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PRICE TWOPENCE

Priestly mummeries will last as long as there is a demand for them.—G. W. FOOTE.

Views and Opinions.

SCIENCE AND TRADE.

It is really not much of a compliment to ourselves as a nation that a sense of the importance of scientific knowledge and training should be awakened only in connection with the question of capturing German trade. For some time the newspapers have been busy with the topic; the *Daily Telegraph* has published a series of special articles from leading men, and an imposing document, signed by a number of eminent scientists, has been issued, calling attention to our neglect of science in commercial life, as well as in general affairs. Much of what has been written is quite admirable; much of it—and this, one fears, applies to the general public—misses the essential point. For you cannot create a national interest in science by turning out a given number of commercial experts, nor by dwelling upon it merely as an instrument for capturing a rival's trade. The application of science may bring commercial success, but its cultivation will depend upon a love of science for its own sake, and an appreciation of its uplifting value upon human life. A lively appreciation of the value of scientific research as an end in itself has nearly always been the condition of good scientific work.

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OUR NEGLECT OF SCIENCE.

It is undeniable that neither the people, considered as a whole, nor the leaders of the people, show, or have shown, any great regard for the cultivation of scientific knowledge. During the nineteenth century, we have the authority of a late President of the British Association for saying that the amount expended by the British Government did not exceed £1,200 annually. This was certainly not because of our inability to afford more. The explanation lies in the fact that no general recognition existed of the need for spending more. To most people, scientific research is a mere hobby, more or less harmless, but of no special consequence. Had there been a general demand for a greater expenditure, it would have been forthcoming. Governments rarely lead in such matters; they follow. The real leadership in such cases lies with those who have the training and moulding of public opinion. Nearly forty years ago, Ruskin said:—

I say we have despised science. "What!" you exclaim, "are we not foremost in all discovery, and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done in spite of the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to us, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly

way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own. If one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coal, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him; but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to us?

How much improvement has been effected since the above was written is evidenced by the fact of a Government department—after war had broken out—advertising for chemists, with a University degree, at a salary of forty shillings and sixpence weekly.

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PROFIT AND LOSS.

That typical representative of average public opinion, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, once put the British attitude towards science in a sentence. He had been witnessing a series of very beautiful experiments conducted by Faraday. At the conclusion came the inquiry, "What's the use of it?" The query was deplorable, but characteristic. If, as at present, it can be shown that we are losing trade, or likely to lose trade, because of our neglect of science, then it will be easy to work up a spasmodic agitation in favour of reform. But the insistence must be, as in the present agitation, upon the *commercial* value of science. We must show by our ledgers that we lose by its neglect. And in that spirit we rush towards sure ruin. The cultivation of science demands, not a keen nose for profits, but a sincere love of knowledge, an intense passion for discovery. You cannot apply the methods of the counting-house to the laboratory without inviting disaster. Very few scientific discoveries have had any commercial value at first, nor have the great pioneers of science laboured to that end. And so long as a people allow themselves to think of science from the Gladstonian "What's the use of it?" point of view, so long will they lose even the material benefits that science brings, because they will have failed to cultivate the moral and mental temper which true scientific research originates.

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OUR NEED OF SCIENCE.

The position is really one of increasing gravity. The need for effective mental equipment, for the right mental temper, was never greater than it is to-day. Everywhere we see emphasis laid upon the necessity for our maintaining a superiority in trade or armaments, it being forgotten that neither, nor both, can maintain national greatness, nor even ensure national security. Venice could not maintain its greatness by trade, nor Spain by its armies. Every nation to-day is bound to rely upon its brains if it would hold its own. The forces of social life and the conditions of national competition become more and more intellectual, however material their form. Even war becomes more a matter of brains than muscle. Invention as applied to weapons and machinery, and organization as applied to the human material, forces the conclusion that in future the prize will be to the nation that has best organized and developed its intellectual resources. In this respect the relation between human groups is re-

peating the lesson of the relation between man and the universe. Just as in the latter case man owes his supremacy over the animals to a bigger and better formed brain, so it is the nation that is best equipped mentally which can look to the future with the greatest confidence. Even on the lowest plane, our need of science is urgent; but the condition of success even here is the recognition of the value of scientific research and of the scientific temper in both the moral and intellectual spheres.

