

# THE Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XXXV.—No. 41

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1915

PRICE TWOPENCE

A foolish sentence dropped upon paper, set folly on a pedestal, and is a monument to make infamy eternal.

OWEN FELTHAM.

## The Acknowledged Failure of Christ.

Secularists nothing is more indisputable than the fact that the so-called teaching of Jesus has never taken root in the heart of the world. It has always been either completely ignored, or treated as presenting an ideal of character which is wholly impracticable in this life. Clergymen usually extol it in glowing terms from the pulpit, but even clergymen have admitted that it cannot be put into practice in society as at present constituted. And yet it is customary with Christians to boast of the triumph of their religion over the Western world. They assure us that the Savior in whom they believe is all-conquering; that the world is his purchased possession, over which he rules in righteousness and truth; and that the prosperity of the Church he founded is unparalleled in history. Eloquent sermons without number have been preached on the difference Christ has made, and bulky volumes have been published in defence and praise of the irrepressible power of his Cross. Not long ago a prominent Christian worker asserted that the Sermon on the Mount is embodied in the laws of our land. In reality, the teaching of Jesus and Christianity are irreconcilably opposed to each other, though few theologians take notice of the fact. But even those who regard Christianity as an embodiment of the teaching of Jesus, maintain that it conquered Europe sixteen centuries ago, and continue to this day to be the dominant factor in its progress. If you tell them that Christ no longer counts in human life they will laugh your contention to scorn, declaring wildly that he is on the throne and shall reign supreme to the end of time. With all this in mind, we are surprised beyond measure to find that a highly popular minister of the Gospel has the courage to admit publicly that the Cross is at a discount throughout Christendom. We refer to Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., D.D., of Bournemouth, who, in an article entitled "The Unrecognised Christ," which appeared in the *Christian World* for September 30, affirms that it has always been Christ's fate to be unrecognised by mankind. "No one knew him at his birth," we are told, and no one knew him during his life. "At his birth he was the unrecognised Christ; from cradle to Cross he was the unrecognised Christ." Dr. Jones waxes exceedingly sweeping as well as emphatic as he proceeds with his article. Not only the indiscriminate multitude, but even his disciples—the chosen and favored twelve—did not recognise Christ as the Son of God and Savior of the world. "And the same sort of disappointment must fill Christ's heart still, for to a large extent he is still the unrecognised Christ. He has been in our world a long time now. For nineteen centuries men have been familiar with him; they have heard his words, they have seen his works, and yet they do not know him."

This is a peculiar way of saying that Christ is a total

failure. To have been in the world for nineteen centuries unrecognised is to have failed on the most gigantic scale possible. To say that the great multitudes do not know him is equivalent to admitting that he has not succeeded in winning their affection and confidence. That anyone should ignore and reject him is always an astonishment to Dr. Jones, because he regards him as the gladness of life, our best friend, our mighty helper, our great deliverer; but if the great multitudes do not know him, he is nothing to them. What is always an astonishment to the reverend gentleman is undeniably a fact:—

"The amazing fact stands—there are thousands and tens of thousands who ignore and reject him. There are some who regard him with a kind of furious hate. 'There is one good thing this War has done,' said a workman in one of the London shops to a good Methodist who happened to be at the next machine—it has put an end to your Jesus.' One hears, even at a time like this, of soldiers, when offered the New Testament, rejecting it with scorn and contempt."

There are such workmen and soldiers everywhere, for whom Christ does not stand for anything noble and exalting, and to whom he brings no gifts. They reject him, not because they "regard him with a kind of furious hate," but simply because they do not believe in the theological conception of him, and because some of them are of the opinion that he never existed at all. It is easy enough for Dr. Jones, writing in a Christian newspaper, to ascribe their rejection of him to their ignorance; but, as a matter of fact, they know quite as much about the alleged Savior of the world as the reverend gentleman himself does. They know that the Gospel Jesus never lived, and that to speak of him as if he had lived and manifested himself in history as the lifter up of the poor out of the dust, and the needy from the dunghill, is to betray either gross ignorance or invincible prejudice. If he really had been all that Dr. Jones claims; if he had befriended the outcast, helped the tempted, and comforted the sad, the great multitudes would have hailed him with gladness and gratitude, and the world would have been filled with peace and happiness.

Not only has Christ failed to make disciples of the great multitudes, or to draw the world unto himself, but he has been equally unsuccessful in revealing himself to his own people. "We have correct views about him," says Dr. Jones, "but we do not know him." What a silly sentence! If the reverend gentleman does not know Christ, on what ground does he state that he has correct views about him? How on earth is it possible to entertain correct views about the unknown? Take the following:—

"Is it to be harsh and censorious in judgment to say that there are multitudes of nominal Christians who simply do not know what Christ stands for, who have no inkling of his fundamental principles, who do not in the least share his outlook on life? The lines on which society is run, the principles on which our individual lives are based, are really not Christian at all."

We fully agree, and venture to point out that the only logical deduction from such statements is that Christ is the most stupendous failure known to us. The London workman may have been excessively optimistic when he declared that the War has put an end to Jesus; but Dr. Jones is convinced that the War is due to the deplorable fact that Jesus has never had a beginning yet. And what a glorious

opportunity this conviction affords for vilifying Germany. Listen:—

"The occurrences of these days proclaim that Christ is not known amongst the nations that call themselves by his name. If only the nations that proudly style themselves Christian had really known him, we should not at this moment be suffering all the desolating horrors of war. No country has contributed to our knowledge of Christ's life as Germany has. Nevertheless, Germany has not *known* Christ. If she had known Christ, if she had really caught his spirit, she would not have called a treaty a 'scrap of paper'; she would never have committed the atrocities of Aerschott and Louvain; she would not have embarked on a policy of piracy and murder."

Now, on the assumption that Germany has not known Christ, we naturally ask why has Christ allowed himself to remain unknown to that great country? He is said to be all-powerful, all-good, and all-loving, and to have died for the salvation of all mankind, and yet he has neglected to take pity upon and save the German nation. We cannot believe it of him. If such a Christ existed, Germany and all other countries would have known, trusted, loved, and honored him, and the relations between them would have been such as to have made war a natural impossibility. But the truth is that no Prince of Peace has ever occupied the throne of the world and governed human hearts. Dr. Jones's Christ is not known simply because he does not exist. He is nothing but a figment of the theological imagination—a wholly impossible being. And the reverend gentleman's fancy portrait of him is the most ludicrous product ever heard of. He was unknown while he lived, both to the crowd and to the small circle of intimate friends. For nineteen centuries he has been unknown alike to the world and to the Church; and because he is still unknown we are going through the most savage and atrocious War on record. We ask, with all the solemnity possible to us, is it not the greatest folly conceivable to believe that such a being exists? Dr. Jones admits that the world has never known him, but claims that if it did know him there would be no war. For nearly two thousand years he has seen fit to hide himself in some invisible recesses, and to permit the waging of innumerable bloody wars, most of them in his own name, without offering the slightest protest; and yet here is a self-styled minister of his who assures us that if he were to become known this wretched world would be converted into a perfect paradise at once. If an unknown Christ exists, and answers to the description given of him, we can only conclude that he must be a heartless monster who simply laughs at the frightful calamities and crimes and carnage which he might so easily prevent if he chose to come forward and exert himself. Such is the Christ proclaimed from the pulpit at this time of war, and we are certain that "the great multitudes" do very wisely to ignore and reject him. He is utterly unworthy of belief; and it would have been a good thing for mankind if the conception of him had never been elaborated. We would then have had fewer wars, sorrows, and sufferings, and the sense of brotherhood, so patiently fostered in pre-Christian times, might have been so fully developed by now as to render peace between all nations a happy necessity. Ever since the time they acquired numerical and political power, the disciples of Christ have revelled in persecution and bloodshed; and the pulpit is extremely busy trying to convince the people that it is for Christ and his Cross that we are now at war.

J. T. LLOYD.

## With the Angels.—II.

(Concluded from p. 626.)

IN one of Lucian's dialogues there is an account of a discussion between a Theist and an Atheist, and in the end the Theist retorts by calling his opponent names. This greatly pleases the gods, who are interested listeners, and Zeus calls out to his supporter,

"Well done; give him hard words. That is your strong point. Begin to reason, and you will be as dumb as a fish." In his own interest, Mr. Begbie would have been well advised to follow the same rule. For reasoning is not his strong point. He is much more at home with his somewhat histrionic appeals to our higher feelings and lofty rebukes to Mr. Machen for failing to realise that when lies are told in the interests of religion, it is the duty of the spiritually developed man to stick to them at all costs. Still, one may learn something—even from Mr. Begbie. And although the lesson one gets from his writings is not the lesson he intends to teach, it is worth noting.

Quite properly, attention has been concentrated on the curious fact that the witnesses for the angels were unanimous in declining to give their names and addresses, and also that their stories did not exactly harmonise. Mr. Begbie's "wiggles"—it is the most expressive word for the situation—are amusing. He says there is a definite military order that soldiers shall not speak of their experience at the Front until after the War. What, then, becomes of the anonymous lance-corporals, wounded soldiers, officers, etc., cited by him on behalf of the angels? Evidently they have spoken of their experience—or someone has spoken for them. When it suits Mr. Begbie, there is plenty of evidence; when it suits him to have it otherwise, the evidence is scanty, because "only a remnant" of the Expeditionary Force came out of Mons. And that is certainly not true. The first Expeditionary Force was at least 70,000 strong. How many had we lost by the beginning of September, 1914? Certainly not more than 5,000 or 6,000. And the remainder is, for Mr. Begbie, "only a remnant."

Another reason given by Mr. Begbie and others for the absence of names is that the soldiers did not like to talk about their spiritual experience. Their experience was regarded as "too sacred." But they have talked about it—or someone has talked for them. They do not appear at all backward in talking about it; they are only reluctant to put their names to a written declaration—all but Private Cleaver, whom the military authorities brand as a liar. We suggest that Mr. Begbie should write a pamphlet denouncing them for robbing people of "a thousand hopes and a thousand consolations." And even these anonymous communications were not vouchsafed for months after the Battle of Mons. Apparently, seeing troops of angels was such a common, such an everyday affair, that none of these men thought of mentioning it until they were questioned by Nurse This or Sister That. In the thousands of letters written to the papers, no one mentioned it; in the thousands of letters written home, it was not mentioned. The omission is more remarkable than the occurrence.

And the vision itself. It is quite true, says an anonymous Frenchman, we saw it—it was St. George on a white horse. A "wounded soldier" says it was a "luminous cloud." A wounded soldier in Dublin says it was "a thick black cloud." An officer reports troops of horsemen. So the accounts go. They are all convincing—to Mr. Begbie, who appears to labor under the impression that the universe exists for the purpose of enabling him to write religious pamphlets.

But Mr. Begbie can explain these discrepancies. A vision, he says, "is no palpable and tangible thing. It flashes into sight and disappears." Immediately after, he cites a witness who knew exactly how long it lasted; it was "exactly thirty-five minutes." That is what Mr. Begbie calls flashes into sight and disappearing! Moreover, "in the madness steaming up from the brains of furious hard-pressed and despairing men, and in the tumultuous hurly-burly of a most ferocious and bloody battle," we must not expect the "definitive outline of a calmly contemplated and steadfast object." And then a few pages further on we have the testimony that "in the main" the story is always the same, "seen in cold blood at a moment of despair." So

the vision flashes into sight and disappears—while lasting thirty-five minutes, and it is seen in cold blood by men experiencing the madness steaming up from the brains of furious hard-pressed men amid the tumultuous hurly-burly of battle. No wonder Mr. Begbie is on the side of the angels!

