book and a religion that can sanction at one and the same time a Torquemada and a John Howard, or can give the same degree of encouragement to rival armies busily engaged in trying to wipe each other out of existence.

The Kaiser is much better as a pietist than as a philosopher. As a pietist he is beyond reproach. As a philosopher he is really not of much account. He is convinced that many who have neglected religion will regain definite religious belief in our time, and will feel the need of "communion with the Almighty." Of course, some may; but it is far more certain that a much larger number will altogether lose their religious belief. A world-movement is not easily or lightly reversed, and the movement away from religion is not in the nature of individual outbreaks here and there, nor is it confined to any special nation or race. It is co-exten-

sive with civilisation, and is, indeed, part of civilisation. It is, of course, conceivable that Europe might return to the Stone Age; but it is not very probable. And it is equally improbable that when large numbers of men and women have *outgrown* religion, they will ever so far degenerate as to revert to it. Mankind may be prevented acquiring knowledge, but once it is acquired nothing can rob them of it. It is theirs. It becomes part of their mental being; it shows its influence in all their thoughts and actions. In spite of "mailed fists" and pious "War Lords," in spite of barbaric warfare and outbursts of primitive superstition, the progress of humanity is, on the whole, towards the light. That progress may be diverted for a time, it may be stayed for a time, but it continues.

C. COHEN.

The Origin of Supernatural Ideas.—VII.

(Continued from p. 550.)

"Up to a recent time the sturdiest sceptics as to the truth of revelation were mostly deists or pantheists, and often repudiated atheism with warmth.....Now, the conception of God is freely treated by many of the leaders of philosophical and scientific opinion as a transitory phase of thought, which the growth of knowledge has finally terminated. The natural history and evolution of the idea of God is traced in calm outline from its cradle to its grave—from its nascent form in Animism to its metaphysical presentation as an inscrutable First Cause, the absolute, unconditioned, and unrelated to the phenomenal world. The idea of God has been 'defecated to a pure transparency,' as one eminent writer phrases it; it has been 'denthropomorphised,' to use the language of another. A new and widely-current word (Agnostic) has been invented to designate the large class of persons (mostly of exceptional knowledge and ability) who refuse to entertain any more the idea of a single divine Being, maker of all things in heaven and earth."—JAMES COTTER MORISON, *The Service of Man*, pp. 31-32.

"The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, 'Before Jehovah was, I am!'"—PROFESSOR CLIFFORD, *Lectures and Essays*, p. 386.

HAVING arrived at the idea of a ghost or spirit, the next step to the conception of a God or gods was comparatively easy. For, as everything in this world occupied a similar position in the world of spirits—the hunter continuing to be a hunter and the chief a chief—so the spirit of a renowned warrior chief, renowned for his strength, bloodthirstiness, and cruelty, would receive more sacrifices and be remembered longer than the spirit of an ordinary man. "The supposed Gods of the Guiana Indians Im Thurn describes as really but the remembered dead of each tribe, and where there is mention of one great spirit or god, it is merely the chief traditional founder of the tribe."*

And as spirits are always evil and malignant, to the savage, so he would sacrifice his dearest possessions—his finest cattle or his first-born child—to gain the favor or placate the anger of the departed spirit of the ferocious chief. In this way, mainly, arose the machinery of ritual, sacrifice, prayer, and praise; which, in the first instance, was nothing but the tribute of weakness and fear to a malignant power. Even after primitive man has arrived at the idea of good spirits, he pays little or no attention to them. Ratzel says that in Java the evil spirits "get the best offerings, even the harvest thankoffering serves to propitiate evil spirits."† Sir Richard Burton observes that the Mpongue, of South Africa, believe in a good God and a bad God; for the bad God :—

"They have not only fear of, but also a higher respect for, him than for the giver of good, so difficult is it for the child-man's mind to connect the ideas of benignity and power. He would harm if he could, ergo so would his God."‡

* J. H. King, *The Supernatural*, vol. i., p. 247.

† Ratzel, *History of Mankind*, vol. i., p. 473.

‡ Burton, *Two Trips to Gorilla Land and the Cataracts of the Congo*, vol. i., p. 99.

As Dr. Reville remarks :—

"The gods of savages are necessarily savage gods. They have, for the most part, frightful forms; just as their worshipers think it proper to make themselves look hideous when they go to battle, or even when they adorn themselves. The odd, the grotesque, is to them the beautiful; whatever is uncommon is mysterious; and the unknown is terrible. The poet must pardon us if we assert that the religion of people of this category is simply the adoration of genii or demons of bad repute. When passing from savage people who live solely by hunting and fishing, we come to pastoral and, especially, to agricultural races, this adoration of evil deities is no longer so exclusive. Still, even among these the worship of the terrible gods predominates. Take by way of illustration the simple prayer of the Madagascans, who acknowledge, among many other, two creating divinities—Zamhor, the author of good things; Nyang, of evil things. 'O, Zamhor! To thee we offer no prayers. The good god needs no asking. But we must pray to Nyang. Nyang must be appeased. O, Nyang, bad and strong spirit, let not the thunder roar over our heads!.....' It would be easy to multiply the facts which show that the large place fear has in their piety, compared with veneration or love, is a characteristic feature of the religion of primitive peoples."*

Moreover the progress of religion follows the progress of society; it does not, as the pious believe, precede it. To the savage, God is only a bigger and stronger man. Palgrave, the traveller, shows that the only possible idea of God formed by the wild Bedouins of the desert was that of an Arab chief, and to his question, "What will you do coming into God's presence after so graceless a life?" replied, "What will we do? Why, we will go up to God and salute him; and if he proves hospitable, gives us meat and tobacco, we will stay with him; if otherwise, we will mount our horses and ride off." Mr. King, who cites the foregoing, observes :—

"No man can ever conceive the nature of a god other than by the symbols of power present to his soul in the world about him, and in his own social institutions." [Also] "In all cases, if we analyse the sentiments a man's god expresses, we may demonstrate the conditions which have surrounded a man or which have formed the elements of thought out of which he has embodied his divinity."†

And again :—

"Generally among the lower races of men when chieftain rule was established, chieftain gods were created. In no case was the concept of universal rule ascribed to a deity before the people were elevated to that sentiment by the human rule of a king of kings."

He also points out that the great native races of North America had no idea of a Supreme Being when first discovered by Europeans; they were governed by chiefs and knew nothing of regal pomp :—

"Yet from contact with the white races their descendants became acquainted with the ethical aspects of the word royal, with Spanish kingly powers, the rule of King George, and, after that, of the great father at Washington. Through their knowledge of these regal powers they came into the habit, like the white men, of speaking of the supernal power as the Great Spirit."‡

Man, while regarding himself as a free agent, has in reality been fashioned and controlled by in-frangible natural laws. For instance, why should the Australian aborigines spend a large part of their lives in a round of painful and tedious magical practices to influence nature, while such practices are practically unknown to the savages of Brazil? The answer is, that they live in a totally different environment. As Professor Frazer points out :—

"Where nature is bounteous and her course is uniform or varies but little from year's end to year's end, man will neither need nor desire to alter it by magic or otherwise to suit his convenience, in order to obtain what he has not got; if he already possesses all he wants why should he exert himself? It is in times of need and distress rather than of abundance and prosperity that man betakes himself to the practice

both of magic and religion. Hence, in some tropical regions of eternal summer, where moisture, warmth, and sunshine never fail, where the trees are always green and fruits always hang from the boughs, where the waters perpetually swarm with fish and the forests teem with an exuberance of animal life, ceremonies for the making of rain and sunshine and for the multiplication of edible beasts and plants are for the most part absent or inconspicuous. For example, we hear little or nothing of them, so far as I remember, among the Indians of the luxuriant forests of Brazil. Far otherwise is it with countries where a brief summer alternates with a chilly spring, a fickle autumn, and a long and rigorous winter. Here, of necessity, man is put to all his shifts to snatch from a churlish nature boons that are at once evanescent and precarious. Here, accordingly, that branch of magic which aims at procuring the necessaries of life may be expected to flourish most. To put it generally, the practice of magic for the control of nature will be found, on the whole, to increase with the variability and to decrease with the uniformity of the course of nature throughout the year. Nowhere, apparently, in the world are alternations of the seasons so sudden and the contrasts between them so violent; nowhere, accordingly, is the seeming success of magic more conspicuous than in the deserts of Central Australia. The wonderful change which passes over the face of nature after the first rains of the season has been compared even by European observers to the effect of magic; what marvel, then, that the savage should mistake it for such in very truth?"*

After the heavy rains the arid wilderness is suddenly converted into a vast sheet of water, which soon dries up; then,—

"as if by magic the desert becomes covered with luxuriant herbage and gay with the blossoms of endless flowering plants. Birds, frogs, lizards, and insects of all sorts may be seen and heard where lately everything was parched and silent."