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RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

At the risk of inviting a "King Charles's Head" retort, one must point out that a very powerful obstacle to an adequate recognition of the value of science is the influence of established religion. It would, indeed, be remarkable if a religion that had existed for so long, enjoying so great a prestige, and with so large an army of representatives possessing unique opportunities of getting the public ear, should fail to create an intellectual atmosphere favourable or unfavourable to scientific pursuits. And there is no question that the atmosphere created by religious influences is wholly unfavourable to science. The opposition of Christianity to science is historic and undeniable. And when direct opposition could no longer be offered, every opportunity has been seized to belittle its claims and to dwell upon its limitations and its ineffectiveness. Even the present War has served the clergy as a text for their favourite thesis. Because in Germany greater attention has been paid to the general cultivation of science than in this country, thousands of the clergy have seen in the War proofs of the danger of trusting to science for national well-being. It did not, of course, suit them to recognize that the evil was not the development of knowledge, but its application to an unworthy end. In all the thousands of sermons preached year after year, how many of them stress the importance of intellectual development? Very few. The overwhelming bulk dwell upon the inability of science to deal with the valuable things of life, upon its failures, upon its fundamental impotence. These are the things that the religious preacher notes with the greatest joy. He cackles joyfully that science cannot explain the origin of life, the origin of conscience, or the origin of something else. He dwells upon our ignorance with a pleasure that would be surprising were it not that one remembers how much his own position depends upon its perpetuation. The public mind is so played upon by a crowd of professional obscurantists that it unconsciously comes to think of its ignorance as something to be proud of rather than as something of which it ought to be ashamed. * * *

SOME CONSEQUENCES.

Naturally, a public schooled in this manner provides but scant encouragement for the scientific worker. Still less is it likely to bring pressure to bear upon the Government so that it will encourage scientific development. Naturally, also, there exists no general appreciation of the value of science as an agent in mental discipline and in the development of character. Instead of this, there is spread abroad a conception of the scientist as a mere crank, of no special value to national life, and the cultivation of the "What is the use of it?" attitude cultivated by Gladstone. The value of scientific culture as a means of cultivating habits of accuracy in speech, carefulness of observation, impartiality of mind, and—above all—the love of a desire for truth, without any personal or ulterior aim, is lost. The value that might be ours as a nation from the holding up as examples to the young of those who have laboured amid poverty and discouragement to place knowledge within our grasp, is lost. The successful soldier or merchant, the fanatical religious leader, usurp as ideal figures the place that should be taken by those who have kept the lamp of knowledge burning from generation to generation.

—AND A MORAL.

I have dwelt upon the importance of intellect in progress because a recognition of this strikes me as, at present, our greatest need. I am not, however, blind to the function of feeling in human progress; I would only protest against its occupying the place of dictation. For whatever may have been the exaggeration in the famous generalization which traced all progress to the growth of knowledge, it expressed an important truth. For one may, in a broad sense, express the difference between ourselves and the savage in terms of mental acquisitions and their transmission. Each age discovers and invents; it hands on its discoveries and its inventions to a succeeding generation, and it is this accumulating mass which lies at the base of what we call civilization. Strip man of this accumulated knowledge, and civilization would disappear. Nor would the moral feelings remain unchanged. They would deteriorate, and that rapidly. For it is the application of science to life that makes even moral progress possible. On the unconscious side there is the influence of inventions as applied to life, with improved sanitation, better medical knowledge, better built cities, etc., as agencies that profoundly influence moral growth. And so far as these things are perceived as such, we have the conscious application of science to human betterment. Above all, science enables us to see life steadily, and to see it whole. It enables us to face our destiny with the confidence of a well informed mind. It gives us an appreciation of the facts, and, I believe, inspires us with the courage to grapple them. And, given these two things, most of our ills, social and individual, are ultimately curable.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

"Faith in War Time."

MR. H. G. JEFFRIES, of Dundee, candidly admits that "the sad happenings of our time cannot be reconciled at all with popular conceptions of the Deity." The same gentleman makes the further admission that, "as a matter of fact, we can hardly prove anything—perhaps nothing at all—and that without the exercise of faith the wheels of life would stop." It is perfectly true that "we cannot escape having a faith of some kind," but on Mr. Jeffries's own showing we cannot reasonably be expected to exercise faith on the popular God. There can be no such thing as absolute and invincible Divine sovereignty. Dr. Campbell Morgan's conception of God, for example, is utterly irreconcilable with "the sad happenings of our time," and cannot be held by anyone who has the courage to face the facts. It is undeniable that we are compelled to take important things on trust; but we cannot possibly take the alleged fact that a God of love rules the world on trust, because all the facts known to us testify that omnipotent love has never been regnant on our planet. Mr. Jeffries misses the point altogether when he tells us, in the *Christian World Pulpit* for February 2, that we believe things and rely upon them with the utmost confidence when we know quite well that they are altogether beyond demonstration, because this is true of people who have no faith whatever in the supernatural. We have no wish to deny that Professor Huxley was an earnest advocate of faith as the ground of all our actions; but everybody is aware that Professor Huxley did not believe in a personal God. A thoroughgoing Atheist could truthfully repeat the following creed:—

