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I want sense, not stars.—W. S. LANDOR.

The Instinct of Faith.

ONE of the weaknesses of theologians is that they regard themselves as superior persons, and look down upon all who reject their conception of the Universe. They assert that they live on the heights, "well above the dreary levels of scientific Agnosticism." "We can afford to smile," they say, "at the astronomer who disbelieved in God because he could not find him with his telescope, or the physician who disbelieved in the soul because he dissected the brain and could not find it with his microscope." Any view of the world other than their own they contemptuously dismiss as "one-sided and partial." They proudly sit in judgment on their opponents, but they deny their opponents the right to sit in judgment upon them. They imagine that they can show the Agnostic "that his natural science is only an abstract, one-sided view of reality, and that in order to find true authority and absolute authority we must look within and find it in the principle of faith itself, that faith is in its essence its own evidence." That is how the Dean of St. Paul's talks down to the scientific Agnostic. In a discourse, published in the *Christian World Pulpit* for March 31, he tells us that "we cannot be Agnostics, contented ignoramuses, about the whence and whither and why of life"; but we beg to inform his reverence that he exceeds his right when he undertakes to speak for those who claim to be Agnostics. Despite all he may say to the contrary, there are people who profess to know nothing about the whence and whither and why of life, and who are firmly convinced that the Dean himself shares their ignorance. We go further, and declare that multitudes live a healthy, vigorous, civilised, intelligible, enjoyable life without having "a background of belief about the nature of man and the meaning of existence." The meaning and purpose of life are in all cases determined, if at all, by the beings who possess it. To say that man is a being whose nature it is to look before and after is not to throw any light upon the whence and whither and why of his life, much less upon the meaning of existence in general.

Dr. Inge adopts a peculiar method of dealing with what he calls the instinct of faith. He looks upon the true, the good, and the beautiful as three lines of revelation; but he seems to forget that truth, goodness, and beauty, morally considered, are nothing but relations. In no other sense do they exist at all. Goodness, for example, has value only as signifying a relation between individuals without which a happy social life is impossible. The distinction between good and bad in character is a product of experience. Nothing is either good or bad in itself, but in its relation to something else. But to say that truth, beauty, and goodness are entities which serve as "three types under which the life and nature of God become known to us," is to completely misinterpret both Nature and man. They are neither entities nor types, but simply natural relations in the only world of which we have any knowledge, and we value them merely because they are essential conditions of human welfare. There is absolutely nothing to in-

dicating the existence of "a world of value behind natural phenomena," and the faith which consists essentially in the recognition of such an imaginary world of values is not "a natural state of mind springing out of the depths of our personality." If it were, the profession which Dean Inge now adorns would never have come into existence. If there were in human nature an instinctive impulse towards God, a feeling of God, a yearning after the Beyond, the pulpit would have been a superfluous institution. A feeling of God is an acquirement made through endless training, and retained as the result of constant effort: its natural tendency, even when most fully developed, being to pass away. It is quite true that "what distinguishes faith from scientific knowledge is the recognition of an external standard of value"; but the reality of such a standard is insusceptible of the slightest verification. Even the Dean admits that the verification can never be complete; but we maintain that there never can be any verification at all.

Dr. Inge uses the term "faith" in a loose, ever-changing sense. After admitting that its verification can never be complete because the ideals to which it looks are not fully realised, he proceeds as follows:—

"The kingdom of God is not fully come. The world we may say, is still in the making. Faith includes hope and moral striving for something not yet apprehended. It involves a recognition of the difference between what is and what ought to be, and a determination so to act as to help to make actual in the world glories that are seen by us with the spiritual eye. 'See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount.' Faith, therefore, contains an element of risk, of venture, which has been defined as the resolution to stand or fall by the noblest hypotheses."

Of course, it is faith in the Christian sense, which faith admittedly contains an element of risk, of venture, that we decline to regard as "a natural state of mind." In that sense there is no such thing as an instinct of faith, or an inborn religious sense, and we distinctly claim the right to sit in judgment on those who assure us that there is. "The resolution to stand or fall by the noblest hypotheses" may be accepted as an accurate definition of faith; but what are "the noblest hypotheses" by which Dr. Inge has resolved to stand or fall? Is the hypothesis that there is a God of love one of them? What is it that constitutes the nobility of this belief? The Dean confesses that there is an element of risk, of venture, in it, and he is right, but we go to the length of affirming that it contains no other element whatever. It is the most absurd and palpably false hypothesis that ever issued from the brain of man. Think of the unspeakable horrors and brutalities of the War, of the conditions of life in all large cities, of the injustice and oppression under which the masses have always suffered, think of the myriads of savages, with their cruel customs, that are still to be found, and can you for a moment believe that a God of omnipotent love occupies the throne of the world? In other words, is it a noble hypothesis to think of the world as we know it to-day, and as history reveals it to us, as having been created, sustained, and governed by an all-powerful, all-wise, and all-good Father? We are astonished beyond measure to find that any sane person has the audacity to cherish it for a second.

Is the belief in the risen Savior another of "the noblest hypotheses"? The Churches have just been celebrating another anniversary of his alleged resurrection from the dead. It is wholly immaterial to us whether such an event is possible or impossible, the only relative question being, what sign, what evidence is there that it ever occurred? Professor David Smith calls it "an exceeding mystery" which we shall never "comprehend until we pass from the shadows of this mortal state into the clear light of the eternal world." You may call it what you like, but we want to know where the risen Christ is, and what he has been doing these two thousand years. The world he is supposed to have died and risen to redeem stands in as great need of redemption now as it did when he came. His so-called disciples are busy killing one another to the glory of his name. The credentials of God the Savior are not one whit better than those of God the Creator, Sustainer, and Sovereign, the one being as colossal a failure as the other.

Is the hope of immortality another of "the noblest hypotheses" by which the divines are determined to stand or fall? What they aver is that this life is so crowded with suffering and sorrow that it must be followed by another in which humanity shall be abundantly compensated for the evils it has to endure in this; but they apparently lose sight of the fact that there is no ground whatever for believing that the God who has made and sustained and governed this gigantic blunder of a world would succeed any better with another. As both Father and Son, assisted by the Holy Ghost, have so signally failed to set things right on this little planet, it is reasonable to infer that our lot would be no better anywhere else.

We conclude, therefore, that "the noblest hypotheses" are altogether too risky to stand or fall by, and that faith in them cannot be "a natural state of mind springing out of the depths of our personality," or "a definite endowment of human nature." As all available facts undeniably testify to the non-existence of God, Christ, and a spiritual world, so all our natural faculties unite in opposition to the belief in them. This is why all the Churches, with their innumerable ministrations, have utterly failed to convert the world to Christianity. This is why the study of science tends to kill supernatural belief. Dr. Inge states that "the great Charles Darwin lamented that he had lost all taste for poetry and religion"; but the statement is entirely false so far as its application to religion is concerned. Darwin did deeply regret the loss of all taste for poetry, art, and music; but his taste for religion vanished with the belief in it. This is beyond all doubt, as the *Life* (pp. 55-65) so fully shows. There is a controversy between science and Christianity which, as the Dean bears witness, goes very deep; "it concerns the foundations of all religious belief," with the result that, among scientists, Christian believers are few and far between. The Dean is equally mistaken when he says that "what the Agnostics are really driving at is that we may draw the line between useful and useless knowledge." Nothing of the kind. What the Agnostics aim at is to draw the line between knowledge and no-knowledge, or between knowledge and faith, and to make it perfectly clear to all that the quest for knowledge alone is legitimate. Their ardent craving is for realities, not dreams; for facts, not fancies; for the triumph of reason, not of misguided emotion.

J. T. LLOYD.

Good God!

SOON after the War commenced, I placed a letter-box on one side as a receptacle for newspaper cuttings and other odds and ends bearing upon the conflict. It is a good plan, because apart from things that may prove useful at a later date, it is interesting to those who study themselves, as well as others, to

notice one's change of mind in relation to events. And cuttings that are finally decided to be useless for other purposes will generally possess this illustrative value. They form a kind of unwritten diary of one's moods and feelings.

To this collection I recently added a cutting from a Canadian religious paper. There was nothing in it that is not being said over and over again from Christian pulpits in this country, nothing that Christians do not appear to take as a matter of course. But this particular paper said it plainly, without apology, and minus circumlocution. It was this feature, I suppose, that induced me to add it to my collection. And here it is:—

"Our country is at war; our sons and brothers are going to the front; our Empire is engaged in the most deadly struggle it ever knew—yet—God is good.

"The dead lie unburied, the wounded unattended, and death is everywhere in the air, on land, and on sea—yet—God is good.

"The rumors of cold-blooded cruelty take us back to heathen wars, and evil seems to ride triumphant across the fields of carnage, and yet we hold that God is good.

"From bloody field, from battle-scarred city, from homeless wanderers, and from hundreds of thousands of weeping women and children, the cry of human anguish arises in unceasing moan, for men have turned this earth into a veritable Valley of Tears, and yet above it all the stars shine still, and Love is Lord of All.

"For this sure faith of the Church we cannot but give thanks. The battle-fury is brutal and hellish, but it shall pass away; the riot of ruin and death is infinitely terrible, but it shall not continue; for on the throne Love sits eternally.

"Let us give thanks."

At the first reading I had a feeling that I had mistaken the character of the paper, and had struck a more than usually severe piece of sardonic blasphemy. But no, it was quite plain; the *Toronto Christian Guardian*, it was a Christian paper; the passages cited were written to bring comfort to the souls of distressed believers. The thing was delicious in its stupidity and colossal in its appeal to the unreasoning faith of addle-headed piety. If a believer can swallow that, we need no longer marvel at his belief that faith can move mountains. Against such a faith facts are powerless, reason is robbed at its edge, and logic retires beaten from the field. A man who is born with a brain that enables him to write in that way in all gravity, or with a brain that enables him to read it and thank God for his faith, is secure against the advance of Freethought. He is predestined by nature to be a Christian. He is a living illustration of Tertullian's "I believe because it is impossible."

