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PRICE TWOPENCE

To attribute morality to fate is but to lessen the purity of our ideal; to admit the injustice of fate is to throw open before us the ever widening fields of a still loftier morality.—MAETERLINCK.

Views and Opinions.

THE MONS ANGELS.

The Society for Psychical Research has considered the question of the Mons Angels with a gravity worthy of a better cause. It appointed a committee to find out all about the angels, and the committee found everything—except the angels. There was the initial story as it appeared in a parish magazine, with the reverend editor's endorsement. There was the publicity given to it by Dr. Horton, who quite believed it; the evidence of Miss M., who, when traced, was found to have no knowledge of the officers who were said to have been her informants; the testimony of Private Cleaver, who never went to France until after the angels appeared, and the vision "seen" by the men who were "absolutely worn-out with fatigue, both bodily and mental, babbling all sorts of nonsense in sheer delirium." So the Society for Psychical Research solemnly reports that it does not believe in the story of these angelic visitors. Prodigious! Without a committee of Psychical Researchers we came to the same conclusion, and disproved the story within a few weeks after it had gained publicity.

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A WRONG SCENT.

Now, for my part, looking at the product of its labours, the Society might well have saved itself all the trouble and expense. The report that angels were not seen at Mons will not stop anyone believing in angels any more than not finding a "spook" stops people looking for one. Those who are looking for angels will keep on looking for them, and not finding them will whet their appetite rather than destroy it. And, certainly, in a year's time, when another such story gains currency, there will be plenty of clergymen willing to manufacture evidence in its support. So the question of whether angels were really at Mons is of no consequence whatever. Every intelligent, every civilized, person, knows they were not there. And there is little difference, so far as I can see, between the man who says he saw angels and the one who solemnly wonders whether they were there or not. The essential problem, the only one that is of moment, embraces both these questions. And this is "Why do people believe that angels were seen at Mons?" It is purely a question of psychology. Not whether supernatural visitants were wandering about between the German and British lines, but what is the type of mind that believes in such stories? What is its origin, and what are the conditions of its persistence? If the Society had addressed itself to this question, it might have escaped censure for issuing a report at a time when we are threatened with a scarcity of paper.

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THE DANGERS OF GRAVITY.

In truth, there is always some amount of danger

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in treating a ridiculous story with too much gravity. A proper degree of lightness, a due sense of the ridiculous, an easy laugh, may do more to kill a superstition than the most laboured demonstration of its falsity. In nine cases out of ten a serious attempt to kill a stupid belief by sheer reasoning will fail, and the tenth case will succeed with an onlooker who perceives the absurdity of it all. But the very gravity of your own deportment will usually serve but to convince the other man of the importance of his own stupidities. Some of us may still have a lively recollection of the way in which Professor Huxley, in his controversy with Mr. Gladstone over the Gadarene swine, succeeded in giving to that story an air of rationality which it never possessed. Of course, Huxley showed how untrue the story was, but not to Gladstone, not to Christians in general. It was the picture of a leading statesman and a leading scientist discussing with all gravity the story, as though it were a mere question of historical credence that gave to thousands of believers a keener sense of its reality than they would have possessed otherwise. A superstition is never really dead until people have gained courage enough to laugh at it. That is why superstition dreads ridicule above everything. And that is why the Society for Psychical Research cannot kill the legend of angelic apparitions. It may prove there were no angels at Mons. But it will leave credulous folk with the conviction that the only mistake made was a geographical one. They were not at Mons, but they were elsewhere, if one could only find them.

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THE SOLEMNIZATION OF THE RIDICULOUS.

As I have often pointed out, the seriousness of this solemn examination of the ridiculous lies in its witness to the immense volume of superstition still current. When a committee of educated people set themselves to work to collect evidence as to whether a number of angels were seen protecting the British troops against the onslaught of the Germans, it proves at least two things. First, that these same educated people believe in the possibility—perhaps the probability—of these angelic appearances; and, second, that there exists a large number of people ready to credit stories of this description. Otherwise the stories would not arise, and these same educated folk would not support committees for investigation. For one of the functions of the educated appears to be that of providing learned apologies for the superstitions of the ignorant. Of course, the excuse of the educated is that a large number of people believe these stories, and therefore it is their duty to sift them. Exactly; and this also is the opinion of a tribe of savages when the death of their chief is attributed to witchcraft. They also feel that an inquiry is necessary, and they conduct it with all the solemnity of a Society for Psychical Research discussing the Mons angels. And in both cases the possibility—or probability—of the story being true is assumed. Otherwise the inquiry would be meaningless. But the modern who goes among a lot of savages finds that he cannot kill the beliefs by taking part in their investigations. He can only do so by lifting their minds to a higher level, and teaching them the absurdity of the whole business. And just the same reasoning holds good of our modern psychological researchers. The whole

results of their efforts is to give absurdity an air of rationality.

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THE SOCIAL RESULT.

If the persistence of this kind of thing merely provided occupation for a number of people with a craving for the supernatural, there would be no great harm done. But there is more than this in it. No greater fallacy was ever perpetuated than that of asserting that people's minds could work on the principle of water-tight compartments, so that a man might be quite foolish in one direction, and quite rational in others. The mind functions as a whole, and irrationality in one direction is bound to affect rationality in others. It is quite true that a scientific man, who is at the same time religious, will not apply religious methods in his scientific work. But his religion will lead to a refusal to apply scientific principles to life as a whole, and will lead also to his giving support to a number of conventions and institutions that are maintained at the cost of social betterment, and for the express purpose of keeping superstition alive. And beyond this educated class there lies the great mass of people whose primitive conception of life as a whole is sustained by the perpetuation of superstition. It is this vast mass of crude, inchoate, primitive superstition which the reformer finds always in his way, just as it is to the same elemental force which the reactionist and the conservative finds always ready to his purpose. The majority of people are really primitive in their view of life. They have no rational standard by which they can test social institutions or the calls made upon their allegiance. And one powerful cause of this intellectual and social backwardness is certainly the prevalence of a form of superstition which, however modified or glossed, is indistinguishable from that which dominates the lives of admittedly uncivilized races.

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THE SAVING GRACE OF HUMOUR.

Now, approaching this mass of superstition with all the solemnity of a Royal Commission has no influence whatever in weakening its hold. Rather does it impress the general mind with a sense of its importance and probable truth. If the Mons legend had been met with pure ridicule, it would have been stillborn. But when prominent clergymen decided that it was highly probable—which, seeing that the angels interfered on the side of the British was very proper behaviour on the part of Providence—when journalists and others set to work to sift and examine the "evidence"—as though belief in the supernatural rested upon "evidence"—the vulgar mind cared not a brass button about the conclusion reached. All it saw was that the superstition was treated with solemnity and respect. And superstition gained strength from the homage paid it by sense. It was not by the reports of committees that superstition was established, and it is not by a committee's report that superstition will be killed. What we need here is not so much the sifting of evidence as the cultivation of a sense of humour. With a lively sense of the ridiculous fairly general, a good half of the injustice in the world would be scotched, if not killed. One of the lessons history teaches is that nothing so surely kills an absurdity as learning to laugh at it. Laughter is here the symbol of liberation and the condition of progress. The Comic Muse flourishes best amongst a progressive people, and if the wits are not always on the side of progress, progress is always on the side of the wits. Aristophanes in Greece, Lucian in Rome, Erasmus in Mediæval Europe, Voltaire in the eighteenth century—these are among the world's greatest liberators. They freed people's minds by teaching them to laugh at superstition, and superstition hated them with an intensity born of the conviction that here was an enemy with whom no compromise was possible. The laugh of the liberated mind is the death knell of injustice and superstition.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The Bankruptcy of Faith.

It is generally taken for granted that religious unbelief is the outcome of thoughtlessness. If people would but think, it is contended, they would naturally take to religion. At Dr. Johnson's house one morning, when Boswell and Seward were present, the subject of conversation was religion. Boswell set the ball rolling by observing that there is a great deal of thinking in the works of Horace, one finding there "almost everything but religion." Seward agreed, but held that in one of his odes the poet "speaks of returning to it." Johnson's comment was significant: "Sir, he was not in earnest; this was merely poetical." Boswell then indulged in the following generalization: "There are, I am afraid, many people who have no religion at all"; whereupon Seward interjected, "And sensible people too." This was more than Johnson could stand, and he expressed himself in this vigorous style: "Why, Sir, not sensible in that respect. There must be either a natural or a moral stupidity, if one lives in a total neglect of so very important a concern." Seward expressed his wonder that there should be people without religion, which led Johnson to the following deliverance:—

Sir, you need not wonder at this, when you consider how large a proportion of almost every man's life is passed without thinking of it. I myself was for some years totally regardless of religion. It had dropped out of my mind. It was at an early part of my life. Sickness brought it back, and I hope I have never lost it since.

It was an exceptionally illuminating conversation. Johnson's allusion to sickness induced Seward to add, "One should think that sickness, and the view of death, would make more people religious"; a remark that stirred the famous writer to the depth of his being, and drew from him this eye-opening rejoinder:—

Sir, they do not know how to go about it; they have not the first notion. A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious, when he is sick, than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation.

We are now confronted by two facts of great moment which we cannot allow to pass without comment. The first is that, generally speaking, people become religious through fear. In the midst of glowing health and prosperity no thought of religion is likely to disturb one's mind. So long as Johnson could rejoice in his strength, so long as his brilliant literary attainments furnished him with a sane outlook upon life, religion left him severely alone. It was only when sickness attacked him, and the fear of death and the judgment led him captive, that he began to dream of the supernatural and its terrors. It is the dread of the unknown that usually accounts for one's recourse to the consolations of religion. The other fact is that sickness and the view of death do not of themselves lead people to God, unless they believed in him before. It is only backsliders, whose faith only slumbers, who are ensnared by superstitions when danger of any kind threatens them. In the absence of fear the tendency of religion is to drop out of the mind. In other words, a healthy mind, a mind at peace with itself, has no use for religion, but throws it out as an unnecessary and injurious encumbrance. It is not thought that turns people to religion, but fear, the fear of that which is not.

When people do not think of religion, they are of necessity non-religious, which is all that can be said about them; but it by no means follows that the non-religious are positive unbelievers. One day Boswell was catechizing Johnson concerning Samuel Foote, the popular actor of the day. Among other questions Boswell put this, "Pray, Sir, is not Mr. Foote an Infidel?" and Johnson answered:—

I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an Infidel; but if he be an Infidel, he is an Infidel as a dog is an Infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.