I believe that the experience of the past is a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. I believe in the universality of order. I believe in the validity of the law of causation. I believe in the trustworthiness of the human intellect as a truth-discovering instrument.

Mr. Jeffries is radically mistaken, however, when he declares that faith in such things leads eventually to faith in God. As a matter of fact, it does not, as thousands of Agnostic scientists could testify. No

doubt "some have become sceptical on account of the abominations of the War"; but it is totally unfair to describe such Sceptics as people whose "bright hopes and visions of the future are dashed to the ground," and for whom there is nothing but dejection and despair. We know many Atheists who are incorrigible optimists in spite of the War and all its horrors. Pessimism does not necessarily enter as faith in God retires. It is a wicked lie to assert that Freethinkers have no real belief in goodness, but cherish a very strong faith in the supremacy of evil. They do not always turn up the seamy side of things, nor do they believe that it is no use striving for righteousness. Mr. Jeffries himself gives expression to the fact that multitudes, having lost their faith in God, "fall back on humanism, and take up as cheerfully as the circumstances permit the duty of serving their brothers and sisters in a struggling world where love will always be welcome." As humanists, unbelievers are represented as giving the following account of themselves:—

We decide that God is not to be trusted; that hitherto he has been very disappointing; that it is useless to rely upon him to do anything; that it is questionable whether he is really interested. We must therefore look to ourselves and make the best of it, serving our day and generation as well as we can.

As a believer in God, Mr. Jeffries cannot do justice to humanism. "Why should we believe in man?" he asks; and we answer, "Why should we not believe in man?" Man is here, and God is not. He says we ought to bear in mind that, during the War, faith in man has suffered "fully as much as faith in God"; but that is the very opposite of the truth. The War represents humanity at its lowest and worst; but humanity at its highest and best condemns war as "the game of beasts," which exerts a dehumanizing influence upon all who take part in it, and humanity at its highest and best is to be found even in the nations most directly responsible for the present brutal conflict. The War has not weakened our faith in humanity, but it has rendered faith in God an utter impossibility for thousands. It is sheer folly to contend that "faith in man, whenever it comes to stay, will imply faith in God, and will never be a real dynamic otherwise." Mr. Jeffries cannot be ignorant of the fact that faith in God has been in active existence from times immemorial, but has never been of practical benefit to mankind. Not only it has not put an end to war, but it has been the direct instigator of many of the bloodiest conflicts on record. Some of the worst and cruellest antagonisms, divisions, controversies, and wranglings have been traceable to its malign influence upon the minds of men and women. There is no truth whatever in the statement that human brotherhood has no assured meaning divorced from the idea of Divine Fatherhood. Is it not beyond all doubt that belief in the latter has never resulted in the practice of the former? Listen to the following rhetorical outburst:—

It is faith in the All-Father which inspires our hopes for the race and which binds us to our fellow-men. Take that away, and you have removed the foundations of racial solidarity and all chance of making a united human family. The obligation to our fellows lies in the fact that God is the Father of all men and that he hath made of one blood every nation under heaven. It is all very well to shout brotherhood phrases, and to spell humanity with a capital H; but taken by themselves, apart from spiritual values, these things have no solid substance in them. They indicate merely a very sincere and laudable sentiment resting on nothing.

What Mr. Jeffries fails to realize is that history does not furnish a single scrap of evidence of the truth of his theory. If the race has a Divine Father in heaven, it has every reason to be heartily ashamed of him. No human father ever had such a quarrelsome, rebellious, and disunited family as God is supposed to have. Though he is conceived to be all-wise, all-good, all-loving, and all-powerful, he has never enjoyed the pleasure of presiding over a peaceful, contented, and happy home. Whether this is the fault of the children or of the father, or of both, we do not under-

take to determine; the only point of importance being that, as Father of the race no less than as Governor of the World, God has been a lamentable failure, and faith in him as either, or as both, has never been anything but the deadest of dead letters. In other words, supernatural religion has never done a single thing to justify its existence.