But Mr. Machen wrote his legend before the soldiers' yarns appeared. How account for that? Why, replies Mr. Begbie, Mr. Machen was recording fact without knowing it. "He may have received from the brain of a wounded or a dying British soldier in France some powerful impression of the battlefield at Mons. The thing is possible. I could fill a book with instances of a like kind." Without doubt! Without doubt! That is Mr. Begbie's business. It has always been the business of some people to "call spirits from the vasty deep." The fact of their never coming has not ruined the trade. The religious demand is for "instances." Whether they are true or not, matters little. But what a blunder! The angels should have seen to it that Mr. Begbie was the recipient of the brain wave, not Mr. Machen, who laughs at the whole thing. It looks as though Providence ought to take a hint from the Salvation Army, and run a Publicity Department.

But Mr. Begbie insists there still remains the "miracle" of the saving of the British Army. It "was saved in those days in a manner which puzzles the intellectuals of all soldiers." "When all seemed utterly hopeless for the Allies, and when the destruction of the British Army looked utterly inescapable, suddenly the whole German Army swerved on its road, disappeared from sight, and the situation and the cause of the Allies were saved." Just like that! You can almost see the angels for yourself. It makes one marvel at Mr. Begbie's self-restraint in not introducing another miracle at this point. For it would have been so easy to have related how the German regiments and their big guns had been suddenly lifted in the air and deposited miles back on the road they had travelled. Angels are cheap and fools are plentiful. And the cultivation of the inexpensive for the exploitation of the credulous, is not yet a lost art.

But General French is a fool. There is no other escape from this conclusion—unless we assume that Mr. Begbie is mistaken. For Sir John French has explained that the pursuing German Army retreated because of the threat offered to its communications by the French. Without the slightest regard for the needs of the religious journalist, or the necessity for his getting a living in these hard times, he writes in his Despatch of September 7, describing the retreat, "I had every reason to believe that the enemy's forces were somewhat exhausted, and I knew that they had suffered heavy losses." And, again, "Fortunately, the enemy had himself suffered too heavily to engage in an energetic pursuit." More, with a complete disregard for angels—black or shining, winged or mounted—he personally thanks General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien for saving the situation. Shame, Sir John French! What else than pure professional jealousy could have induced you and the other generals to so completely suppress all mention of these angelic visitors, and attribute the saving of the British Army to the tactics of the French, the gallantry of our men, and the skill of their leaders?

And yet, whether the Angels came to Mons or not, I think much more of our men and of their leaders than there in Flanders, in France, or the Dardanelles, of these ghostly visitors. They are but cheap assistants at best. They have none of the difficulties that beset the ordinary soldier. They are not troubled with questions of transport, by a shortage of ammunition, or by any of the thousand and one considerations that worry the soldier. They do so little when they apparently might do so much. An angelic vision might have saved Warsaw; it might have put the Turks to flight—have "disappeared," like Mr. Begbie's German Army—it might even have saved Belgium. Oh, these angels! They might have come before Mons, and so saved thousands of lives. They come only when the retreat is at an end, and

the enemy's force spent itself. It is all so tawdry, so pantomimic, so absurd—except to Mr. Begbie.

Mr. Begbie urges that similar things have occurred before. Of course they have. There is hardly a tribe of savages who would not tell you how their tribal ghosts have fought either for or against them. You will find the same thing in the Bible. The Catholic sees the Virgin fighting for him, the Protestant sees a vision of Jesus. Visions are as common as leaves in the spring, and this particular vision at Mons would call for little or no comment but for the conduct of Mr. Begbie and some of our clerical guides. For they will have, not that it was a vision seen in the mind's eye by someone in a quite abnormal state of mind; they say it was a literal and objective fact. Our own men saw it, the Germans saw it, even the horses saw it. In the defence of it they have all lied—there is no other word for it—like Trojans. They have manufactured evidence from here, there, and everywhere. One lady's name was widely used in its support until she wrote and stopped it. The very clergyman who set the thing going and publicly claimed to have letters proving the truth of the story, actually wrote Mr. Machen asking him to let him know what evidence he had for the "angelic vision." And this *after* he had professed to have the evidence in his possession. It is bad enough to observe the tremendous amount of crude superstition such as is evidenced by the interest attached to this angelic vision. But when to this is added the conduct of journalists and clergymen ready to trade upon beliefs that are a reflection upon our civilisation, the outlook is as black as it can be.

C. COHEN.

## Religion at the Zoo.

"No doubt the Zoological Gardens is a place for serious people. I suppose there is more theology and philosophy in those Gardens than you would discover in Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, or the University of London."

—HAROLD BEGBIE.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE, the foremost of European writers, has a delicious joke at the expense of orthodoxy in his *Isle of the Penguins*. He describes the old and half-blind St. Mael as mistaking birds for human beings and blessing and baptising them. This causes trouble in heaven, and God is embarrassed. A celestial congress is called, and the outcome is that the baptism, having been carried out, entitles the birds to the privileges of religion. Accordingly, the birds are endowed with souls—"very little ones"—and become human beings.

This jest suggests a very ancient theological difficulty. A distinguished countryman of M. France's, the late Gustave Planche, attacked the Dictionary of the French Academy because of its definition of man as "a reasonable being, composed of a soul and a body." He said this denied that brutes have souls. Descartes thought he solved this puzzle by regarding animals as machines. Father Boucquant, a famous Jesuit, believed them to serve as prison cells for "fallen spirits." That ingenious priest contended that each animal was inhabited by a devil, evidently impressed by the Gospel legend of the bedevilled pigs. According to this sympathetic priest, a demon swam with every herring, grazed with every bullock, soared with every lark, and romped with every flea. Hartley Coleridge caustically alludes to this line of reasoning as "blaspheming God for Christ's sake and lying for love of truth."

Paradoxical or not, preposterous or otherwise, the hypothesis of an after-life for animals has been mooted by Christian apologists. In fact, it is difficult to open any seventeenth century philosophical work without finding a chapter devoted to the souls of animals. Leland, in his strictures on Lord Bolingbroke, admits the supposition of brutes having souls. Bishop Butler says the immortality of animals presents "no difficulty." John Foster, the Evangelical essayist, writing of birds, said, "I cannot believe

that all these little spirits of melody are but the snuff of the grand taper of life." Theists like Theodore Parker, who believed in a future life on the ground that it is necessary in order to make intelligible the purposes of the Deity, consistently extended the belief to the immortality of animals. The ultimate welfare must come to the ill-used beast, else, say they, the universe is not perfect. Theistic, like Christian, logic seldom resists inquiry or stands cross-examination. Dr. Johnson had a canny way of evading the difficulty, which has been much imitated by Christian Evidence lecturers. Discussing the future life of animals, someone said to the doctor, "But, really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog we don't know what to think of him." Johnson quickly retorted, "True, Sir; and when we see a foolish fellow we don't know what to think of him."

In spite of overbearing men like Dr. Johnson, there always will be Charles Bonnets, who will indulge in kindly and sentimental speculation with regard to animals and a supposed hereafter. Bonnet, the famous Swiss naturalist, was as benevolently busy about the future state of his humble clients as Swendenborg was concerning "the paragon of animals." Leigh Hunt, from quite a different point of view, and on quite other grounds, satirises the pride that smiles in so sovereign a manner at the notion of "other animals going to heaven." He conceives a much less pleasant addition to the society than such a dog as Pope's "poor Indian" expects to see admitted to that equal sky. Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, has indulged in irony in his lines on the death of a favorite dog, and pricks the bubble of pious pretension:—

"Stern law of every mortal lot,  
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,  
And builds himself I know not what  
Of second life I know not where.  
But thou, when struck thine hour to go,  
On us, who stood despondent by,  
A meek, last glance of love did throw,  
And humbly lay thee down to die.  
Thy memory lasts both here and there,  
And thou shalt love as long as we;  
And after that thou dost not care!  
In us was all the world to thee."

Sydney Smith, who disliked bugs less than he did Methodists, is impatient of the affirmative hypothesis. The comfortable canon, "with good capon lined," humorously consigns the animals to dust. Carlyle is characteristically obscure in his remarks on a "little Blenheim cooker." "Have animals not a kind of soul?" he asks. The saints have no clearer message than the sage of Chelsea. St. Paul asks scoffingly, "Does God care for oxen?" and the more kindly St. Francis regards the swallows as his sisters. Theophile Gautier contends that St. Francis was right, and that animals are "our brethren, who placidly pursue the line marked out for them from the beginning of the world." Swift's admirers said he could have written beautifully of a broomstick. Gautier was equal to penning panegyrics of the placidity of the flea, or the devotion to duty of the tapeworm. Voltaire was more incisive when he expressed the hope that if fleas had a subsequent existence they would be self-supporting.

Although Christians halt between two opinions with regard to the immortality of animals, the votaries of older and more humane superstitions did not treat them so contemptuously. As old Montaigne reminds us, ancient nations regarded them as "familiar and favorites of the gods." In one place the crocodile was revered, in another the ibis, and even cats were worshiped. The monkey and the calf were honored with statues of gold. Here a serpent, there a fish, were objects of veneration. In those far-off days dogs were worshiped and not vivisectioned. Even in the Christian scheme a dove receives a portion of the adoration wasted on the Trinity.

The prevalence of all this superstition is not to be wondered at. Comparative physiology is no older than Goethe, and comparative psychology is only dawning in the minds of men. But these are weighty matters for serious scientists. Like Artemus Ward's statement concerning the glass eye of the aunt of the

rival editor, it is somewhat irrelevant to the issue. It is, however, a serious matter for religious belief if animals possess souls. Christ died to save all men, but if animals are to be included in the scheme of salvation, how will it fare with the Christian in the next world?—

"How will he face the ox he wronged on earth,  
The murdered sheep upon whose chops he fed,  
The little lamb whose leg increased his girth,  
The pig without a head?  
The tabby that as sausage he consumed  
Will rise against him with his tail erect;  
The turkeys for his Christmas dinner doomed,  
His face will recollect.  
The partridge, grouse, the quail he had on toast,  
The creatures he has eaten, great and small,  
Tough, tender, lean and fat; the boiled and roast—  
He'll have to face them all."

MIMNERMUS.

## The Fourth Gospel.

### WHY JESUS WAS REJECTED BY THE JEWS.

WE are told in all four Gospels that an itinerant preacher named Jesus, who was said to be a great teacher and miracle-worker, appeared in Palestine in the time of Pontius Pilate, and that after he had spent a full year, or more, in going from place to place throughout the country preaching and working miracles, he was arrested by the Jewish authorities and put to death by the Roman procurator. This story the Presbyter John firmly believed; but he felt that the accounts which he had seen in the primitive Gospel and that "according to" Mark required a few improving touches which only he could give, so he took the liberty of adding them in his own Gospel—that "according to" John. The first of these additions relating to the rejection of Jesus, worth noticing, is the following:—

John xi. 47—53.—"The chief priests and Pharisees gathered a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many signs. If we let him alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans will come and take away both our place and our nation. But one of them, Caiaphas, being high priest that year, said unto them, Ye know nothing at all, nor do ye take account that it is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not. Now this he said not of himself: but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for the nation. So from that day forth they took counsel that they might put him to death."