Professor Frazer continues :—

"Now, it is just when there is promise of a good season that the natives of these regions are wont especially to perform their magical ceremonies for the multiplication of the plants and animals which they use as food. Can we wonder that the accomplishment of their wishes, which so soon follows, should appear to them a conclusive proof of the efficacy of their incantations? Nature herself seems to conspire to further the delusion."†

Commenting upon the low culture attained by the natives of West Africa, Miss Kingsley observes :—

"The African race has had about the worst set of conditions possible to bring out the higher powers of man. He has been surrounded by a set of terrific natural phenomena, combined with a good food supply and a warm and equable climate. These things are not enough in themselves to account for his low-culture condition, but they are factors that must be considered."‡

Colonel Ellis, probably the best authority on these natives, gives the other factor concerned. After saying that the position of the natives is very low in the scale of civilisation, he observes :—

"There are, indeed, many reasons why it should be so. Uncultured man is that which the circumstances in which he is placed make him, and it is upon external surroundings that his progress to civilisation in a great measure depends. He is either obstructed or assisted by the influences of surrounding Nature. Of such influences none is more important than that exercised by climate. A hot climate renders physical, and still more mental, labor difficult, and causes every effort to be regarded as an evil. In such climates, too, Nature is usually prolific; the necessity for manual labor scarcely exists, and, as a consequence, mental activity correspondingly languishes. The intense disinclination experienced by Europeans in the tropics to engage in any mental labor is well known; and it is only by a great exertion of will that it can be combated."§

In addition to this obstructing influence, the same writer proceeds :—

"The West Coast of Africa possesses an extraordinary one, namely, a climate which is most inimical to man,

* A. Reville, *The Devil: His Origin, Greatness, and Decadence*, p. 6 (1871).

† J. H. King, *The Supernatural*, vol. i., pp. 271-2.

‡ J. H. King, *The Supernatural*, vol. i., p. 9; vol. ii., p. 179.

* J. G. Frazer, "The Beginnings of Religion and Totemism among the Australian Aborigines," *Fortnightly Review*, Sept., 1905.

† J. G. Frazer, *Fortnightly Review*, Sept., 1905.

‡ Miss M. H. Kingsley, *West African Studies*, p. 124.

§ A. B. Ellis, *The Ishi-Speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast of West Africa*, p. 4.

and which is commonly believed to be in that respect the worst in the world."

Even among Government officials, who only remain for twelve months' at a time and then return to England to recruit their health, "the death-rate is abnormally high." He further observes:—

"Now the Negroes, though to a certain extent habituated through centuries of custom to the climatic conditions of West Africa, suffer therefrom in just the same way as do Europeans, though of course in a less degree.....The climate is, in short, unhealthy for them also, and that an unhealthy climate enfeebles both mind and body is very generally acknowledged" (p. 6).

(To be continued.) W. MANN.

War and Books.

"There is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer, and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above."

—LANDOR.

WAR tramples into the dust delights of the imagination as well as the beauty of the earth, and one of the effects of the European contest is that it is keeping the book-trade in a state of suspended animation. Books on the War are being hurried to the press by hustling publishers, and until the present tension is relieved there will be little else published, save the necessary publications such as works of reference and the like.

Despite the multiplication of Free Libraries, every one who cares for books likes to be his own librarian. A town council, mainly composed of successful, but uneducated, shopkeepers, seldom has the necessary culture to lay down the law as to books that even the most inexperienced readers should attempt to peruse. There are books which no lover of literature can afford to be without; classics, ancient and modern, on which the world has pronounced its verdict. These works, in whatever shape we may be able to possess them, are the necessary foundations of even the smallest collection. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, Cervantes, Milton, and Moliere, Gibbon and Scott, must be included by every lover of letters. The list of the classics is short, and, when we go beyond it, the tastes of men begin to differ widely.

A book is a friend whose face is constantly changing. If you read it when you are recovering from an illness, and return to it years after, it is altered surely, with the change in yourself. As a man's tastes and opinions are developed, his books put on a different aspect. He hardly knows the sonorous music of the "Songs Before Sunrise" he used to declaim, and the epigrammatic charm of "Omar Khayyam" sounds like "the horns of elfland faintly blowing." Books change like friends, like ourselves, like everything. But they are most piquant in the contrasts they provoke, when the friend who gave them is a success, though we laughed at him; altered in any case, and estranged from his old self and days. The vanished past returns when we look at the pages. The vicissitudes of years are packed in a thin octavo, and the shivering ghosts of desire and hope return to the forbidden home in the heart of fancy, when,—

"sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing."

It is as well to have the power of recalling them always at hand, and to be able to take a comprehensive glance at the emotions which were so powerful and fall of life, and are now faded and of less account than the memory of the dreams of childhood,—

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, wh'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from
the earth."

Some readers there are who can read anything, from "Three Men in a Boat" to the "Analects of Confucius," with the same avidity, the same distressing want of literary perspective. Some seem born with a good literary taste, who instinctively know what is good from what is bad. Others, and these are the large mass of readers, grope blindly about for years through volumes of rubbish before they reach that which is best. They have to acquire a literary taste. The appetite is there, but it has to be cultivated. For the greatest possession of a reader is the power that Charles Lamb possessed of distinguishing between books that are books and books that are not books. "The way to perfection," says Walter Pater, "is through a series of disgusts," and only the man or woman who has been a seeker after truth in theology or science knows the full significance of this saying.

The multiplicity of interests and tastes, growing with our life, adds to the difficulty with which we answer the question, "What shall I read?" It is essentially a modern difficulty. In a less feverish age they managed things better. There is one of Austin Dobson's charming old-world idylls which is well worth reading. Mr. Dobson has a genius for catching the spirit of the eighteenth century. He is sketching a portrait of a gentleman of the old school:—

"We read, alas! how much we read,
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed,
With endless controversies feed
Our groaning tables.
His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's 'Montaigne,' 'The Grave' of Blair,
A Walton much the worse for wear,
And 'Esop's Fables.'"

And the old gentleman was less of a Philistine than many of us think. If we have access to the philosophy of Plato, the common sense of Socrates, the inspiration of Plutarch's "Lives," and can commune with the myriad-minded Shakespeare, we are not bereft of literature. Through what stages must men have not passed in countless generations to have produced such transcendent genius. They form the richest of legacies. What are the petty philanthropies of the world compared with the noble dowry of knowledge which these men have left to the world. They teach a man to reverence himself and to love his neighbor too. The poorest man, if he possess such friends, is to be envied, not pitied.

The eloquent ages tell the same tale. Down the long roll of humanity these are the names that gleam and sparkle, the characters whose influence has streamed like the sun over the dark places of the world, and chased before it the shadows.

A Socrates in his condemned cell, discoursing quietly on philosophy, a Bruno going to his fiery death, has more charm to the true man of our day than all the victories and glories of Alexander and Napoleon, and their impress on humanity is as Niagara to a drop of rain. Nations may war and fight, but the great purpose of the world is peace and advancement. The needle may be shaken from the course, and may appear to waver and change, but ever it comes back to the true pole. In the great stream of history, in the struggle for existence, the true victors have ever been those who adjusted themselves to the purpose of the world: those who have with the greatest faithfulness helped forward the great ideals, Liberty and Fraternity.

Literature may be said to be the one thing which is at once universal and immortal. Time devours all else. History becomes doubtful or forgotten; sciences change, religions die, sculptures crumble, and paintings perish; but great literature, never fading, never dies. Homer's birthplace and the events of his life are unknown, yet his characters live as freshly at this hour as they did millenniums ago. Lucretius, the noblest Roman poet, died twenty centuries ago. The hearts that have leapt at his tale of Iphigenia would have marched armies to her rescue. The marbles of Phidias and his contemporaries are now but fragments, but Catullus's lament for his dead brother sounds across the cen-

turies like a linnets song in the pauses of the wind. More than half a millennium of time and thousands of miles of space, and across the far deeper abyss of thought and faith, old Omar Khayyam still sings. Dante has been the supreme glory of Italy for six hundred years. Shakespeare, the uncrowned king of literature, counts more subjects than all the Pharaohs, and commands a more lasting allegiance than the Guelphs or the Romanoffs. To enhance prosperity, to soften adversity, people solitude, and, like flowers, adorn cottage and palace alike, is one of the functions of literature.