Like most of his brethren, Mr. Jeffries does not even attempt to establish the truth of any of his wild assertions. His condemnation of humanism proves his utter inability to free himself from the tyranny of prejudice. Humanism has never been tried, because supernaturalism, in one form or another, has always occupied the field. There have been many individual advocates of humanism, but they never had a chance of putting it into practice, or of giving it a fair trial. But this preacher dismisses it as being of no value whatever as a substitute for the Christian religion. Then he triumphantly exclaims: "Thus are we forced back on God, both by reason and the sheer necessities of our human life." Who are the "we" of whom that is so dogmatically declared to be true? Mostly the paid champions of Christianity, whose profession and livelihood would be gone if the people generally were to lose their faith in it. Naturally, then, the clerical "we," the preachers of the Christian Gospel, are "forced back on God"; but the majority of the inhabitants of Christendom are being slowly but steadily forced away from God, "both by reason and by the sheer necessities of our human life." Humanity may be frail enough, but it is all we have upon which we can centre our hopes. Even in Scotland, often boastfully spoken of as the most religious country under the sun, many thoughtful people no longer regard "faith in God as an indispensable conviction." Such people are convinced that religious belief does not supply us with a working theory of life, but with a fantastic theory, which nobody has ever succeeded in living up to for a single day. We admit that to a man of Mr. Jeffries's calibre Materialism may have nothing to offer which he can accept; but we make bold to maintain that humanism, divorced from all supernatural associations, offers us all that we are capable of appropriating and turning to good use in the conduct of our lives. It ministers to the best in us, and nourishes it. Love, goodness, virtue, nobility, heroism, and unselfishness are, undoubtedly, glorious possessions, but they are as natural as they are glorious; and neither in their origin nor in their development can they legitimately be treated as "tokens of the spiritual realm." They are the fruit which the tree of humanity is by its very nature adapted to bear. Does it not necessarily follow, then, that the faith we need in war-time, as well as in any other time, is faith in ourselves, in the potentialities of our nature, and in our power to convert those potentialities into actualities day by day? God has had his day, and is wholly discredited. Man's day is yet to come; but when it does arrive, we believe that he will rise to the occasion, and make it a day of power and glory.

J. T. LLOYD.

The Lost Art of Letter Writing.

It has ever been a hobby of mine, though perhaps it is a truism, not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters.—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LETTER writing, as known to our forefathers, is a lost art. Their mode of correspondence was different from ours. When they wrote their letters they were in no hurry, and they invested their thoughts in court dress, and frequently delivered themselves in stately sentences. Their handwriting often abounded in flourishes. Lady Wortley Montagu, one of the best of English letter writers, has explained the secret of success in correspondence. "Remember my unalterable maxim," she writes, "when we love we have always something to say." But letter writing is not an art that flourishes in this country, and in a

correspondence between a man and a woman it is generally the man who tires first. Edward FitzGerald wrote thousands of letters, yet he said "the English do not generally love letter writing; and very few of us like it the more as we get older." Sydney Smith says the same thing in his witty way, "Correspondences are like small clothes before the invention of suspenders; it is impossible to keep them up."

Much of the most interesting literature is treasured up in letters. Byron's letters, for instance, are among the best in the language, and are thoroughly characteristic of the man. The eloquence, impudence, humour, and force make them eminently readable. Here and there are touches of that reckless fun which he displays in *Don Juan*, as when he confesses that his handwriting is as bad as his character. Jokes about mothers-in-law are as old as the everlasting hills, but Byron could jest upon anything. Who can help smiling when he reads that Byron's mother-in-law "has been dangerously ill, but is now dangerously well again." Byron loved to accuse the poet, Tom Moore, a model husband and father, of corrupting his morals. It was all, he said, those sugary love-poems of "Thomas Little," as Moore called himself, which led him astray. John Murray, the publisher, had to endure the shafts of Byron's wit. Murray was deeply shocked by the language of the Devil in *Cain*, and piteously urged modification. Byron declared cynically that no alteration could be made without making the Devil talk like a bishop. Although Byron feared neither God nor Mrs. Grundy, he had communications from pious people. One of the most curious was a letter from a widower who had found among the papers of his dead wife a prayer on behalf of Byron, whom she never knew, but whose genius she admired. The freethinking poet wrote a courteous and sympathetic letter to the bereaved husband. Byron's heresies got into his correspondence, and in discussing the question of a future life, he urges that:—

All punishment which is to revenge rather than correct must be morally wrong, and, when the world is at an end, what moral or warning purpose can eternal torment answer? It is useless to tell me not to reason, but to believe. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but sleep.