Whether this was true or false as applied to Samuel Foote we do not now care; but if taken as a general statement, it is absolutely false. Convinced Infidels are wonderfully strong and clear thinkers, and it was deep and prolonged thinking that made them what they are. In no sense is it true that they are Infidels as dogs are Infidels, or because they have never thought upon the subject. Their unbelief is, rather, the reward of their careful examination of the facts of life in the light of reason; and they are not afraid to affirm that Dr. Johnson and his friends were believers simply because they never really thought upon the subject. If we take Giordano Bruno as a representative Freethinker, we feel quite sure that no one would dare to suggest that he elaborated his Atheistic interpretation of the universe because he had never thought upon the subject. Bruno was, perhaps, the hardest and most persistent thinker of the sixteenth century. Had he refrained from thinking he would have enjoyed a quiet, dull, uneventful life, respected, if not loved, by all who knew him; but because he dared to think for himself and to teach others to do the same, the whole of Christendom became hostile to him, and the stake claimed him as its victim at the last. He stood alone, the one independent thinker in a world teeming with mere believers. He was not an Infidel as a dog is an Infidel, but as a thinking human being who had emancipated himself from the galling trammels of tradition. It is the believer who is unthinking, and who glories in his alleged independence of the laws of thought. The other Sunday evening, the Rev. Dr. Dixon, of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, delivered a lecture entitled "The Origin of Civilization," in which he unblushingly declared that man was created a perfect being and lived a perfect life, and that at the beginning of human existence civilization was at its highest and best. Woman then occupied a more exalted position and enjoyed greater freedom and independence than she has ever done since. The Bible tells us so, and the Bible is God's infallible word. Dr. Dixon does not think, and he despises those who do. Geological discoveries count for less than nothing when they are at variance with Holy Writ. In the estimation of this eminently consistent divine, to doubt the accuracy of Genesis is to treat God as a liar, and to treat God as a liar is to be guilty of the lowest and worst form of wickedness. Addressing a congregation of believers, the preacher could well afford to lose his temper and set loose his tongue as he depicted the unepeakable depravity of those who have the audacity to question the Divine statements in Genesis. As a matter of fact, however, it is Dr. Dixon, not the unbeliever, who is guilty of blasphemy. Man's primitive history is written in unmistakable characters on the rocks, and this infallible record proves, beyond the shadow of doubt, the utter unhistoricity of the highly interesting legends preserved in the opening chapters of Genesis. In the rocks we find incontestable facts, while Genesis offers nothing but fables. Who, then, is the thinker, he who accepts the discoveries of science, or he who, sweeping science aside as a worthless thing, pins his faith in a group of legends and teaches his fellow-beings to take them as undoubted facts?

The generality of believers find it extremely difficult to reconcile the War with the orthodox doctrine of God. Even among the teaching divines there is no unanimity of belief as to the exact part played by the Almighty in this unparalleled conflict. It is the most perplexing problem they have ever been called upon to tackle. They are fully aware that both at the Fronts and in the home countries Atheists are rapidly multiplying; but they are wholly incapable of demonstrating to anybody's satisfaction that a God of truth and love can be the author of the bloodiest war in history. And yet most of them believe it, and timidly proclaim it, assuring their hearers that in his own good time our loving Father will clear up the whole mystery, and convince us that even the War was his minister, doing his holy will. This is blind belief, which is falsified at every turn. They who think and reflect cannot possibly harbour

such an irrational and absurd belief. They are compelled by the fundamental laws of thought to discard the theological canard that this is God's War, and that we are now beholding the glorious light of the Day of God, as the Bishop of London so blatantly informs us. To them the War spells Atheism, being of an exclusively human origin, and having for its object the solution of a purely international problem. There is nothing supernatural about it at all. It is the latest phase of the struggle for existence, one of the most terrific instances of the operation of the law of Natural Selection. What the result will be no one is able to foretell.

Is it not incontrovertible, then, that natural knowledge is everywhere superseding supernatural beliefs? Is it not beyond dispute that faith is in all directions losing ground, and that mankind are slowly learning to walk in the ever-growing light of knowledge? We read of the failure of Anglicanism and of the bankruptcy of the Free Churches, from which the only legitimate inference is that the world is awakening out of the sleep of centuries, and beginning to realize that its salvation is in its own hands alone. Faith is doomed, and reason is gradually mounting the throne of life.

J. T. LLOYD.

The Revival of Rousseau.

We too often forget that not only is there "a soul of goodness in things evil," but very generally a soul of truth in things erroneous.—HERBERT SPENCER.

THE whirligig of time brings in its revenges. Dr. Johnson, and many other worthy persons, thought that Jean Jacques Rousseau deserved the hulks, yet to-day the great Frenchman is recognized as the spiritual father of the American Constitution, the French Revolution, the Romantic Movement in Literature, and the Froebel Institutes. The claim is a good one, so good that the respectable Cambridge University Press has issued a very handsome edition of Rousseau's political writings, edited by Dr. Vaughan, and containing twenty-five pages of hitherto unpublished matter.

The wonder remains! For if there ever was a man whose life, closely criticized, gave an impression of ineffectiveness, Rousseau was the man. His errors were those, not of a strong man, but of a weakling; of a man who was too thin-skinned, and could never hold his own with dignity. His main object in life seemed to be to quarrel with everybody, especially his friends. He squabbled with David Hume, who sincerely admired his genius and sympathized with his misfortunes. He quarrelled with Grimm, who had an affection for him. He vilified D'Alembert, and he declared that Diderot had libelled him. He disagreed continually with Therese, with whom he lived. He requited the kindness of two ladies who petted him in his old age and who sent him dainties, by abusing them and declaring that they had joined his enemies who wished to make his life miserable.

A dreamer of dreams, he had no aptitude for the affairs of life. At one time he had his foot on one rung of the diplomatic ladder, when he filled the post of secretary to the French Legation; but, characteristically, he quarrelled with the ambassador and everybody else. Voltaire, whom Rousseau imagined wrote *Candide* as a spiteful libel on his philosophy, was a very level-headed man. Everything that Voltaire handled was a success. His tragedies, his histories, his novels, his poems, turned to gold and to fame. Before he had passed middle age he was wealthy. No such worldly prosperity could by any reasonable probability have fallen to the share of Rousseau. He was quixotic enough to refuse money for his many and splendid contributions to literature, and preferred to vegetate in squalor by copying that music in which he was so accomplished a proficient, and of which he composed so learned a dictionary. His gains as a composer and a dramatist might have been large; but he, as usual, disagreed with the director of the opera, and left in dudgeon what might have been a paying association with the stage.

Nobody can talk or write about Rousseau without getting enthusiastic in one direction or another, in praise or blame; and enthusiasm is one of the finest of all intellectual stimulants. His own *Confessions*, a book which excited the whole-hearted admiration of "George Eliot" and Emerson, best illustrates the bewildering complexity and amazing contradictoriness of the traits and qualities which went to the make-up of this most complex and puzzling of men. How many men care to advertise their misdeeds? It was Rousseau's whim that the world should know the worst about him. We know that he hung on a woman's skirts till he was thirty, and a woman who could ill afford it. At times he was tenderly affectionate; at others savagely ruthless; now acting like a high-bred gentleman, and then as a cad. He was alternately splendidly generous and abominably mean. All these things might be said about Rousseau, and proved by his own words. His personality, from a human point of view, is even more interesting than his career as an apostle or a writer.

Rousseau was first and last a sentimentalist. He brought a new note into the eighteenth century; one that has permeated society for generations, and he also brought the same feeling into politics, and even religion. His theological views were cloudy, but the clouds were suffused with the glowing gold of genius. In truth, Rousseau's Deism was not a creed. It was an exaltation, an aspiration, a crying for the moon. If such a pastime were ever permissible, it was natural in pre-revolutionary France, for the giants of social force were rousing with the thunder and the hurricane in their hands. In those awful days:—

The brute despair of trampled centuries
Leaped up with one hoarse yell, and snapped its bands,
Groped for its rights with horny, callous hands,
And stared around for god with blood-shot eyes;
Small wonder that those palms were all too hard
For nice distinctions.

The Revolutionists were all sentimentalists, and it was from Rousseau's works that they derived it. He offered the world sentiment when it was needed badly. The world accepted it, and used it for its own purposes. The man who gave it to them died like a rat in a trap; but he left behind him the brightest heritage of glory. His *Confessions* is a live book; *Julie* is a more enchanting novel than *Clarissa Harlowe*, and is more pathetic than Fielding's *Amelia*. But for Rousseau's inspiration, Bernardin de St. Pierre would never have written *Paul and Virginia*, nor Goethe *The Sorrows of Werther*. Byron's romanticism would have taken other shapes. The literature of Europe would have been far different.

Not only is Rousseau's fame as an author deservedly of the highest; but as a philanthropist he ranks with John Howard and Lloyd Garrison. Rousseau's splendid work on education, *Emile*, is a magnificent appeal against scholastic tyranny, and in favour of the tender treatment of the young. Not only in France, but throughout the world he has had a long and merciful influence on the schools. The *Contrat Social* shows him in as fair a light. He was the grandfather of modern Socialism, and his ideal may be summed up in the words, "A free citizen in a free state." His ideas of civic life have changed the face of the civilized world, and nothing can take the glory from him.

Truly, genius is a wonderful thing. There are few more pathetic figures in history's page than this strange apostle, who gave men faith in their power to redress the wrongs of ages. He has carved his name deeply upon his country's roll of honour, and his remains now rest beneath the splendid dome of the Pantheon, with its front glowing with the imperishable words, *Aux grand hommes la patrie reconnaissante*. Here he sleeps undisturbed, and by his side rest the ashes of the illustrious Voltaire. Shoulder to shoulder, these great soldiers of the Army of Liberty rest under their glorious tombs:—

With the sound of those they wrought for,
And the feet of those they fought for,
Echoing round their bones for evermore.

MIMNERMUS.

The Gospel of Mark.—IV.

(Continued from p. 77.)