For this "sure faith of the Church" there are almost illimitable opportunities of exercise. The War offers no more than a special illustration of a general truth. In the animal world at large death and destruction are the general rule. The instruments and devices that exist for destruction outrange anything that human ingenuity has ever devised. Hooks and talons, teeth and claws, instincts and appetites, are fashioned to carry out the work of destruction. One half of the animal world lives by the destruction of the other half. And this takes place, not as the outcome of a perverted malignity, but as part and parcel of the scheme of things. Animals must destroy to live. The carnivora must kill to exist. All this suffering, cruelty, and bloodshed is part and parcel of the "Plan of Creation." For hundreds of thousands of years the process has continued; ferocity has been rewarded with preservation, gentleness or weakness with extinction. Within the group there may have been mutual protection, but this had its value only as creating a more effective ruthlessness towards those outside. And yet—ch, sublime faith!—"God is good," "On the throne love sits eternally."

What is the "frightfulness" of German warfare when compared with that of Nature, fresh from God's hand? Twelve thousand are killed and wounded in a single battle, and every person of decent feeling is stricken with the horror of it all. But in a few

hours, God's artillery, in the shape of an earthquake upheaval, wipes out three or four times that number without warning, killing, not able-bodied men prepared to face death, but crushing old and young, healthy and sick, the babe at the beginning of life, and the veteran on the brink of the grave, in one general catastrophe. A German submarine sinks a peaceful vessel, and sends a number of innocent people to their death. But natural forces have done this over and over again, ever since man launched his first rude craft on the face of the waters. The "frightfulness" of war is at least sporadic, it occurs when man's passions are excited, it expresses, at least, the presence of a defective intelligence, and of an undeveloped human nature. The "frightfulness" of Nature is persistent, it is part of the plan of a supreme intelligence, the workings of unfettered power. It possesses not a single extenuating feature—save "we hold that God is good," and serves to keep our faith active.

"We hold that God is good." Here is another illustration. Heredity is a law of life. None escape its influence, and even when we seem comparatively free from its operation, it is certain that deeper research would show us still in its grasp. But heredity is a "blind" force—to use a favorite expression of the religious apologist. That is, it consists in the fact of transmission, not in what is transmitted. Whether it be good or bad that is handed on, Nature cares not at all. Heredity will transmit a wasting disease, as surely and as certainly as it will transmit boisterous health. Nay, from one point of view, the dice seem loaded in favor of the transmission of evil; for although good health is infectious, it is not contagious. It does not, it cannot spread with the virulence of disease.

Now, what are the workings of heredity in human society? Literally, it visits the sins of the fathers upon the children. The parents eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. The parents lead a vicious life, and the child is born tainted from its birth, endowed with physical weakness that saps its moral and mental strength, saddled with a moral disposition that goes far towards ensuring a life of uselessness or crime. Thousands of children are born annually who are doomed to suffer in this way for offences that were committed before they were born. In a terribly crude and ineffective way men and women try to fight the evil and to redress the balance. But their best efforts go but a little way; for against them is the sleepless, ceaseless vigilance of Nature—and Nature, as Huxley put it, never makes a false move, and never overlooks a false move on the part of man. And yet "we hold that God is good."

No one would wish to imitate his policy. We do not hang a child when its father commits a murder; but we have faith; and this faith enables us to say that God is good, even though he behaves in a way of which every decent man or woman would be heartily ashamed.

Opportunities for the exercise of faith surround us on every hand. When theologians dilate upon the advancing order of the world, and point to the development of higher types of life, they forget that it is not only higher types that make their appearance. Degradation occurs in nature as well as development. Parasitic forms of life are at least as numerous as others. And to these we have to add the germs of diseases of varying degrees of malignancy. And let it be remembered that it is not here merely a case of a definite number of disease germs. New ones come into existence. The "divine wisdom" that overlooks all sees to it that almost so soon as man discovers an antidote for one disease, a new germ is developed, or the old one undergoes a modification to meet the changed conditions. The "love that sits on the throne" extends its sheltering care over the germ that killed the man, as well as over the man that is killed. His mercy is over all his works—that is, the same kind of mercy.

Some time ago I stood by the bedside of a lady dying of a most malignant form of cancer. Her record was a striking one. In the absence of a

mother, she had practically brought up a family of younger brothers and sisters. She had seen to their education, worked for their maintenance, remained unmarried for their sake, and had seen them started on their various careers in life. But the "Love that is Lord of all" had not forgotten her. It was waiting to reward her in its own peculiar way. It set the cancer-cells to work; and week after week, month after month, she lay with cancer on the spine. Her agony was at times unbearable. Before death, practically every rib was dislocated. That was her reward for a life spent in unselfish service to others. The successful swindler, or the man who has never gone out of his way to do a good action throughout the whole of his life, may pass peacefully away at a ripe old age. The one who has literally lived for others, dies the victim of a malignant cancer. And all the pietist can murmur is, "Good is good."

It is not only "from bloody field, from battle-scarred city, from homeless wanderers, from hundreds of thousands of weeping women and children," that the cry of anguish arises; evil covers a much wider and more persistent field. The battlefield of man is only a microscopic sample of the battlefield of nature. The destruction of war is infinitesimal when compared with the destruction by means of which life is carried on. And what is the pain and suffering resulting from a war when compared with the pain and suffering from which humanity is never free? And above all, God sits calmly contemplative. It is his world; he planned it; he arranged all its destructive agencies; he created the parasite that lives on a better form of life; he created the disease-germ that seizes on old and young, good and bad alike. If there is a God, the world is his world, and he must take the responsibility for all that takes place therein. It is not the Freethinker who says this; it is the believer in "the sure faith of the Church" who asserts it. For my part, I can only exclaim—as regards both the Deity and the worshiper—"Good God!"

C. COHEN.

The Father of Secularism.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

THE first occasion upon which I saw George Jacob Holyoake was in the year 1874. It was at a meeting when Mrs. Besant delivered her first lecture*; and though, if I remember aright, the subject was a political one, the vast majority of the audience was composed of Freethinkers, who had come to welcome a lady who had resolved to throw the weight of her talent and ability into the cause of human emancipation from political and religious slavery. Mr. Bradlaugh was present, and it was, I believe, at his request, that Mr. G. J. Holyoake presided.

Although at that time I was only a very young man, just approaching my twentieth year, I had heard and read a good deal about Charles Bradlaugh and George Jacob Holyoake; but I had never heard the latter speak. When Mr. Holyoake rose to address the meeting, I must confess that at first I was not very favorably impressed. He was a rather hesitating kind of speaker, and seemed to be over anxious as to the way in which he should express himself, pausing sometimes for the exact word or phrase to represent to a nicety the ideas he wished to convey. Then, too, he had a rather weak, though not unmusical, voice, with little or no dramatic power, and one felt at first that this was not the sort of orator who was likely to stir up the people to any pitch of enthusiasm on such a subject.

A few years later, I read and re-read the writings of Mr. Holyoake very attentively, and began to understand how it was that he had been such a power in the land, and how he had managed to mould and modify the opinions of so many thousands of his

* Mrs. Besant's lecture took place in the Co-operative Society's Hall, Castle-street, on August, 1874, and the subject was "The Political Status of Women."

fellow countrymen. First of all, no one could doubt his sincerity or the intense earnestness with which he advocated the cause of Freethought, or, indeed, any cause which he undertook to champion; and he was prepared, throughout the whole of his career, to sacrifice much to uphold opinions which he valued, and not to shrink from any pains or penalties which the free utterance of them might bring upon him. And so one was not surprised to learn that as far back as 1842 he went to prison for six months at Cheltenham for saying, at the end of a lecture, in answer to a question, that "in this country we were too poor to have a religion, and that if he [Mr. Holyoake] had his way, he would put the Deity, like the subaltern, on half-pay." No doubt it shocked pious Christians of those days to talk thus lightly of the Christian God; but in these days, when one of the most wicked and barbarous wars in the history of the world is being waged in Europe, and the Christian God is unable or unwilling to stop it, men are apt to speak more contemptuously of this God than Mr. Holyoake did in 1842.

A few years later, when I became Secretary of a small Secular Society, called the British Secular Union, of which Mr. Holyoake was President, I frequently came in touch with him, and found him most genial and kindly in his disposition, and I came to entertain a real affection for him. I then went to hear him lecture at the old Walworth Freethought Institute on "Thomas Paine," and I found that he made a much better lecturer than he did a chairman. Though he spoke from very copious notes, his style was quite fascinating, and he enlivened some of his passages by humorous expressions that arose quite naturally from his subject; while some of his phrases were extremely well chosen, and his peroration was a finely conceived piece of work, which was rapturously applauded by a delighted audience.

After this lecture I began to realise that my first impressions of Mr. Holyoake were not quite accurate, and to understand how the lecturer, as a young man, must have had a powerful influence on those who heard him.

By a reference to *The Biographical Dictionary* of my old friend, Joseph Mazzini Wheeler, I find that Mr. Holyoake first used the term "Secularist" in the year 1851, and in the following year the first Secular Conference was held at Manchester, and Mr. Holyoake had the honor of presiding. In his *Trial of Theism*, Mr. Holyoake says:—

"The Theist believes that man can only be guided and sustained by Spiritualism. The Secularist holds that he may be guided and sustained by Naturalism. He believes in human duties commencing from man, and believes them sufficient for life, for progress, and for conscience; sufficient for this world, if there be no other, and a safe preparation for another, if there be one."

That is a sufficiently good definition of Secularism as it stands to need no elaboration from me. In nearly all his lectures on Freethought, Mr. Holyoake explained and elaborated this definition of Secularism, and to understand his philosophy in all its details one has to read his books and debates.

On two occasions Mr. Holyoake did me the honor of presiding at lectures I delivered in the Town Hall, Brighton on the "Bible and Christianity." On the first occasion I was opposed by a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, and by a local representative of a Christian Evidence Society, who was so exasperated at what I said about some of the teachings of the Bible that he took his coat off and challenged me to mortal combat. I did not, however, respond in the manner expected, and the meeting terminated without any bloodshed. On the second occasion, Mr. Holyoake humorously remarked that he liked to take the chair for me because my earnestness in dealing with my subject caused my opponents to take their coats off in order to answer my arguments. He thought at least there was some novelty in that mode of procedure.