His letters are full of Shakespearean quotations, always most happily applied. He cannot describe a crush at the opera at Venice without remarking that in shouldering his way he almost beat a Venetian and traduced the State.

Heine said, with brilliant wit, that every woman wrote with one eye on the public, and the other on some man, except the Princess Hahn-Hahn, who had only one eye. Mdme. de Sevigne never had one eye on the public, but she is one of the most charming of letter writers. The moment her name is mentioned we think of the mother who loved her daughter, of the woman who has become a classic without effort or intention. We see her writing in her cabinet, dancing at court, bantering Mdle. de Plessis, responding to the wit of La Fontaine and Pascal, enchanting cardinals and philosophers; ready to die of laughter fifty times a day, and idolizing her daughter for ever. Truth, wit, and vivacity are the secrets of Mdme. de Sevigne's charm. A born writer, she expressed herself naturally. She wrote for no purpose but to say what she felt, and to please her reader. Sincerity is in all she writes; as when she says she went to church one evening out of pure opposition, which taught her to understand the "sacred obstinacy of martyrdom"; that she did not keep a "philosopher's shop"; that it is difficult for people in trouble to bear "thunder-claps of bliss in others." It is the same from her first letter to her last; from the proud boasting of the young mother with her first child to the candid shudder at the approach of age. Withal she is delightfully feminine. A voluminous writer, she never dated her letters correctly.

Charles Lamb's letters resemble his incomparable essays; a quaint wisdom, literary taste, a brave heart

dwelling together in that buoyant humour, of which he alone had the secret. His letters are not in the least like anybody else's. Being amused by the oddity of his friend Haydon's address, he sent him the following reply to an invitation:—

MY DEAR HAYDON,—I will come with pleasure to 22 Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half-way-up, right-hand side, if I can find it.

C. LAMB.

20 Russell Court,
Covent Garden, East,
Half-way-up, next the corner,
Left-hand side.

The only fault of this facetious letter is its brevity. When Sam Weller was rehearsing his valentine to his critical father, the latter protested against its "rather sudden pull-up." "That's the werry art of letter writing," replied Sam, "it makes you wish there was more." In his letters, Charles Lamb was simply himself. Writing to his friend Manning, he says:—

I have published a little book for children on titles of honour: and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the King, who is the fountain of honour. 1. Mr. C. Lamb. 2. C. Lamb, Esq. 3. Sir C. Lamb, Bart. 4. Baron Lamb, of Stamford. 5. Viscount Lamb. 6. Earl Lamb. 7. Marquis Lamb. 8. Duke Lamb. I have sometimes dreamed of advancing as 9. King Lamb. 10. Emperor Lamb. 11. Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing but the Lamb of God.

His letters, which were written during office hours, bubble over with humour. Here is his facetious comment on a visit to Coleridge in the Lake district:—

Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I shall never forget ye, how ye lay about that night like an entrenchment. But I felt very little. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. After all, I could not live at Skiddaw. I could spend a year—two, three years—among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature.

When his friend Dibdin was at Hastings he advised him to go to the little church:—

Go in the night; bring it away in your portmanteau; and I will plant it in my garden. Seven people would crowd it like a Caledonian chapel. The glebe-land may yield two potatoes. Tithes out of it could be no more split than a hair. Its first fruits must be the last, for 'twould never produce a couple. It is truly the strait and the narrow way, and few there be of London visitants that find it. Go and see, but not without your spectacles.

Edward FitzGerald, who gave us the immortal version of the *Omar Khayyam*, confessed to a "very young lady-like partiality" for writing to his friends. His correspondence is eminently interesting and stimulating. He was a man of many and notable friendships, chiefly kept up by interchange of letters. The companion of men like Tennyson, Thackeray, Carlyle, and Lowell must have been no ordinary man. Nor would it have been possible to write dull letters to such intellectual giants for forty years. Letters show the man, and we have "Old Fitz" here set out before us just as he was, in all his kindness and humour, in his appreciation of literature and art, in his strength and weakness. A man with his tastes could not write to such men without talking of unforgettable things. His special favourites were Cervantes and Scott, Mdme. de Sevigne, and that old-world Freethinker, Michel de Montaigne. Boccaccio, too, "makes a kind of summer in his room," and Dickens "is a little Shakespeare." He even wished to "go and worship at Gadshill, as I have worshipped at Abbotsford." FitzGerald was one of the last of the great letter writers. He was at leisure all his days, and nothing is more old-fashioned now-a-days than leisure.