THE next question which requires an answer is—Who was the Mark who compiled the Second Gospel? According to most Christian writers this evangelist was the "John whose surname was Mark" mentioned in the *Acts of the Apostles* (xii. 12); but this book being unhistorical, we must look for him elsewhere. In two of the Pauline Epistles (Col. iv. 10, 11; Philemon 24) we find a Mark who is stated to have been one of Paul's fellow-workers: but since Paul knew nothing of any Gospel narratives, this Mark must be set aside. In the "First Epistle of Peter" the writer speaks of "Mark my son" (v. 13). This Mark was evidently the one whom Papias and Irenæus had in their minds as "the interpreter of Peter," and we know that both were acquainted with the Epistle of Peter—which was in circulation before the time of Papias. But this Mark was not the compiler of the Second Gospel; for the *First Epistle of Peter* was not written by the apostle bearing that name: hence the Mark named in it is probably an imaginary person. I do not say that this fact is admitted by orthodox critical scholars; but, all the same, the writer of the Gospel of Mark must be looked for outside the New Testament. We have, in fact, to find a Christian named Mark—a real historical person, not a mere name in a doubtful epistle—who was both able and in a position to write or compile a Gospel. Now, the only historical Mark who could, I think, have been the compiler of the Second Gospel was a Gentile who was made a bishop about the year A. D. 132.

We are told that when the Jews at Jerusalem were fortifying that city against the impending attack of the Roman army (A. D. 66) the Nazarene church there removed to the east of the Jordan and took up their residence in the neighbourhood of Pella. After the fall of the holy city and the carrying away of its inhabitants, the Jewish Christians returned and dwelt among the ruins. For the succeeding six decades very little is known respecting this church; but Eusebius says:—

We have not ascertained that the times [of the bishops] in Jerusalem have been regularly preserved on record, for tradition says that they all lived but a very short time. Thus much, however, I have learned from writers, that down to the invasion of the Jews under Hadrian [*i.e.*, A. D. 132] there were fifteen successions of bishops in that church, all of whom were Hebrews.....For at that time the whole church under them consisted of faithful Hebrews, who continued from the time of the apostles until the siege that then took place (E. H. iv. 5).

Here Eusebius gives the names of the succession of bishops of the "Church at Jerusalem" up to the year 132. These were: James, Simeon, Justus, Zaccheus, Tobias, Benjamin, John, *Matthew*, Philip, Seneca, another Justus, Levi, Ephres, Joseph, and Judas—"all of whom were of the circumcision."

The war referred to was that commenced by a pretended Messiah who called himself Bar Kokhba—"the son of a star"—and claimed to be the star predicted in Num. xxiv. 17. This Jewish pretender was supported by all his countrymen still remaining in Palestine, assisted by many thousands of Jews from Egypt and other countries. The events which provoked the insurrection were that in A. D. 130 Hadrian had commenced to rebuild Jerusalem and to erect a temple to Jupiter on the site of the Jewish temple, besides establishing a Roman colony in the city. The insurgent Jews fortified a place called Bether, between Cæsarea and Lydda, where they were besieged by the Romans for three years, during which time more than half a million Jews perished by the sword, besides many thousands who died by disease and famine. After this rebellion was suppressed, Eusebius goes on to say:—

The whole Jewish nation from that time were totally prohibited, by the decree and commands of Hadrian, from even entering the country around Jerusalem.....

Such is the statement of Aristo of Pella. The city of the Jews being thus stripped of its ancient inhabitants, and peopled by strangers, the Roman city which subsequently arose, its name being changed, was called *Ælia*, in honour of the emperor *Ælius Hadrian*; and when the church of the Gentiles collected there, the first bishop after those of the circumcision was *Mark*.

From other sources we learn that Christians were permitted to settle within the new city, but no Jews on pain of death. Upon this subject Renan says: "The Jewish and Gentile Christians who crowded within the city read in Hadrian's imperial decree the abolition of the most distinctively Jewish rites, and they practically signified their assent to it by electing as their bishop a Gentile—*Mark*."

Coming now to the Second Gospel, this was the time when a new and short evangel, with everything purely Jewish omitted, could with advantage have been compiled for the especial use of Gentiles: and this, I am firmly convinced, was both the time and the locality at which the Gospel of *Mark* came into existence. At this time there were two Nazarene Gospels in circulation; the first being the one written by *Matthew* in Aramaic, and the second a Greek translation of that Gospel. The *Matthew* here mentioned was not the imaginary individual whose name figures in the list of apostles in the canonical Gospels, but the historical *Matthew* named as a bishop by *Eusebius*. Of the fifteen bishops in the Nazarene church between the years A.D. 80 and 182 *Matthew* is the eighth, and his period of office, if we take the average, would be A.D. 78—85. Accepting this as something near the mark, we may set down the Aramaic Gospel as composed about A.D. 80, and a Greek translation as made about A.D. 85. If this be correct, the first Gospel was written half a century after the death of *Jesus*—when all the members of the sect who had known him had passed away. And that such was the case appears more than probable from the fact that the chapter on the destruction of *Jerusalem* and the temple could not have been written until after A.D. 70. Hence, it follows that the first original Gospel was not drawn from the statements of eye-witnesses, but from a number of stories related of *Jesus* in the sect up to that time. And the fact that all kinds of miracles (including raising the dead) were stated to have been wrought by the Nazarene prophet proves that a large number of the stories were pure fiction. This last fact, too, gives the finishing stroke to the absurd story of *Mark* writing his Gospel from *Peter's* preaching; for, if such had been the case, *Peter* must have gone about narrating all the miracles recorded in *Mark's* Gospel, and declaring that he had himself actually witnessed them—a system of deception which must be rejected. Instead of such an absurdity we have a rational theory of an historical *Mark* who could, and most probably did, compile a short Gospel by making copious selections from the primitive Greek *Matthew*; or, what comes to the same thing, by omitting many matters recorded in the last-named evangel which were in some way connected with *Judaism*. Also, the fact that neither of the two Gospels at *Mark's* disposal as sources contained the *Virgin Birth* story will, of course, account for the absence of the latter story in the Second Gospel.

The following passages in our present *Matthew* have reference to the Jewish "law," etc.:—

Matt. v. 17, 18.—Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets.....One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, etc. (Also Luke xvi. 17.)

Matt. vii. 12.—For this is the law and the prophets.

Matt. xii. 5.—Have ye not read in the law, how on the sabbath day the priests in the temple, etc.

Matt. xxii. 85, 86.—A lawyer asked him a question..... Which is the great commandment in the law? (Also Luke x. 25).

Matt. xxii. 40.—On these two commandments hangeth the whole law.

Matt. xxiii. 23.—Ye.....have left undone the weightier matters of the law.

Luke xxiv. 44.—All things.....which are written in the law of *Moses*.

In the position in which *Mark* was placed it would have been expedient to omit all passages like the foregoing. And, as a matter of fact, that compiler has not given one of them: neither is the word "law"—which refers to the *Torah* or *Laws of Moses*—to be found in his Gospel, nor even the word "lawyer." Many critics have remarked upon the fact, but without having any explanation to offer. Here the reason is plain: the Church at *Jerusalem* was to be wholly Gentile, having no connection in any way with the *Mosaic law*—or was to be so considered.

Another portion of the Nazarene Gospel which *Mark* thought it expedient to omit was the so-called "Sermon on the Mount." This, when examined, is found to be in perfect agreement with the doctrine and practices of the *Essenes*, as described by *Josephus* in his *Wars* (ii., viii.). The three chapters in *Matthew* (v., vi., vii.) form a complete code in themselves—which code was, no doubt, in use among the sect before the time of *Jesus*. *Luke* has taken a good deal from it (vi. 20—49; xi. 9—18; xii. 22—31); but *Mark* nothing. The following amongst other passages have also been omitted by *Mark*:—

Matt. x. 5, 6.—Go not into any way of the Gentiles, and enter not into any city of the Samaritans: but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of *Israel*.

Matt. xv. 24.—I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of *Israel*.

Matt. xvi. 18, 19.—Statements that *Peter* was "the rock" upon which the Church was built, and that he should have "the keys" of the "kingdom of heaven."

Matt. x. 16—42.—Matters connected with the persecution of Christians, presumably by Roman governors.

Speaking of the Gospel of *Mark*, *Dr. Carpenter* says (p. 220):—

In addition to Latin names, like census, centurion, or prætorium, occurring elsewhere in the New Testament, peculiar Latin idioms, rendered direct into Greek, suggest a western origin for the Gospel.....The words ascribed to *Jesus* in *Mark* x. 11, 12, forbidding remarriage after divorce, imply that the wife might herself seek the separation.

Just so; and since this was not permitted amongst the Jews, but was allowed by Roman law, *Dr. Carpenter* deems the passage to be "another link connecting *Mark's* Gospel with *Rome*." Here both he and other critics who take the same view are mistaken. It is very unlikely indeed that the Second Gospel originated at *Rome*. In the case of *Mark* of the Gentile church in the new city of *Ælia* (A.D. 185), the journey to *Rome* to acquire Latin idioms and to find Roman law would be unnecessary. In *Ælia*, a Roman colony, both were ready to hand—and *Mark* the new bishop was, no doubt, acquainted with Latin and Greek, the first as a spoken language, and the second as a written one—the latter acquired by education.

Mark also gives a sample of the words uttered by *Jesus* in Aramaic. These are: *Talitha cumi*, "Damsel arise" (v. 41); *Ephphatha*, "Be opened" (vii. 84); *Abba*, "Father" (xiv. 36). The first and second are commands which each wrought a miracle: but why they are quoted it is difficult to say. Possibly *Mark* had been comparing the Greek translation with the original, and by inadvertence allowed the Aramaic words to stand. *Mark* likewise gives some words spoken on the cross (xv. 34); but these he found in the Greek *Matthew* (xxvii. 46).

It should further here be stated that though a new Gentile church settled at *Jerusalem* under the presidency of *Mark*, a considerable number of the original Jewish Christians refused to give up the observance of the *Mosaic ritual*. These remained on the east of *Jordan*, with their Aramaic Gospel, down to the fourth century, and were called by the Gentile Christians *Ebionites* (from *ebion* "poor")—the designation apparently meaning that they were "poor spiritless creatures," or, as *Eusebius* puts it, their action showed "the poverty of their intellect."

(To be continued.) ABRACADABRA.

Talks With Young Listeners.

III.—THE TALE TOLD TO-DAY.

(*The Story of the Unfolding*)

IN the beginning was fire: even a vast cloud, or nebula, of fire, and it moved more swiftly than the mind can think.

Then out of this mass of fire there came globes, hot and white, spinning round and round, and they rolled in circles about a great sun.

One of these globes was the earth, white-hot, and shining, and flinging its rays of light and heat on all sides as it spun.

The earth grew cooler, and became less bright, and a soft mist formed round it, and the crust of melted stuff heaved up and down, for there was fire inside it; and the air was thick and steamy, and giant clouds passed to and fro, and the earth was all in quake and thunder.

And still the earth moved round the sun.