"What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading and the world's delight?"

MIMNERMUS.

Acid Drops

According to a *Times* report a protest has been issued by Professor Ernst Haeckel and Professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, against the behavior of England in the present war. The following passage is, to say the least of it, somewhat curious:—

"What is happening to-day will be inscribed in the annals of history as an indelible shame to England. England fights to please a half-Asiatic Power against Germanism. She fights not only on the side of barbarism, but also of moral injustice, for it is not to be forgotten that Russia began the war because it was not willing there should be a thorough expiation of a wretched murder.

"It is the fault of England that the present war is extended to a world war, and that all culture is thereby endangered. And why all this? Because she was envious of Germany's greatness, because she wished at all costs to hinder a further extension of this greatness. She was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to break out to the detriment of Germany, and she therefore seized most promptly on the necessary German advance through Belgium as a pretext in order to cloak her brutal national selfishness with a mantle of respectability."

We hesitate to believe that Professor Haeckel is responsible for these words. It is hardly the way, in any circumstances, in which a representative of the land of Goethe has any right to address the land of Shakespeare; and Haeckel, of all men, should show more respect for the land of Darwin. And what about the land of Voltaire? France is not even mentioned in this quotation. One would think that the writers had never heard of Alsace-Lorraine. Why is it "necessary" (for Germany, of course) to "advance through Belgium" except to advance through France to Paris? Why are the Belgians supposed to have no right to their own independence, which is really all that "neutrality" means? If Germany has a right to violate Belgian neutrality for her own ends, has England no right to defend it for her own ends? Is not that neutrality guaranteed, under the law of nations, by both of them? And why is the violator to be called virtuous and the defender a scoundrel? Is every nation to be punished, according to the will of Germany, for refusing to obey the orders of Germany? The idea is monstrous. And in subjecting Belgium to all the worst horrors of war, together with gratuitous barbarities, the Kaiser has acted like a fiend rather than a man. That he is still followed by a whole nation shows Shelley's prescience in the fine line about "King-deluded Germany."

Deliberate vileness, such as the sacking of Louvain, should put the Kaiser outside the recognition of humanity. To denounce him as an enemy to civilisation, and to declare that there is no safety or dignity for the world until he is hunted down and slain, is the duty of every self-respecting country. The Japanese acted humanely in their war with Russia. There is no need to talk about "semi-Asiatic" Powers. And what is "Germanism"? Renan's noble letter to Strauss, after the Franco-German war, pointed out that the hegemony of Europe had changed hands. It had been transferred from France to Germany. "Thirty years hence," Renan said, "we shall ask you what you have done with it." And what *have* they done with it? The symbol of Germanism is a rifle and a sword. It is responsible for the militarism of Europe; in other words, for the decivilisation of Europe. With endless gabble about God as the Kaiser's personal friend and Germany's sworn defender.

"If one smite thee on the one cheek, turn unto him the other also."—Jesus Christ. "Germany must be utterly and entirely smashed up."—Rev. A. J. Waldron.

Here is a statement from an American paper—the *Philadelphia Ledger*—that all sensible people and well-wishers to civilisation would do well to bear in mind:—

"The pillars of civilisation are undermined and human aspirations bludgeoned down by no Power, but by all Powers; by no autocrat, but by all autocrats; not because this one or that has erred or dared or dreamed or swaggered; but because all, in a mad stampede for armament, trade, and territory, have sowed swords and guns, nourished harvests of death-dealing crops, made ready the way."

That seems to us an exact summary of the situation. *Who* actually begins the quarrel is a question of really minor importance when *all* have been so acting as to make a quarrel inevitable. Had the Christian nations been allied together by bonds of mutual respect, brotherhood, or admiration, war on any large scale would have been impossible. But this has not been the case. They were allied not because of mutual good feeling, but because of mutual hatred of someone else. And alliances on *that* basis cannot be any genuine guarantee of peace, but may easily become provocative of war.

The August issue of the *Hackney Parish Monthly*—a religious journal—was, we expect, published before the outbreak of the war, otherwise it would hardly have inserted the Bishop of Chelmsford's remark, "Was it a matter of chance that we had a President of the United States who believed, who preached the worth of that Book; that here in England we had a King who was not ashamed to say he read a chapter every day of his life; that in Germany they had a man who openly said that he tried to fashion his life and his work on the teaching of that Holy Book?" We wonder what the Bishop now thinks of the influence of the Bible upon the Kaiser? Stupidity has a boomerang capacity of returning to the point from which it is launched.

The Bishop of Chelmsford was exulting on the increase in the circulation of the Bible. On the other hand, the Bishop of Norwich is lamenting the ominous decline of Bible reading. Both bishops are correct. There has been a larger number of Bibles circulated; but there is less devotional reading of the Bible. The truth is, that the circulation of the Bible is almost as artificial as the circulation of a trading circular. It is circulated in large numbers because it is to the direct interest of a powerful and wealthy corporation that it should be. It is accepted, or bought, in this country, at least, for various reasons that are quite unconnected with any desire to read the Bible. In this respect the Bible stands alone. The circulation of a thousand copies of any other book proves absolutely that there are a thousand people, at least, who desire to read it. The circulation of 10,000 copies of the Bible only proves that some Society is interested in 10,000 people getting hold of it. To argue the value of the Bible from the number of copies circulated is exactly like a pill-maker proving the quality of his pills by the number of circulars that are placed in letter-boxes.

According to some of the daily papers a determined effort is to be made to capture German trade. In that case bronze "gods" will be made again in Birmingham, and giddy gauds in many other places in England.

Some foreign liners have been held up. We wish some penny-a-liners in Fleet-street had suffered the same fate.

A provincial paper recently referred in its war notes to the "fact" that "the great Garibaldi" had offered his services to the French Army. It would be unkind to suggest that the editor deserves a "biscuit."

According to the daily papers the Mohammedans have been praying for the success of the British troops. With the whole of Europe in a ferment of fanaticism, and the almond-eyed Japanese doing their Oriental best to imitate them, the "Lord" will have to defend his ears with some of Herbert Spencer's woollen plugs.

Bishop Boyd Carpenter has broken into verse over the subject of the War. Here are two lines:—

"In thee alone we place our hope,
Thou keeper of the just.

We do not like that reference to a "keeper" in the last line. It suggests Colney Hatch too forcibly.

The Christian proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* have felt the lack of present-day poetry to express the War

feeling adequately, and have reprinted some of Rudyard Kipling's outworn outbursts. Why don't they reset in block type the "Cursing Psalm" from the Old Testament. "God's" ways are so much better than our ways.

Lord Alfred Douglas has joined the French Army, and is now at the front. This is good news, for had he joined the British Army he might have sought absolution at the hands of the Bishop of London.

Mr. H. G. Wells has been hailed as a prophet for his anticipations in "The War in the Air." Will someone kindly make a claim for Milton, who has much to say of the heavenly militia?

A *War Book of Facts* has been issued. We are heartily glad to hear it, for the newspapers are as full of fiction as the Bible.

The Rev. Rhondda Williams has the happy knack of seeing quite clearly whatever he wishes to see. In the *Christian World* for August 27 he asserts that "a national interpretation of the world and of human nature is not barren in its yield as regards the reality of God." We confidently give that assertion the lie direct. We rather agree with Newman when he says that "it is a question whether Atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world as the doctrine of a creative and governing power." We go further than the great Cardinal, and boldly declare that Atheism is the only consistent philosophy of the Universe. Mr. Williams does not interpret the world rationally, but spiritually, or religiously. In other words, he interprets it as a believer in God, and, at best, his reason plays a very subordinate part in the process. No person believes in the free play of the pure intellect, because, as Newman says, it "forms the inlet for an all-corroding and all-dissolving Scepticism, the very poison of the soul." We differ from all the parsons, holding with Mill, that "the free play of the pure intellect is the necessary and sufficient guarantee of all improvement of the race."

Mr. R. J. Campbell is a believer in what he calls angelic ministry. He thinks there are guardian angels hovering round, always ready to come to the help and succor of distressed human beings. Curiously enough, he alludes to the tragedy which came to Mark Twain in the sudden death of his eldest daughter, and tells us that no God of love and sympathy, no angels of light and cheer, came to comfort the great writer in the supreme sorrow of his life. Why did the tender-hearted Father of the race, why did the ministering spirits, withhold the aid he so much needed? Why?