MIMNERMUS.

"What's in a name?" asked the poet. A man named Charles Christ was a witness at an inquest in London. It may comfort religious folk to know that he was a "German Alsatian of French extraction."

Religion, Science, and the War.—VI.

(Continued from p. 91.)

I verily believe that the great good which has been effected in the world by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilent doctrine on which all the Churches have insisted, that honest unbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and involving the same future retribution as murder and robbery. If we could see in one view the torrents of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, the slaughter, the violations of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this source along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worst imaginations of Hell would pale beside the vision. —PROFESSOR HUXLEY, *Essays on Controverted Questions* (1892), p. 356.

The Vedas and the Shastras—the writings of the Buddhists and those of the Parsees and the Chinese—contain nowhere such a justification of wholesale murder as do the Scriptures of the Jews and of the Christians. From these have been drawn the power to persecute, and if possible to exterminate, those who worship God in a different fashion to those in power.—DR. THOMAS INMAN, *Ancient Faiths and Modern*, p. 62.

The fruits of Christianity were religious wars, butcheries, crusades, inquisitions, extermination of the natives of America, and the introduction of African slaves in their place; and among the ancients there is nothing analogous to this, nothing that can be compared with it.—SCHOPENHAUER, *Religious and Other Essays*, p. 39.

THE Christian apologist listens impatiently to the awful record of the crimes of Christianity, and while admitting the truth of the record—for it is written by Christian historians—he protests that these horrors were not the result of the teaching of Jesus Christ, but were done in direct opposition to them. In fact, say the modern apologists of the tricky, sleight-of-hand, Chestertonian school, "Christianity is not a failure, because it has never been tried."

Let us examine this argument, for we hear it repeated with "damnable iteration" from the religious press and pulpit. These sophistical, dust-raising apologies always emanate outside the Churches, be it noted, from men like Chesterton, and are seized upon by the clergy, who send them reverberating from pulpit to pulpit, as if much shouting will make them true. In this case, however, they really think that in relying upon the teachings of Christ they have entered an impregnable fortress from which they can defy all attacks.

Even some Rationalists have gone astray here, and conceded more than the facts of the case warrant. Mr. Robert Blatchford, for instance—and we cite him because he always puts his case clearly and concisely—in dealing with a critic who cited the declaration of Jesus, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword," observes:—

No plain man can be in doubt as to the convictions of Jesus on the subject of resistance and war. His whole life, as related in the Testament, proves that when he commanded non-resistance he meant exactly what he said. He knew that the Jews meant to kill him, but he did not resist, he did not even try to escape. When he was arrested, and Peter drew a sword in his defence, he disarmed and rebuked Peter. He went silently to trial and submitted meekly to insult, to blows, and to death. That is what I argue from, not from a text.*

In contrast to this view, we may cite the testimony of a clergyman. The Rev. Charles Hargrove, in an article on "The Warlike Context of the Gospels," contributed to the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*, says:—

It is constantly assumed that Jesus was specially distinguished in all the milder virtues, "meek and lowly were his ways"; but this is a view of his character founded on a few striking statements, and not justified by the story as a whole. It is written that he looked "round about with anger" on those who watched whether he would heal on the Sabbath, and "he was moved to indignation" when the disciples kept the little children from him. There is nothing of mildness in his action when he drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple precincts, nor in his denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees, fierce and repeated as they are; in the parables in which he sets forth with relentless

severity the doom of the unmerciful servant, of the guest who had not on the wedding garment, of the unfruitful tree, the unprofitable steward, of the husbandmen who slew their lord's son and heir. And though the words of the prophet, "He was led like a lamb to the slaughter," are applied to him, it is not meekness but dignity which strikes us most in the record of his conduct before the High Priest or the Governor.