It is almost needless to say that no one, save the pseudo-John, knew what was actually said at this council, the other evangelists merely stating that "the chief priests and the scribes sought how they might put him to death." That presbyter, however, appears to have thought that the office of high priest was like that of the Roman consuls—for one year only. He also seems to have imagined that the high priest, during the year he held office, was inspired by God to utter truths of which he had no knowledge as a private individual. Caiaphas did not say it "of himself": he said it because he was "high priest that year." The writer of the Fourth Gospel appears to have forgotten that the Jews made atonement for the sins of individual persons, as well as for the whole nation, by the sacrifice of certain animals, and that this plan of salvation had been given to them by the Lord God himself—which system was in use up to the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple (A.D. 70). No one was better acquainted with this fact than Caiaphas himself; for he took the leading part in the ritual for the Great day of Atonement for ten years in succession. There can thus be no doubt that the Caiaphas passage is one of the many fabrications of the pseudo-John himself.

It is this same Presbyter John who has put in the mouth of his pseudo-Jesus a statement upon which more sermons have been preached than on any other text in the New Testament. This reads:—

John iii. 16.—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

The words of this text—like a certain cocoa—are believed by thousands of orthodox Christians to be "grateful and comforting." And the sole reason for which the majority of Christians read the Bible is to find what they call "comforting words"—one of which, I have heard, being "Mesopotamia." Upon this passage a well-known commentator says:—

"Comfortable words indeed! These are not words to comment upon, but to feel. In this glorious text every word is a sermon. Mark the greatness of the Father's love—'God so loved.' Mark the breadth of that love—'God so loved the world.' Mark the pricelessness of the sacrifice—'His only begotten Son.' Mark the freedom of the offer of salvation—'whosoever.' Mark the condition of salvation—'believeth.' Mark the greatness of the salvation—'eternal life,' etc.

According to the comfortable words in John iii. 16, the one and only condition upon which "eternal life" is offered to mankind is that of believing on God's "only begotten Son"—that is to say, to believe that the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel was "the only begotten Son of God." The writer of that Gospel evidently believed that anyone could believe at will any story he was told, however opposed to common sense the story might be: but people who live in an age of reason find they cannot believe obvious impossibilities. There must be at least the probability that the story is true. Could any person with a grain of sense believe that a preacher who went about wrangling and quibbling, who told the Jews they must eat his flesh and drink his blood, and "be born of water and the spirit," who would not condescend to explain what he meant, and who uttered all kinds of nonsense—could any rational person believe that such an absurd preacher was "the only begotten Son of God"?

The writer of the Fourth Gospel has, however, made three remarkable statements which considerably alter the character of those glorious words that offer "free salvation" to everybody. One of these he has placed in the mouth of his pseudo-Jesus; the other two are delivered "on his own" as an evangelist. In the first of these Jesus is represented as saying:—

"All [those] that the Father giveth me shall come unto me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.....No man is able to come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.....No man is able to come to me, except it be given unto him of my Father" (John vi. 37, 44, 65).

What do these alleged utterances of Jesus mean? They mean simply that no person could believe Jesus to be "the only begotten Son of God" unless "the Father" put it into that person's heart to so believe. In accordance, then, with this Gospel statement, the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees, not having been "drawn" towards Jesus by "the Father," had no other course open to them than to reject that Savior. Hence, those glorious words which offered "free salvation" to the whole human race are not so pre-eminently comforting as unthinking Christians suppose: they are, in fact, deceptive and misleading. But what has our friend the commentator to say upon the subject? That apologetic writer says:—

Jesus would imply that those who believed not lacked that Divine drawing which alone could bring them to him. Were they then willing to be drawn, and yet God drew them not? No; God drew them not because they were not willing."

Here the very plain words in the Gospel passage—"No man is able.....except the Father draw him"—are twisted into "Jesus would imply," etc. It is, of course, perfectly clear that the "divine drawing" which created the belief must come into action first—as the cause precedes the effect. To talk of the Jews as "willing to be drawn" or "not willing" is apologetic nonsense. People who had just witnessed some conjuring tricks do not ask themselves whether they are "willing" to be persuaded that the things which appeared to be done were really done, or whether they are "not willing" to be so persuaded. The most credulous among them would probably believe; those who were more sensible could not believe: that is all.

The writer of the Fourth Gospel, like the other three evangelists, believed that Jesus and the Jews of his day were the subjects of Old Testament prophecy, and that they were obligated to do (or they *did* do) whatever had been predicted they should do. Speaking of miracles, he says:—

John xii. 37—38.—"These things spake Jesus..... But though he had done so many signs before them, yet they believed not on him: that the word of Isaiah the prophet might be fulfilled, which he spake, *Lord who hath believed our report? And to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?*"

The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was believed by the early Christians to be a prediction referring to Jesus Christ, the words in italics in the foregoing passage being its opening statement. Here the pseudo-John tells us that the Jews, by not believing on Jesus, fulfilled a prediction of Isaiah, and he implies that the prediction was the cause of this unbelief. However convincing the miracles wrought by Jesus might be, those who witnessed them could not believe; because prophecy had to be fulfilled. That the words here quoted were not written by Isaiah, that those words do not imply that anyone disbelieved, or that the chapter does not refer to Jesus—these were mere details with which the writer had no concern. The "arm of the Lord" was a figurative expression for the wonderful works ascribed to the god Yahweh, and had no relation to the miracles which are recorded of Jesus. The pseudo-John, however, evidently thought that the latter were referred to, because Jesus was almost invariably spoken of in the early Church as "the Lord" or "the Lord Jesus."

But the writer of the Fourth Gospel gives a third and a stronger reason for the rejection of Jesus by the Jews. He says:—

"For this cause they could not believe, for that Isaiah said again: He hath blinded their eyes, and he hardened their heart; lest they should see with their eyes, and perceive with their heart, and should turn, and I should heal them. These things said Isaiah, because he saw his glory; and he spake of him" (John xii. 39—41).

Here, if we may believe the Presbyterian John, "the Father" not only took no steps to draw the Jews to Jesus, but he "blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts so that they could not accept the "free salvation" he had offered. Assuming such to be the case, it must be a matter of profound astonishment to ordinary mortals why the heavenly Father ever sent his "only begotten Son" to save the world at all.

We have now three reasons given by the pseudo-John to explain why the Jews rejected Jesus as their Savior. They did so, first, because they could not believe unless "the Father" drew them to Jesus, and this he had not done. Secondly, they rejected Jesus because Isaiah had said "Who hath believed our report?" etc. Thirdly, they could not believe on Jesus because "the Father" had shut their eyes and closed their hearts to his message of salvation. If we turn to a commentary on the Gospels we shall, of course, find all three passages ingeniously explained away—and without any reflections upon the assumed apostolic writer. But it is the pseudo-John and the Christians of his day who should be censured; for they all believed that the Book of Isaiah was full of predictions respecting Jesus Christ, and in selecting passages they all completely ignored the context. This system of fraud suggested a large number of Gospel events which never really occurred.

As regards this third "prophecy" of Isaiah, there are two paragraphs from which the quotation may have been taken. The first of these is the following:—

Isaiah vi. 8—12.—"And I heard the voice of the Lord saying.....*Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and understand with their heart, and turn again, and be healed.* Then said I, Lord, how long? And he answered, Until the cities be waste without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land become utterly waste, and the Lord have removed them far away."

Here, it will be perceived, the reference is to the

people of Isaiah's own time, who were to be deaf and blind to the exhortations of the prophets respecting their serving other gods, until their tribal deity, losing patience, caused them to be carried away captive to Babylon, and their country to become waste and desolate.

The second paragraph is the following:—

Isaiah xlv. 9—18.—“They that fashion a graven image are all of them vanity.....The carpenter..... heweth down cedars.....he burneth part thereof.....and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth and prayeth unto it.....They know not, neither do they consider; for he hath shut their eyes that they cannot see; and their hearts, that they cannot understand..... Remember these things, O Jacob.”

The reference here, as in the last passage, is to the people of Isaiah's own day and to the senseless idolatry then practised. But in the time of Jesus Christ the Jews were firm in their allegiance to their national deity, and idols had then been long banished from the land. From whichever of the two paragraphs in Isaiah the pseudo-John's quotation may have been taken, the result is the same. In neither is there any reference to Jesus Christ nor to the people of that Savior's day. Yet the fraudulent writer of the Fourth Gospel has the hardihood to say: “These things saith Isaiah, because he saw his glory [i.e., that of Jesus]; and he spake of him.” And it is from the pen of this veracious writer that we receive the glorious and comforting words: “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” What, now, are those glorious and comfortable words really worth?

ABRACADABRA.

### Our Gardens.

We are all gardeners, horticultural or psychological, or both; in the sense of Voltaire's “Let us cultivate our garden,” or in our mere fondness for a flower-pot. For instance, our other editor's “material” garden is a small affair; but his “spiritual” domain, as suggested by him the other week, is not so negligible, nor blooming once a year, but evergreen, and ever garlanded, and destined to grow more lovely with the process of the suns; autumnal and maturing too, but its leaf fading never.

It is strange to a Christian that a Freethinker should be so fond of flowers. He feels hurt that the “enemies of God” should enjoy such blessings. But flowers are universalists. They speak a Pagan faith and give the lie to every hell. They are the poetry of nature, the smiles of the common mother of the common man; they are full of pathos; but they are full of peace and beauty. To Thomas Paine they were the gift of God in heaven to his children on earth. To the Christian they bespeak the same, but he feels that only the Christian is worthy of the gift. But nature is non-exclusive. The prisoner in his cell, even the murderer in the shadow of the scaffold, in some last recess of his strange psychology, may have a passionate interest in the green weed that breathes and perseveres in the sunless precinct of his mural solitude. Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you—and not even then. And outside such durance vile, in our larger prison-house, we, too, are weary enough waiting for the end of the War, weary of that slaughter and that suffering, even vicariously feeling in imagination the agonies that makes the hit soldier “bite the dust.” And all for what? For damnable error, ignorance, and pride, or mere stupidity; for the vanity of kings or what Mr. J. M. Robertson has called “the barbarous tradition of esteem for war as a trade.”

For these, and other things, I do not profess to have understanding, but someone or something has “slain the albatross,” and so there follows, in those saddest words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge—

“A weary time, a weary time,  
How glazed each weary eye.”

The love of nature is the love of life—the natural and only genuine love—and of this world where our real treasure is, however much we boast of treasures in the beyond. I have in my mind's eye many a pious old villager, yea, and citizen, who talked much of mansions in the skies, but one knew with sad amusement he would not barter his backyard for all the realms of bliss. And yet how much more the Atheist may be supposed to value the earth and each

weighted wistful moment of existence! He also would not barter, he would only better it.