When Mr. Samuel Patnam visited this country in the 'eighties, I took him to see Mr. Holyoake at his

house, Eastern Lodge, Brighton. My two sons, Percy and Stanley, went with me, and both having a keen sense of humor, greatly appreciated the wit and humor of the veteran's conversation. I never heard Mr. Holyoake in debate, but I judge from a reading of his debate with the Rev. Brewin Grant, that he was very painstaking both in his statement of the case for Secularism and in its defence. At one time Mr. Holyoake was teacher of mathematics at the Mechanics' Institute, Birmingham, and certainly he had the mind of the mathematician as well as that of the logician. He had a fascinating way of stating facts. He made the dry arguments of philosophy as interesting as the plain facts of daily life. His essays on the philosophy of life and death are of enduring value. Some of his phrases are extremely clever and well expressed; what others said in pages he expressed in a sentence.

On the problem of the existence of God, for example, what could be finer than this?—

"The existence of God is a problem to which the mathematics of human intelligence seem to me to furnish no solution. On the threshold of the theme we stagger under a weight of words. We tread amid a dark quagmire bestrewn with slippery terms. Now the clearest miss their way, now the cautious stumble, now the strongest fall. If there be a Deity to whom I am indebted, anxious for my gratitude or my service, I am as ready to render it as anyone existent so soon as I comprehend the nature of my duty. I, therefore, protest against being considered, as Christians commonly consider the unbeliever, as one who hates God, or is without a reverential spirit. Hatred implies knowledge of the objectionable thing, and cannot exist where nothing is understood. I am not unwilling to believe in God, but I am unwilling to use language which conveys no adequate idea to my own understanding" (*Trial of Theism*, p. 199).

Undoubtedly, George Jacob Holyoake was a real philosopher and a great man. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

A Superman in Hometown.

Brunel's Tower. By Eden Phillpotts. (Heinemann; 1913). 6s. net.

IT is ever a question whether it is becoming, or even possible, to criticise contemporaries adequately. We stand so near them in point of time, we are not in a position to judge all the sources of their influence, we cannot foretell what permanent qualities they may possess apart from qualifications which may be merely ephemeral.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts was fortunate in the time at which he began to write, and the conditions of the literary world. The reading public was feeling the departure of so many of the great Victorian writers, and was not enthusiastic concerning the works of the newer purveyors to the circulating libraries. Into this pallid world of artificial limelight, broken only by the later gifts of Hardy and Meredith, Mr. Phillpotts came with an energy that was refreshing. He was very much in earnest, he possessed great energy, he had humor at command. He loved the sunlight, and was inspired by elemental passion and by masterful qualities in the men and women whom he painted. There was no languor about his stories. The red blood coursed freely in his veins, and he drank of the wine of life. We may have thought him unduly daring when he laid the foundations of his West Country *Comedie Humaine*; but we all applauded when, as year succeeded year, the fabric rose in noble splendor.

There were surprises, too, for Mr. Phillpotts has many facets to his genius. First, when the capital, short stories, which made the magazines unwonted sources of laughter, were collected and issued over his signature, and later and greater, when the ingenious historian of *The Human Boy* dropped the cap and bells, and, in *The Secret Woman*, contributed a most powerfully written novel to our wonder and amazement. All through his work his mastery was such that his readers felt that he was capable of so

much more. That he had capacity for much more was proved by the publication of *Wild Fruit*, a volume of real poetry, in which he wore in good Hellenic fashion the loose robes of Apollo, and who sang for the sake of the song, and was indifferent to the praise or blame of coteries and critics.

It was something in this age of disillusion to find a poet stepping from the portals of the West country with a message from the old, immortal Greek world which is ever new. The joy of earth was with him, he walked on air, and he confronted the carven, cold Christs of the Churches with smiling eyes, and passed on merrily, singing of youth and love as if the horrors of Calvary and Golgotha had never existed.

One thing is now quite certain: that when Mr. Phillpotts chooses to write a book it will be worth reading. In his latest work, *Brunel's Tower* he breaks fresh ground and shows us a fascinating series of pictures of the pottery industry, with the attractive background of the sweet West country. Its hero is a masterpiece of creative art, and is a village Napoleon, with quick brain, fine courage, little moral sense, and infinite resource. The way in which he rises to favor and efficiency in his master's employ is dramatic and sympathetic as well. It is impossible to ignore the charm of Harvey Porter, half a rascal though he shows himself. Throughout, Mr. Phillpotts handles his subject with the perfect ease of a master. There is no haste, no hysteria, no straining after effect. The development alike of character and events are conducted with splendid artistry, and there are subtle interludes of delightful humor, like the chime of bells in the pauses of the wind.

To the discerning reader the book will be a prose epic of the pottery art. Just as Zola conveyed a sense of the complexity of modern life into his novels, so Mr. Phillpotts shows, with consummate skill, how the potters who mould the clay are also moulded by it. This adds enormously to the individuality of a strong, curiously interesting book. There are several characters whom it is delightful to sit and think about after closing the book. Into the character-drawing Mr. Phillpotts puts all the subtlety of his art. It is a powerful book, strong in every way, and it is conceived and executed on an ambitious scale.

This peculiar gift of employing common incidents of atmosphere, landscape, and the seasons with all the grim force of the supernatural, is an artistic triumph, and no less success is achieved in the unerring accuracy of the rustic dialogue. Only as Millet was realistic in his peasant subjects and a poet as well, Mr. Phillpotts contrives by the magic of genius to infuse great prose with a great poetry that thrills the reader unconsciously but decidedly. The power of investing the commonplace life of to-day with profound import is surely the true romance. Content to leave the machinery of melodrama and sentimentalism, and yet move one with a simple tale, is akin to great art. And this latest book of Mr. Phillpotts' is a great achievement. To analyse *Brunel's Tower*, in view of its classification, must result in owning its author worthy to join the group of the select few who, among the countless novelists of to-day, are likely to challenge the verdict of posterity.

MIMNERMUS.

Christian Apologetics.

THE REV. W. S. H. MORRIS, M.A.

LESS than two years ago, a series of lectures was delivered before the Summer School for Clergy at King's College, Windsor, N.S., by the Rev. W. S. H. Morris, which later on was reprinted in book form. I have a copy of the book before me, and the most appropriate name I can find for it is that applied by an American reviewer to Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*—"a heap of clotted nonsense." The subject of the lectures is stated to be "The Incarnation"; but very little in connection with that alleged Gospel event is noticed in its pages, and that little is only incident-

ally referred to. A better title would be "Christ and the Church." Here is a sample (p. 49):—

"When one turns to the records of the Church, we find the general principle which we have been considering exemplified in the growth of the Spirit-bearing Body as defined by the phrase 'added to the Church.' The individual, a spirit acting through a body, is brought into touch with the Spirit-bearing Body of Christ, the point of contact being a specially functionalised member of that Body, the Apostolic ministry, through the use by that ministry of material, visible symbols through which is given a spiritual grace, the inward of the symbol, the result to the individual being plainly stated in Apostolic language as 'the gift of the Holy Ghost'—which words mean at least that the individual is brought within the special sphere of the action of the Spirit of Christ. Once within that region, also described as the Body of Christ, he will be moulded by the Creator Spirit according to the processes of the New Creation, until with his fellow-workers he contributes his share to the fulness of the Christ."

The foregoing paragraph is a fair sample of the expository method employed by the Rev. Morris. Put into plain language, it means that in the Book of the Acts the disciples are represented as going about preaching and making converts, who, after the laying on of hands by the apostles, received "the gift of the Holy Ghost," which enabled them to "speak with tongues." The rev. gentleman assumes "the Acts" to be historical, and calls it "the records of the Church." It is neither the one nor the other.

I will now notice what the author has to say on the "Incarnation," and how he leads up to that alleged event, and accounts for it being necessary. In opening the subject, he says:—

"The Atheist occupies a wholly impossible position.The Agnostic defends himself with some show of reason. While not denying the existence of God, his description of the Deity as 'unknowable' makes a subtle appeal to the perverted moral sense of humanity. Yet he is only less emphatically a 'fool' than he who says in his heart 'There is no God.'.....A god who cannot speak is no God; a god who could speak and would not, is immoral. We find ourselves backed up by the moral consciousness of the great bulk of human kind when we set down as our postulates, God may be known—God has spoken."

Except in mathematics, a "postulate" is something assumed without proof; and such I find to be the nature of the arguments employed by nearly all reverend gentlemen, who know that in so doing they are "backed up" by the great body of church and chapel-goers who never trouble themselves about evidence. The contention of the Agnostic that "God" is unknowable I have always thought to be untenable, if not supremely ridiculous: for in the present scientific age, if we look at the gramophone, the X rays, wireless telegraphy, and other discoveries, it becomes more and more obvious that no one can say with certainty what is, or what is not, unknowable. The only logical and rational "ism" is that of the Atheist, who contends that we have no evidence of the existence of an almighty supernatural Being who created the Universe and watches over mankind. This is not, as our orthodox reverend declares, "a wholly impossible position": it is the only one which an educated thinking man can take—and it is the only true one. Here our reverend has referred to the statement in Psalm xiv. and liii.—"The fool hath said in his heart There is no God"—and he appears to think that in so doing he has given the Atheist (as well as the Agnostic) his quietus: but he has not; he only shows his own credulity—and ignorance.

Continuing his lecture, the rev. gentleman says:—

"We quote Genesis and all Scripture without any apology to Science.....Turning to those records, it is most significant that the phrase 'after its kind' has no place in the record of man's beginning. There the Creator's decree is 'in our image, after our likeness.' Of man only is it thus suggested that there is given a capacity to know God.....Our records next direct attention to that awful catastrophe by which the relations between the man and his maker are so changed that free intercourse is no longer possible.....'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' may express allegoric-

ally the travail and agony through which the man must pass before he can win the bread of the Spirit—the knowledge of God which is eternal.”

Here our lecturer refers, first to the Creation story, then to that of the Fall—both admitted by advanced critics to be pure fiction—as historical records of fact, in which the Bird and Beast classes are said to have been created “after its kind,” but man in the image and likeness of God—whence, he infers, man was “given a capacity to know God.” All this is apologetic nonsense. The two great divisions of Bird and Beast contain a large number of genera, some large, some small, their forms being utterly dissimilar; but no such dissimilarities are found in the genus Man. Moreover, it was not the god that created man “in his image”; it was man who imagined his god to be of manlike form, as he did also of the god's attendants, whom he called “angels.”