Much more might be said on this point. As Professor Francis Newman remarked: "Some of his invectives (as reported to us) outdo Tacitus and Suetonius in malignity, and seem to convict themselves of falsehood and bitter slander."* All this is true; but, taken by itself, it would not have led to the wholesale wars, slaughters, and persecutions which Christianity has caused, and for which it is responsible. Something more than this was needed to rouse the seven devils of hatred and cruelty recorded in Christian history.

The fact is, that the Christian doctrine of love applies only to believers. When Jesus sends out the twelve apostles to preach, he instructs them as follows: "Whosoever shall not receive you nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city" (Matthew x. 14-15). He upbraids Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum because they would not submit to his authority, and passes the same judgment upon them. He further declares:—

Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household (Matthew x. 33-36).

No one can deny that this prophecy has been fulfilled. As Feuerbach well says:—

The Bible curses through faith, blesses through love. But the only love it knows is a love founded on faith. Thus here already it is a love which curses, an unreliable love, a love which gives me no guarantee that it will not turn into hatred; for if I do not acknowledge the articles of faith, I am out of the sphere of love, a child of hell, an object of anathema, of the anger of God, to whom the existence of an unbeliever is a vexation, a thorn in the eye.†

Therefore, necessarily, as Feuerbach further declares, "Faith has within it a malignant principle. Christian faith, and nothing else, is the ultimate ground of Christian persecution and destruction of heretics" (p. 321). As David says (Psalms cxxxix. 21-2), "Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?.....I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies."

That this principle is still operative, the following quotations will show. Pastor Zoebel, speaking in the great Lutheran Church in Leipzig, said:—

It is this deep consciousness of our mission that permits us to congratulate ourselves, and rest content with a heart full of gratitude, when our guns beat down the children of Satan, and when our marvellous submarines—instruments to execute the Divine vengeance—send to the bottom of the sea thousands of the non-elect.

We must fight the wicked with every means in our power; their sufferings should give us pleasure; their cries of despair should not move German hearts. There ought to be no compromise with hell, no mercy for the servants of Satan—in other words, no pity for the English, French, and Russians, nor indeed for any nation that has sold itself to the Devil. They have all been condemned to death by a Divine decree.

Still more apposite are the words of Professor Rheinhold Seeby, who teaches theology in the University of Berlin. This Protestant theologian uses the same language the Catholic Inquisitors used to the victims they were about to torture. Preaching in Berlin Cathedral, he said:—

We do not hate our enemies. We obey the command of God, who tells us to love them. But we believe that

* Francis Newman, *Christianity in its Cradle*, p. 54.

† Feuerbach, *The Essence of Christianity*, p. 265.

in killing them, in putting them to suffering, in burning their houses, in invading their territories, we simply perform a work of charity. Divine love is seen everywhere in the world, but men have to suffer for their salvation. Human parents love their children, yet they chastise them. Germany loves other nations, and when she punishes them it is for their good.

To give one more example. Pastor Fritz Philippi, of Berlin, from his Protestant pulpit, among other things, said:—

As the Almighty allowed His Son to be crucified that the scheme of redemption might be accomplished, so Germany is destined to crucify humanity in order that its salvation may be secured.....It is really because we are pure that we have been chosen by the Almighty as His instrument to punish the envious, to chastise the wicked, and to slay with the sword sinful nations.

The Divine mission of Germany, oh, brethren, is to crucify humanity; the duty of German soldiers, therefore, is to strike without mercy. They must kill, burn, and destroy; any half measures would be wicked. Let it, then, be a war without pity. The immoral and the friends and allies of Satan must be destroyed, as an evil plant is uprooted.*

All this is quite in keeping with the language of the Jews when they were slaughtering the peaceful inhabitants of Canaan, as recorded in the Bible. It is the same language as that recorded of the Crusaders of the Middle Ages. It is the words of the inquisitor in the torture-chamber to the victim on the rack.

Such is the result of Bible teaching when put into practice. It has been the cause of more bloodshed and cruelty than any other doctrine or dogma in the history of the world.

W. MANN.

(To be continued)

The Image.

THE Rev. John Western gazed anxiously into the face of his Bishop and smiled weakly. For some time past the Bishop had caused him a great deal of worry—ever since the War started, in fact. The Rev. John Western, not knowing exactly where he stood as a professional Christian in relation to the fog-horn patriotism which surrounded and agitated his daily life, had, in weak moments, fallen back on the Bishop for counsel and advice; but whenever this happened, the Bishop contrived to leave him more bewildered than before.

"My principles," the Curate was saying quietly, "seem to be tottering upon the edge of an abyss. What would Christ do? That's what I keep asking myself. What would Christ do?"