I wish to refer to Mr. Robert Moreland's garden (“The War in the Roses,” *Freethinker*, August 29), I am not envious, I am only enthusiastic; it is the perfect description of a perfect bower; it may be merely ideal, it may not have been attained, but it is attainable; if real, he is already in paradise—happy man! We have seen such a garden, if more archaic, in the pages of Sir Walter Scott; we have dreamed of such ourselves, and remembered others of our own; we have gazed longingly at such from the vulgar side of many a noble wall. There strutted the proud peacock, gleaming like a knight in mail, scolding the dogs or the rustic errand-boy, or perched in solitary state, silent upon the grey sundial. There spread the noble lawn and trees, and gravelled drive of wide and ample sweep. There, too, moved to and fro in nameless grace some sylphlike maiden, all too delicately fair and sweet to be the prize and pride of a creature so rude as man. And there perhaps another serpent tempts another Eve—but no; at any rate, here we will leave the fellow out; he is not of our world. Such are common scenes in this beautiful England—and Scotland—of ours. We cannot all dwell in mansions, but we need not maliciously envy those who do. Moreover, there is the mansion of the mind, which makes “the cot off leave the palace far behind,” from which once in a thousand years a Burns emerges, the messiah of “sense and worth over a' the earth,” the master singer of the common virtues of the common people, making immortal a myriad odds and ends of quaint humanity, nationalising, unifying them in the synthetic chemistry of his facile genius that weighed and then swayed the various heart of man. Life is not all lawns and leisure and ladies fair; these are Tennysonian conceits; refreshing in their present rarity; prophetic perhaps of future more general perfection; the chaste and classic vision fades almost mournfully away, to be recalled at will, or subconsciously to urge us forward to our coming paradise on earth. I have got away from Mr. Moreland's garden. I will return, and, in fancy, rest as tranquil there, as unobtrusively as the shadows in the sunlight on his grey wall and rustic chair; there to smile and smile and be a villain, maturing the resolve to trust my poor, rich, individual, fugitive destiny in no vicarious bungling hand—of God or man. This is liberty, and nothing less is liberty. Westward, a woodland slopes to the sea; and, lo, as I return to the objective scene, the great red sun, descending from the dusky cloud, sets the woods alight with the soft deep crimson of “unconsuming fire.” If the sermon is poor, the benediction is sublime.

A. MILLAR.

### Acid Drops.

The need for economy is being impressed upon us in many directions, and, indeed, with prices steadily rising, a huge daily War Bill to meet, and the interest on colossal War Loans that will be hung like a millstone round our necks and our children's necks, the practice of economy will be more or less compulsory. All the same, there are true economies and false economies, and to stint our expenditure in some directions may prove a most expensive policy in the near future. It is in view of this fact that we venture to raise a protest against the attempt being made to cut down the national expenditure on education—not in the direction of preventing waste, but in that of restricting expenditure in such a way as to seriously threaten our educational efficiency. It is proposed to decrease the number of teachers—which means larger classes, and less efficient teaching; to cut down the supplies of materials; to lower the age at which children may leave school altogether, and effect various other “economies” which means an impoverishing of the elementary schools.

In the main, we are convinced that this plea for economy in education is intended to cover an attack on the elementary schools by those who have always regarded popular education with suspicion and dislike. And, if successful, it would strike a blow at the real and permanent interests of the nation. The Germans have abused their strength and their power of organisation, but although the educational development of Germany has been prostituted in the interests of a brutal militarism, it should never be forgotten that it is the educational efficiency of Germany that made her powerful, and that educational efficiency will remain after the military despotism has been shattered. And the real supremacy of a nation is ultimately settled neither by big guns nor battleships, but by the type of men and women of which it is constituted. France owed its regeneration, after 1870, very largely to the reorganisation of its schools. And if we are to profit by their

example, and even to get whatever is best from the example of Germany, we must beware lest we do anything that may impair the efficiency of our schools.

The truth is that the English people have never taken education very seriously. Enthusiasts for education are looked upon as cranks, and there is, therefore, the greater danger of this proposal to economise on education being acted on. In August, 1914, our Minister for Education said, in reference to the schools:—

"We are trustees for posterity. We guard the lines between the present and the future. We must see to it that neither we nor those who come after us lose faith; that the seven millions may grow up still believing in national honesty and goodwill, in generosity, in humanity, in the supreme blessing of peace."

Those words are more urgent now than ever; and it would indeed argue a culpable vulgarity of mind if, for the sake of a few hundred thousands on a daily War Bill of millions, we were to sacrifice the interests of the coming generation.

If economy is necessary in other than purely material things, why not try economising in matters of religion? It would be a comparatively easy matter to save anything from ten to fifteen millions out of all that is expended on religion. The nation could certainly get along without paid religion for a year. And the clergy would then give a solid proof that there is some genuineness in their talk of self-sacrifice. Perhaps, though, they are afraid that if people were tried doing without it for a year, they might do without it altogether. And this we think extremely likely. But no one has even suggested that there should be economy in this direction. It is a good field for an enterprising speaker or writer.

How kind the English newspapers have become concerning the superstitions of Catholicism! "Never," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "has the seamless 'Holy Coat' of Treves appeared as emblematic of a united Christendom." And this paper refers to the "Crown of Thorns," which is stored at Notre Dame, Paris, as "the relic of relics." It looks as if Dr. Martin Luther's opinions were becoming as unfashionable as other things "made in Germany."

Since the German Kaiser has been on the throne it has been estimated that his subjects have suffered 30,000 years of imprisonment for venturing to criticise him. That comes of men believing in the divine right of kings.

"The soldier, as revealed in his letters, is a religious man," says a contemporary. Why not? Hasn't the Dean of Manchester explained that he has written a large number of love-letters for the troops?

"The German God" is the subject of an article in a leading review. He appears to be a twin brother to the Old Testament deity.

A new book has been published with the title, *The Angels of the Desert*. We were wondering where the Mons angels had gone.

Mr. Sydney Dark, writing in the *Daily Express* (London), says: "The philosophic, speculative, sceptical France that began with Voltaire ended with Zola. The France fighting with Joffre is a nation with its body hardened by athletics and its soul strengthened by a renewed belief in God." Apparently, Mr. Dark has overlooked the French intellectuals, and he seems to be unacquainted with Rabelais and Montaigne.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll says that "the Christian's highest joy is independent of circumstances." He goes further and declares that "the highest joy of any true man is independent of circumstances." We have often heard and read such assertions, and they are generally made by persons in exceedingly comfortable circumstances. So joy, whether high or low, is independent of environment. In fact, it is absolutely impossible to be independent of circumstances, whether one has joy or sorrow, circumstances being an essential condition of life itself. At any rate, we have never seen a Christian who exhibited the independence spoken of by Sir William.

There is at least one Christian in England—Harold Pugin, a schoolmaster of Haywood—who believes that when Jesus said "Resist not evil," and advised his followers to turn one cheek when the other was smitten, that he meant it. He declined, as a Christian, either to fill up the National

Register or to assist fighting in any way. Result—a Christian magistrate fined him £5, and regretted that he was unable to send him to prison.

From a statement made by Lord Newton in the House of Lords we see that there are 370 Church of England chaplains with the Army in France, and about the same number belonging to other denominations. But there is a demand for more—not from the soldiers, but from the chaplains. The soldiers seem quite willing to practice economy in that direction.

The Venerable Archdeacon of London revels in the hyperbole which, someone has said, lies without deceiving. Preaching at St. Paul's a few Sundays ago, Mr. Holmes said that man is no more at home on earth than the fish would be on dry land, or the bird in the sea. In fact, such a statement is absolutely false, even from the Christian point of view. However heavenly minded a person may be considered to be, he wants to keep out of heaven as long as he possibly can. Even when death knocks at his door, he gladly spends his last penny to prevent it from effecting an entrance. So much at home are the so-called people of God in this world, that there is nothing they hate and dread more than even the thought of leaving it.

Speaking at a Medical Conference at Chelmsford, Dr. Thresh, the Medical Officer for Essex, said that out of every nine children born in England and Wales, one dies before it attains one year of age. Defenders of the Benevolent Design Argument will kindly note.

The secularisation of religion goes on apace, and the Rev. A. Waller, of Westcliff, has been asking for money for the addition of a cinema to his church, in order to assist "Bible Truth." Perhaps he thinks that a film of "Jonah and the Whale" might convince hard-shell sceptics.

Protests were made recently at the German Church at Brompton, and also at Forest Hill Lutheran Church, against the use of the German language in the services. Do the protesters really wish the worshippers to address the Deity in broken English?

At present, Christian speakers find themselves obliged to make the strangest and most damaging admissions conceivable. In an address given at the National Brotherhood Conference in Whitefield Tabernacle, London, on Saturday, September 18, Mr. E. Hermann spoke thus:—

"The Brotherhood Movement is founded upon the cross of Jesus. Why not say, rather, upon the Fatherhood of God? Simply because, in face of the horrible carnage, the unspeakable woe, which floods Europe to-day, the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God would be a mere piece of rhetoric, a futile sentiment, were it not substantiated and guaranteed in the cross of Jesus."

Mr. Hermann naively confesses that the War, with its indescribable horrors, completely discredits the Fatherhood of God, or entirely damns God's character. On this point we are in full agreement with the speaker. Even at the best of times, the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood is but a piece of empty rhetoric, the most futile of sentiments.

And yet Mr. Hermann pretends to find that discredited Fatherhood "substantiated and guaranteed in the cross of Jesus." This statement he justifies merely by saying that "brotherhood means sacrifice." On the assumption that Jesus was God's only begotten Son, and died to atone to his Father for the sins of the whole world, then the cross involves a deeper reproach upon the Divine Fatherhood, or disproves it with greater cogency, than does even this bloody War. We have looked at the cross, and discovered that the very conception of it blots out God; we have reflected upon the War, and seen in it a convincing negation of Deity.

Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester, who has been preaching at the Front, has undertaken the task of writing fifty love-letters to sweethearts and wives of the troops. Let us hope, prayerfully, that the Bishop will not paraphrase the Song of Solomon.

Impulsive people often blurt out the truth without intending it. A writer in the *Daily Express* says: "The French soldier goes to Mass, if only to dream of the far-away home of his wife and children." This is very like sleeping in church.

The Upper Church Council of the Protestant Church has issued a special appeal to the Churches impressing upon

them the duty of subscribing all available moneys to the War Loan. The Lutheran Consistory of Saxony has issued a similar appeal, and both impress upon the people subscribing as a Christian duty. Some English people who read these appeals will find it hard to reconcile them with the popular argument that Germany entered on this War because she had turned her back upon Christianity. Others will just as readily see in it additional proof of the fact that the German Government has found the "pious lay" one of the surest methods of achieving its objects.

Why cannot preachers sometimes condescend to tell the truth? Dr. Campbell Morgan seems to take special delight in perverting the truth to serve his own purposes. At the beginning of the War he fastened the responsibility for it upon Nietzsche's materialistic philosophy, which Germany had accepted as its own several years previously, when he ought to have known that Germany has all along treated that philosophy with the most scathing contempt. He is now unscrupulously telling lies about Robespierre, who, he says, "declared that there was no God but reason." Robespierre never did anything of the kind. So far was he from such a declaration that he put to death the leaders of the Cult of Reason, and established the worship of the Supreme Being to counteract the Atheistic propaganda conducted by a few influential men. Had Dr. Morgan consulted any reliable history of the French Revolution he would have been saved from uttering such a falsehood.

Dr. Morgan is much given to asking questions. Speaking of the War in its relation to religion, he asks, "Is there any national consciousness of sin?" and we answer, No; sin being a theological invention, which to the nation at large conveys no intelligible meaning whatever. Then he puts this question, "Is there any national turning to God?" to which we venture to return the answer, No; because God is conspicuous only by his absence from the national consciousness. God and sin are purely theological terms, the chief value of which consists in the fact that they provide thousands of men with exceedingly comfortable, and some of them with excessively fat, livings. In other words, God and sin are the preacher's chief assets, the lack of which would compel him to look for another job.

"Through living the War," says Dr. Diggle, Bishop of Carlisle, our men "are finding God. Confronted with danger and death, they are gaining new visions of the meaning of life and of the value and glory of its eternal goal. The very angels have been visibly ministering to some of them." And when they come home, adds the Bishop, "they will require a religion which is moral towards God and moral towards men." The same old "gag." We wonder how some of these reverend gentlemen will like it if the War should cause the returned soldiers to demand that clergymen should tell the truth? Dr. Diggle must know that the story of angels "visibly ministering" to soldiers is a demonstrated falsehood. But he repeats it, nevertheless—in the interests of moral betterment!