The fictitious story of the Fall our lecturer calls “that awful catastrophe,” and to certain words in that story—“In the sweat of thy face,” etc.—he has given an allegorical signification, which those words cannot and do not bear. Continuing, our reverend says:—

“As we go back over the traditions, we find the idea persists that God will disclose to man such a knowledge of Himself as shall be salvation. The earliest tradition is explicit, though we may note the peculiarity of the phrase ‘her seed.’ The words ‘He shall bruise’ fixes the attention on some heroic figure standing out among the multitudes of the sons of men.....The promise to Abraham, as St. Paul reminds us, singles out one among the descendants of the Father of the faithful. Thus, from the beginning men are taught to look for One of their race who as leader and representative should battle victoriously with the opposing power and win back the lost Eden.....one of your brethren, a Prophet,” etc.

Here the Rev. W. S. H. Morris refers to three passages (two in the book of Genesis) which Christian perverters, following the example of Paul (Gal. iii. 16), have piously twisted into prophecies relating to Jesus Christ. These are the following:—

Gen. iii. 15.—The Lord God said to the serpent: “I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.”

Gen. xxii. 17, 18.—The Lord said to Abraham: “I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven..... and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.”

Deut. xviii. 17—19.—The Lord said to Moses: “I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and I will put my words into his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I command him. And.....whosoever will not hearken unto my words, which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.”

The word “seed” (Hebrew *zera*) in two of these passages signifies offspring, posterity, descendants. According to the first passage, there should be enmity between the seed of the first woman (*i.e.*, all mankind) and that of the first serpent (*i.e.*, all the serpent race). Mankind would instinctively kill serpents whenever they came across them, by striking them on the head, and serpents would retaliate by biting men on the heel (see Gen. xlix. 17). There is no Satan, either recorded or implied, in the story.

In the second passage, the descendants of Abraham were to be as numerous as the stars, they were to be victorious over their enemies, and they were to be a blessing to all other nations—which blessing is referred to in Zeph. viii. 18 and Isaiah lxi. 9.

In the third passage, the prophet “like unto Moses” was Joshua, and this is plainly shown to be the case in Josh. i. 17, 18, when he became the new leader, and the words in Deut. xviii. are repeated.

There are a large number of Christians who contend that the three foregoing passages are predictions referring to Jesus Christ—the Rev. Morris being one of them. The latter gentleman has cited them to prove to the Atheist or Agnostic that “God has spoken,” and that immediately after the Fall that deity devised a plan of salvation for mankind. The Atheist knows, however, that the alleged “Fall” is a

myth, and that no such plan was needed, man having risen, not fallen: the Atheist has too much common sense to allow himself to be hoodwinked by silly Christian misrepresentations.

Our rev. apologist next quotes what he calls “the great disclosure” made by Paul in Gal. iv.—that “when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son.....to redeem them that were under the [Mosaic] law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.” After which he says:—

“The key to such an understanding.....is perhaps to be found in the title which was used only by Jesus, and of Himself—the title ‘the Son of Man’—‘Son of Man,’ without the article.....describes man as limited and transitory.....But ‘the Son of Man’ sums up in Himself the potentialities of the whole race.....the Divine Person—God the Son.”

Now, it is very unlikely indeed that any historical Jesus gave such a title to himself: it is far more probable that the primitive Jewish Christians who wrote the original Gospel bestowed it on him, deeming him a prophet like Ezekiel. The last-named writer speaks of himself by that title nearly a hundred times; but in every case he represents “the Lord” as employing it when addressing him. He says, for instance:—

“The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them,” etc. (xxxiii. 1).

What our rev. lecturer says about the “Son of Man,” with and without the article, is pure nonsense: in addressing Ezekiel, as in the foregoing example, the article “the” could not be used, and it is only in this way that it is employed. Continuing, the Rev. Morris says:—

“The beloved disciple sums up the result [of his meditations on Jesus] in the most marvellous sentence human language knows—‘The Word became Flesh and dwelt among us.’ This passage expresses the main truths connected with the Incarnation. To ask how ‘The Word became Flesh’ brings us to the verge of the Serbonian bog of Kenotic theories. I prefer to remain in the safe company of Bishop Westcott, who says, ‘How this becoming was accomplished we cannot clearly grasp. St. Paul describes it as an emptying of Himself by the Son of God—a laying aside of the mode of divine existence.’.....The Son of Man left no book behind Him to preserve the memory of His words and work.....However, we turn to the personal witness of those who heard and knew and saw and handled the Word of Life,” etc.

The foregoing statements furnish us with a remarkable illustration of a reverend gentleman writing on matters he “could not clearly grasp,” and shirking a difficulty which might land him in a quagmire of absurd theories. And yet the *how* “the Word became flesh” is stated in one of the Gospels, which represents the angel Gabriel as explaining the matter to the Virgin in reply to her question, “How shall this be?” (Luke i. 31, 34, 35). From what is stated it would seem that the original writer of the story believed the Holy Ghost to be a divine person of manlike form, like the angel Gabriel; whereas in “the Acts” the Holy Ghost was thought to be a divine influence that entered the minds of new converts after the laying on of hands by the apostles (Acts ii. 4; viii. 17; x. 46; xix. 6). In any case, we have no evidence that the so-called “Incarnation” is an historic fact: we only know that Matthew and Luke found the story in some apocryphal writings whose authors are unknown.

ABRACADABRA.

According to a report in the *Burton Evening Gazette* for March 31, the Burton Sunday School Union has sustained serious losses during the last twelve years. In 1903 there were 360 teachers and 3 000 scholars, while to-day there are only 303 teachers and 2,415 scholars. At the annual meeting of the Union, the Mayor of Burton-on-Trent delivered an eloquent address, in which he expressed his bitter disappointment at the above deplorable decreases, and referred with deep pain to the “growing disinclination to attend church.” Thus we see that at Burton, at any rate, the War does not seem to act as a check to religious indifference.

Acid Drops

Some months ago Mr. Cohen wrote an article *apropos* of a soldier who had carried Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olives* through the campaign, read it while he was lying mortally wounded, and had it finally buried with him. Mr. Arthur Machen appears to have just got hold of this story, and has written a column on it in the *Evening News* of March 30. "Oddly enough," says Mr. Machen, although we fail to see anything odd about it, "the book contains a chapter on 'War,'" and from this chapter he cites the following:—

"All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded in war. Commerce is barely consistent with fine art; but cannot produce it. Manufacture not only is unable to produce it, but invariably destroys whatever seeds of it exist."

Now, it is true that Ruskin did say these things, and it would not be difficult to expose the fallacy underlying them. But stated in this way they really amount to a travesty of Ruskin's teaching concerning modern war—for which he had little but condemnation. War, said Ruskin, is productive of good when it is a test of personal fitness, when man meets man, and survival is determined by personal sureness of hand and eye and balance of judgment. But—

"Whatever virtue or goodness there may be in this game of war, rightly played, there is none when you thus play it with a multitude of human pawns. If you, the gentlemen of this or any other kingdom, choose to make your pastime of contest, do so, and welcome; but set not up these unhappy peasant pieces upon the chequer of forest and field."

That was Ruskin's deliberate judgment upon the modern method of waging war.

The kind of war from which Ruskin held good might come was personal contest, which brought out the full personal value of every individual engaged in the management of his weapons. But, he said:—

"You must not make it the question, which of the combatants has the longest gun, or which has got behind the biggest tree, or which has the wind in his face, or which has gunpowder made by the best chemist, or iron smelted with the best coal, or the arguist mob at his back. Decide your battle, whether of individuals or nations on those terms, and you have only multiplied confusion, and added slaughter to iniquity."

Remember, too, that Ruskin was writing this with an example of a great modern war fresh in his mind. Had he lived to see the present one he would most probably have had some scathing things to say about the nobility of modern war.

For all the journalistic and pulpit cant about the nobility and grandeur of war is untrue and, ultimately, evil. We are in the War; it was impossible that we could have kept out of it; and we must go through with it to the bitter end. But if this War is to be productive of any good anywhere, it can only be by the peoples of Europe becoming thoroughly convinced of what a gigantic evil modern war is. It does not create art; it does not, in any genuine sense, test which is the best man or the best nation, it does not settle a single problem of any value, it only destroys, and gives the palm of victory to the largest purse, the deadliest machinery, the largest army. In its essence it is sordid, brutal, and—
to use a convenient word—"soulless," almost beyond conception. That is the lesson that the peoples of Europe must learn before war becomes an impossibility in future. Get resolution of the people of Great Britain, of France, and of Russia to break the power of Prussian militarism once and for all, but it will go a long way towards smashing the influence of militarism in every quarter of the civilised world.

Dr. Frank Ballard, the infidel-slayer, asks how religion will fare after the War, and adds that "the Christian Church cannot live on the creed of the fourth century, or on Wesley's sermons, or even on Spurgeon's." Dr. Ballard seems to have forgotten, temporarily, that the Church still relies on the alms of the faithful.

According to the *Sunday Herald*, there are to be no more "eye-witnesses" in the fighting lines. Is this because they are no more reliable than the "eye-witnesses" of the Gospel miracles?

A young officer, with a little knowledge of French, was appointed caterer for his mess. He marched into a shop and ordered wine, tobacco, chickens, and other articles. The shopwoman explained that she could not get the

tobacco. "Then you must," said the officer, "C'est absolument necessaire pour la meso." The horror of the pious shopwoman at the infidel English, who celebrated the mass smoking tobacco caused much amusement in the regiment afterwards.

A newspaper paragraph states that the Bishop of St. Asaph "has three sons in the Army." We wonder if this means the Church Army or the British Army?

Christianity must not be taken too seriously in a Christian country. Dr. Lyttleton, the headmaster of Eton, has been lecturing people about the Christian spirit and the necessity of saving the German people from their own vindictiveness. This has provoked the wrath of the *Morning Post*, which twits Dr. Lyttleton with being an amiable person who wants a halo.

There is plainer speaking in the press now than at any time since the War started. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the famous author, writing in the *Sunday Herald*, says: "When a smug, church-going contractor takes advantage of the haste and necessity of the War Office to palm off upon our soldiers shoddy for khaki, and compressed wood-pulp for leather, ill-feeds our recruits, and houses them in leaky huts, we are neither surprised nor indignant. He is only following the immemorial custom of his tribe."