A recent issue of the *South African Review* contains an indictment of Salvation Army "Charitable" methods that will occasion small surprise to those who remember the controversy here when Mr. Manson published his book dealing with this much-boomed institution. It appears also, that the Army in South Africa is following the same plan that was adopted here—silence. They know that in the long run that is their wisest policy. A reply means controversy, and controversy might lead to inquiry. And that is the last thing the Army desires. Inquiry by journalists eager for "copy," and who are ready to take the reports of Army officials without question may be tolerated—even welcomed. But inquiry by independent and capable men it will not have if it can be prevented. The "Army" trust to the ignorance of many, and the indifference of nearly all for protection.

The *South African Review* gives a number of cases of men turned from the Army's shelters who ought to have been admitted, and of the callousness of officials when no advertising end has to be served. It also emphasises the unpaid and underpaid labor employed by the Army in South Africa, as in England. It says:—

"The 'Social' farms which are blessed with the name of these people, do not benefit the applicant financially. A man is only employed on the condition that he labors in return for his food and bed, and the food at the farm at Rondebosch is worse than that supplied to convicts at any of the gaols. Some of the out and out plodders, whose duties consist of rising about three or four o'clock in the morning to make arrangements for the delivery of milk, may receive remuneration of something like 12s. a month."

On the farms in Durban, Driefontein, and Rondebosch, all visited by the writer of the article, native labor is employed at the rate of from £2 to £3 per month. Some have the brother white Christian, compelled to ask for help, paid at

3s. per week—or nothing; and the black laborer employed at 10s. or 15s. per week.

Here is another illuminating excerpt:—

"At the social farm in Durban, one of the finest creameries in the country has been built by this underpaid and unpaid labor. The milkman there, who held a position of trust on 25s. a month, absconded with the takings on one occasion. It is believed that no criminal process was taken against him, as in the first place the magistrate would be inclined to look leniently on a case of this kind where the employee was so outrageously underpaid, and this circumstance would certainly have alienated public sympathy from the Army."

The Army is also accused of "faking" its statistics of "free" meals distributed by incorporating the meals issued to the men acting as cooks, cleaners, waiters, night watchmen, etc. Finally, of the accommodation provided, the writer says:—

"The beds are vermin-infested, the towels are as dirty as dishcloths, there is never any soap provided with which to keep one's self clean, and yet they have the effrontery to come forward as public benefactors to the outcast."

It is the same tale over again. And doubtless the Army officials feel as Mercury did when the gods were listening to the dispute between the sceptic and the believer: What does it matter if a sensible man here and there agrees with the sceptic; all the fools are on our side?

The Bishop of Zanzibar entertains a damagingly low estimate of the Christian world. A sermon by him appears in the *Church Times* for August 28, in which he says: "To those of us who live outside the civilised world and look at it across the ocean, it has seemed over and over again that vision is dead; that the civilised world, calling itself the Christian world, has had hardly anything to offer to the new races to which it comes." His lordship is quite right. The Christian world is not one whit better than the Pagan, and consequently the very idea of foreign missions is the most ridiculous ever heard of. And yet the Bishop is a missionary.

The Bishop believes in a dragon—"that dragon, the great serpent called Satan," the arch-liar of the Universe. Now, the dragon's greatest lie is that man is ultimately independent of God; that man develops apart from God, and in his own power will attain to his own destiny. A dozen years ago Londoners heard this lie with great horror from such places as the City Temple pulpit; but those who were blind enough to love it called it, not the lie of lies, but the New Theology. The gist of the New Theology was that "God could be ignored." Poor Mr. Campbell knows now that he is—or was, during the wild days of his New Theology campaign—not a minister of Christ, but a messenger of the great serpent called Satan, assiduously telling thousands of people the greatest of all lies.

The more we know of the extremely orthodox Bishop of Zanzibar, the more interesting he becomes to us. After the lie of the dragon comes that of the great beast, which is, that *the State is greater than God*. Then appears the third lie, the lie of the false prophet, which is, "that Jesus Christ has not come in the flesh, and therefore that Christian brotherhood is a mere dream, and that brotherhood, if ever it come, will be the fruit of a mere process of evolution." Now, because we have all more or less listened to and adopted these awful lies, the curse of war has been inflicted upon us. The Bishop says:—

"Think, then, of the great lies, the lie of the dragon, the lie of the beast, the lie of the false prophet, which in God's judgment and in God's mercy have brought us to our present pass."

Is it any wonder that the churches are abandoned and the altars deserted?

A man named Kirk was killed by a passing motor outside St. Martin's Church, London. What our Scotch friends would call a case of two kirks.

Owing to the monetary crisis the Cardinals of the Roman Church are unable to get their monthly salaries, says a daily paper. We hope that the scarlet-cloaked ecclesiastics will not imperil their mortal souls by using Shavian adjectives.

What Polytheists these Christians are! At social functions, at places of worship, in newspapers, and even in public-houses the *dramatis personæ* of the Popular Superstition are hourly invoked. It is a species of intoxication in which the votaries seem unable to distinguish between the god of battles and the god of bottles.

Saint Peter, who is alleged to have charge of the gates of heaven, together with his staff, must be working overtime just now. Maybe, to please the military arrivals, the warlike old saint wears the sword with which he cut off someone's aural appendage many years ago.

Handkerchiefs with alleged portraits of Field Marshal Lord Kitchener are being sold on the kerbs by itinerant merchants. His lordship, who is not a young man, appears to have one Christlike quality in the pictures, for he always remains about thirty years of age.

Dr. G. Pascal, founder and former editor of the *Entente Cordiale Review*, is a humorist. A short time since he was visited by a police constable for the purpose of registering his name as an alien. As a consequence, the doctor says he is half inclined to change the name of the great Pascal to that of Rascal, "and make it more English."

"A soldier can be made in a few months, but it takes four years to make a sailor," says a halfpenny paper. The clergy pretend to turn a "devil" into an "angel" in a few minutes—fees as per scale.

Some of the religious papers have thought it good policy to write of the late Pope's "obscurantism," of his antipathy to advanced thought, etc., etc. The criticisms seem to us extremely ill-advised. All they mean is that the Pope was a Christian and believed in Christianity. It might even be, although of this there may be doubts, that his attitude represented deliberate policy. A far-seeing man might well conclude that concessions to the "Liberal" school of theologians only pave the way for still further concessions, and, above all, weaken the support of the more orthodox type of mind. In the long run that policy gains nothing. An army in which each unit is devoted to the same idea is a far more effective instrument than one which is divided by all manner of conflicting ideals. And although the Papal policy may have offended some, it is certain that it contented a much greater number. And when we bear in mind that the teachings to which the Pope clung were all part of historic Christianity, we must confess to feeling more respect for the one who makes a straight fight for his belief, however mistaken we may believe him to be, than for those whose chief anxiety is to trim and shape so as to secure a larger measure of popular support.

The "Asterisks" column in the *Star* contains the wittiest paragraphs in the daily press. Here is an excellent example. "Eligible Cardinals are now anxiously studying Mr. Belloc's *Path to Rome*, and wondering if it would be safe."

The *Christian World* for August 27 is in a state of tumultuous rapture over what it calls "the soothing influence" of the Churches in the present war-time. At last preachers have discovered that they have "a great function to fulfil and great messages to deliver." The article is intended to serve as an advertisement of the same week's issue of the *Christian World Pulpit*, which contains sermons on the war by Dr. Clifford, Dr. Campbell Morgan, and Canon Wilberforce. On consulting these sermons, we learn that Dr. Clifford soothes his people by informing them that Great Britain is nearly, if not quite, as responsible for the un-sheathing of the sword as Germany; that Dr. Campbell Morgan comforts his congregation by repeating the hoary-headed old lie, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"; and that Canon Wilberforce tries to calm the disturbed feelings of his hearers by assuring them that he knows what no human being ever has known, or ever can know, namely, that the Lord who reigns is omnipotent love. We verily pity the credulous simpletons who pretend to be soothed and comforted by such palpable falsehoods.

Some divines are of opinion that the present war is going to solve all problems and cleanse the earth from all evils. Dr. Orchard does not hesitate to affirm that "we shall never need to waste our breath upon the belief in force, the trust in statecraft, and the appeal to selfishness again," because "their Nemesis has arrived." Such an assertion is foolish in the extreme. War has never resulted in the moral regeneration of the people engaged in it. Was either France or Prussia in any degree ennobled by the war of 1870? The inevitable tendency of war is to degrade and demoralise all who take part in it; and the present sanguinary conflict is not likely to be an exception to the rule.