"It is impossible," says Mr. Hilaire Belloc, "to maintain illusions—religious or political," under the strain of the War. Mr. Belloc's statement is its own disproof; for that is as great an illusion as any. What of the Mons angels? What of this War as ending all war? And of the War itself? Is not that the greatest of illusions? All the fundamental ideas that urge modern nations to make war on each other are illusory. Some of us realise this now. More will realise this when the War is over. But will they be numerous enough to make their influence decisively felt? That is the problem of problems.

Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, speaking at a recent meeting promoted by the Bradford and District Federation of Free Church Councils, gave expression to an exceptionally silly truism. He said that, in consequence of the War, "the Free Churches had been going through a period of severe trial"; but he endeavored to comfort his hearers by assuring them of the following: "In the shaking of things, those that cannot be shaken will remain." Sir Joseph is a very clever man, and it surely must have occurred to him how laughably absurd such a truism was. Of course, if there are things that cannot be shaken, they will remain; but will he be good enough to inform us what things there are in religion that cannot be shaken? We know of none, though we do know that many doctrines which used to be regarded as unshakable have completely vanished, and that some of the few which still remain are being somewhat violently shaken.

A correspondent sends us a large poster, issued by "William James, Priest of God," of Whitby, Cheshire. The

poster is to be sold for a penny, and is headed "The Accursed Thing"—which turns out to be the Welsh Church Bill. The body of the poster sets out that God has given the nation three warnings. When the Bill was introduced, the *Titanic* went down; there was a railway accident, a colliery disaster, and "alarming strikes." On the second and third reading, God, presumably, sank the *Empress of Ireland*, with a loss of 1,000 lives. And when the Bill was passed, three cruisers were lost, with 1,200 lives, besides war being declared. So, says this Priest of God, we are doomed unless we repent and repeal the Act. Apparently, we have been doing Germany and other people an injustice. The real culprits are Mr. Asquith and his followers. And one would have thought that God could have hit them with a meteorite, or some such heavenly instrument. To drown nearly 4,000 people, and plunge Europe into war, because God is displeased with the Welsh Church Bill, is hardly a case in which the punishment fits the crime. But the Rev. William James says it is so, and presumably there are people who will buy his poster, and exhibit it, and who presumably agree with him.

Mr. Bottomley says that Lord Charles Beresford has taken the place of Bradlaugh as the "People's Charlie." We do not question the compliment to Lord Charles Beresford, but what about the people? Is it a compliment to them?

It is very unkind of the *Christian Commonwealth* to say of Mr. Begbie's book, *On the Side of the Angels*, "a kind of pious sentimentalism blinds Mr. Begbie, that he does not see that these stories are of an Atheistic tendency." We hope it is true, but we are afraid that the class for whom Mr. Begbie writes are too far gone to be roused to protest—even against Mr. Begbie.

The real significance of these stories of angels, equally with that of the widespread custom of wearing mascots, is the evidence they bear to the tremendous amount of crass superstition in a professedly civilised society. This, Professor Frazer warned us several years ago, constituted a potential social danger of no mean calibre, and events since then have more than justified the warning. Just as this War has shown how very near the surface lay the instinct for brute force, so we have in the other direction, proof that, in spite of all our advance, the number of really emancipated minds represent but a very small proportion of the entire population. The majority thus carries with it all the possibility of a dangerous reaction at any time. It is this possibility upon which all reactionists build, and sometimes events do not altogether disappoint them.

"Thank God for the Zeppelins!" said the bishop after their first raid. And as he belongs to the class that learns nothing (sensible) and forgets nothing (stupid) he repeats the observation. "There must be a kind of glorying in London at being allowed to take our share of danger in the Zeppelin raids." Our share of danger! What of the inoffensive children, women, and old men who have been struck down by these aerial pirates? We hope, if London ever experiences more of that kind of glory, that the "Zeps" will pay special attention to Lambeth Palace—or wherever he happens to be staying.

The Bishop of London also refers to "a gallant old clergyman" who waxed eloquent in his description of the magnificent sight he witnessed when a Zeppelin passed over his house without dropping a bomb on it. The "gallant old clergyman" said nothing about another house upon which a bomb did fall, killing some eight or nine people, mostly women and children. The Bishop of London writes sheer nonsense, and offers it as wisdom.

"Whether we be Christians by conviction or not," says Mr. A. E. P. Weigall, in the *Fortnightly Review*, "we are obliged to admit that the principles of that faith embody, more or less, our moral aspirations; and apart from the question as to whether we are able to accept the doctrinal tenets of the Christian religion, we are all of us to some extent under the influence of the idealistic teachings of the Master." We wonder what principles Mr. Weigall has in mind? Is it the teaching of non-resistance—with three million men under arms, and every hoarding shrieking at us for more soldiers? Or is it the taking of no thought for the morrow—when we pride ourselves upon our accumulated wealth, and money remains the key to rapid social advancement? But when that gentleman can write of British soldiers being "able to sing of divine love at the moment when they were about to fling themselves upon the enemy," he may not be very easily disconcerted. The picture of the British "Tommy" going into battle singing of divine love, and emphasising it with a bayonet thrust into the body of a German, is really not without its humorous aspect.



## To Correspondents.

**PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND, 1915.**—Received from March 15: Previously acknowledged, £150 10s. 10d. Received since:— Iris, £1; T. C. Riglin, 2s. 6d.

**E. JAMES.**—This is in the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, verses 21-23. Will bear your other suggestions in mind, but cannot promise for some weeks.

**A. L. (Auchinlek).**—Very pleased to hear of the propaganda you are carrying on in your district. There are endless opportunities for such work everywhere. The pity is that so few avail themselves thereof.

**C. W. MARSHALL.**—Thanks for your concern and suggestion. As you will see, one portion of your letter is answered in a special note from Mr. Foote. Your method of helping, by getting new readers, is really the most satisfactory form of assistance, and if all our subscribers did as you are doing, our troubles would be nearly at an end.

**E. G.**—Received all right, and shall appear. Unfortunately—or fortunately, for it depends whether the matter is viewed from the point of view of the editor or that of the reader—we have only 16 pages, and that remains 16 pages in spite of all we can do.

**J. R. BELL.**—We very much regret to hear of the death of Mr. Hall Nicholson, whom we have known for many years as a fearless champion of Freethought.

**E. STARLING.**—We have heard no other particulars than those given in your brief note. Perhaps these will come later.

**ROBERT ARCH.**—Received. Hope to publish next week. Letters for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

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.

## The Future of the "Freethinker."

MANY suggestions have been made to me as to what should be done with the *Freethinker* during the War. The loss, though not so great as I feared it would be, is still serious, and is bound to go on increasing. The latest increase is a rise in the compositors' wages, which will add several pounds a year to the cost of producing the paper. This sort of thing will, doubtless, go on in a more or less troublesome and dangerous fashion. Complain of it as I might, the thing is inevitable, and I must face it. The problem, in short, is a mixture of reduced circulation and increased cost of production—which cost is not confined to the commercial side of the matter.

**Suggestion I.**—That the *Freethinker* should be diminished in size by the reduction of its number of pages.

But to reduce it to eight pages would make the paper look insignificant; and to reduce it to twelve would not make such a difference as amateurs suppose. No alteration could be made thereby, for instance, in the literary side of the weekly bill.

**Suggestion II.**—That the price of the *Freethinker* should be raised. The only figure seriously suggested being to threepence.

But there can be only the same price for all purchasers. You could not work a business in which people paid a voluntary price, or an enforced price for their purchases. A price is a price consequent on an agreement, and the agreement should be honored. I might even call it a contract. That, I suppose, the proper business word. Well, in any case, I mean that this contract shall be honored on both sides. We will have no charity copies of the *Freethinker* knocking about in my shop. There cannot, therefore, be twopenny copies and threepenny copies, and I don't want to drive my shop-manager mad.

**Suggestion III.**—It is suggested that subscribers who pay for their copies, with postage in advance, in sending a renewal of their subscriptions, should add extra postage to cover the increased cost of the paper. But that will be a difficult matter to calculate. It would never work, though one would have to see what would work if the Government carries out its threat to interfere with the halfpenny

post—an act that would throw confusion into every publishing house in the country.

These three suggestions are all that I can call really serious. What I have decided to do for the present is what I saw was the only alternative. Business must be conducted on business lines. Contracts must be carried out. Those who have paid for the *Freethinker* at the present rate will receive their copies till their subscription expires, and the cost of the renewal will depend upon two things: first, the price below which I cannot drop considering the conditions I have stated above; and secondly, the fate of the halfpenny postage. Meanwhile, therefore, the only way I can see of helping me in this critical position is to subscribe, voluntarily, to the President's Honorarium Fund. I can see that I shall have to spend the larger part of it in maintaining the *Freethinker* in the immediate future. My mind would be eased if this Fund could be better supported. And the *Freethinker* must live. I have upheld it for many years, and I want to uphold it a few years more before it and I have to part.

G. W. FOOTE.

## Personal.

AT a recent inquest at Bethnal Green it appeared that the deceased, a married woman, and the whole family were Jews; but the youngest daughter, Polly, had become converted to Christianity, the news of which so shocked the mother that she fell dead. It nearly had the same effect upon the Coroner, who wanted to know why these societies for the conversion of other people from one faith to another should exist. "Some people," he said, "seemed to suffer from a complaint which doctors do not know the name of, but which I call meddling in other people's affairs." Coroners did not talk in that way fifty years ago. To convert a Jew to Christianity was one of the highest virtues, yet the Christian religion was started by Jews. The leader was a Jewish carpenter, and most of his apostles, fishers, or longshoremen, by the sea of Galilee. His mother was a Jewess, and the gentleman who passed as his father was a male of the same persuasion. It was something like the Jewish faith (without a God) that the Christians robbed me of a whole year of my life for teaching—that is, if it was any religion at all. Still, it was more like Judaism than Christianity.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bottomley is getting on. He is being deified, though he is not dead nor a Roman emperor. He reminds his enemies that it is a good thing for them that "a god can afford to be merciful." Perhaps it is also a good thing that others can afford to be so too. Satan does not appear to claim his own with the old regularity.

\* \* \*

Lord Charles Beresford is regarded by a good many people as the greatest buffoon of the present age. Mr. Bottomley tells us that he is the "People's Charlie" in succession to Bradlaugh. Why does he write such nonsense? The reason is plain. The new "People's Charlie" has sent Mr. Bottomley a compliment about his action in connection with this War, which would have made the old "People's Charlie" vomit. I should like to know, for my part, where any resemblance enters into this remarkable, strained trinity. Macedon resembled Monmouth because both commenced with an M; and Bradlaugh resembled Beresford, and Bottomley resembles both of them, because of the "B" they have in common. It is a case of good, old Beresford! good, old Bottomley! and poor, old Bradlaugh!

\* \* \*

Tennyson said that the Crimean War led to the making of many names. So does this one—which hasn't got a name for itself yet. Mr. Bottomley is one of them. He goes up and down the country

orating on what no one dare oppose. He is covered by the Defence of the Realm Act; and he knows it.

\* \* \*

Canon Adderley says he has "suffered much from his friends [*friends, mark!*] by his attachment to Keir Hardie!" How they "love each other" still!

\* \* \*

By Keir Hardie's death, Canon Adderley has "gained a friend in Paradise." How does he know that? Suppose their next meeting is in the other place. Canon Adderley talks as if he ran the guest-book of heaven, and had got it well-filled in advance.