A mass of the soft and hot crust burst away, and flew afar off, and spun round the earth, and took the shape of a globe as it spun, and still it spins for you and for me as the silver-shining moon.

The molten crust became yet cooler, and harder, and darker; and the steamy clouds dropped water upon the solid earth, and the water shook in mighty waves, and tempests howled, and at times the fire flared forth from the bowels of the earth.

Hard and cold was now much of the rock, and the rock was like granite, and the loud billows of the ocean beat upon the rock, and broke it, and battered it, and ground it to powder, and strewed it in thick beds as it were sand, and the beds of sand became dense and hard, and to-day men call them sandstone; or beds of mud, which to-day men call slate.

And still the earth moved round the sun.

No man knows if life lived in the days of the molten globe; but in the days of the beating sea, and the sand, and the mud, life lived in tiny blobs of matter, too small to see, in the waste of waters.

Such a tiny blob of living stuff was the *Amœba*, soft, jelly-like, without heart, without nerves, ever pushing out little points this way and that, as it drew into itself the food from the water in which it floated. This was an animal.

Other tiny cells, of the colour of purple, or yellow, or brown, or blue-green, were plant cells, and we now name them *Algæ*, and these also floated in the waters; but green became the true plant colour.

And still the earth moved round the sun, and as it moved in its way through space, it spun upon its own centre, and half was in the sunlight of Day, and half was in the dark of Night.

There were no hills in those days, and the land lay in low flats and islands, and the tide of the ocean rose twice each day, and rolled upon the beach, and ebbed twice each day; and there was no man to hear the roar of the waves.

Life unfolded. Plant cells grew in new forms, and green mosses softly covered the stones, and ferns spread their long leaves; while animal cells grew in new forms, and the sea was the home of sponges, and corals, and strange crabs, and shell fish, and great fishes swam, and six-legged insects darted through the damp air, and snails crept slowly on the banks of mud.

Every journey of the earth round the sun took a year, and the years passed, millions of years passed, and millions again, and grass grew, and tall palms grew, and plants died, and other plants were born from the seed, and animals died, and other animals were born from the parents, and life unfolded, and there was always something new.

Life unfolded. In the warm, moist air dense forests grew, and the plants were fern-trees, and giant mosses, and lofty horse-tails, and they were rooted in slime. New creatures, frog-like, swam in the water, and came out upon the muddy shores, and breathed air.

The trees died, and fell, and lay prone in the swamp; and others lived, and died, and fell; and the mud and clay covered them; and others lived, and died, and fell; and the mud and clay covered them; and others lived, and died, and made layers in the ground; and to-day the busy picks of miners dig out these ancient trees which had been changed to coal.

The fiery heart of the globe was cooler, and as the crust of the globe cooled, it shrunk, and often broke, and parts were thrust high in hills and mountains, and parts sank low as gorges and valleys, and waterfalls splashed over the rocks.

Tides flowed and ebbed; and rivers ran into the sea; and storms beat upon the hills; and still the earth moved round the sun, and the years passed, millions of years passed; and strong rocks were washed by sea and stream, and ground into mud, and sand.

Life unfolded. Tall pine trees raised their dark green heads, and hung out their cones on spreading boughs. In the ocean and on the land appeared horrid reptiles, four-limbed, and tailed, and with teeth, and they swam as tyrants of the waters, and caused fear on shore, and in valleys and plains.

The globe was less hot, and in some places, the glittering frost whitened the trees, and ice hardened the rivers.

On the bed of the sea, the hard parts of dead water animals lay in thick masses of lime and chalk, and more was added, and more was added; and, as the years passed, and the millions of years passed, the bed of the sea was lifted here and there, and the crust of the globe crumpled, and new hills were made, and to-day we behold the ancient bed of the sea in the chalk hills clad in green grass, and in the limestone peaks of the Pennines or the Alps.

Life unfolded. New beasts like the kangaroo had young ones which they bore in pouches on their hairy bellies, and while these pouched creatures leaped on the grassy plains, lo! flying reptiles with sharp teeth in their big mouths soared in the air, and seemed to tell of the race of birds yet to come. Great streams flowed, and wore away hard rocks, and dug deep canyons in the earth, and carried mud, and sand, and lime to the sea, and at one spot the land would slowly sink, and at another new lands would arise from the sea.

Life unfolded. Trees that bore flowers began to grow, and the rose and the apple came to be; and animals carried young ones in their wombs, nor did the young stay in pouches, but were born straight-way from their mothers, as cubs and whelps and pups, and the like; and the mothers gave suck to the wee beasties; and of such tribes of animals, called mammals, are the sloth, the whale, the seal, the pig, the elephant, the horse, the ass, the zebra, the camel, the bull, the sheep, the rat, the lion, the tiger, the cat, the dog, the fox, the wolf, the bear, the ant-eater, the bat; and the pouched animals, they also are of the suckling tribe.

And still the earth moved round the sun, and the flowers of spring-time bloomed, and the summer days were long, and the leaves of autumn were red and brown in their fall, and the breath of winter was freezing, and ice gathered in vast glaciers, and glided over the land to the sea, and broke into shining bergs which rode upon the blue waters.

The ice at times clothed huge spaces of land that to-day are much warmer; and the ice glaciers bit into rocks, and slipped slowly over the hills, and scooped out giant holes where now the lakes are, and scratched long marks upon the boulders below, and they who have eyes to see with may see many a smooth stone that bears the sign of the Ice Ages.

Now here was a mighty world indeed, with its ice and hoar frost, rain and hail, mist and fog, fishes of the sea and brook, insects and spiders, snakes of the den and fowls of the air, herds of deer that ran, herds of horses that galloped, herds of cattle that wandered over pastures; and some places were dismal swamps, and other places were as gardens, and shrubs and trees were shady, and the lilies bloomed on the quiet pool.

Life unfolded. In the forests leaped the furry lemurs, four-handed, and they suckled their young. Grinning monkeys, with twisting tails, screamed among the branches. Fierce apes, tail-less, made nests and shelters in the leafy trees, raised above the prowling tiger, or the cunning-eyed bear. The tree-climbing apes were hairy, and they bent their backs, and they were strong in their four hands, and the two front hands had thumbs to grasp.

Ice and snow, summer and flowers, starlight and sunlight, tides rising and falling, fishes swimming, snakes coiling, birds flying, quadrupeds walking, lions roaring after their prey, strange apes chattering and howling in wild speech and forest-music, life unfolding.

Yes, life unfolded still. Animals like unto apes, yet not apes, now dwelt among the trees, or lurked in caves, wild-eyed, hairy, shaggy, answering one another's calls in yells, in grunts, in weird shouts of Ah! and Oh! and Yah! and Yo! and copying the cries of bird and beast,—Cuckoo! and Moo! and they chanted together in a shrieking chorus, and danced, and fought one another, and made peace, and cracked nuts, and chewed crab-apples and berries, and hoo-hoo-d in curious laughs, and shed tears, and loved the babes that bleated Ma! and Pa! and they had sore pains, and bad dreams, and slept, and died, and left the young offspring to go on with the fight, and the eating, and drinking, and the loving, and the mating, and the meetings.

Perhaps this was a million years ago, when these poor creatures chewed berries, and fled from the lion, and howled at the moon, and had dreams, and loved their little hairy babes.

Life unfolded. Less hairy grew the bodies of these forest-folk, and the males clutched hold of stones, and sticks, and sawed things with sharp-edged stones, and built rude huts, and killed fish and birds and beasts, and they and their mates ate raw flesh; and the voices of the mothers were soft as they held the babes at their breasts, and welcomed the hunters back from the chase.

The wild folk nodded, shook heads, stamped, bowed, rubbed noses, shook hands, fought and scratched, made peace and smiled, ran races, danced and laughed, said funny, snuffling, gurgling, lisping words, and sat thinking, and stared at the sky, and earth, and sea; and in their eyes was a light that the eyes of the old apes never had; and they were frightened at the dark, and yet were brave in spite of cold, and storm, and wild beasts, and death; and they could stand upright.

One of the folk rubbed dry sticks together, and made a smoke, and a smoulder, and fire.

Oh, wonder of wonders, fire! Fire like the sun and the sparkling stars and the red lightning! Fire to roast, to boil, to cleanse, to warm, to melt, to scare away beasts, to signal.

These fire-makers of the forest were men and women, and they were the fathers and mothers of the human race.

The fire-makers would make animals tame, and plants grow from seed in gardens, and they would make houses, and clothes, and weapons, and tools, and fairies, and demons, and idols, and Gods, and gunpowder, and printing-presses, and ships, and engines, and cities, and Empires, and music, and poetry.

The unfolding is Evolution.
And still the earth moves round the sun. It was a son of Italy, even Galileo, who said,
"And still it moves!"

F. J. GOULD.

An Australian newspaper, referring to a local writer, says, "Adam is some ink-slinger." A good deal of ink has been wasted on another Adam, but he was a gardener and not an author.

A contemporary speaks of "these war-days when the rattle of the collecting-box is loud in the land." Are the faithful giving pennies instead of threepenny pieces?

Acid Drops.

We have pointed out, often enough, that the idealization of war, the sickening talk of its glory and grandeur and mobility and greatness, is itself a factor that makes for its perpetuation. War will never cease because it doesn't pay, for the reason that those who engage in it don't really fight for profit. It will not cease because it is dangerous and deadly; again, for the reason that there is no danger too great for human nature to face. But when men—and women—see war for what it is, see it in all its grime, and brutality, and misery, and crime, aye, and its essential *cowardice*, then we shall have gone a considerable distance towards its abolition. Having said this so often, we are the more pleased to find Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch saying the same thing in the *Cambridge Magazine*. After paying a compliment to "the young who so blithely accepted their fate and went out to suffer and die for us all," says:—

In fact [*pace* Professor Ridgeway] the youth of France and England had found war out even before this inferno started. They have had to accept it as the alternative to the ruination of better things; but I shall be surprised if they come back with any high opinion of war for war's sake—war as a "purifier," "degeneracy's antiseptic," "toughener of the moral fibre"—or, indeed, are not impatient of all the maudlin disguises under which our pulpiteers and journalists present it.

The stuffing had oozed out of that idol some while before August, 1914; and, since poetry is not concerned with rubbish, I respect these younger poets for spurning it and occupying themselves with things of permanent value.

We are glad to see so well known a person as Sir A. Quiller-Couch pressing this view upon the public mind.