Dr. Orchard goes to the length of saying that the war now being waged is at once "a terrible catastrophe," and

"obviously an apocalypse of God." That it is "a terrible catastrophe" is beyond all doubt; but it is the sheerest nonsense to call it a revelation of God. Does the reverend gentleman believe in and worship "the Lord of Sabaoth"? Is the Deity he glorifies in and preaches "a man of war"? What infinite folly it is to imagine that the bloody war now in progress is "obviously an apocalypse" of a tender-hearted, loving Father in heaven! Dr. Orchard goes further still when, in answer to the question, "Where now is the kingdom of Christ which we believed was growing up in our midst?" He says, "It may be that this is the way that the kingdom is to come; and that only by this means shall the foundations be laid bare on which alone the City of God can be built." It would be impossible to surpass the absurdity of that sentence; not even a pulpiteer could do it.

The worship of the God of Battles has everywhere superseded the worship of the Man of Sorrows. The headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association has been turned into a barracks, and the mild excitement of draughts and tea and toast is suspended by the warlike Twelfth London Territorials. The irony is as complete as if they displayed a notice, "No Christian Need Apply."

The Bishop of London has benefited to the amount of £100 under the will of the late Mr. H. E. Trevanion, who died from veronal poisoning at Hove in 1912. His lordship will thus be enabled to purchase a splendid uniform for his six weeks' campaigning.

The Act of Parliament dealing with aliens and alien enemies, which has been enforced recently, is a very ancient and drastic statute. In seaport towns it would have roped in the twelve disciples.

The Bishop of Khartoum, who was a footballing celebrity in earlier days, is going to the front as a chaplain. As a sky-pilot, he will run little risk of having his inside left on the field.

The search for the soul is a quest that has been going on throughout the centuries, but it is now in a fair way of being settled. We saw the other day, outside a picture palace, a notice: "A Woman's soul, 3,000 feet long." Now we shan't be long!

The war has had a terrible effect on the publishing world, and last week no less than twenty-three publications were suspended. In addition, most of those still being issued are greatly reduced in size. One of the defunct periodicals is a religious paper, and we wonder if the editor is sure of a glorious resurrection.

THE CITY CHOIR.

I WENT to hear the city choir,
The summer night was still;
I heard the music mount the spire,
They sang: "He'll take the pil—"

"I'm on! I'm on!" the tenor cried,
And looked into my face;
"My journey home! My journey home!"
Was bellowed by the base.

"It is for the—! It is for the—!"
Shrieked the soprano shrill;
I know not why they looked at me
And yelled: "He'll take the pil—!"

Then, clutching wildly at my breast,
Oh, heaven! my heart stood still.
"Yes, yes," I cried, "if that is best,
Ye powers! I'll take the pil—"

As I, half fainting, reached the door,
And saw the starry dome,
I heard them sing, "When life is o'er
He'll take the pilgrim home."

The secret of success is concentration; wherever there has been a great life, or a great work, that has gone before. Taste everything a little, look at everything a little; but live for one thing. Anything is possible to a man who knows his end and moves straight for it, and for it alone.—*Olive Schreiner*,

To Correspondents.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND, 1914.—Previously acknowledged, £196 14s. 6d. Received since:—A. D. Corrick, £1; Geo. Smith (2nd sub.), 10s.; A. W. Hutty, 2s. 6d.; A Sergeant of the British Army and Wife, 10s.; E. Brooks, £1; E. B. (2nd sub.), £1 1s.; E. Lechmere, 10s.; W. Cromack and Friend, 5s.; Hy. Organ, 2s. 6d.

A. W. HUTTY.—“Stopping” a war is rather a dream. Something more than advice is necessary. That is why we say that peace can only be served *during* peace.

MORRIS CHRISTOPHER.—August 31 is late for a notice of a death on August 8—and Tuesday too!

E. B., sending a second cheque for the President's Honorarium Fund, wishes he could make it a hundred times as much. He adds that “if all who enjoy and profit by the intellectual treat provided for them in the *Freethinker* would put their shoulders to the wheel, and give one determined push, this Fund would reach the maximum asked for in no time.”

A. RYMER.—Shall be read at once. Glad you “have found the *Freethinker* an inspiring force.”

W. CROMACK.—Thanks for taking two copies every week.

H. R. ROSETTI.—Thanks.

A. MILLAR.—No space left this week. Shall appear in our next.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 business calls are very heavy this week. First, there is the business side of the paper to deal with at this critical time; second, there are sudden unexpected difficulties to be met of a character which can hardly be a theme for common publicity. Then there is the call of that week with our old friend, de Caux, at Yarmouth, right opposite the useless armaments of the Kaiser, who has ships but no water—a thing which he appears to have overlooked. For these and other reasons Mr. Foote doesn't feel dying for work just at present. And his old friends will forgive him for a little laziness now and then. They know he has done more than one man's share of work in the world already.

At the Conference of the N. S. S. held in 1913, it was resolved that one Sunday during September in every year should be called by the branches the “Charles Bradlaugh Sunday,” and, whenever possible, on the day nearest to the anniversary of Charles Bradlaugh's birth, lectures or readings dealing with his life and work should be delivered. Charles Bradlaugh was born on September 26, 1833, and branches are therefore reminded that this year “Bradlaugh Sunday” will be celebrated on September 27.

Professor E. S. Beesly opens the September number of the *Positivist Review* with an able and impartial article on the war. With reference to Germany's refusal to promise to respect the neutrality of Belgium, Professor Beesly makes the following strong protest:—

“Now to the maintenance of this, Germany was as much pledged as France or England. Her invasion was an outrage on the public law of Europe, preceded by the proposal that Belgium should violate her clear duty, and followed by an attempted justification amazing in its flagrant cynicism. I confess I can hardly restrain my indignation when I think of those fields dedicated to peace and now filled with carnage, of that nation guaranteed inviolate by the most solemn engagements, and now given over to all the ruin of war. If this be suffered, then we may tear up all treaties, repudiate all international obligations, dissolve all inter-

national tribunals, abandon all hopes of peace and settled order, and accept the reign of military necessity and naked force. May that day never dawn!”

We say “Amen!” to this. The basest of all objections against any war is that wrong-doing outside our own frontiers is no business of ours. No wonder that the “Refusal of Aid Between Nations” roused the eloquent indignation of a poet like Dante Rossetti.

The following is an extract from an old friend and supporter:—

“I have great pleasure in enclosing my annual subscription to the President's Honorarium Fund for 1914.....I realise that the war will have a serious effect upon the *Freethinker* and Freethought organisations, but although a difficult struggle is before you I know that as a man used to vicissitudes you will not easily be dejected. You have my warmest wishes for success in keeping our flag flying, and I beg to assure you of my hearty support.”

We are afraid that leaving Newcastle-street (which is compulsory) and obtaining other premises in spite of Christian bigotry, with the expense of refitting, and the almost certain increase of rent, will be a greater tax upon us than even the war itself. And the two together! Ay, there's the rub!

We were much moved by the following letter, bearing no name, but bearing an address in Devonshire—good old Devonshire—the county of George Odger and Richard Carlile, and a crowd of other heroes, to say nothing of poets and statesmen:—

“Dear Sir,—Kindly accept enclosed P. O. for 10s. towards your Fund as a token of gratitude from ‘A Sergeant of the British Army and Wife.’”

We appreciate that “gratitude.” We are proud of it. The biggest subscription is but a subscription. This is something more. War is a desperate business, but it is never got up by the soldier himself, who is sometimes nearly the finest type of man on earth. His primary object, then, is to defend his own country whenever it is attacked. Some foolish Pacifists (we were never of *that* kidney) sneer at the soldier as one who engages to *shoot* anybody for a shilling a day. Let it be so, if you will, but pray remember that he also engages to be *shot at* for a shilling a day. That alters the case a bit.

The other morning we saw a sight that made us feel absolutely tender towards the British soldier. About two hundred newly enlisted Tommies, some in kahki, some still in the civilian's clothes in which they “joined,” were drawn up at the western mouth of Lombard-street. They had been told that their King and their Country wanted them. They had Lord Kitchener's word for it—and everybody regards him as an honest man. They had taken the great soldier's word, they had flocked to their country's standard, they were eager to smite down its enemies, they were ready to lose their own blood, their own lives, in its defence. They had also faced the fear of fears—apprehension for those near and dear to them when a “grateful country” might be all that stood between these and destitution. A “grateful country”! Heaven save the mark! A “grateful country” was represented then and there by the usual crowd which gathers at that spot. It will hardly be believed, but not a hand, not a voice, was raised to cheer and encourage them. Not a smile, save a cynical one, was on the face of any spectator. Winks were exchanged amongst the Mammonites. All the Tommy Atkinses in the world were, at bottom, fighting for these gentlemen. These gentlemen didn't cheer, they couldn't cheer, they had no country. They were worshippers of Mammon,—“the least erected spirit that fell.” Soldiers, to them, only meant “food for powder.” There was a mighty “call to arms” for “King and country,” and this was the first result; marching in the broiling sun, without a sign of recognition from the “country.” They might have been a gang of workmen going out to dredge the Thames, or something of that sort, instead of a band of newly enlisted soldiers in a time of war, marching out into the shadow of death from which many of them might never emerge. We had our own thoughts of that well-dressed and for the most part vulpine-looking crowd. And we took off our hat to Tommy Atkins.