\* \* \*

In the recent big battle in which the losses on both sides were so enormous, and so many Germans were taken prisoners, it is said that they would have suffered still more heavily if a fog had not arisen to screen them from further punishment. German priests assure their people that this was a divine intervention in their favor. It is a pity they do not explain why God did not intervene earlier; but there is always a defect in priestly logic.

\* \* \*

There was once a teetotal port wine, very popular in the North of England, which, on examination, was found to contain 13 per cent. of alcohol. The run upon it was great, but the supply soon ceased. The authorities took care of that. It was not to be expected that teetotalers and the excise officers were going to let so much good liquor pass in that way without a tax or a fine. It is not surprising, either, that the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, finding that treating a soldier is to be made a crime, are anxious to include civilians within this inspired regulation. They think that even *this* War will soon end if this were the case. Let me tell these gentlemen a story, if anything so profane can engage their attention.

\* \* \*

During the American Civil War, when things had been looking very black for the Union till General Grant began to turn the tide with some brilliant victories, some very pious gentlemen, mostly, I think, of the Quaker persuasion, went on a deputation to Abraham Lincoln, who was, of course, as President of the United States, the head of the Army of the Republic. Their object was to complain of General Grant, who was too fond of kegs of whiskey, and the participation of his officers in the same. Old Abe, resting his chin upon his hand, listened to them with great solemnity. When they had finished, he asked them if they knew where Grant bought his whiskey. They replied, "No." "Well," he said, "I'm real sorry for that, for I was thinking of presenting a few kegs to the other generals." Evidently teetotal deputations found little favor with President Lincoln in the midst of one of the greatest wars of modern times.

\* \* \*

Mr. Moss's "Famous Freethinkers I Have Known" continues to be very interesting, and I am sure that Mr. Cohen will agree to let me say so. Somebody, at the finish, will have to add Mr. Moss, and conclude the series; but may it be a long time hence. The last instalment included one who is still living. I refer to Mr. W. W. Collins, of Christchurch, New Zealand. What he relates of Mr. Collins is all true, and I wish I had time to relate a good deal more that came under my personal knowledge. For instance, Mr. Collins, soon after my imprisonment, was a contributor to the *Freethinker* and to my new monthly magazine, *Progress*. Mr. Moss does not appear to have heard of this.

\* \* \*

Mr. Collins had accepted a lectureship at Christchurch with a definite and not ungenerous salary. He had more reasons than one for doing so; but that is a matter which I may refer to on some future occasion. At present I want to tell a story of his last lecture in Birmingham before leaving England. The veteran Mr. Ridgway, one of the stalwarts of our Movement—a man with no great

learning, but with honor, sense, and humanity—presided at a morning meeting of my own. Mr. Collins occupied a seat on the platform, and the chairman, in giving out the notices, said he was happy to announce that "their young friend, Mr. Collins, would deliver his farewell lecture next Sunday before leaving for the Antipodes." Mr. Ridgway made Antipodes run along with only three syllables, and the accent on the first and last. Mr. Collins humorously said that he could forgive the chairman all he had said about his last lecture, but he could not forgive him for that "Antipodes."

\* \* \*

I am glad to see that the Humanitarian League is not going to throw up the sponge until it is absolutely obliged to. Its latest fixture is a lecture by the veteran Edward Carpenter on "War and Peace: Their Meaning in Human Evolution." The meeting will take place at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on October 15, at 8 p.m., and the admission is free. We hope a crowd will gather to meet the old reformer. I wish I could be one of them.

G. W. FOOTE.

### Sugar Plums.

Last winter the Glasgow Branch suspended its meetings on account of the War. To-day (October 10) it recommences its work with two lectures by Mr. Cohen in the City Hall, in the morning at 12, and in the evening at 6.30. Admission to these meetings are free, but there is a silver collection. We hope to hear of large meetings, and trust that Freethinkers will make a special effort to induce their religious friends and acquaintances to attend.

Mr. Cohen had two good meetings at Abertillery (Mon) on Sunday last. Both afternoon and evening the hall was crowded, and considerable enthusiasm was displayed at the close of each lecture. Freethought appears to be making considerable headway in this district. Since Mr. Cohen's previous visit, last spring, there has been a great increase in the sale of the *Freethinker*, as well as in other Freethought literature. And, as usual, it all appears to depend upon having a few Freethinkers on the spot with the right sort of steady enthusiasm.

For several years the West Ham Branch of the N. S. S. has held its meetings in the Workman's Hall, Romford-road. This has now been acquired by St. John's Church, Stratford, and an attempt was made to close the doors against the Branch—presumably before its tenancy had expired. A very strong stand was made against this, and, after some discussion, a formal and proper notice was given to the Branch. If it was hoped that the Branch would become homeless, that hope was frustrated, for it is now comfortably and "respectably" housed in the Metropolitan Academy, Earlham Hall, Earlham-grove, Forest Gate, E. The weekly (Thursday) meetings will be continued as usual at 8 p.m., and Sunday lectures as announced. East End Freethinkers will please note.

An attempt is being made to reorganise Freethought work in Sheffield. For some time it has been in a state of suspended animation, but having now got rid of certain "undesirables," the more responsible members have decided to carry on as vigorous a propaganda as circumstances will permit. As is not unusual, the fault up to the present has been that of permitting the direction of affairs to get into the wrong hands, and we hope that greater discretion will be exercised in the future. A lecture will be delivered to-day (Oct. 10) by Mr. T. Dennis on "Sheffield's Latest Miracle," at the Foresters' Hall, Trippet-lane. Chair to be taken at 7 p.m. Admission free.

### Freethought and a Future Life.

MAY I be permitted to criticise the article on "Freethought, Religion, and Death," in your issue of September 12, from the pen of Mr. Cohen.

The underlying assumption of the article is that there is no "proof" of a life hereafter, and that consequently, it is unreasonable to believe in the probable continuance of life after death. The "proof" apparently is what would be considered such from a scientific standpoint. Let us then consider what a scientific proof is. The scientific consciousness, like

Every other consciousness, is composed in the main of sensations and ideas, that is, in his particular case, observations and theories. The phenomena observed in every case inadequate in themselves to serve as knowledge to the mind; they are so multiplex, bewildering, and so often apparently contradictory. It is always necessary that they should be approximately unified and made more or less consistent by means of some theory evolved out of the scientific mind, often requiring superlative genius for its production. Now, direct sensations and observations are perhaps as near knowledge as human nature can get, is theory knowledge, or is it a substitute for knowledge? As sensations increase with reference to a particular subject, the theories and beliefs about it decrease, and *vice versa*. Every theory or belief in science is a mask of knowledge covering ignorance, for if the scientist *knew*, there would be no need to theorise. If, for instance, in the case of the evolution theory, it were possible to go backwards the alleged 500,000,000 years or thereabouts of the world's history, and directly observe what really did take place, then, naturally, there would be no necessity to theorise. It is because man cannot do this that he is compelled to speculate in lieu thereof. That theory which explains the phenomena best and renders them most consistent will be accepted. Its value will not be its truth, but its utility for the purposes of unity and consistency. Fresh sensory observations, *i. e.*, fresh phenomena, may very easily require the recasting of the theory altogether. It was in this manner that the Ptolemaic theory had to give way to the Copernican, the corpuscular theory of light to the undulatory; or, in more recent times, the atomic basis of the universe to the etheric basis. So that in the very nature of the case, a theory cannot be regarded so as to be considered direct knowledge, equal to sensations or observations. Consequently, there can be no "proof" of a scientific theory or belief, why is such a proof required for religious theories or beliefs? In each case there are phenomena which are multiplex, bewildering, and apparently contradictory; in each case theories or beliefs are evolved to overcome the difficulties; in each case the theory which best unifies the phenomena and renders them most consistent is the one accepted. In neither case is the theory truth nor sheer knowledge—it is simply

but it will be said the scientific theory can be proved. A crucial experiment may be devised, and the result of the experiment and the theory are seen to be in line. Any number of experiments, however, cannot render a theory not a theory; cannot change what is an idea into a sensation or observation. The result is, so far as that particular theory is concerned, a fortunate happening, because in nearly every per cent. of crucial experiments the result is otherwise more or less to the theory that led to the experiment, necessitating either the abandonment of the theory or its reconstruction.

But it will be argued again that religious theories are based on emotion. In the first place, it may be pointed out that it is a law of psychology that there is no emotion without thought, nor thought without emotion. Every theory or belief is framed to "satisfy" some emotion. The scientist desires a theory, which his emotion of desire has to be satisfied. The scientist is not, and cannot, be a mere intellectual machine; like everybody else, he is actuated by feelings which require their satisfaction. One of the greatest emotions in him is curiosity, another is the love of truth; at any rate, so far as phenomenal theories is concerned. That emotion underlies all theories is true, only it is not quite so evident in the case of scientific theories as in those of religion, and the charge against religion that it is based on emotion is unreasonable, because it falsely assumes that religious theories are all emotion and no thinking, and scientific theories are all thinking and no emotion; both positions being wrong.

Again, it will be urged there is no scientific evidence against a life hereafter, no scientific theory that tends in

that direction. Quite true. But what does the argument assume? This; that it is unreasonable to believe anything except on scientific lines. Yet, unfortunately for the argument, mankind does believe, and always will believe, a vast number of things entirely outside the scientific purview or method. Take, for example, artistic judgments and theories. It is impossible to prove or disprove these by science. Yet there are multitudes who swear by them. A great picture in the National Gallery is judged to be a splendid work of artistic genius, yet by no experiment in a crucible, or by any scientific theory, can this be decided. Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, is judged to be the work of a consummate poetic genius. How will science appraise or condemn it? The same applies to ethical and philosophical decisions. And likewise to religion. If we are to abandon all beliefs wherever there is no scientific evidence for them, then mankind must abandon all artistic, ethical, and philosophical judgments, as well as religious; and when that result has been obtained, no doubt the world will be very much the better for it.

On the other hand, there is no scientific evidence against the belief in a life hereafter, therefore, as science says nothing pro or con, it is perfectly neutral. It follows if a person believes or disbelieves in a life hereafter, it will be for reasons that are non-scientific. This applies also to the God idea and other religious beliefs. So the conclusion is, that a man's scientific beliefs have no bearing upon fundamental religious beliefs, the one set being neutral to the other.

What, then, are the reasons for belief in a hereafter? We can receive but little light on this matter from the physical reading of the order of the universe, which is science. The chief reasons arise from the psychological qualities of the mind. Science is an attempt to state the universe in terms of physics. Religion is an attempt to explain the universe in terms of psychology. Of many intimations of a life hereafter we can state but one, as your space is limited.

Our first, and indeed our last and only, basis of experience is the knowledge of our own consciousness. This we know by direct sensation. Other selves, the world and God, are matters of inference. Now, consciousness by the very nature of the case knows nothing, and can know nothing, of unconsciousness. Death, according to Mr. Cohen, is the cessation of consciousness, or annihilation. If this be the case, we can never know it, and the attempt to realise what unconsciousness or annihilation truly means is utterly impossible. Consciousness cannot possibly imagine or conceive in the very faintest degree what unconsciousness can mean. In fact, unconsciousness in its would-be literal sense is absolutely meaningless; it is sheer gibberish. Unconsciousness is not a real idea; it is a pseudo-idea. As death is equivalent to unconsciousness in Mr. Cohen's estimation, death is also unmeaning gibberish in this connection.