The Rev. Stuart Robertson, a Glasgow minister, who is working in a shell factory in that city, says "he makes cartridges to shoot the Germans all the week, and on Sunday he makes cartridges to shoot the Devil." The clergy have been talking of killing the Devil for thousands of years.

"Cleric at Work" is the headline in a Sunday paper. Is this a sly hit at the clergy, who work one day a week instead of the customary six?

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, writing in *T. P.'s Weekly*, says "many evil things have been done in the name of religion." Just so! But the remark was a truism in the days of Lucretius, who lived twenty centuries ago.

Bishop Welldon, in an article in the *Daily Mail*, on April 2, admits that, "in a sense, it is true that Christianity has failed." Then he adds this sophistical statement:—

"But Jesus Christ has not failed. There remains the question, not what Christians are doing; but what would he bid them do? If they are false to his law and his spirit, the fault is not his, but theirs."

Anyone but a clergyman would realise that the admitted failure of Christianity is the failure of Jesus Christ. Does not common sense assure us that a Savior who does not save, or a king who does not rule, or a master who is not obeyed, is of necessity a complete failure? Again and again have the divines declared that Christianity is Christ, and it inevitably follows that the failure of one of two identical things involves the failure of the other also.

Bishop Welldon seems to "leap exulting like the bounding roe" in view of the prospect that soon the Cross will once more assert "its supremacy over the Crescent in the city of Constantinople and in the Church, now the Mosque, of St. Sophia." Mark, the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent is to be achieved, if at all, at the point of the sword, or as a reward of the cruel sacrifice of thousands upon thousands of innocent lives. And yet, fully knowing all that, this servant of the meek and lowly Jesus exults! At such a prospect, he says, "Christians may repeat each to the other, with a new intensity of feeling, the same tidings, 'the Lord is risen.'" After all, we sadly acknowledge, No, Christianity is not dead, but still lives and wields the dread weapon of cruelty and destruction which Jesus said he had come to send on earth.

"The spirit of Easter is as subtle and as spiritual as that of Christmas," writes a pious journalist in a religious periodical. It is a pity that they should manifest themselves in such gluttonous forms as hot-cross buns and Christmas puddings.

"There is not much trumpeting about Christianity," says a contributor to a religious contemporary. Evidently the writer has not heard the musicians of the Salvation Army.

The cynicism which accused London of having a hundred religions, but only one sauce, has a basis of truth, inasmuch as there are few forms of faith unrepresented in the Metrop-

olis. Even Mohammedans meet for worship at Lindsey Hall, Notting Hill Gate, and worship Allah.

A book has been published with the title of *The Conquering Jew*, and contains a mass of evidence to prove the ability and energy of the Hebrew race. We think Disraeli's witty remark that "One half of Europe worships a Jew, and the other half a Jewess," is as conclusive a tribute as could be imagined.

The Archbishop of York says it has been remarked that "if God knew what was going on in Europe, his heart would break." The answer is, "It does break." Now, this is really a serious position. It is sufficiently startling to know that some good Christians are doubtful whether God has yet heard of the War; but to be told that his heart is broken is more serious still. We always had an idea that the Deity was ineffective, but this looks like a serious physical collapse.

White Heat is the title of a novel; but it would make an attractive title-page for a tract on the place so often mentioned in sermons and evangelical addresses.

Some of the parsons have been discussing what the Cross meant to Christ, and they were by no means agreed on the point. To Christ, undoubtedly, it signified the termination of his career while yet a very young man. To most of the parsons it has always meant a highly comfortable livelihood. But to the world it means, and has meant almost from the beginning, conflict, misery, hatred, horrible bloodshed, persecution, intolerance, dehumanisation.

The Bishop of London is an exceedingly humble-minded individual. In the same issue of the *Daily Mail* for April 2 there is a message from his lordship, in which he informs the readers of the following notable fact:—

"When these words are in print, I shall be myself at the Front to 'bless the banners' of our troops, so soon we are to advance to victory."

What an infinite pity he did not go to the Front last August. However, better late than never, for now the end of the War is definitely in sight. Let us rejoice.

"He is a thorough Christian man." This was the description of George Smith, charged with the murder, of three of his wives, which was read at Bow-street Police Court. It was written in 1914 in a letter by one of the wives, who was found, subsequently, dead in a bath.

The Dean of Canterbury has some very quaint ideas. He says that a man should "be ready to sacrifice his body, if need be, in the service of his king and his God." What if the man is a Republican and an Atheist?

A humorous story is going the rounds that a parson, officiating at a wedding, and who had been engaged previously in recruiting work, asked the bridegroom, "Will you take this woman for three years, or for the term of the duration of the War?"

A curious article on the ghosts of Belgium appears in one of the magazines, and the bogey in the trenches is mentioned. If all the deceased soldiers have ghostly counterparts, things must be lively in the spirit world.

The difficulties of carrying religious teaching into practice were illustrated in the career of the late Mr. J. B. Gillies, editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. Mr. Gillies, who was a strict Sabbatarian, tried to publish his Monday morning's paper, beginning the work at Sunday midnight; but the experiment failed. God and Mr. Gillies could not hustle the Scotch compositors, and pious folk insisted on a Monday morning's paper.

At the Yorkshire Congregational Union Meeting the other day, Dr. Griffith Jones dealt with the subject of modern literature and religion. His chief lament was that modern literature challenged religion. "In the writings of those authors who now had the ear of the public, religion had no place. With Marie Corelli and Hall Caine it was more a literary material than an inspiration. Thomas Hardy was frankly antagonistic to spiritual reality; while with Arnold Bennett religion appeared only as a stage property. H. G. Wells regarded it only as a phase of biology. In a word, religion did not count for the supreme reality." The three last named are not likely to trouble very much over what the

Congregational Union has to say about them, but Marie Corelli and Hall Caine will probably feel that this is small thanks for all they have done. After booming "true Christianity," as they have done, to be told that with them religion is mere literary material, is disheartening—to them. For after all, "literary material" is only a euphemism for pure commercialism. They used it because it had a vogue. They exploited Christianity, as they might have exploited anything else. Well, we said as much long since, but that of course, didn't trouble these gifted writers. But if the clergy take to saying it, they will probably exclaim as did the American Indians when Columbus landed, "At last we are discovered!"

A more serious aspect remains, and this did not seem to appeal to Mr. Griffith Jones. How comes it that writers are able to ignore religion? Writers are, after all, more or less at the mercy of the material with which life provides them, and it is certain that if religion were a really vital issue, they would hardly be able to avoid it. They would simply have to use it, or their work would be doomed to sterility. They do not trouble about religion because, in their study of life, it does not appeal to them as of supreme consequence—even of any consequence. For it is to be noted that in most cases religion is not deliberately ignored, it is unconsciously passed over. Literature is always more or less a mirror of life, and the truth we have to recognise is that today religion is an artificiality. Its forms are kept alive by an elaborate and costly machinery, but if it were to disappear to-morrow we question if it would be seriously missed. People would find their life going on much as usual, and even the clergy, once the first shock had exhausted itself, might find another and a more useful occupation.

In a discussion in a newspaper on the shortest humorous story, the following was quoted as being one of the best: "A Scotch elder went home sober. His dog bit him." There are only ten words in this. Ambrose Bierce beats this record with: "Johnny Smith played with dynamite. Entered heaven later."

The *Morning Post*, in a recent leading article, refers to Noah as "the first of all shipbuilders." Dear! Dear! That editor is too poetic. He should use a lyre, not a pen.

Christians have very quaint ideas of liberty. At the annual meeting of the London Congregational Union a resolution was carried asking the Government to restrict the sale of intoxicants, and promising support in any drastic action. That is the usual method of pious people. They like few things so well as to penalise a whole people for the fault of the few.

The practical hypocrisy of the Christian religion has seldom been better expressed than in the command of the pious grocer to his assistants, "After prayers, go and eat the sugar." A recent article, however, in the *Daily News* on "War and the Small Boy," contains some pungent reading, as, for example, boys repeat mechanically the injunction, "Love your enemies." If they think it out, they consider it in much the same way as Master Izaak Walton, who tells us to impale the worm on the hook "as if you loved him."

We feel that we should like to relieve Canon Scott-Holland concerning something which appears to trouble him. "Everybody," he says, "is asking great questions, and they say we Christians ought to know." We can assure the Canon that he is laboring under a delusion. Nobody really says or thinks that Christians ought to be able to answer any of the questions about which there is any serious trouble. And the proof is that no one ever thinks of asking the clergy about them. No one asks the clergy about questions of economics, of science, of literature, of politics, or of art. In none of these directions does anyone ever dream of appealing to a clergyman for authoritative information. The only thing that a clergyman is ever asked about—as a clergyman—is God and a future life; and on both of these topics he knows—just nothing at all.

But for Christian charity, we suppose the punishment would have been boiling oil. The Rev. Eli Eade, Rector of Farndish, recently committed the terrible offence of "assisting" at a marriage ceremony in a Congregational Church at Wellinborough. The Bishop of Peterborough and the Bishop of St. Albans have both "admonished" Mr. Eade for his conduct, and the latter, like a dutiful son of the Church, has promised not to offend again. Anyway, Mr. Eade has escaped the boiling oil—which is proof of the kindly feelings Christianity develops.

NOTICE.

The business of the "FREETHINKER" and of THE PIONEER PRESS, formerly of 2 Newcastle-st., has been transferred to 61 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

To Correspondents.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND, 1915.—Received from March 15: Previously acknowledged, £14 9s. 1d. Received since:— J. A. T. Jorrisen, 10s. 6d.; Archie Martin, £4 4s.; J. Rockell, £1 1s.; W. Stevens, £1 1s.

W. FULTON.—We do not feel justified in advising any person that is conscious of a divided call, having duty on the one side and conscience on the other. In such cases every person must make his decision. We quite agree with you as to the hardships of anyone wishing to join the Army, and being faced with a religious oath, and more or less compulsory attendance at church afterwards. Probably a straightforward protest on your part, added to the protests already made by others, may have some influence in arousing the authorities to the need for a different policy. With regard to your second query, we have no exact figures, but we know there are thousands of Freethinkers in the Army, and they are well represented amongst the commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

A. B. WHEELER.—Your letter was answered in this column a fortnight ago. Sorry we cannot undertake to reply to correspondents by letter, save under special circumstances. We should need a special staff were we to reply privately to communications received.