Mr. F. J. Gould sends us a nice photograph of himself, taken at New York, with a pleasant inscription which we ought to value—and do.

Men create the gods after their own image, not only with regard to their form, but with regard to their mode of life.—*Aristotle*.

The Material Basis of Life.—II.

(Concluded from p. 539.)

CONSISTING so largely of proteid matter, protoplasm is to be considered as colloidal in character. But the elaborate examinations of living protoplasm which have been conducted by a host of investigators under the most refined microscopic conditions have revealed a life-stuff structure far more complex than that displayed by lifeless colloid.

The physical make-up of protoplasm is extremely involved, and several theories have been advanced to explain the ascertained facts. None of these theories has, so far, won universal biological acceptance, but for all practical purposes, unanimity of opinion on all the main outstanding issues is merely a matter of time.

The unequal amounts of water which protoplasm from hour to hour contains are largely responsible for the varying phases this life-stuff presents. Not only is protoplasm built up by an extensive variety of dissimilar substances, but the sum total of materials which constitutes a given quantity of living matter varies with the plants and animals that it produces. And it must not be forgotten that every protoplasmic structure is subject to never ceasing changes so far as the substances composing it are concerned. This constant transformation renders it extremely difficult to arrive at any definite concept of its exact state. Not merely are the constituents of protoplasm in a perpetual flux, but the very elements of living substance themselves become related to one another in the most various ways.

In order to fully understand life's mechanism it is necessary to study it in its dynamic state, and that is a condition so far unattained. As George Henry Lewes said many years ago, when we attempt to analyse "life," the organisms which manifest life have ceased to live long before our inquiry is completed. Abbott's comparison of living matter with a chronometer is an excellent one, and illustrates the difficulty in a very striking manner. He writes:—

"A watch is a delicately constructed and complicated mechanism of many parts, which by their action in moving the hands in certain fixed relations of time and space enables us thereby to tell the time of day. It is possible for anyone to take such an instrument apart and make a little pile of the wheels, screws, and springs, but when he has done so, the mass of metal and jewels which he holds in his hands is no longer a watch, and cannot be made to serve its original purpose. The very apparent reason is that the inherent quality of the watch, by virtue of which it is a watch, that is, a timekeeper, is involved not only in the parts composing it, but in their relations to each other as well, and such a mechanism will run correctly only when every part is in its proper place and adjusted carefully to every other part with reference to the joint action of the whole."

What applies to the watch as a going concern applies with equal truth to the architectural phenomena of protoplasm. Its vital activities are inseparably associated with its entirety. Precisely as the separate pieces of matter must be properly fitted together to form a complete mechanical contrivance—whether it be watch or steam-engine—which is capable of performing work, so the chemical constituents which supply the material make-up of living substances must be so arranged as to form an organic whole that is capable of carrying out the functions of life. The architecture or organisation of organic matter is its all in all.

As soon as this architectural unity is tampered with, although the weight of its substance and its chemical constituents remain what they were, its structure has been destroyed, and the chemical compound ceases to live and breathe. From the standpoint of structure the watch analogy is complete, but, of course, unlike the solid material component parts of the time-piece, living material is largely composed of water. Protoplasm is, in consequence, capable of adapting itself through

wide ranges of structural modification without injury. And it seems very probable that in this very power of adjustment to the ever changing conditions of existence is to be found the secret of those animal and vegetable variations upon which organic evolution depends.

The physical basis of life manifests the power of automatic movement. Its appearance, in the words of Dujardin, is that of a greyish, viscid, slimy, semi-transparent and semi-fluid substance. When its movements are unimpeded and not limited by the walls of vessels, this life-stuff flows in all directions, as we see it in the motions of the single-celled amoeba, or in the white corpuscles of the bloodstream in higher animals. Prof. E. A. Minchin states:—

"When confined in rigid envelopes, as in plant cells, the protoplasm exhibits streaming movements of various kinds. Even more essentially characteristic of the living matter than the power of movement, is the property of metabolism—that is to say, the capacity of assimilating substances different from itself and building them up into its own substance [anabolism], and again decomposing these complex molecules into simpler ones [katabolism] with production of energy in the form of heat, movement, and electrical phenomena.....Metabolism results not only in the generation of energy, but also, if anabolism be in excess of katabolism, in the increase of bulk and consequent growth and reproduction."

The structural or constitutional units of protoplasmic products are the all-important cellular bodies. The term "cell" traces its origin and adoption to the circumstance that one of the leading pioneers of what has since become the great science of Cytology, while studying the structure of a thin section of cork, made the discovery that the cork was built up of tiny chambers, similar in appearance to the cells of honey-comb. Subsequent investigations disclosed the fact that all organisms—both animal and vegetable—were made up of individual cells, much as a human dwelling is made possible by a certain definite arrangement of the separate bricks and stones which compose it. The shapes of these individual cells are subject to great modification. They are transformed to meet the multitudinous requirements of the organism to whose well-being they minister. The cells are found to vary to a greater and greater degree as we rise in the scale of life, but there are certain cellular characteristics which are universal, and these are to be regarded as fundamental to all protoplasmic structures. With the doubtful exception of the Monera, simple organisms which are allegedly destitute of a nucleus, and probably many bacteria whose protoplasm has, so far, eluded discovery, it may be said that every cell is differentiated into two protoplasmic parts. These consist of the more or less circular nucleus lying near the cell's centre, and composed of comparatively solid material, and the cytoplasm which is more fluid in its constitution than the nucleus. The cytoplasm and its contained nucleus together make up the cell. Very commonly the cell is surrounded by a definite and sometimes thickened cell-wall. This characteristic is conspicuous in the tissues of plants,

"in which the cell-wall becomes very thick and rigid through the deposit of various carbohydrates (pectin, cellulose). It is the latter (or its derivative, lignin) that gives its characteristic rigidity and hardness to wood. In animals, on the other hand, in only one rather obscure group—the Ascidiaceae or 'Sea Squirts'—does cellulose occur, and it is the exception rather than the rule for the cell-wall to attain any considerable thickness or prominence. In many animal cells there is no cell-wall at all, the viscosity and surface tension of the mass of protoplasm holding it together."

The nucleus is of different chemical constitution to the cytoplasm; it is marvellously complex, and it is by far the most important cellular constituent, while a complete understanding of its involved phenomena will, in all human probability, dissipate the difficulties which at present surround the profound problem of hereditary transmission.

The cytoplasm is frequently provided with vacuoles which contain a watery fluid, starch grains, yolk granules, chlorophyll bodies which produce the green in the foliage of plants, and other materials. These substances may be viewed as the waste matters and by-products of cell-life, and are distinguished from the living protoplasm by the term *metaplasm*.

The nucleus or karyoplasm, as it is occasionally called in contrast to its encircling cytoplasm, having almost the same refractive index as cytoplasm, is very rarely visible in living cells. But the nucleus readily responds to staining, and is then quite distinctly seen. Under these conditions it becomes clearly outlined in its cytoplasmic setting, and its microscopic study is easily carried on.

The protoplasm of the nucleus consists of at least two substances. One of these substances stains easily with most dyes, and on that account is known as chromatin, while the other (the linin) "stains with great difficulty and looks like a sort of network or scaffolding supporting the chromatin. Both chromatin and linin are surrounded by a watery transparent fluid, sometimes termed hyaloplasm." A nucleolus is also present in many cells, but its purpose is as yet not understood.

The vast majority of cells carry a single nucleus, but in others several nuclei may be seen dotted through the cytoplasm. In the kingdom of plants the cell-wall or envelope is an important cell structure, as it furnishes the strength and rigidity which are as necessary to the plant as the skeleton is to animals. The presence or non-presence of a cell-wall is, however, very materially determined by the stress and strain to which the various cells are subjected. "In tissues where there are strains and stresses to be borne, cell-walls develop in response to such stimuli, but where they are not necessary they do not appear, or only partially develop."