A fine story of Ingersoll is told by Mr. R. G. Knowles in his book of Memories, *A Modern Columbus*. The Colonel was defending a man on a serious charge, and he told the jury that the defendant's little child had asked him, "Are they going to let papa come home?" And Ingersoll added, "And now, gentlemen of the jury, in the words of that little child; are you going to let papa go home?" The effect was electrical, and the prisoner was acquitted.

Faraday is one of the few scientists who happened to be a Christian, and it is interesting to learn, according to Mr. G. R. Sims, that Faraday had to stand up before the congregation of the church he attended and apologize humbly for having stated in one of his lectures something contrary to the teaching of Scripture. Yet the dear clergy will have it that there is no antagonism between religion and science.

In a recent lengthy piece of litigation in the Appeal Court there was a ten-day speech about a baby by a prominent counsel, and the newspapers made headlines about it. There have been countless millions of speeches made about a baby born at Bethlehem, mostly by people whose minds were untrammelled with the facts of the case.

The amenities of religion have been illustrated by a mimic warfare between the Bulgarian monks of Zagraphu and the Serbian monks of Chilandari, both of Mount Athos. The Bulgarian monks besieged the Serbians, but failed, whereupon they set fire to a portion of the structure. This is, in essence, nothing new as regards these Eastern Christians, and formed one of the outstanding problems of the Turkish Government. The Turk was always hard pressed to prevent the rival Christian sects under his rule from slaughtering each other. The feuds between Greek Christians and Catholics have been chronic, when the "Turkish atrocities"—well advertised in the Christian press—were not in operation, Christian atrocities—not so well advertised—were often in operation.

Nothing like piety for giving one a good conceit of oneself. Lord Montagu, of Beaulieu, who was saved from the *Persia*, says that he realizes that he "must have been spared for some purpose." On this philosophy the others must have been drowned for some purpose. The Lord thought he could spare the others better. Is there any cause for wonder in the natural egotism of the Kaiser being intensified by his extreme religious fervour?

A good story is told of a patriotic parson who exhorted the boys to wear some favour in their buttonholes to show their loyalty. He was shocked when he found a number decorated with a large button displaying in gilt letters: "To Hell with the Kaiser."

"How these Christians love one another!" "We doubt," says the *Daily Mail*, in a leading article, "whether there is a single islet left to-day upon an uncharted sea which would not repudiate the noisy doctrines of the German Church." Shade of Martin Luther! And all those doctrines are in the Bible!

The Rev. S. Baring Gould, one of the oldest of living clergymen, and an author of repute, has been writing on hymns in the *Guardian*. Many hymns, he says, are "poor stuff of a mamby-pamby sentimental character." We have said the same thing for years, and it is pleasant to find corroboration in such an unexpected quarter.

Another bubble seems on the point of collapse. Ever since the War broke out Christian writers in this country have tried to convince the more stupid amongst us that the Germans were a people who had lost all religion, and that the War and the baseness of the troops resulted from Germany having declared war on Christianity. And as in war-time there are plenty of people who will believe anything, no doubt this legend found supporters. And all the pious speeches made by the Kaiser, with the appeals to God, and thanks to him for successes were, of course, only evidences of German hypocrisy and blasphemy. Our appeals to God were proofs of a purity of aim and nobility of spirit engendered by the War. And as both couldn't be right, only one conclusion was possible—and that was arrived at by both sides.

Now, Sir Robertson Nicoll, the very pious editor of the very pious *British Weekly*, warns his readers not to dismiss with airy contempt the undoubted truth that the German soldier and the German civilian draw comfort from their religion. And he quotes with approval the following passage from a French writer, describing the German soldier of 1870, which he says is equally true of the German soldier of to-day:—

Above all things, care was taken to blend in a single conception the idea of military duty and the idea of duty towards God. During divine service it was on the King and the Army that the Protestant pastor invoked first of all the blessing of heaven. When the troops marched forth at dawn the strains of martial music arose, solemn as a prayer, into the vibrant air of morning. In public or private utterances perpetual appeal was made to the Most High. The God to whom Prussia prayed was a warring and conquering Deity, correlated exactly with national ambitions. The Jesus of the Gospels would have repudiated his image. But that image, even when misinterpreted of set purpose or distorted by passion, sufficed to maintain the soldiers in their duty and to uplift their souls.

In other words, religion has played the same part in this War that it has played in all other wars, whether justifiable or unjustifiable. It has provided men with the sanction of duty, morality, and religion, whereby they might hide from themselves the nature of the passions animating them, and so make their purification an impossibility.

The Rev. F. H. Gillingham, the cricketer-parson, has written an article on "The Man who does nothing to help on the War." We have not read it, but it might apply to many of his ministerial brethren.

A book, dealing with the Welsh peasantry, has been banned by the Cardiff police. It will be interesting to know the sequel. When Sir Richard Burton was threatened with a prosecution of his version of *The Arabian Nights*, he said he would appear in the court with a volume of Shakespeare in one hand and the Bible in the other.

William Howard Doane, the composer of the popular hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," has died in his 81st year. It is a pity that he did not take the tune with him.

What clergymen call "lay helpers" frequently refers to the old hens in the congregations.

Another witness has been discovered for the Mons Angels. According to the *Lancashire Daily Post*, a Corporal Rogers told a Blackpool Primitive Methodist audience, "As sure as you are sitting in this church to-night, I know it was through the instrumentality of these angels that the British Army was saved from absolute annihilation." Corporal Rogers says he saw, quite distinctly, three angels. "Gloriously golden they were, and we could see the horns they carried." That settles it! We have no doubt that if pressed, Corporal Rogers could further authenticate his statement by telling us

the name of the maker he read on the trumpets. Golden angels! And golden trumpets! What a pity that one was not captured and brought home as a souvenir.

A delightful question is asked by *New Days*, which says, "Why not take your part in the revival of Christian deals?" The Church always insured its disciples against fire in the next world, but what are the other "deals"?

"Spirituality," says the Poet Laureate, in the preface to a new anthology, "is the basis and foundation of human life." Then he proceeds to introduce quotations from such famous heretics as Spinoza, Villon, Montaigne, Shelley, and others. It looks like the case of an engineer being hoisted with his own gunpowder.

A Member of Parliament, writing in a weekly paper, and referring to the speech of a Yorkshire Quaker on the Compulsion Bill in the House of Commons, says that the speaker invoked the name of Christ, and adds, "I doubt if anyone has previously done so for half a century." Dear, dear! And some of the members speak at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, too.

"Ignorance," says Mr. James Douglas, "is the mother of indifference." And he might have added, the grandmother of religion.

"The great faiths of the Eastern World are crumbling at the touch of Western knowledge and civilization," says the Rev. Dr. Orchard. Quite so; but is this any more true of the East than it is of the West? Contrast Christian teaching now with what it was a century ago. We need not discuss such things as the belief in the inspiration of the Bible, or belief in prayer, or miracles. Look at such cardinal beliefs as those of God, the soul, and the divinity of Jesus. Do these mean anything like what they did mean? They have been explained, and modified, and re-interpreted, until all that is left of them is the names. Jesus is a mere model man, God is a "principle of unity," or a "force," or a kind of a-sort-of-a-something, and the soul—well, Christians have given up saying what that is like. Knowledge and civilization not only destroys religion in the East. It destroys religion all over the world.

And what is the value of religion in practice? Is there anyone—except a handful of fanatics—who trusts religion in practice, or who expects it to achieve anything in a time of emergency? Who bothered about religion at the outbreak of War? No one. And look at the contemptible part played by religion and religionists since. Men like the Bishop of London dressed themselves in khaki and rushed around, and fussed and fumed in a desperate endeavour to keep themselves in the limelight somehow, but of what real help were they in a national emergency? The churches were opened for days of perpetual prayer and service, and soon closed again for lack of attendants. The clergy at home shrieked about the men at the Front needing more chaplains, while the men wrote home for cigarettes and chocolate and reading matter—with the proviso that it was not to be of the religious variety. The part played by religion has been truly contemptible, and it has been so because its importance was a mere pose. And under the stress of desperate occasions poses of that kind break down utterly.

John Bull informs a correspondent that "the Church of England receives no financial support from the State—only recognition of certain privileges, such as the collection of tithes, for instance." We are afraid *John Bull* has been caught napping. To give only one instance. The Church of England, like other churches, pays no rates, and that alone is surely direct financial assistance from the State to all intents and purposes. And, in addition, a great many of the "privileges" it enjoys takes the shape of direct endowments given it on previous occasions by the State.

On a German trench, only a few yards from a British trench, was displayed a board with the words, "Gott mit uns" (God with us). A Cockney soldier, more a patriot than a linguist, lampblack a sign of his own, which he raised on a stick, "We got mittens, too."

A Christian Science lecturer says that if there is anything which is disliked or dreaded, all that is needful is to repeat several times, "I like it," and the terror will vanish. We should advise the lecturer to try his formula when sitting on the business end of a tin-tack.

To Correspondents.

MR. COHEN'S LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.—February 6, Abertillery; February 13, Liverpool; February 20, Birmingham; February 27, Leicester; March 5, Portsmouth; March 19, South Shields.

W. ATKINSON.—(1) A writer who talks about "the overthrow of the foundation on which Darwinism is confessedly built" is either writing in ignorance or playing a game of bluff. Variation, multiplication, and the elimination of the unfit are the foundations on which Darwinism are built, and these are questioned by no scientific man, big or little. Assuming that Mr. Maure is writing in ignorance, he is confusing the acceptance of the Darwinian theory as a truth with its acceptance as covering all the facts involved in the development of new species. There are numerous questions on the latter head; there are none of any consequence in the former. (Delage's *Theories of Evolution*, advertised in this issue, will put you in possession of the facts on this question.) (2) The sudden emergence of new forms was a fact noticed by Darwin, and is in no way inconsistent with a theory of evolution. (3) The argument from the persistence of types exhibits nothing but ignorance of the whole subject. If a species exists in an unchanged environment, modification of structure would be a distinct disadvantage. It is harmony of environment that constitutes fitness. It would obviously be of no advantage whatever for a fish to be born with lungs.

J. BURRILL.—Pleased to hear that Mr. Snell's lecture on "G. W. Foote" brought together so appreciative an audience, with so many old Freethinkers in evidence.

A. J. MARRIOT.—We quite agree that a wider knowledge of history and a little sound philosophy would save one from a sweeping condemnation of a whole people, and induce healthier and saner views of life.

S. SYKES.—See "Sugar Plums."

P. BOWEN (Argentina) writes expressing the profound sorrow with which he has learned of the death of Mr. Foote. There are few parts of the world from which we have not received similar expressions of regret.