H. S.—The standard work on the subject is *The History of Sacerdotal Celibacy*, by H. C. Lea. We hope to make reviews of suitable books a regular and special feature of the *Freethinker*. A great many are noted, as they appear, now.

J. C. (Worcester, Mon.).—It is with small gratification that we learn that our prediction, made while the Japanese War was in progress, foretold the present conflict. But, after all, it only needed common sense to foresee it. When nations talk war and prepare for war, that means war sooner or later. This is the psychology of the situation, and remains true, no matter who is to blame for creating that situation. Thanks for the newspaper report. The man is just a vulgar, money-making clown.

E. B.—Many thanks for useful cuttings.

W. STEVENS.—Paper sent as requested.

A. MARTIN.—Mr. Foote greatly appreciates the expressions of sympathy from yourself and Mrs. Martin.

A. J. MARRIOTT.—We agree with a great deal of what you say. Times such as the present, offer occasion for any number of socialist interests to assert themselves, and they are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity.

OWING to the holidays intervening some correspondence is held over until next week.

LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

PERSONS 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, 61 Farringdon-street, London, 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.

Substantially, we can only repeat what was said last week concerning Mr. Foote's health, but that is, in its way, good news. He is still progressing, but complete recovery from serious illness is not effected in a week or two. We have every hope that the finer weather we are having will materially assist his recovery, and that before long his pen may again be busy in these pages. *Freethinker* readers may rest quite assured that to be cut off from the work of his life—even temporarily—is not the least of the inconveniences that illness brings to Mr. Foote.

A South African reader, in sending a subscription for a year's supply of the *Freethinker*, says:—

"I have been a reader of your bright little journal for about three years, and look forward to getting it every week with interest.... I have passed several copies on, and made a few 'converts.' In this land of extreme superstitious and priestly domination, it is surprising to find what a number of absolute Atheists one comes across. I conclude that we have either the two extremes, and no intermediates." From all we can gather, there really seems scope for a

vigorous Freethought campaign in South Africa, and we hope that someone will soon appear who will give South African Freethinkers a lead. Meanwhile we are glad to learn that, by passing on his copy of the *Freethinker*, our correspondent has succeeded in securing converts.

Another reader (from Lancashire this time) writes:—

"I have several times intended writing you to say how greatly I appreciate the weekly treat served up by you and your staff. The freshness and vigor of your writers is to me one of the most surprising features of your paper. I am a reader of only five years' standing, but I believe I have gained more real benefit from the *Freethinker* during that time than from any other paper I read. Strangely enough, I first received a copy of the *Freethinker* from the hands of a Christian. It was intended to disgust, but it excited curiosity, and then interest."

We sincerely hope that Christian is still pursuing the same tactics.

Mr. Lloyd lectures at Leicester, in the Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate, this evening (April 11). His subject—"Nietzsche"—is one that ought to attract a good audience, and as so much has been said about Nietzsche—from the pulpit—of late, it is well that the public should have a Freethinker's view of one who was a great and challenging thinker. Disagreement ought not to be permitted to obscure that fact.

We were sorry to see a complaint from the organisers of the Independent Labor Party's Conference that difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a hall for its public meetings. This was not due to there being no halls suitable for public meetings, but to some expression of opinion by the leaders of the I. L. P. concerning the War. In consequence of this the owners of halls, either on their own initiative or because of pressure brought to bear by the authorities, declined to allow their halls to be used. We are not, of course, concerned with the rightness or wrongness of the opinions expressed, but we are concerned with the right of those who hold those opinions to express them. And to deny the use of a hall commonly let for public gatherings, because one disagrees with the opinions expressed, differs only in degree from forcibly suppressing them. It means that, given the opportunity, these people would suppress them by force. We are afraid that the Socialists of this country have not always been sufficiently generous in their help towards other advanced opinions when they have been attacked, and we have warned them before that by their silence they were encouraging a tendency from which they might yet suffer. But their "aloofness" on other occasions would not warrant us in imitating them; and we care far too much for freedom of opinion to be silent whenever we see it threatened.

Some funny things are said in defence of religion, and not seldom by parsons. Rev. J. C. Carlile told the Kent Baptist Association two things that in some obscure manner were supposed to support religion. The first was concerned with a journalist in the new Army who entered a soldiers' club in a church hall, and, finding he could get a smoke, write letters, and get refreshments, remarked, "I never thought the Churches had this in them." Said Mr. Carlile, solemnly, "That man had revised his ideas of the Churches." Quite so; but suppose they had provided a sermon, some hymns, and a religious service—what then? All that emerges is that the journalist soldier was appreciative of a club-room, whether in a church or a dancing academy. Many who are not soldiers would welcome similar conveniences. It never struck Mr. Carlile that in all probability the journalist was taking a rise out of the parson.

The second wonderful occurrence was that, "from personal experience," hymns learned in the Sunday-school were being sung by soldiers at the Front to-day. Wonderful! But so, for the matter of that, are music-hall ditties that were learned out of Sunday-school. And we wonder which has had the greater vogue—hymns or "Tipperary?" Doubtless Mr. Carlile wished to give his hearers the impression that the Army was made up of hymn-singers, as his contribution to the elaborately advertised nonsense about the great revival of religion that is taking place. The curious thing is that no one has observed this revival—except parsons.

We are glad to see from our exchanges that Mr. W. W. Collins, who numbers many friends among English Freethinkers, is still keeping the flag of his *Examiner* flying. The last issue to hand contains a reprint of an article by Mr. Cohen, from these columns, on "Religion and War." The source of the article is, of course, properly acknowledged.

Soulful Silence.

RETREAT to thy chamber, says the Christian genius. Surround thyself with the golden silence; for there thought grows great; there thou canst purify thyself of the stains of the world that contaminates thee; there thou canst find rest and peace and joy in the Lord; there thou wilt draw near to God in heart and understanding. In the solitude of thine own soul thou wilt become strong in mind and spirit.

Self-centralisation is one of the most pronounced teachings of religion. All the great divines of ancient and modern times have emphasised the need of man's retirement from the unholy world; and often, it seems, their purely human teaching is attenuated to invisibility by this ceaseless harping upon the ego string. To reach God we must become ascetics. To become Christlike we must renounce the wicked world. To approach the Father we must hasten from his sons. A man must enter into himself; self must be developed; before everything else it must be recognised; for this self is the house of the immortal soul, to which all things must bow in obedience and reverence.

Around this anti-social teaching, religion, through its priests, has hung much poetic prose and many verbal beauties. Pseudo-altruism may have tinged them in rainbow colors. The service of man may have given them strength to survive. They may have drawn nourishment from the gospel of human need; and we cannot doubt such was the case, otherwise religion, deep-rooted in mental weakness as it is, would long ago have perished as a socially useless thing. But these colorations were a means to an end, through the welfare of religion to the well-being of her priest class. The end was the strengthening of the power of a section of the people at the expense of the rest; and only if the latter received some crumbs of advantage could the former hope to retain their dominance, their ease, and their luxury.

Knowing well that the average mind cannot keep its healthiness in silence, cannot keep its balance outside the radius of the influences that give it life, but tends to revert to primitive mentality, the priests have used the soulful silence trick with every contrivance their ingenious brains could imagine. The ordinary mind dwells within the confines of a little circle, outside of which its visits are infrequent and of no long distance. Attempts to make these excursions, at the promptings of priests, are often more disastrous than beneficial, and pathology is replete with such cases.

The average mind broods; it does not think or dream in any sequence at all. It thinks in jerks. Its half-formed thoughts are like the multitude of sparks that fly in a second from light to darkness from the iron on the smith's anvil. Not for five minutes can the commonplace mind, at its own initiation, think logically, or even at length, upon any subject. When it tries, it fails; and the individual, who makes the endeavor repeatedly, ultimately finds himself, not in the lovely lands of soulful silence, but in the blues, the country allied to superstition. He becomes mentally primitive.

Here religion grips, as it always does, at the feebleness. It is no drawback to religion that its units are hopping thinkers; to religion this means life; to Freethought it would be death. The Christian who settles himself for a visit to the soulful lands will probably manage to have half a dozen distinct ideas on Jesus Christ, for instance, in half an hour; and between these will occur many dozens of unformed, misshapen thoughts upon dozens of differing commonplace affairs. But if it so happens that instead of Jesus Christ occupying the premier place, it should be, as it most likely will be, the self, the ego, perhaps in its relationship to him, then assuredly there will be that tendency towards brooding either upon one's wickedness or upon one's blessedness, or a mixture of both. Religion gains all the time; the Christian becomes a curse to himself and to others.

Had the sorrowful silence been provocative of study

it would never have been used as a decoy by religion. Had the soulful lands not been sleepy places, and sad places too, religion would never have discovered in them qualities that made for its benefit. Religion knew that to urge the average mind to indulge in self-centralisation meant putting money in its purse. It knew that self-seclusion meant unhealthiness. It knew that mental retirement was none other than unnaturalism. It knew that in its advocacy of religious egoism there was an anti-social poison in the sugar-coated pill for the individual. It knew the teaching was full of disease for the average mind, and yet religion taught and teaches this noxious doctrine.

But not so much in these days of social activity. Although every Sunday the soulful silence dose is liberally dispensed over well-draped pulpits, although every religious periodical prayerfully preaches it, there is a decidedly uncomplaining toleration about its acceptance. It is a favorite subject with priests, is this old dodge of soulful silence; and Christians like to listen to the pastor preaching about pastures where the soul browses on greenery, where the milk and honey flow from specially created or evolved cows and bees, where living waters dimple sweetly over pearly pebbles, and where lovely angels, clad in translucent, diaphanous, and silvery wings and sandals, fly about singing celestial lilt.

Psychology tells us how to recognise this departure. When the Christian's soul monoplane to the lands of soulful silence the eye sinks inward and the heart lies plain, to use a line of Matthew Arnold's. But nowadays, the Christian is more prone towards the watchful eye. It is not fit that a brother-Christian should have the slightest opportunity to do you brown; hence the War. It is not consonant with the irreligious balance of things that you should venture so far from home in your quest for peace; nor that your return from the soulful lands, where, as one peculiarly minded minister recently said, the nation had been, should be heralded by the sudden relief of the dams from the torrents of your ire. Being spoofed means a sudden atmospheric change from balminess to sulphureousness, in which the soulful lands fade farther away. It has an artificial Irish way of turning religion and patriotism off the pedestals of their dignity, has this energetic eye, and it has done much to depopulate the lands of soulful silence.