It is very suggestive that such unwalled cells have just as many nuclei as if they were partitioned by cell-envelopes and led a semi-independent life. There is little reason to doubt that the presence of the nucleus is indispensable to the cytoplasm if it is to perform its functions with due efficiency. A tiny section of a cell, if it contain a fragment of nuclear matter will continue to live, while, on the contrary, a scrap of cytoplasm deprived of its nuclear substance soon stagnates and dies. The nucleus is thus obviously the centre of the cell's vitality, and we must agree with those eminent cytologists who picture the phenomena of cell-life as the products of "an area of protoplasm dominated by a nucleus."

All that has ever been truly explained in matters biological has been interpreted in terms of matter and motion, and that circumstance completely justifies the expectation that all future conquests of Nature's secrets will be won by strictly material methods. Both in theory and practice this great verity is fully realised by the overwhelming majority of contemporary biologists. The laboratory production of organic compounds has become a commonplace. The famous biologist Bütschli has succeeded in synthesising "artificial foams of minute structure which not only mimic the appearance of protoplasm, but can be made to exhibit streaming amoeboid movements very similar to those of simple protoplasmic organisms."

But this is merely a beginning. The small school of vitalists and neo-vitalists is likely to become smaller. No solitary recent discovery in the slightest degree countenances their mystical theories. As that thoughtful botanist, H. C. Cowles says:—

"Each year the list of 'vitalistic activities' of plants becomes more and more restricted through the establishment of a definite physical or chemical cause for what has been thought to have a vitalistic explanation, while never in the history of science has any phenomenon, once explained on a chemical or physical basis, later been found to be vitalistic."

T. F. PALMER.

Joseph Priestley.—III.

By G. W. FOOTB.

[Reprinted.]

(Continued from p. 557.)

PRIESTLEY settled finally at Northumberland, residing in a house surrounded by delicious gardens, and situated so as to command the finest prospect on the Susquehanna. Still full of scientific ardor, he endeavored to establish a college there. He drew up the plans, and was chosen president; but the promised support was not forthcoming, and only the shell of the building was erected. That scheme failing, he set about erecting a laboratory and a library in his own grounds. And there, beloved by all his neighbors, he spent his few remaining years of life, still, as of yore, philosophising and experimenting. One is glad to learn that his English friends still remembered and assisted him. Independently of £50 per annum which Mrs. Elizabeth Rayner allowed him from the time he left England, she left him by her will £2,000 in the four per cents. Mr. Michel Dodson left him £500, and Mr. Samuel Salt £100. The Duke of Grafton remitted to him annually the sum of £40—a mark of aristocratic generosity which one is pleased to find and to chronicle, seeing how infrequent the signs of that virtue are in the history of our peerage.

In 1801, Priestley was prostrated by a fever, which left him sadly debilitated. His digestion was greatly impaired, so that he was obliged to refrain from a solid diet, and to subsist entirely on pulpy foods or liquids. Gradually he grew worse and worse, but to the last, even to the very day of his death, he persisted in his studies. On the morning of Monday, February 6, 1804, he died as peacefully as a child slumbers. A few hours before his death he had assembled around his bedside the little ones of the family, who all dearly loved him; after kissing them and bidding them be good and laying upon them a few religious injunctions, full of that loving piety which accompanied him through his long life, he serenely composed himself for the last long sleep, from which the good old man hoped there would be a glorious awakening.

Priestley's constitution was naturally robust, but in early youth he had suffered from ulcerated lungs brought on by youthful indiscretions, which he himself thought worked no other injury than the toning of his constitution down to that degree of nervous sensibility most favorable to a studious life. His mental faculties were vigorous, and he never suffered from headaches or abnormal nervous excitement. In the morning he awoke fresh and active, and anxious to recommence his labors. He had a large measure of that perseverance and pluck which are said to characterise Englishmen, and a full share of that energy which Matthew Arnold affirms to be the indicator of genius. Those who delight in bewailing the brevity of life should take a lesson from the history of Joseph Priestley's labors. The length of life depends not altogether on the clock register, but on the intensity and completeness with which it is lived.

Priestley's labors may be divided into four kinds— theological, philosophical, political, and scientific. A brief account of each will be necessary before the reader can in any way appreciate what this philosopher wrote, thought, and discovered.

In politics Priestley was a Democrat. He believed that all legitimate governments are based upon the people's will and conducted solely in the people's interest. For years before his emigration to America this was his publicly declared political faith, and subsequently to that event he became fully convinced of the utility of Republican institutions. John Locke had affirmed that "the end of government is the good of the governed," long before Priestley wrote; but his theory had not met with general acceptance, although probably no one would have asserted that any Government could rightfully exist in antagonism to the manifest welfare of its subjects. To-day Locke's dictum is a theoretical commonplace, but two centuries ago the ruling classes secretly entertained, and the masses tacitly admitted, a semi-divine right inherent in wealth and title to govern the plebeian poor in any manner short of abso-

lutely insupportable tyranny. Priestley, however, was too clear-sighted and too large-hearted to rest satisfied with such a monstrous theory as that. He rather thought, with Paine, whose political writings he highly approved and admired, that the rights of man should receive full recognition, and that justice should be no respecter of persons. This paragraph, from his famous papers on the First Principles of Government, is well worth reading even now:—

“It must necessarily be understood, therefore, whether it be expressed or not, that all people live with society for their mutual advantage, so that the good and happiness of the members, that is, the majority of the members of any State, is the great standard by which everything relating to that State must finally be determined. And though it may be supposed that a body of people may be bound by a voluntary resignation of all their interests to a single person, or to a few, it can never be supposed that the resignation is obligatory on their posterity, because it is manifestly contrary to the good of the whole that it should be so.”

This brief and emphatic utilitarian utterance is worth a vast deal of that windy eloquence which often passes current for political wisdom. Again, let us quote another passage full of vigor and earnestness, which doubtless proved most obnoxious to the governing politicians of Priestley's time, furnishing as it did an indirect justification of the revolutionary movement in France:—

“But in the largest States, if the abuses of Government should at any time be great and manifest; if the servants of the people, forgetting their masters and their masters' interest, should pursue a separate one of their own; if, instead of considering that they are made for the people, they should consider the people as made for them; if the oppressions and violations of right should be great, flagrant, and universal; if the tyrannical governors should have no friends but a few sycophants, who had long preyed upon the vitals of their fellow citizens, and who must be expected to desert a Government whenever their interests should be detached from it; if, in consequence of these circumstances, it should become manifest that the risk which would be run attempting a revolution would be trifling, and the evils which must be apprehended there were far less than those which were actually suffered, and which were daily increasing; in the name of God I ask, what principles are there which ought to restrain an injured and insulted people from asserting their natural rights, and from changing, or even punishing, their governors—that is, their servants—who had abused their trust, or from altering the whole form of their Government, if it appeared to be a structure so liable to abuse?”

In Priestley's time Dissenters practised their religious worship only on sufferance, and as for more extreme heretics, they were quite beyond the pale of toleration or justice, being regarded as a species of noxious vermin, who might justly be expelled from society, or deprived of life, if fitting occasion arose for so treating them. The Established Church arrogantly claimed exclusive rights, and superciliously looked down upon all other sects from the elevation of its monstrous privileges. Against the existence of a State Church, Priestley always argued. He boldly asserted what even many of his Dissenting brethren were unprepared to admit, that the Government had no legitimate control over conscience, nor the right to support any opinions whatever.

In theology Priestley was a Unitarian, believing in one God, and denying the asserted divinity of Christ. He maintained that the divinity of Christ is nowhere asserted in Scripture, and was not acknowledged by the Early Christians. Primitive Christianity, he argued, was characterised by none of the excrescences of later developments of that faith, but was simply a recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man. This position he maintains in his *History of Early Opinions Concerning Jesus Christ*, and in his *History of the Corruptions of Christianity*. These works are marked by great learning, and the latter is still popular and esteemed among Unitarians. The existence of God, Priestley thought, could be completely proved by the argument from design, which of course was only one that he, as an experientialist, could consistently deem valid. With the conclusive force of the Design Argument he seems to have been quite content, for he never evinced any sense of its manifold difficulties and defects. Probably, if he had

lived a century later, in these days of evolution and development, his lucid intelligence would have perceived that looking through Nature up to Nature's God is a far more difficult process than it was once believed to be.