Of course, unconsciousness has some meaning in ordinary parlance, or it would not be used. If a person be sound asleep, we say he is unconscious; meaning that we miss, in our experience of his present condition, those actions and sounds which we connect with our consciousness. In fact, the word unconscious relates to our state, and not to the mental state of the person asleep. It cannot possibly refer to the latter because, as already stated, we have not, and cannot have, the slightest idea of what unconsciousness in itself can be. We can only be conscious of some difference in our own consciousness, and the word "unconscious" can only refer to some such difference. When we vainly try to think of ourselves as asleep or dead, we are involved in impossible contradictions. Take sleep first. In trying to fancy myself sound asleep I am compelled to imagine myself awake, standing by my bedside looking at myself asleep in bed. However I imagine the situation, I cannot escape imagining myself awake in order to fancy I see myself asleep, and naturally I cannot be both at the same time. Then take death. I try to believe myself dead. I may imagine myself

looking at my own grave. I imagine a body there which I label myself, yet all the while I am compelled to imagine myself alive, as otherwise it would be impossible for me to imagine I was looking at my own supposed dead body. Here is a violent contradiction in thought. In order to fancy there is no hereafter, I am compelled to imagine myself alive in the hereafter. In order to imagine myself dead, I am compelled to imagine myself still alive after my fancied death. In short, the attempt to imagine or conceive unconsciousness or annihilation in the faintest degree is an utter impossibility; it is perfectly non-understandable, and as it is certain we cannot believe what cannot be understood in some degree, it is equally certain that we cannot believe in annihilation. But we must believe either in the cessation or continuity of consciousness, and as it is a psychological impossibility to believe in its cessation, it is a psychological necessity to believe in its continuity. That is, the belief in a hereafter is a necessity, no matter how much in mere words one may deny it.

CHAS. T. QUINN.

### The Day of Judgment.

RHADAMANTHUS was seated on his throne. Around him was gathered an illustrious company, each bearing a mighty name, many of whom, having no claim to fame except poverty and wisdom—a most dangerous combination feared by charlatans and humbugs. There was Diogenes, Lucian, Socrates, Epictetus, Aristotle; Plato, with perfumed brow, was there also. William Blake was there; he had just left some little children whom he had been amusing by blowing bubbles that never burst. Nietzsche was there; Buddha was also seen in company with one whose robes were embroidered with roses and grapes. Doré was speaking to William Blake about eternity and imagination; and everyone was there whom the reader may desire to find in a company of good men. This, no unimportant occasion, as the gathering would imply.

A fanfare of trumpets announced to the guardians of the prisoner that the judge was ready. Two massive doors swung open and the prisoner was shown to his place. He sat down, his movements indicative of the weariness shown on his ghastly white face. He looked nervously at the roof of the building. Blake whispered to the judge, who spoke to one of the attendants. He in turn assured the prisoner that there were no children in the palace of justice.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Count Zeppelin," he replied.

"What is the country of your birth?"

"The land of Luther; officially religious, and the training-ground of Christian divines."

Lucian smiled; the others did not appear to take much interest in the remark.

"Of what is the prisoner accused?" asked Rhadamanthus.

"Indirectly murdering children," was the answer.

"Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"Yes," he responded. "I dedicated my brains to the interest of my God, my Ruler, and my country. I had been assured that God was our friend, in spite of the jeers of Nietzsche. None of the speeches of my Ruler were ever made unless His name was mentioned. I invented a huge gas-bag"—(at this point Blake asked permission to leave the court, as he said he preferred to laugh in the open air—with the daisies).—"I invented a huge gas-bag,—(Diogenes looked at Plato)—from which, by skilful management, tons of explosives could be emptied on the heads of unbelievers, or people who did not agree with us."

"That is enough," said Rhadamanthus. "Take him away while we consider our judgment."

The prisoner was led out of court, and William Blake returned. He was much amused, explaining that a child had asked him how the sun "kept up."

All the company laughed, and agreed that the question was much more interesting than the squabbles of Christians. Lucian made more noise than anyone present.

"Well," said the wise old judge, "we are truly called upon to decide this matter; the Herod business was rather troublesome, but the world seems to be fairly mad now. What, my friends, must be done with one who, from the sky, kills little children? Speak, Diogenes!"

"To my mind," said he, "whoever hath influenced the downfall of a commonwealth should be brought before the high tribunal of history. To think that men, ostensibly in the image of their maker, should use their brains for the destruction of children, makes me long to get back to my tub. What say you, Lucian?"

"The priests are to blame," replied he; "they who ought to be the poorest are the richest; they who ought to be the most obedient are the most refractory and rebellious; their teachings could finish in nothing else but the destruction of human life. Is that not so, Aristotle?"

"Yes," replied he; "cruelty, if we consider it a crime, is the greatest of all. Cruelty quite destroys our sympathies; and, doing so, supersedes and masters our intellects. Reason is the most perfect when it enables us in the highest degree to benefit our fellow men; reason is the most deranged when there is that over it which disables it."

Plato expressed his opinion, and said, "The good is simple; that which is not simple is not good. Nothing which is good is hurtful; and what does no evil cannot be the cause of any evil. Monkeys do not kill the young of other tribes. I am surprised that none of the idiots, known as human beings, have devised a means of bringing down the price of bread."

Epictetus said, "That no one who was a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, could likewise be a lover of mankind."

Keats, who was there with a nightingale perched on his shoulder, said, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Truth was beauty; but none who had seen the gas-bags wanted to see them again."

Walter Savage Landor, who supplied most of these notes, said, "That he was glad he strove with none of the vermin called human beings."

And William Blake, who was trying to crystallize a rainbow for the perpetual delight of children, said, "I am not going to mention anything about a brass and gun at present, but I shall sing you one of my songs which has been set to music by Schumann—"

When the voices of children are heard on the green  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything is still.  
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down  
And the dews of the night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play and let us away,  
Till the morning appears in the skies."

Nietzsche then ventured to suggest that he had been guilty of saying that the best prayer was a good action (this for his blear-eyed enemies) but he could see nothing but rank blasphemy in the death of those young inheritors of life who might be the means of lifting the race from the ape stage.

"Recall the accused," cried Rhadamanthus. The Count was brought in; great drops of perspiration were gathered on his brow. Trembling, he sat down to await his sentence. Rhadamanthus raised his hand to command silence; but, just at that moment, a strange thing happened. The Great doors parted, the sun flooded the court of justice with light, and there entered a troop of happy children. In their hands they carried the lilies of imperishable memory. Singing a song which breathed the essence of the good, the true, and the beautiful; they surrounded the Count, who by this time had dwindled down to the size of a small boy. As they sang he got smaller and smaller, until at last he disappeared, and a thin white mist arose from the place where he had been sitting. In this manner was iniquity judged by truth and innocence; and, if

do not believe what is here written, you are at liberty to doubt it.

WILLIAM REPTON.

With the Clergy.

The ministers of the country during the past month or so seemed to behave better than usual, it is because larger affairs than theirs have obscured them. Nevertheless cost the Rev. Jesse Eugene Dinger just \$300 to go to Carville, Ohio, and deliver his celebrated lecture on "America the Queen of Nations" at the local Chautauqua. It is reported that his wife had sued him for divorce was served on him there, and he had to put up the \$300 for her expenses until the suit is heard. Mrs. Dinger, suspecting her reverend spouse of unfaithfulness, went to Cleveland and found him living in a flat with another woman who she considered as his wife. Formerly an evangelist in Canton, Ohio, he was known throughout the State as the Boy Evangelist, and has occupied Methodist pulpits elsewhere. The Rev. A. P. Garrett, Baptist, Cairo, Illinois, committed suicide, August 2, by shooting himself. The Rev. Albert Jessup, Baptist, committed suicide by shooting himself at Keokuk, Iowa, August 9. The Rev. Charles V. LaFontaine, pastor of a Nazarene Church in Spokane, Wash., called upon Mrs. Ellsworth, a woman when she was indisposed in bed, and took such liberties with the lady that she ordered him away. A jury of six elders of his church found him guilty, and forbade him to preach any more in the district. The Rev. Waldo B. Marsh, Methodist, of Tacoma, Wash., was held for trial on a charge of bigamy. The Rev. Secretary Walter H. Foster, of the colored men's branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, Montclair, N.J., has won laurels as a preacher of the Gospel, heard the same chickens belonging to a local merchant, and it is reported that he went after them. The police caught him with goods in his possession, and he was required to put up \$100 to appear before the grand jury. The Rev. W. H. McCart was recently placed on trial in Georgia, for a murder committed in 1870. After the preacher disappeared, and has lived in many parts of the world, preaching the Gospel. The indictment of the Rev. John A. Sneath, a Church of Christ preacher in Rock Island county, Illinois, reads that he then and there unlawfully and feloniously, on the 1st day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, marry, live, and cohabit and continue to cohabit with Virgie Welch when he had a lawful wife living. He is now serving time in the Joliet Penitentiary for bigamy, his sins having found him out. The Rev. A. Peter Tulp, Episcopal, Hackensack, N.J., was accused of the accusation of his wife that he went off on a young woman of his congregation. Nevertheless, his wife brought suit for divorce, naming the young woman as respondent, and he has resigned from his pulpit. Troubles accumulated for the Rev. Saphronis Karappiris, pastor of the Greek Orthodox Church, in Moline, Illinois. He has been delated to the Synod in Greece for misconducting himself toward women, has been sued for slander, and finally, "bound to jurors" in the sum of \$500 on a charge of seducing. The complaint of the young lady secretary of his Sunday-school that he is the cause of her going wrong, has resulted in the arrest of the Rev. John A. Persinger, pastor of the Christian Church at Owensville, Indiana, and his bonds to appear for trial. He does not admit the truth of the young lady's accusation. A young girl in the Methodist Orphanage at Greenville, S.C., being interrogated, says it was the Rev. S. S. Kreger, who was in charge of the orphanage. The Rev. J. A. Burrow, Secretary of the Holston Conference, swore out a warrant for Kreger's arrest, which was executed at Bristol, Va.-Tenn. The Rev. Mr. Kreger states that the girl was mistaken. The Rev. J. O. Raines, Baptist, was found guilty before the Home Circuit Court at Carrollton, Mo., on a charge that carries a penalty of \$500 or imprisonment for a year. The Rev. Bedford M. Neal, of Carlinville, Illinois, was a highly respected preacher until a little girl, under fourteen years of age, whom he had adopted as a daughter, became a convict on conviction of paternity, the Rev. Neal was sentenced to prison on a twenty-five year sentence. He has made application for a pardon. Conduct unbecoming a clergyman" is alleged of the Rev. B. Monroe Posten, pastor of three churches under the jurisdiction of the Philadelphia Methodist Conference. Because the Rev. Posten's conduct did not become a clergyman, the Conference dismissed him. That is the news from

Pottsdam, Pa. From Atlantic City, N.J., it is reported that the clergyman got into a love scrape with a young woman there.

Not a parson falls without the Father's notice, but we doubt that the press notices one in ten of them.

—Truthseeker (New York).

National Secular Society.

REPORT OF MONTHLY EXECUTIVE MEETING HELD ON SEPT. 30.

Mr. R. H. Rosetti elected to the chair. Also present: Messrs. Bowman, Cohen, Cunningham, Davey, Davidson, Gorniot, Judge, Leat, Lazarnick, Quinton, Rolph, Samuels, Shore, Silverstein, Thurlow, F. Wood, G. Wood, Miss Kough, Miss Pankhurst, Miss Stanley, and Mrs. Rolph.

The Secretary's absence on account of serious illness was reported.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The monthly cash statement was presented and adopted.

New members were admitted for the Parent Society and the West Ham Branch.