D. GOW.—We are obliged for your effective aid. We do not print weekly contents bills. They would be very expensive unless displayed in a greater measure than is likely to be the case at present.

H. ROBERTS (Christchurch, N.Z.) "would like to acknowledge indebtedness" to the *Freethinker* for its "clarity of vision and sanity in insane times."

W. P. MURRAY.—Thanks for good wishes and for your high opinion of our effort.

A. D. CORBICK.—Of course we do not consider "God" had anything to do with Exodus xxi. Neither did the compilers of the *Bible Handbook*. It is Christians who call the Bible the Word of God, and your criticism ought to be directed to them. And the sense of the text is clear.

MR. S. G. HARRIS, of Station House, Pengam, Mon., would like to get in touch with any Bargoed or Pengam Freethinkers who would care to co-operate with him in arranging for lectures and general propagandist work.

J. STIRLING.—We are obliged for your help, also for your appreciation of the *Freethinker*. If you can distribute any of the leaflets advertising this paper, we shall be pleased to send them on.

B. B. BORROWSKI.—We appreciate your point of view, and, in any case, you conduct a discussion in the right spirit. Agreement is not always possible, but rational and courteous argument is.

V. ASHWAIT.—Your experience is not surprising. Frustrated bigotry is capable of any act of malignancy.

D. G. CORNOCK.—Thanks for your promise to enrol as many new readers as possible during the year.

"SCIENCE STUDENT."—Next week.

J. RICHARDS.—Quite right. See correction.

J. G. WOOD.—Pleased to have your appreciation of Mr. Gould's "Talks with Young Listeners." You will see he is continuing them this week. With reference to other matter, some readers write in quite a contrary vein. Evidently all cannot agree on this point, nor would discussion in this instance further agreement.

SEVERAL correspondents write to point out that the passage from Shakespeare on page 77 of our last issue was misquoted. We are sorry, but congratulate ourselves on having such critical readers.

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

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LECTURE NOTICES must reach 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

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

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

Sugar Plums.

Mr. Cohen lectures to-day (February 6) at the Tillery Institute, Abertillery, in the afternoon at 8, and in the evening at 6.30. There is a keenness about an Abertillery audience that makes lecturing to them a pleasure, and we have no doubt there will be the usual number of visitors from the surrounding districts, which being Welsh, we can't spell without the aid of a Gazetteer, and never try to pronounce—except when we are in London.

Next week (Feb. 13) Mr. Cohen lectures at Liverpool. Full particulars will be announced later. A preliminary meeting of Liverpool friends is to be held at the Clarion Café on the Saturday evening before the meeting, in order to see what can be done in the way of reorganizing propagandist work in the city. Mr. Cohen has promised to be present, and it is hoped that there will be a good gathering of friends and supporters.

It is not often we are pleased to record that a subscriber is not renewing, but even that happens sometimes. As in the following case. A Dundee gentleman writes that he is not renewing his direct subscription, because he is getting it from a local newsagent, whom he has induced to display the *Freethinker*. The newsagent began with a sale of four copies weekly, and he is now selling fourteen, "and still increasing." This is good news, and we hope the example will be followed elsewhere. The great thing is to get the paper known. It is surprising to discover the very large number of emancipated minds who simply do not know that such a paper as the *Freethinker* exists. The task is to get into touch with these. Once this is done, all our troubles will be at an end. One day we hope to solve this difficulty by advertising. But that day is, unfortunately, not yet.

Another of our readers suggests putting into operation much the same plan, but by means of a thoroughly organized scheme of co-operation. His suggestion is, that in each district a sort of "Freethinker League" shall be formed, the purpose of which shall be to induce newsagents to display the paper on condition that the sale of a certain number of copies is guaranteed. The unsold copies would be taken back by the "League," and the loss would only be a few coppers weekly. As this gentleman suggests, the loss would be a diminishing one; in most cases the newsagent would soon be selling enough to warrant his making the display, and the plan, if carried out, would soon result in a material increase in circulation, and without any expensive advertising. We like this idea very much, and shall be glad to hear from readers who would care to co-operate in their localities. Groups of four or five persons would be quite large enough to work this scheme.

Perhaps we ought to apologize for thus harping upon this matter, but we feel the cause is worthy of it. The *Freethinker* is maintained for a definite purpose, and that purpose can only be achieved by co-operation. At our end we are doing all that can be done, under exceptionally trying circumstances, to make the *Freethinker* a success. Provincial lecturing—which means three days loss out of each week, and running a weekly paper single-handed, besides other work, means a pretty energetic time. But we do not mind that. We are determined that the *Freethinker* shall be a success, and as we are doing all that is possible, we are less diffident about pressing others into the service. We are quite content with the results so far, but we want more—and still more.

The price of paper still continues to press heavily upon journalistic enterprise of all sorts. When we wrote last week, we said that the price of paper then represented to us an increase of four shillings per ream. The price has now advanced by another three shillings, and we are seriously considering what is to be done. We are faced not only with dearer paper, but with scarcity of paper. We have no doubt that we shall devise some plan by which we may overcome

these difficulties, and on this head we shall write further next week.

The South Shields Secretary writes expressing the satisfaction of the Branch at the great and encouraging success of Mr. Cohen's meeting. The rally of Tyneside friends and supporters, old and new, who had seen the gathering announced in the *Freethinker*, was far ahead of all expectations, and a thrice welcome surprise to those more immediately responsible for the venture. Their loyal assistance and co-operation has been duly recognized, and they will be glad to learn that already negotiations are in progress for a repetition of the experiment at an early date. It is to be hoped that Jarrow and Newcastle will shortly follow this lead. Several new members for the Society and subscribers to the *Freethinker* are other incidents recorded in a victorious day.

We are glad to see a second edition has been called for of Mr. F. J. Gould's *Love and Service of Country* (Watts & Co., 3d.). The pamphlet consists of notes for lessons and addresses on Patriotism in its non-aggressive aspects. There are twenty-four sections in the pamphlet, covering as wide a field as one could wish. At a time when patriotism means to so many people little more than hatred or aggression of other people, it is well to have emphasized another patriotism which expresses itself in devotion to the well-being of one's own community, without the remotest idea of infringing the rights or threatening the well-being of other communities. And it is significant that the emphasis on this aspect of patriotism should come from a Freethinker. We are of opinion that Mr. Gould's pamphlet will be of great service to such as have occasion to address young people, and will not be without its uses for such as address audiences of an older growth.

G. W. Foote Memorial Fund.

(To take the form of a Presentation to Mrs. Foote.)

THIS Memorial Fund is intended as an expression of respect and admiration towards the dead, and as a discharge of a duty towards the living. No man has deserved better of Freethinkers than our late leader, G. W. Foote, and in no way can the gratitude of Freethinkers be better expressed than in making provision for his widow and unmarried daughter. When the Fund is completed it will be either invested, or arranged in the form of a Trust, for the benefit of Mrs. Foote. The ultimate form it may take will be made public in due course, and the accounts properly audited by an incorporated accountant.

It is hoped to close the Fund at as early a date as is possible.

Cheques should be made payable to the "G. W. Foote Memorial Fund," and crossed "London City and Midland Bank, Clerkenwell Branch." All communications should be addressed to "Editor," *Freethinker*, 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

"The Roll of Honour."—Ninth List.

Previously acknowledged, £338 13s. 6d.—W. Foot, 10s. 6d.; Working-Man Reader, 1s.; S. Higgins, 5s.; W. Kingsberry, 5s.; W. Gallacher, 2s. 6d.; J. K. Black, 2s. 6d.; D. Morrison, 2s.; W. Cochrane, 1s.; W. Davidson, 1s.; D. Keir, 1s.; F. McDiarmed, 1s.; J. Pollock, 1s.; F. McKinley, 1s.; A. Chisholm, 1s.; J. Weir, 1s.; J. Stirling, 2s. 6d.; M. Deas, £1 1s.; T. Ireland, 10s. 6d.; B. R. Godfree, £1 1s.; E. H., £1; Miss M. Power, 2s. 6d.; D. G. Cornock, 2s.; E. T. Brewster, 10s.; H. Silverstein, 10s.; W. Hunter, £5 5s.; A. T. Whitwell, 5s.; C. J. Whitwell, 5s.; J. Burrell, 2s. 6d.; W. Harris, 2s. 6d.; Dr. C. J. Peacock, £5 5s.; A. F. Bullock, 5s.

"J. Richardson, 2s. 6d.," in last week's list, should have been "J. Richards."

Religion, Science, and the War.—V.

(Concluded from p. 70.)

There is nothing, I think, which so amazes a dispassionate observer of humane progress as the feats of moral legerdemain of which Christianity so-called is capable. Its history is one of endless cruelties and countless horrors. Its constant effect has been to paralyze human activity, and to pervert every beautiful human instinct. Its teachers and preachers have been from age to age the enemies of human thought. Yet on the score of a few beautiful words spoken by its founder, Christianity has, with ever-increasing arrogance, claimed for itself every great moral victory that men have achieved. As well might it be claimed, on the score of the almost equally beautiful words of Pagan philosophers, that the victories of civilization have been achieved by Paganism. No one will contend that Jesus of Nazareth was disingenuous or hypocritical; but the creed which bears His name is, to this day, a synonym for disingenuousness or hypocrisy. Slippery as a snake, fitted to assume all constructions, asserting its own triumph at the very moment of its own failure, it replies, "Ah, but mine is *essentially* a creed of Love!" "Essentially!" The qualifying adverb expresses a lifelong attempt to juggle with the reason and mock the sense. It was on the lips of Torquemada when he piled the faggots of the martyrs' fire, on the lips of Calvin when he burnt Servetus, on the lips of Catherine de Medici before the eve of St Bartholomew.....It is used to sanction every enormity that still defaces nature, to uphold tyranny, and to glorify war. It is the pet word, the open sesame, of priests and kings. "Essentially!" The bishop murmurs it as he splashes the pauper with his carriage wheels. One can understand the Christianity which is Roman, or Greek, or Lutheran, or Anglican; but the Christianity which is "essential" is a very different affair. Oh, but Mr. le Gallienne explains! "Essentially" Christianity means just one thing—the spirit which works for the coming of the "Christ which is to be"! In other words, the Christ which is not, and which has never been, but which is *coming*! Is it not about time that He came? Eighteen hundred years is a long start; and if He has advanced so slowly in all that time, how long will it take Him to arrive at the end of His journey? —ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Daily Chronicle*, January 16, 1893.