Priestley was in philosophy an experientialist of the school of Hobbes and Locke and Hartley. He believed that man has no native intuitions, no innate ideas, but that his conceptions and beliefs are determined by his powers of perception and his faculty of reason. All knowledge, he held, is the result of experience, and can come in no other way. Man he contemplated as an organised system of matter, regulated by purely mechanical laws, and no more than the lower animals possessing an independent soul. In his celebrated *Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit*, he maintains this position with a remarkable force, which has probably never been equalled by any other writer on the same side. The following quotation summarily expresses his views on this subject, and conveys a fair idea of his style and method of reasoning:—

“The powers of sensation or perception and thought, as belonging to man, have never been found but in conjunction with a certain *organised system of matter*; and, therefore, those powers necessarily exist in, and depend upon, such a system. This, at least, must be our conclusion, till it can be shown that these powers are incompatible with other known properties of the same substance; and for this I see no sort of pretence.

“It is true that we have a very imperfect idea of what the power of perception is, and it may be as naturally impossible that we should have a clear idea of it as that the eye should see itself. But this very ignorance ought to make us cautious in asserting with what other properties it may or may not exist. Nothing but a precise and definite knowledge of the nature of perception and thought can authorise any person to affirm, whether they may not belong to an extended substance, which has also the properties of attraction and repulsion. Seeing, therefore, no sort of reason to imagine that these different properties are *inconsistent* any more than the different properties of *resistance* and *extension*, I am, of course, under the necessity of being guided by the phenomena in my conclusions concerning the seat of the powers of perception and thought. These phenomena I shall now briefly represent.

“Had we formed a judgment concerning the necessary seat of thought, by the *circumstances that universally accompany it*, which is our rule in all other cases, we could not but have concluded that in man it is a property of the *nervous system*, or rather of the brain. Because, as far as we can judge, the faculty of thinking, and a certain state of the brain, always accompany and correspond to one another; which is the very reason why we believe that any property is inherent in any substance whatever. There is no instance of any man retaining the faculty of thinking when his brain was destroyed; and whenever that faculty is impeded, or injured, there is sufficient reason to believe that the brain is disordered in proportion; and, therefore, we are necessarily led to consider the latter as the seat of the former.

“Moreover, as the faculty of thinking in general ripens and comes to maturity with the body, it is also observed to decay with it; and if, in some cases, the mental faculties continue vigorous when the body in general is enfeebled, it is evidently because, in those particular cases, the brain is not much affected by the general cause of weakness. But, on the other hand, if the brain alone be affected, as by a blow on the head, by actual pressure within the skull, by sleep, or by inflammation, the mental faculties are universally affected in proportion.

“Likewise, as the mind is affected in consequence of the affections of the body and brain, so the body is liable to be reciprocally affected by the affections of the mind, as is evident in the visible effects of all strong passions, hope or fear, love or anger, joy or sorrow, exultation or despair. These are certainly irrefragable arguments, that it is properly no other than *one and the same thing* that is subject to these affections, and that they are necessarily dependent upon one another. In fact, there is just the same reason to conclude, that the powers of sensation and thought are the necessary result of a particular organisation, as that sound is the necessary result of a particular concussion of the air. For in both cases equally, the one constantly accompanies the other, and there is not in nature a stronger argument for a necessary connection of any cause and any effect.”

Singularly enough, however, Priestley tenaciously adhered to his belief in immortality. He had discarded the imma-

terial soul, but he contended for the literal resurrection of the body in accordance with the Christian revelation. The overwhelming difficulties of this doctrine, when viewed in the light of man's antiquity on earth, never presented themselves to the philosopher's mind. We can only regard this sophisticated theory of Priestley's as one of those crazes which sometimes lurk in the secret recesses of great minds, defying all efforts to dislodge them, and actually compelling the sober reason to contrive arguments to justify their presence.

(To be concluded.)

What knowledge is of most worth? The uniform reply is—science. This is the verdict on all counts. For direct self-preservation, or the maintenance of life and health, the all-important knowledge is—science. For that indirect self-preservation, which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—science. For the due discharge of parental functions, the proper guidance is to be found only in—science. For that interpretation of national life, past and present, without which the citizen cannot rightly regulate his conduct, the indispensable key is—science. Alike for the most perfect production and present enjoyment of art in all its forms, the needful preparation is still—science; and for the purposes of discipline—intellectual, moral, religious—the most efficient study is, once more—science.—*Herbert Spencer.*

The bishops preach that it is as difficult for a rich man to get into heaven as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle; yet they enrich themselves as greedily and as carelessly as if they, at any rate, never expected to smell brimstone as a consequence.—*Bradlaugh.*

Wendell Phillips, the famous abolitionist, was once travelling northwards, when he was accosted by a tract distributor, who was going his rounds in the corridor-train. "My friend," said he, approaching Phillips, "may I inquire what your aim in life is?" "Well," says Wendell, "my object in life is to benefit the negro." "Then," replied the missionary, "why do I find you travelling due north; why don't you go south, where the negroes are?" "Hum, yes," drawled Phillips, "there's a good deal in that. What's your aim in life, may I ask?" "My aim in life, sir," replied the missionary, in a pompous voice, "is to save souls from hell!" "Ha!" retorted Wendell; "then what on earth are you doing in this train? Why don't you go to hell and save them?"

We will speak out, and we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.

We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn;
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of freedom's coming morn.

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink;
Let traitors run away;
Whatever we have dared to think,
That dare we also say.

—*Lowell.*

The Ramsey Testimonial.

(SIXTH LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.)

Mildmay Radical Club, £1 2s. 6d.; G. Shore, 2s.; R. Manley, 5s.

B. T. HALL (Treasurer), Club Union Buildings,
Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

Obituary.

Just a line to let you know of the death of my father, Morris Christopher, on August 8, aged 74, at Wolverhampton. For many years a subscriber to, and supporter of, the Free-thought movement. He asked me, his son, to write after he had gone and say good-bye to Mr. Foote and his many friends in Birmingham and district.—*MORRIS CHRISTOPHER.*

"All's Right With the World."

THE Kaiser made war,
While his moustache he twirled,—
"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

The banner of blood
And of rapine's unfurled,—
"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

In the seas mines are sown
With red ruin upcurled,—
"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

From the navies above
Deadly missiles are hurled,—
"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Hosts unnumbered on land
To destruction are whirled,—
"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

The Devil in man
Is uproused and uncurled,—
And if God's in his heaven,
All's wrong with the world!

B. D.

God and the Kaiser.

"GOD AND I." THE KAISER.

[The following clever verses appeared in the *Freethinker* over twenty years ago, and are from the pen of the late Mr. George Leslie Mackenzie, a frequent contributor to our pages. At the time of their first appearance they attracted much attention and were reprinted widely.]

We are a pair unique,
God and I;
Apart from ev'ry clique,
God and I;
He's strong and quick and winking,
And I am good at thinking;
We know no fear nor shrinking,
God and I.

The German folk we guide,
God and I;
We're both upon their side,
God and I;
My colleague's inspiration
Gives me determination;
We thus both bless the nation,
God and I.

A man of war 's the Lord,
So am I;
He's partial to the sword,
So am I;
I am the Lord's adviser—
Than one, two heads are wiser;
The Deity plus Kaiser,
God and I.

I hope and trust that we,
God and I;
Will never disagree,
God and I;
All jealousy we smother,
Each supplements the other;
We study one another,
God and I.

If ever we fell out,
God and I;
We'd both be put about,
God and I;
All other kings are, clearly,
His passive puppets merely,
But we are equals nearly,
God and I.

Of course, the Lord is chief—
God, not I;
My life on earth is brief,
Soon I'll die;
But, when my days are ended,
And I've to heaven ascended,
We'll have some matters mended,
God and I.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

LONDON.

OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N. S. S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand): 3.15 and 6.15, Messrs. Gallagher and Thompson, Debate, "Do We Live After Death?"

CAMBERWELL BRANCH N. S. S. (Brockwell Park): 6, Mr. Schaller, a Lecture.

EDMONTON BRANCH N. S. S. (Edmonton Green): 7.30, Miss Kough, a Lecture. Derby-road, Ponders End (opposite "Two Brewers"): Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8.30, Mr. Davidson, a Lecture.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (corner of Ridley-road): 11.30, F. Schaller, "Some Crimes of Christianity"; 7.30, a Lecture.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Finsbury Park): 11.30, Mr. Rowney, a Lecture. Parliament Hill: 3.30, R. H. Rosetti, a Lecture. Regent's Park (near the Fountain): 3.30, Mrs. Rosetti, a Lecture.

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S. (outside Maryland Point Station, Stratford, E.): 7, J. Darby, "Christianity and Crime."

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

GLASGOW BRANCH N. S. S. (Good Templars' Hall, 122 Ingram-street): 12 noon, Important Business Meeting.



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