Thinking of these things, after hearing a friend urge the need for Christians to seek the seclusion of their own souls, I wandered alone away down through the meadows. The air was frosty, and alive with the light of a million stars. In their midst the moon-crescent shone white, flooding the sweeping meadows with her loveliness, and giving the hills those shades that make them the imperiously complacent guardians of stillness. A slow breeze sang lullabies to the sleeping buds on the tree-branches, whispering music of the presence of spring. The long grass rustled at my feet; and over the burn were floating the first faint wisps of mist, trying to subdue a little the mellow murmurment of the waters as they played their way to the distant river.

Standing still, and looking up into the glittering heavens, it seemed I were bathing in an ineffable happiness, as if my heart had opened to the moon-rays and they were, with gentle motion, cleansing it from all the stains of a rough man's life. Stealing through me went the quietude that clothes night in a garment of purity; and, as it deepened, I felt the rich rare tremor that shakes our beings when the innermost chord of our hearts is touched by nature or genius, the incomprehensible thrill that, more than reason, proclaims man as the paragon of animals. And then it seemed as if the moon and star-rays found voice. The long, weird, semi-toned note filled the whole night. Startlingly it flashed out, then died, then rose again, till it broke itself into a thousand drops of liquid music, like a heart breaking with a joy it cannot contain. It rippled from every star. It quivered in every ray of light

It poured down upon the meadows till every leaf of grass trembled with musical delight. Every glen, and nook, and cranny of the hills caught the mad melodies and echoed them and re-echoed them till the earth shook with weird mirth. And ere it rippled into the silence from which it came, another curlew, and another, and another, answered the call, their long plaintive preludes sounding strangely through the cascades of music that shimmered through the ecstatic air, till it seemed as if there were nothing left on earth but a passionate joy of life.

And then everything became hushed. Silence fell again over the world that was mine; and, as I watched the moonlight ever undulating, like waves, down upon the meadows, I didn't think it was such a queer fancy of Mainie's after all, when she said that the curlews had stolen their idea of music from the quivering moonrays.

The meadows, the moon, the stars, the hills, the curlews, and Spring, with the never failing joy of life that they give; if the lands of soulful silence were of these, then it were good to be a Christian. If heaven were of these, one might not be an Atheist; but these are realities not dreams, facts not visions; and as I entered the house I could hear the curlews agreeing with me as they sang in the moonlight over the meadows.

ROBERT MORELAND.

The Origin and Development of Man.—II.

(Concluded from p. 214.)

An important and somewhat sensational discovery was made at Piltdown, in Sussex, by Mr. Dawson in 1912. This was the still widely canvassed Piltdown skull (Eoanthropus dawsoni), a remarkably thick and primitive human cranium. This fossil has been carefully restored by Dr. Smith Woodward and other experts. It probably belonged to a female, and, strangely enough, despite its extreme antiquity, this skull is much less bestial in appearance than those already referred to:—

"Instead of the forehead being receding, as in the Neanderthal man, it is steep, as in an average European. The eyebrow ridges are not thickened and projecting. There is a very small brain, which was larger than that of monkeys, but only about two-thirds the size of that of modern man or of Neanderthal man. The jaw is like that of the chimpanzee. The molar teeth, however, are distinctively human, though the canines are larger, as in monkeys. According to Professor Elliot Smith, the brain indicates that the animal probably had no power of distinct speech."

It is inferred from the character of the stone implements that were found near this fossil that the latter was either the contemporary, or slightly older than the Neanderthal savage. But the Piltdown skull varies in the most striking manner, both in its circular shape and in the wide breadth of its posterior portion, from the Neanderthal type of cranium as well as from that of existing races, while its jaw is noticeably different to that of the Heidelberg species. Another strange feature of the Piltdown skull is its pronounced unlikeness to that of the Javan ape-man. For while this creature seems to bridge the chasm between modern man and the man-like tailless apes, the Piltdown fossil, on the other hand, much more closely resembles the less developed round-headed monkeys of the earlier Miocene Period.

That man and monkey are descended from one common ancestor is now accepted by general consent. Apart from other weighty evidences, we all bear in our bodily framework the unquestionable proofs of our lowly origin. But the precise paths followed in the course of human evolution from more primitive forms of life are, so far, imperfectly determined. With the exception of Professor Huxley, no anthropologist would dream of tracing the descent of Neanderthal man from the African gorilla, or the higher Aurignacian race from the orang-utan of the Malay archipelago.

The extinct anthropoid apes, and the surviving gibbon and chimpanzee, as well as the two other tailless apes just mentioned, are much more likely to have branched off from the main monkey stem at a period prior to the appearance of any organism decisively human in character. Dr. Smith Woodward, who certainly speaks with authority, after having carefully considered all the pros and cons of the case, has reached the conclusion that the human family undoubtedly did not ascend through the condition of contemporary anthropoid apes, but is directly descended from the more primitive Miocene monkeys, which, like the Piltdown woman, had "rounded skulls, steep foreheads, a wide-backed head, and a small brain." Dr. Woodward is convinced that the Piltdown race retained these features, while a separate branch evolved flatter skulls and produced the Neanderthal type of savage which, endowed as it was with a bigger brain, progressed for a time far more rapidly than the poorly brained Piltdown people. Yet the advance of the latter, though slower, proved surer, as it evolved into the less brutal and more artistic Aurignacian stock which is the real begetter of modern civilised mankind.

As already remarked, the numerous Palæolithic remains so far discovered are indicative of the prehistoric existence of a threefold stock. It was at one time thought that the Australian aborigines were the lingering representatives of Neanderthal man, but this theory is no longer tenable in the light of our more extended knowledge. Professor Boule has critically compared complete skeletons of the long extinct Neanderthal men with those of the Australian natives, and he is positive that the anatomical differences of the two races are fundamental.

The evidence which favors the view that the Grimaldi race was negroid in character is more conclusive. It seems to be widely acknowledged that the leading characteristics of the Grimaldi skeletons are more frequently observed among negroes than in any other contemporary race. "Moreover, some upper Palæolithic drawings represent people with the most conspicuous physical feature of the Bushman." Again, several Mongolian characters have been observed in fossils of the Aurignacian stock, and later Palæolithic culture is remarkably reminiscent of that of the modern Eskimo. Indeed, Professor Boyd Dawkins and others favor the opinion that these boreal barbarians are the surviving remnants of the old Stone Age savages. This view has few scientific supporters, but Professor Gregory holds that the resemblances between the Eskimo and the ancient Aurignacians "are too obvious for this suggestion to be lightly set aside."

The English climate seems to have been genial in the days of Piltdown man. Warmth-loving animals at that time lived in South Britain, and an open-air life was possible to this early savage race. But as the centuries rolled away the temperature fell, the tropical fauna retreated towards the equator, and the reindeer, mammoth, and other northern organisms ranged as far as the south of France. Piltdown man was now compelled to seek shelter in caves:—

"He appears to have lived largely on reindeer, and may have partially domesticated them; but with the return of the warmer weather the reindeer withdrew to the north, and it seems not at all improbable that Palæolithic man followed them, and reached Greenland either across land, which has sunk below the North Atlantic, or by a north-eastern route across Asia and the Bohring Straits."

Another variety of the human race seems at this time to have settled in the south, and under less rigorous climatal conditions, to have evolved into the Azilian, and then into the higher Neolithic type. In Europe, this later Stone Age race is considered as Caucasian. From the new light thrown on the problem of human origins by the Piltdown discovery, the probable affinities of the three leading contemporary human races to their fossil foregoers have been provisionally set forth in the form of a pedigree. According to this scheme, the common ancestors of

the human family and of the man-like apes were the round-skulled monkeys of the Miocene Period. Somewhere about the middle of the succeeding Pliocene Period these higher apes branched off from the Miocene monkey stem. Just above this point of departure, towards the close of the Pliocene Period, or at the commencement of the Pleistocene Era, man proceeded in a direct line from monkey progenitors. A little later, Neanderthal man made his appearance, while at a subsequent stage the Grimaldi and Aurignacian races were developed, and from these last, the Negro, the Caucasian, and Mongolian—the three main living races—have been evolved. The Grimaldi race is regarded as the parent of the Negro, while the Aurignacian has given birth to the Caucasian and Mongolian stocks.

The age of the deposit in which the Piltdown skull was discovered is uncertain, but it is considered to be of post glacial date. Human remains came to light at Ipswich in 1911, and at once gave rise to a great amount of controversy. The Ipswich skeleton was disinterred from below the boulder clay, and therefore seemed older than the great Glacial Epoch. In the judgment of Dr. Keith, this fossil was quite modern in structure, and if the deposit which yielded it be truly pre-glacial, then, obviously, we must place the origin of the human race far back into Pliocene times. Writes Professor Gregory:—

"If the Ipswich man lived before the deposition of the boulder clay, he would be older than the Piltdown man. From the arrangement of the bones the body appears to have been buried in the cramped position used at Neolithic burials; and after inspection of the site I feel bound to agree with those who hold that it was a Neolithic or later tomb. If the skeleton had been laid naturally in the position where it was found before the deposition of boulder clays, the agent which deposited that material would probably have swept it away."

There are, therefore, sound reasons for concluding that the Ipswich skeleton is really post glacial, and that the deductions previously drawn from the Piltdown skull are as reliable as the imperfect nature of the data will permit. In Palæolithic times man was abundant in France, although the old Stone Age population of England was scanty. Later Neolithic man, however, was well represented both in England and Scotland, as also in Denmark and Scandinavia. These were the wander years of the human race, and its journeyings and temporary settlements were determined by climatal considerations as well as by plenty or scarcity of food.