ANOTHER Crusade, or Holy War, was that undertaken by the Church, in the thirteenth century, against the Albigenses, the precursors of Protestantism. The Albigenses were heretics who first appeared in the South of France in the twelfth century; they were zealous, and their doctrines, supported by the nobility, spread rapidly over Languedoc, Provence, and the surrounding countries dependent on the King of Arragon, which were peopled by an industrious and intelligent race, who were distinguished for their art and commerce. They delighted in music and poetry, and the Provençal language, says Sismondi, "appeared at that moment destined to become the first and the most elegant of the languages of modern Europe."* Although inferior to the French in the arts of war, says the same historian, "they greatly excelled them in all the attainments of civilization." Their courts were models of taste and politeness; their cities numerous and flourishing:—

In the midst of such growing prosperity was this lovely region delivered to the fury of countless hordes of fanatics, its cities ruined, its population consumed by the sword, its commerce destroyed, its arts thrown back into barbarism, and its dialect degraded from the rank of a poetic language to the condition of a vulgar jargon.†

In the year 1209, Pope Innocent III. proclaimed a Crusade against these people, and an army of fifty thousand men was soon raised, and advanced on the doomed country. Never, says Dean Milman,—

Never in the history of mankind were the great eternal principles of justice, the faith of treaties, common humanity, so trampled under foot as in the Albigensian war. Never was war waged in which ambition, the consciousness of strength, rapacity, implacable hatred and pitiless cruelty played a greater part. And throughout the war it cannot be disguised that it was not merely the army of the Church, but the Church itself in arms. Papal legates and the greatest prelates headed the host, and mingled in all the horrors of the battle and the siege. In no instance did they interfere to arrest the massacre, in some cases urged it on. "Slay all; God will know his own," was the boasted saying of Abbot Arnold, Legate of the Pope, before Beziers.

* Sismondi, *History of the Crusades Against the Albigenses* (1826), p. 3.

† Sismondi, p. 4.

Arnold was captain-general of the army. Hardly one of the great prelates of France stood aloof.*

In the end, the reformers were utterly exterminated; the country, so beautiful, civilized, and flourishing, was laid waste with fire and sword. "The ruins of so fair a country," says Sismondi, "the contrast between its former opulence and its present desolation, would soon have caused the fury of the war to have been succeeded by a deep-felt pity, if any other cause than religious fanaticism had armed the hands of the Crusaders."† Only religion was equal to the task of stifling the common dictates of humanity; the Crusaders were too intent upon pleasing God to have room for any feeling of pity or compassion for their victims. And yet the preachers of this religion have the impudence to assert that it is impossible to be moral without religion!

This was the period when the Church ruled, when religion triumphed, when Popes declared Crusades and ruled kings. In the year 1077, Henry IV. stood waiting in the snow for three days, clad only in a shirt, until Pope Gregory VII. granted him absolution. Even the Emperor Frederick I., the mighty Barbarossa, whose reign is the most brilliant in the annals of the Empire, was compelled to hold the stirrup for Pope Hadrian IV., in 1155, because the Pope declined to proceed with his coronation until he had performed this servile action. Thus Roman Catholics and High Churchmen look back so lovingly to the Middle Ages, when the nations lay prostrate at the altar, and the common people were slaves in everything but name.

Through the devastating wars, largely carried on in the interests of religion, large tracts of country were laid waste, and fell out of culture. The "magnificent roads," says Lecky, "which modern nations have rarely rivalled and never surpassed," by means of which "Romans traversed the whole extent of the empire on political, military, or commercial errands, or in search of health, or knowledge, or pleasure,"‡ had fallen largely into disuse, and became indistinguishable from the fields, or overgrown by the forest; and it was not until the power of the Church had been broken that Europe began to struggle out from the abyss of barbarism into which its inhabitants had fallen.

As Robertson, in his *State of Europe During the Middle Ages* (p. 29), points out, "religion mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force as carried them to excess." In other words, religion inflamed the passions of men, as in the case of the Crusades, driving them to commit the frightful crimes they perpetrated.

"The clerics of the middle ages were like their times," says Luchaire:—

Any number of the tonsured, coming as they did from the military class and leading a noble's life, shared the sentiments, the prejudices, and the vices of their kind. Under the cassock and the frock there were the same vivacity of behaviour, the same exuberant passions, the same taste for battle.§

If this state of things had come about under the rule of Paganism, Buddhism, or Secularism, the apologists of Christianity would never tire of pointing out the terrible effect of those teachings.

And what part in the recovery to sanity and civilization did religion play? Did the Church suddenly discover that the teachings of Jesus were against war, and utter her veto against it? Nothing of the kind. The improvement was due to the slow growth of secular civilization; the increasing power of the kings in curbing the unruly nobles; the weakening of the temporal power of the Pope; the contact, through the Crusades, with the higher civilization of the Mohammedans and Arabs, who had not only preserved the priceless treasure of the ancient Greek science and literature, but had even

added to its store. Underlinen and baths were unknown in Europe before the Crusades. Added to all these was the slow revival and growth of commerce. The commercial towns fortified themselves, and leagued together to suppress lawlessness on land and piracy on sea.

In reply to the claim that Christianity, although it did not abolish war, yet it made the practice of it less barbarous, Westermarck points out that even as late as the seventeenth century, when Grotius argued that innocent non-combatants should not be involved in the destruction of war, and recommended that enemies who surrendered should be spared, he "was certainly not supported by the spirit of the age"; and further:—

In reference to the assumption that this change of opinion is due to the influence of the Christian religion, it is instructive to note that Grotius, in support of his doctrine, appealed chiefly to Pagan authorities, and that even savage peoples, without the aid of Christianity, have arrived at the rule which in war forbids the destruction of helpless persons and captives.*

As he further points out, the real opposition and denunciation of war came from the freethinking philosophers, Voltaire, Bayle, and the French Encyclopædists. The Church never hesitated to condemn whole nations to extermination if they refused to acknowledge her authority. Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, tells us that on February 16, 1568, "a sentence of the Holy Office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics"; and he observes: "Three millions of people—men, women, and children—were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines."†

The Protestant Churches have never had the power that the Church of Rome once wielded; but, as Westermarck observes:—

As a matter of fact, it would be impossible to find a single instance of war waged by a Protestant country, from any motive, to which the bulk of the clergy have not given their sanction and support. The opposition against war has generally come from other quarters (p. 362).

(To be continued.) W. MANN.

Orientalism in Music.

ALTHOUGH the majority of serious studies are failing to attract a wide circle of readers, there seems to be an ever increasing interest in Eastern philosophy, religion, and literature. It has often been pointed out that Hindoo idealism ends naturally in the subtle and profound conception of Maya or illusion. All things in this terrestrial life are illusion; our passions, our ambitions, our beliefs; and yet they are vital illusions, since the world could not exist without them. This doctrine of universal fiction we know to be a fundamental one in the philosophical scheme of Nietzsche. In religion, the influence of the East is felt most in mysticism, which, in its popular and attractive form, seems to be vaguely pantheistic; and in literature, it seems to us, with more impelling force, perhaps, through Russian literature—through the works of Tolstoi and Dostofevski. In this place, however, I am more immediately concerned with Eastern music. Lately we have had a number of treatises on the Indian theory of music, some of which equal in learned obscurity the disquisitions by classical scholars on Greek music. But, fortunately, the musician nowadays has a chance of hearing, and not merely reading about, Eastern music. Lectures on Eastern music, with vocal and instrumental illustrations, have been occasionally given in London, and of late I had the pleasure of listening a number of times to the Sufi musician and philosopher, Inayat Khan. If the East is to have any shaping influence on Western music it will only be brought about by

* Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. v., p. 246.

† Sismondi, *Crusades Against the Albigenses*, p. 5.

‡ Lecky, *European Morals*, vol. i., p. 234.

§ Luchaire, *Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus*, p. 38.

* Westermarck, *Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, pp. 369-370.

† Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. ii., p. 155.

our acquiring the habit of listening to these strange and esoteric sound-patterns.

The subject, we can see, has attractive possibilities if we are prepared to assume that Oriental music is on the same high plane as are the philosophy and literature of the East. This, it would appear, is the assumption of Mr. H. G. Farmer in a valuable book* he has just published on Arab music. No one has a better qualification for this work. He has both a wide and profound knowledge of music and a foundation of general culture not always associated with the study and practice of music. What he has done is to translate from the French an essay on Arab music by Salvador Daniel, to bring together in a biographical introduction all the facts needed to understand the essayist's point of view, and then to illustrate and explain the theory put forward in the essay by a series of valuable and learned notes.

It is probable that Daniel came from Hispano-Jewish stock. His father was a Carlist refugee, who had crossed the frontier and settled down as a musician at Bourges. His son entered the Paris Conservatoire in the middle 'forties. It would seem that he had the anarchistic temperament, which Mr. Farmer assures us is the sign-manual of the real artist. At any rate, he no doubt gave as much, if not more, of his time to social and political speculations as to music. But still he managed to live by his art, and as he remarks in the first paragraph of his essay, the man who lives on the product of an art is an artist in the real sense of the word. A comfortable belief, by the way, for those of us who live by writing bad novels. He was for a time a publisher's proof-reader, and an arranger of dance music. For some time before he settled in Algeria he played the viola in the orchestra of the Theatre Lyrique. He remained in Algeria for about twelve years, and it was there, of course, that he made his profound study of Arab music, and, it may be supposed, confirmed his artistic revolt from the harmonic form of music. His essay was first published as a pamphlet, or brochure, in 1869, and reprinted with some additions in 1879. It sketches the history of Arab music, insists that Greek musical theory is the basis of the Arab, and points out the similarity between the Greek and the Arab modes, and plain song. Daniel is emphatic as to the absence of harmony from Arab music, and judging from my own knowledge of Indian music, I have no doubt that harmony, in any way approaching the modern sense, is never employed. Yet in the concerted music, the effect, at least on my ear, is the suggestion of a rudimentary form of counterpoint and harmony. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Farmer was just a little hasty in calling Mr. Ernest Newman over the coals for some remarks to the same purpose in one of his essays. Now, without wishing to be emphatic on a subject of which, naturally, I have not a tithe of Mr. Farmer's knowledge, it seems to me that there is more than mere rhythmic melody in Eastern music. The *gloss* itself which converts the melodic outline, or pattern, into an arabesque of sound by surrounding it with a delicate festooning of grace-notes and roulades, is, when two or more instruments are playing, a primitive counterpoint; and when it is admitted that, at times, some of the instruments sustain a note, and that the drums, tuned to different notes, enforce the rhythm, I do not see how it can be denied that we have here the beginnings of the harmonic system. However, both M. Daniel and Mr. Farmer seem to deny in theory what they admit in practice.