It was reported that the Outdoor Propaganda for which the Executive was responsible had closed on September 26, and that, in spite of the untoward conditions, the meetings, on the whole, had been larger and more successful than those conducted during the same period last year.

Ordinary routine business and correspondence having been dealt with, a long discussion ensued on a matter which had occupied the attention of the Executive for the last two months, namely, the refusal of Judge Rentoul, at the suggestion of Mr. Muir, K.C., to permit a member of the National Secular Society to make an affirmation when called upon to perform his duties as a juror at the Old Bailey. The Executive's letter, calling the attention of the Lord Chancellor to the case, had met with a mere official acknowledgment of its receipt. A subsequent letter, asking for a reply, was ignored. A more recent letter, addressed to the Home Secretary, had brought a reply, which was laid before the meeting, and in which the right honorable gentleman denied that the juryman was prevented from making an affirmation, and stated that "he was challenged in virtue of the right which belongs equally to the Prosecution and to the Defence of challenging any individual who is called into the jury-box."

It was pointed out by Messrs. Cohen, Shore, and others, that the newspaper reports, including those in the law journals, quoted the counsel's exact words, which gave a direct contradiction to the Home Secretary's statement.

Resolutions were passed instructing the Secretary to again write to the Home Secretary, and also to take steps to secure the court record of the proceedings, and to invite the co-operation of kindred societies in this matter of such grave importance to Secularists as the maintaining of the statutory right to affirm.

E. M. VANCE, Secretary.

Obituary.

It is with sincere sorrow and regret I have to record that death has removed from our midst another stalwart in the person of Mr. Hall Nicholson, of West Stanley. Halley's (as he was popularly called) advocacy for progressive Free-thought was well known; he having taken the chair at lectures given by such lovers of freedom as Mr. Foote, Mr. Cohen, etc. Born fifty-one years ago in a mining village, his father being a miner, he was given a more generous form of education than usually falls to the lot of his class. He first set forth in the scholastic profession as a pupil teacher, but here he soon earned the odium of those in authority by his undisguised leanings towards Free-thought, which he openly confessed, and he was straightway asked to resign; he afterwards went into the mines, where he worked himself up to a position as under-manager, but here again his sympathies and advocacy for the liberties of his fellows in lower positions had the same inevitable ending. He was offered an inferior position (no doubt they thought he would be harmless there), but he scornfully refused to accept it. Lately he had some severe family troubles, losing by death his dearly beloved wife a year or two ago, then followed the calling up for War-work (he was in a College Battalion) of his only son and offspring, on whom he lavished every care and attention. This caused him to become very despondent and he suffered much, both in body and mind, and for the last few weeks his friends knew that the end was near. Peace be to his ashes, for he was a sturdy, plucky fighter, and every inch a man. He was buried at the Stanley Cemetery, amidst every manifestation of sympathy by a large concourse of people of all shades of opinion; the Secular Burial Service was impressively read by Mr. J. White, Sen., an old friend of deceased, who also delivered a few well-chosen words of appreciation, which was listened to with rapt attention.—JAMES R. BELL.

**SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.**

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

**COUNTRY.**

**INDOOR.**

**BIRMINGHAM** (Bristol-street Council Schools): 8, Robert M'Cruden, "Christianity end Civilisation."

**GLASGOW BRANCH N. S. S.** (City Hall, North Saloon): C. Cohen, 12 noon, "Mr. Balfour on God and Man: a Criticism of *Theism and Humanism*"; 6 30, "Christianity and the European War."

**SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY** (Committee Room, Foresters' Hall, Trippet-lane): 7, T. Dennis, "Sheffield's Latest Miracle."



**LATEST N. S. S. BADGE.**—A single Pansy flower, size as shown; artistic and neat design in enamel and silver; permanent in color; has been the means of making many pleasant introductions. Brooch, Stud fastening, or Scarf-pin, post free in Great Britain, 9d. each. Exceptional value. Only limited number in stock.—From Miss E. M. Vance, General

Secretary, N. S. S., 62 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.  
N.B.—Note compulsory slight advance in prices.

**THE LATE**

**CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P.**

**A Statuette Bust,**

Modelled by Burvill in 1881. An excellent likeness of the great Freethinker. Highly approved of by his daughter and intimate colleagues. Size, 6½ ins. by 8½ ins. by 4½ ins.

Plaster (Ivory Finish) ... .. 3/-

Extra by post (British Isles): One Bust, 1/-; two, 1/6.

**THE PIONEER PRESS** 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.; or, Miss E. M. Vance, Secretary, N. S. S.

All Profits to be devoted to the N. S. S. Benevolent Fund.

**America's Freethought Newspaper.**

**THE TRUTH SEEKER.**

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT, 1873.  
CONTINUED BY E. M. MACDONALD, 1883-1909.

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

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

Single subscription in advance	---	---	3.00
Two new subscribers	---	---	5.00
One subscription two years in advance	---	---	5.00

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

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

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

**Determinism or Free Will?**

By **C. COHEN.**

Issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.

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

**CONTENTS.**

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

**PRICE ONE SHILLING NET.**  
(POSTAGE 2d.)

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

**THE SECULAR SOCIETY**  
(LIMITED)

Company Limited by Guarantees.

Registered Office—62 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Chairman of Board of Directors—MR. G. W. FOOTE.

Secretary—MISS E. M. VANCE.

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

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

The liability of members is limited to £1, in case the Society should ever be wound up and the assets were insufficient to cover liabilities—a most unlikely contingency.

Members pay an entrance fee of ten shillings, and a subsequent yearly subscription of five shillings.

The Society has a considerable number of members, but a much larger number is desirable, and it is hoped that some will be gained amongst those who read this announcement. All who join it participate in the control of its business and the trusteeship of its resources. It is expressly provided in the Articles of Association that no member, as such, shall derive any sort of profit from the Society, either by way of dividend, bonus, or interest, or in any way whatever.

The Society's affairs are managed by an elected Board of Directors, consisting of not less than five and not more than twelve members, one-third of whom retire (by ballot) each year,

but are capable of re-election. An Annual General Meeting of members must be held in London, to receive the Report, and elect new Directors, and transact any other business that may arise.

Being a duly registered body, the Secular Society, Limited, can receive donations and bequests with absolute security. Those who are in a position to do so are invited to make donations, or to insert a bequest in the Society's favor in their wills. On this point there need not be the slightest apprehension. It is quite impossible to set aside such bequests. The executors have no option but to pay them over in the ordinary course of administration. No objection of any kind has been raised in connection with any of the wills by which the Society has already been benefited.

The Society's solicitors are Messrs. Harper and Battcock, 17 Rood-lane, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

**A Form of Bequest.**—The following is a sufficient form of bequest for insertion in the wills of testators:—"I give and bequeath to the Secular Society, Limited, the sum of £— free from Legacy Duty, and I direct that a receipt signed by two members of the Board of the said Society and the Secretary thereof shall be a good discharge to my Executors for the said Legacy."

Friends of the Society who have remembered it in their wills, or who intend to do so, should formally notify the Secretary of the fact, or send a private intimation to the Chairman, who will (if desired) treat it as strictly confidential. This is not necessary, but it is advisable, as wills sometimes get lost or mislaid, and their contents have to be established by competent testimony.

1915  
per.  
E. R.  
909.  
Extra  
tribuna  
3.00  
5.00  
6.00  
am extra  
e rate of  
n copy  
U.S.A  
7/11?  
ect in  
ution.  
-III.  
Alleged  
a "The  
Licenses  
VIII. 4  
ET.  
3.C.  
aking of  
ity, do not  
imposed  
security.  
in their  
temple.  
society  
nurse of  
land in  
by law  
and by  
treasury  
of the  
will.  
ary of  
as art,  
and  
C.

# NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

President: G. W. FOOTE.

Secretary: Miss E. M. VANCE, 62 Farringdon-st., London, E.C.

## Principles and Objects.

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

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

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

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

## Membership.

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

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

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

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

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

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

## Immediate Practical Objects.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# FREETHOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

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

**THE MORTALITY OF THE SOUL.** By David Hume. With an Introduction by G. W. Foote. 16 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**AN ESSAY ON SUICIDE.** By David Hume. With an Historical and Critical Introduction by G. W. Foote. price 1d., postage 1/2d.

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

**THE MARTYRDOM OF HYPATIA.** By M. M. Maugarsarian (Chicago). 16 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

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

**A REPUTATION OF DEISM.** By Percy Bysshe Shelley. With an Introduction by G. W. Foote. 32 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.** By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 16 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC?** By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 24 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**BIBLE STUDIES AND PHALIC WORSHIP.** By J. M. Wheeler. 136 pages, price 9d., postage 2d.

**UTILITARIANISM.** By Jeremy Bentham. An Important Work. 32 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**THE MISTAKES OF MOSES.** By Col. R. G. Ingersoll Only Complete Edition. Beautifully printed on fine paper. 136 pages. Reduced to 6d., postage 2 1/2d.

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

**THE CODE OF NATURE.** By Denis Diderot. Powerful and eloquent. 16 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF FREETHINKERS—** Of All Ages and Nations. By Joseph Mazzini Wheeler, 355 pages, price (reduced from 7s. 6d.) 3s., postage 4d.

**A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY CONCERNING HUMAN LIBERTY.** By Anthony Collins. With Preface and Annotations by G. W. Foote and Biographical Introduction by J. M. Wheeler. One of the strongest defences of Determinism ever written. Cloth, 1s.; paper, 6d., post 1d.

**ROME OR ATHEISM? The Great Alternative.** By G. W. Foote. 30 pages, price 1d., postage 1d.

**DEFENCE OF FREETHOUGHT.** By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 64 pages, price 2d., postage 1d.

**ROME OR REASON? A Reply to Cardinal Manning.** By Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 48 pages, price 1d., postage 1d.

**THE GODS.** An Oration by Col. R. G. Ingersoll. 48 pages, price 2d., postage 1d.

**DO I BLASPHEME? An Oration by Col. R. G. Ingersoll.** 32 pages, price 1d., postage 1/2d.

## PAMPHLETS BY C. COHEN.

**AN OUTLINE OF EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.** Published at 6d., price 3d., postage 1d.

**SOCIALISM, ATHEISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.** Price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL ETHICS.** Price 1d., postage 1/2d.

**PAIN AND PROVIDENCE.** Price 1d., postage 1/2d.

THE PIONEER PRESS,  
61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

# FLOWERS OF FREETHOUGHT.

By G. W. FOOTE.

## FIRST SERIES.

Fifty-One Articles and Essays on a Variety of Freethought Topics.  
302 pp., Cloth, 2s. 6d., postage 3d.

## SECOND SERIES.

Fifty-Eight Essays and Articles on a further variety of Freethought topics.  
302 pp., Cloth, 2s. 6d., postage 3d.

*These two volumes contain much of the Author's best and raciest writings.*

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

# PIONEER PAMPHLETS.

Now being issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.

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

FORTY PAGES—ONE PENNY.

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

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

*(A Reply to Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace.)*

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

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

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

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

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

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

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## SPECIAL OFFER.

### Christianity or Secularism?

VERBATIM REPORT OF A DEBATE BETWEEN

The Rev. Dr. James McCANN and Mr. G. W. FOOTE.

Cloth Bound, published at 1s. 6d. A limited number offered at 9d. each, postage 2d.  
Paper Covers, published at 1s., reduced to 4d., postage 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

### Theism or Atheism?

VERBATIM REPORT OF A DEBATE BETWEEN

Mr. W. T. LEE (Lecturer to the C. E. S.) and Mr. G. W. FOOTE.

Published at 1s. A limited number now offered at 6d., postage 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.