So far as we at present know, a wide period of time separates Palæolithic from Neolithic man. Traces of a possibly intermediate people have been detected in France and elsewhere, but few authorities regard the man of the New Stone Age as the direct descendant of the Palæolithic savages of Western Europe. Neolithic man is usually regarded as an invading race that entered into the territory of the expiring Palæolithic people. These Neolithic newcomers had attained to a far more advanced stage of culture than their predecessors. Their tools and utensils were superior in every way. They made most excellent pottery, they kept domesticated animals, and possessed the rudiments of agriculture, though they did not disdain to eke out their plant foods with fish and other edible animals. Although metals were as yet unemployed as tools, gold was esteemed for ornamental purposes. The more primitive cave shelters were now abandoned, and Neolithic habitations were erected on piles driven into the beds of the lakes. These pile-dwellings were connected with the shore by drawbridges. The art of navigation was also theirs, and they possessed large canoes which they fashioned from the trunks of trees. The burial customs of this period point to a belief in the survival of the ghosts of departed men. "Tools and broken pottery were placed with the corpse, and they were broken, so that the spirits of these implements might be set free, and accompany their owner to the spirit world."

The succeeding Bronze Age denotes another advance. The discovery of metals had now been made.

The people of the Bronze Period hardened copper by melting tin with it, and the resulting alloy—bronze—provided them with a metal of particular importance. Stone tools and utensils were now discarded—ultimately even by the least progressive, as the beautiful bronze implements of this epoch abundantly testify. The knowledge of the malleability of iron, a discovery of far-reaching importance to the human race, was yet to come. At least, so most archaeologists believe.

This conclusion, however, has been challenged. It has been objected that the preparation of bronze is a laborious process. One of its constituents, tin, is a rare metal, the sources of tin in Europe being practically confined to Cornwall and Saxony, while Cornwall appears to have furnished most of the metal to the various countries through prehistoric and early historical times. Copper was more plentiful, but it is urged that it is almost unthinkable that uncivilised men could have become expert bronze-workers unless they had gained considerable aptitude through their experiences of more easily manipulated metals. The contention that the use of iron preceded that of bronze is negatived by the entire absence of iron implements in the earlier bronze deposits. It is also worth noting that the Mexicans and Peruvians were still in their bronze period when discovered by the European invaders.

An ingenious attempt to meet such awkward facts has taken the form of the theory that, as iron implements perish so much more easily than bronze, traces of their former existence have disappeared. Still, the stains left by rusted iron should have left some marks, but these have been sought for in vain. And, to crown all, the bronze implements are obviously copied from the flint implements they succeeded. By whatever stroke of primitive genius man overcame the hard task of preparing his bronze, that he did surmount the difficulty there is ample evidence to prove.

The compromise between these conflicting claims favored by Professor Gregory is extremely plausible. In arid areas, grains of iron ore are frequently found in sands and gravels, and they invite attention through their metallic appearance and unusual weight. Now, the African Negroes prepare iron by a far easier method than any available to the prehistoric peoples who utilised bronze. Also, the Stone Age in Africa was immediately succeeded by that of iron, while the European aborigines employed the much less easily prepared bronze owing to the use of surface iron. At a subsequent stage the use of iron may have been introduced into Europe from Africa, or for that matter, it may have been independently discovered in each region. And of this we are at least certain, that with the advent of iron prehistoric times were fast approaching their end, and the periods of history and tradition were being ushered in.

T. F. PALMER.

Thomas Paine and America.

THOMAS PAINE was one of the founders of the United States of America; was, in fact, the prime mover in the establishment of the great American Republic. Had it not been for his great efforts in liberty's behalf, it is quite as likely as not that to this very day this land would have remained under British rule.

Thomas Paine wrote and published in January, 1776, the earliest plea for American independence. This was in the form of a pamphlet entitled, "Common Sense." Previous to the appearance of Paine's masterly argument urging immediate separation and resistance, the American Colonists, notwithstanding the impositions of Great Britain (unbearable taxes, etc.), had thought only of supplications and petitions to George III. for relief. Despite the British monarch's long continued obduracy and the fact that each new oppressive appeal was followed by another, and that he turned a deaf ear to all appeals, the Colonists still hoped on, with never a thought of rebellion. Even Washington, at this time, expressed loyalty to the king.

Like a thunderbolt from the sky came Paine's magnificent argument for liberty. It electrified the people, and his stirring

words swept like wildfire through the country. No pamphlet ever written sold in such vast numbers, nor did any ever before or since produce such marvellous results. Paine donated all the financial proceeds of the pamphlet to the cause of liberty (as he did with all of his other works).

Washington, now converted, wrote to his friends in praise of "Common Sense," asserting that Paine's words were "sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning." Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Madison, all the great statesmen of the time, wrote praisefully of Paine's "flaming arguments."

In July, six months after "Common Sense" had awakened the people, the Declaration of Independence, embracing the chief arguments of Paine's great pamphlet, and much of its actual wording, was signed by the committee of patriots in Philadelphia.

The great Revolution commenced at once. The oppressed Colonists took up arms at a great disadvantage, by reason of lack of food, clothes, money, and munitions of war; but, inspired by the forceful message of "Common Sense," they fought bravely and well. When winter set in, however, the poorly nourished little army had been greatly reduced in numbers by desertions from its ranks. Many of the soldiers were shoeless, and left bloody footprints on the snow-covered line of march. All were but half-hearted at this time, and many utterly discouraged. Washington wrote most apprehensively concerning the situation to the Congress.

Paine, in the meantime (himself a soldier with General Greene's army on the retreat from Fort Lee, New Jersey, to Newark), realising the necessity of at once instilling renewed hope and courage in the soldiers if the cause of liberty were to be saved, wrote by camp-fire at night the first number of his soul-stirring *Crisis*, commencing with the words:—

"These are times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country, but he that stands it out deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like Hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."

Washington ordered the *Crisis* to be read aloud to every man of the army. The effect was magical. Hope was renewed in every breast. Deserters returned to the ranks. Men who had half-heartedly withheld from joining the patriot army took courage from Paine's thrilling words, and considered muskets with the rest. The great cause, tottering on the brink of dissolution, was saved. Paine's *Crisis* did it.

Following the first number of the *Crisis* came others—"The times that tried men's souls are over." "The times that tried men's souls are over." Paine was not only a great author and statesman, but he was distinctly a pioneer, an originator, an inventor and creator. To him we are indebted for many of the world's greatest ideas and most important reforms. It was Paine who first proposed the abolition of negro slavery; Paine first suggested arbitration and international peace; Paine originally proposed old-age pensions.

These are a few of the other great ideas he fathered: He first suggested international copyright; first proposed the education of children of the poor at public expense; first suggested a great republic of all the nations of the world; first proposed "the land for the people"; first suggested "the religion of humanity"; first proposed and first wrote the words "United States of America"; first suggested prohibition for dumb animals; first suggested justice to women; first proposed the purchase of the Louisiana territory; first suggested the Federal Union of States.

For a century the world has ignored this brilliant mind. Indeed, Paine's name has been branded by bigots and ignorances with all imaginable obloquy. He was called an atheist, a Freethinker, a blasphemer, simply because he would not believe in some old traditions which to-day are known to be allegorical, and which few intelligent minds regard seriously.

Some of the world's greatest men have paid tributes of praise to Thomas Paine, and their testimony is worth recording.

Napoleon said, in toasting him at a banquet, "Every city in the world should erect a gold statue to you."

General Andrew Jackson, the "Hero of New Orleans," and the seventh President of the United States, said to the venerable philanthropist, Judge Hertell, of New York, upon the latter proposing the erection of a suitable monument to Thomas Paine:—

"Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers

of liberty. *The Rights of Man* will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite man can erect."

George Washington, first President of this great Republic, in a letter to Thomas Paine, inviting that author and patriot to partake with him, at Rocky Hill, wrote:—

"Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country, and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully, by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works."

Major-General Charles Lee, of the American Revolutionary Army, speaking of the wonderful effects of Paine's writings, said that "he burst forth on the world like Jove in thunder."

John Adams said that Lee used to speak of Paine as "the man with genius in his eyes."

Joel Barlow, poet, patriot, and statesman, and an intimate friend of Paine, wrote of him as follows:—

"He was one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind, endowed with the clearest perception, an uncommon share of original genius, and the greatest depth of thought.

"He ought to be ranked among the brightest and undeviating luminaries of the age in which he lived.

"As a visiting acquaintance and a literary friend, he was one of the most instructive men I ever have known. He had a surprising memory and a brilliant fancy. His mind was a storehouse of facts and useful observations. He was full of lively anecdote, and had an ingenious, original, pertinent remark upon almost every subject.

"He was always charitable to the poor beyond his means, a sure protector and a friend to all Americans in distress that he found in foreign countries; and he had frequent occasion to exert his influence in protecting them during the Revolution in France. His writings will answer for his patriotism."

Thomas Clio Rickman, author, poet, biographer, writing of Paine, said:—

"Why seek occasions, surly critics and detractors, to maltreat and misrepresent Mr. Paine? He was mild, unoffending, sincere, gentle, humble, and unassuming; his talents were soaring, acute, profound, extensive, and original; and he possessed that charity which covers a multitude of sins."

Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, and co-author with Thomas Paine of the famous Declaration of Independence, wrote to Paine in 1801, tendering him a passage to the United States from France, in a national vessel. Jefferson's appreciation of Paine may be noted in this paragraph of his letter:—

"I am in hopes you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may long live to continue your useful labors, and to reap the reward of the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer."

James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, in a letter to Thomas Paine, wrote as follows:—

"It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own Revolution, and the difficult scenes through which they have passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. *The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I hope never will stain, our national character.* You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our Revolution, but as being, on a more extensive scale, the friend of human rights, and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine the Americans are not, nor can they be, indifferent."

Let us reiterate the hope expressed by James Monroe, that the crime of ingratitude shall never stain our national character. It is time indeed that the world awakened to the merits of Thomas Paine.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "Lest We Forget."

Among the trophies of "Self-Denial Week," the Salvation Army exhibits two postal orders for 27s. 6d., found in an envelope in the pocket of a British soldier killed in the trenches. The soldier was converted last September, and had collected the money to send to the Army. We are not quite sure as to the moral that is supposed to be attached to the story. It looks as though the soldier's conversion to Salvationism ought, in some way, to have saved his life. Anyway, he doesn't appear to have benefited by the process, as he is dead. Or the postal orders ought to have stopped the German bullet. Clearly something ought to have happened; and we feel that the Salvation Army authorities haven't risen to the occasion. What did happen might have occurred to any Freethinker—except that the money would have been destined for a more useful purpose.

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