It is evident that Daniel did not find the intellectual atmosphere of North Africa quite as congenial as he had expected. He sighed for Heine's "Promised Land," and decided to return to civilization and Philistia. He was in Paris in 1866 lecturing on music and writing in the *Révue Africaine*. Berlioz is said to have been delighted with an opera, the score

of which had been sent to him. His album of *Chansons Arabes* seems to have made a stir in musical circles. He practised the refining art of musical criticism; but his views, Mr. Farmer assures us, were too heterodox, too uncompromising for the musical Philistines of the day. He was, we know, a Revolutionary Socialist and an Atheist, his outspoken opinions naturally making employment under the Government impossible. He had a part in several armed agitations against the State. When the Revolutionary Party took over the government of the city on March 18, 1871, the Conservatoire was closed; but on May 1, Daniel was nominated Delegate to the Conservatoire, a sort of Minister of Music. He was shot after defending a barricade on May 24.

It is impossible for me to say whether Daniel's musical compositions have the originality Mr. Farmer claims for them. They are not accessible, and I cannot find even his setting of Arab songs in the British Museum. It would be instructive to see for oneself how he assimilates the Eastern melodic material, and whether he persisted in his revolt from the modern harmonic system. There is no doubt that the music of a nation, like its literature, becomes richer and more complex by contact with the art of another civilization; but the new material must be taken up into the blood and tissues, so to speak; there must be a complete chemical change. I am not quite certain that Mr. Farmer does not want the modern musician to throw overboard his Bach and Beethoven with the whole harmonic system, and to model his technique on the musical art as it existed in Europe before the eleventh century. This is what it would mean if we were to adopt the Arab modes and its rhythmic melody. Mr. Farmer does not need to be reminded that in Italy melody was cultivated for its own sake in the eighteenth century. But what did it become? A vehicle for the display of the brainless vocal agility of eunuchs, the art of a nation that had ceased to live, in a spiritual sense. It is significant that every great musician has added new harmonic combinations to the common stock. To ask us to throw away our birthright, to renounce the sensuous and intellectual delight of modern harmony for the quasi-expressive modes of Arab music, is to do something very like what certain Elizabethan poets did when they advocated the application of Greek quantitative metres to English verse.

Mr. Farmer has a note on the power of Arab music. He has not himself witnessed the amazing influence of its modes, yet he seems ready to believe what others have said of it. He must be aware that such stories are very common in connection with the earlier stages of the art. The Greeks attributed a marvellous power to musical tones; with them its value was rather moral and physical than aesthetic only, as with us. The plague was cured by music, and renal diseases yielded to the sweet voice of the flute. The spreading blare of a trumpet gave hearing to a deaf man. The moral power of music was equally wonderful. A rebellion of what Mr. Farmer calls the "narrow, ignorant, mutable many," was put down by the musician, Terpander, by merely playing an air to them on his flute. As might be expected, the Hindoo leaves the Greek a long way behind. Now, it is only natural that the musician should extol the power of his art; and in primitive times and with people of a low degree of culture at the present time, the aesthetic qualities of art are never uppermost. Music is confused with morals. It may have led, and may even now lead, to action of some kind; but in the higher stages of the development, its end is to give pleasure—the emotion aroused being essentially inactive.

GEORGE UNDERWOOD.

A London theatre has been taken over by the Young Men's Christian Association. Let us hope that no chorus-girls will call there for a job.

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.—*Wilde*.

* *The Music and Musical Instruments of the Arab*. By F. Salvador Daniel. Edited with Notes, Memoir, Bibliography, and thirty examples and illustrations, by Henry George Farmer. Reeves; 5s. net.

Letters to My Daughter.—V.

MY DEAR JOAN,—

You have asked one of those weird, child-like questions to-day that puzzle me not a little. "How would it feel," you said, "if I put my finger in the moon?" I confess I do not know. I give it up. You remind me in this way of a very dear and lovable man named Heine. When you are older you shall read how he wished to be remembered to that group of stars we call "The Great Bear." I said when you are older. I wish you could always remain as old as you are; but that can never be. Idyllic is the time called childhood. We must take off our shoes to enter the holy ground where innocence laughs with the moon and stars, where flowers are become living persons, where corruption may not show its head. Tell me, ye scientists, what is the reason that animals loose their fierceness with children? The great ungainly dog suffers itself to be the receiver of sticky kisses, of tender and affectionate embraces, and looks as though it understands. Are we human beings shut out, as it were, from the world of children and animals? Now, ye baldheaded, long-bearded, old men in your laboratories, distilling and infusing, experimenting with Nature so that a thousand souls at one blow may go in shreds to their doom; tell me, what do you know of the affinity between the helpless and those creatures that are shut out from the kingdom of *your* paltry heaven? I would that ye knew no nobler science than that of tiddley-winks. For, still as an alien doth man walk the earth, catching at a few faint gleams of reason, and paying a terrible price to behold the light. Men, as devils walk the earth, and the more that they may conceal themselves they call themselves saints.

Alright Joan, I was only just having a few words with some naughty men who believe that the best way to send men to "The Great Bear," is to blow them there. You would do no such thing. I still recall your bold and outspoken assertion in that butcher's shop where you saw a number of rabbits for sale. You said, "this butcher is a cruel man." I swear, by my hat, I do not live on vegetables alone, but I cannot get away from the truth of your remark. Either we men are fallen creatures, or children are all wrong. I prefer to believe that you and all your little brothers and sisters are right, and that we, as men, are just rising from our knees, and have a lot to learn from the likes of you.

The other night, when you were sleeping, your mother and I were in fairyland. We wanted to go to the land where you are always to be found dancing and singing, so we went to see *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. For three hours (oh, bother! what is the good of talking about time to *you*) we were in an enchanted land. Here, it seems, that the fairy king and fairy queen had a quarrel. It was not the kind of quarrel that grown-up mortals make about money, land, or clothes, or which house they visit on Sundays, but about a little Indian boy. When he slipped down a rainbow to the earth, his mother went away, perhaps to the stars, so the fairy queen took him, to become one of her own band. The queen, whose name was Titania, loved this little boy's mother, and used to talk to her before the Indian boy came to earth. She says:—

Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me, on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind.

And when Oberon, the fairy king, wants to take the boy, she tells him that she will not give him up, not even for his fairy kingdom.

You will notice, my dear Joan, that fairy quarrels are different to mortal quarrels. The fairy king and queen fall out because they each think that they can make the Indian boy happier than the other. They quarrel about happiness; *what mortals disagree in this manner?* Why, where you live, mortals quarrel about an extra penny an hour being paid to women who

work in a Christian country, but Oberon or Titania, even if they disagree, will always care for children.

I must not forget to tell you about the sweet music that we heard; sometimes I think that we shall know all about everything through the strains of music. We feel very near to the solution of life; we seem to be sitting on one side of a thin veil which may be lifted, and then everyone will be able to live without hatred, malice, and envy. It will be just like fairyland. Won't it be lovely?—Your loving father,

TRISTRAM.

Correspondence.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your readers will probably remember me as one who, nearly a year ago, made a protest against the teaching of religious fable and fancy as historical truth, in the school-books supplied to the children of Lanark.

My action has evidently agitated the Holy Willies. Sermons have been preached against Freethought and Secular Education, and every religious organization, from "Booth's" Own to the Auld Kirk, is getting a move on.

The latest move is to get the Pocket Testament League—which is apparently engaged in supplying Thomas A. with fag-papers—to use our schools as a distributing centre for the Gospel of St. John—pocket edition—weirdly illustrated!

As a member of the Lanark School Board, elected thereto against all the efforts of all the Kirks, I have raised the question of this misuse of our schools with the Scots Education Department.

Knowing, however, the time-serving propensities of the authorities, I am not sanguine. On making my former perfectly well-founded protest, Sir John Struthers wrote, asking whether any other person objected to religious teaching being given as an ordinary history lesson?

This is characteristic, and the last word in opportunism. The moral for Freethinkers is, therefore, obvious. We must make ourselves heard, and our not inconsiderable numbers felt.

Might I ask all Freethinkers in Scotland, therefore, to watch developments of this Pocket Testament League, and, in the immortal words of the Irishman at Ballyhooley, when they "see a head, hit it"?

JAS. W. K. LEIPER.

National Secular Society.

REPORT OF MONTHLY EXECUTIVE MEETING HELD ON JAN. 27.

Mr. C. G. Quinton in the chair. Also present: Messrs. Bowman, Britten, Cohen, Cowell, Davidson, Gorniot, Judge, Nichols, Neary, Roger, Rosetti, Rolf, Samuels, Silverstein, Wood, George Wood, White, Miss Kough, Miss Stanley, Mrs. Rolf, and the Secretary.

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

New members were admitted to the Parent Society.

The Sub-Committee elected to deal with the revision of the Society's rules presented an interim report, and the Executive accepted their recommendation to send out a submitted circular letter to lapsed members. A resolution was passed adding two members (Messrs. Rosetti and Quinton) to the Sub-Committee.

The Sub-Committee's report *re* Secular funerals was also read. Discussion was adjourned till next meeting, and copies of the report were ordered to be issued to members of the Executive in the meantime.

Arrangements were made in connection with forthcoming lectures, and the meeting adjourned.

E. M. VANCE, *General Secretary.*

A war is the spasmodic uprising of old savage instincts against the slow and gradual humanizing of the animal called man. It emanates from restless and so-called virile natures fundamentally intolerant of men's progress towards the understanding of each other—natures that often profess a blasphemous belief in art, a blasphemous alliance with God. It still apparently suffices for a knot of such natures to get together, and play on mass fears and loyalties, to set a continent on fire.—*John Galsworthy.*

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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INDOOR.

FULHAM (Twynholm Hall, Bayonne Road, Fulham Cross): Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.30, F. J. Gould, "The Religion of Humanity."

OUTDOOR.

HYDE PARK: 11.30, Messrs. Shaller and Saphin, "The Crimes of Christianity"; 3.15, Messrs. Kells and Dales, "Christianity and Womanhood"; 6.30, Messrs. Saphin, Hyatt, and Beale.

COUNTRY.

ABERTILLEY (New Era Union, Tillery Institute): C. Cohen, 3, "What is the Use of Christianity?" 6, "The Benefits of Unbelief."

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