The Bishop rolled his eyes but did not reply.

"What I feel," went on the Curate, "is that Christ would....."

"Take up the sword," snapped the Bishop, interrupting. "Of course he would. Most certainly he would. What's it say in the New Testament. Read your New Testament. Read your Old Testament. Read 'em both; and don't worry me with stupid questions. In this great and glorious War—a war which is drawing all men unto God in one common humanity, one fact stands forth clearly: Christ has taken up the sword, and don't you forget it." The Bishop made an impatient gesture and picked up the *Times*, which had fallen upon the floor, and settled back in his comfortable armchair. His companion stared at the Turkey carpet and twisted his hands nervously.

"Somehow or other I can't seem to see Christ with a sword in his hand," he remarked softly. "Look at that beautiful image of Christ which stands upon your altar. Do you know, sometimes that wonderful figure seems to come to life. I've often noticed it. When the afternoon sunlight streams through the amber and crimson stained-glass window and falls upon the white image—it's, it's wonderful."

The Bishop lowered his *Times* and gazed with astonishment at the Curate. "You're getting sentimental," he exclaimed, leaning forward in his chair and looking into the Rev. John Western's troubled eyes. "Do you realize that England is engaged in the greatest war of all time, and that sentimental Christianity is out-of-date?"

The Rev. John Western lowered his eyes. "I don't know where I stand," he murmured, "that's what troubles me. Where do I stand? I can't reconcile the vision of the peaceful Christ, as I have seen the vision upon the altar of our church, with this idea of taking up the sword and joining in the orgy of murder just like ordinary anti-Christian men." He looked up at the Bishop, who did not answer. The Rev. Western raised his hand. "Don't remind me," he continued, "that it is the function of official Christianity to compromise with whatever happens to be in power and favour. I've realized all that side of the question long ago, and I am troubled with it. We have blasphemed the vision. We and our tribe all over the civilized world have—have blasphemed. That's what we've done."

His voice grew louder. The Bishop smiled and waved his fat hand.

"I'm not going to argue with you," he exclaimed. "Read your Old Testament diligently and you will find an answer to all your doubts. I am very busy just now; you must excuse me."

The Rev. John Western said nothing, but looked out of the window upon the lawn, where the Bishop's wife was drilling a squad of khaki-clad girls. He snatched his hat from the table and went quickly from the room.

Three hours later the Bishop handed his old friend, General Wypem, a whisky-and-soda and lit a fragrant cigar.

The General drank the whisky-and-soda at one gulp and smoothed his iron grey moustache. "Bishop," he remarked in a friendly voice, "you and me have been pals since we were schoolboys. We've had our little differences of opinion on theological matters, but we've never failed to agree upon the great fundamental fact of Christianity. Begad, Sir! Christianity is a fighting-man's religion."

The Bishop half-closed his eyes and nodded slowly. "Just what I find it so difficult to make my curates realize," he said. "They seem to imagine that our Christ, your Christ, the church Christ, in short, the Christ of the New Testament—they seem to imagine that he is a sort of second-rate Tolstoyan fanatic. Good God, Sir! its disheartening. Here we are to-day, having built up a decent and fairly well-paid profession, and then a lot of half-witted curates come to me and tell me I am in the wrong."

"How do you account for it?"

"It's the image," replied the Bishop after a pause.

"The image," repeated General Wypem in a puzzled voice. "What image?"

"It was sent to me from New York," answered the Bishop, "many, many years ago."

General Wypem nodded. "I know what you mean. It stands on the altar." The Bishop nodded. "Funny thing," went on the General, "I've often been struck by that little image. Sometimes the sun comes right through the stained-glass window. My daughter noticed it too. Damned fine effect....." The General stopped short, arrested by the expression on the Bishop's face.

"Something must be done about that image," exclaimed the Bishop, rising and pacing up and down the room. "Something must be done, and done quickly. Ah, I have it! Excuse me, General, but I must motor into the town immediately. Have another whisky-and-soda and help yourself to the cigars."

The Bishop's large motor-car hummed into the main road and turned swiftly in the direction of the town. "Stop at the large toy shop opposite the Station," shouted the Bishop through the speaking-

* These three extracts are taken from the *Daily News*, Jan. 14, 1916, which cites them from the *Methodist Times*.

tube. In five minutes the car drew up outside "Perry's Toy Emporium," and the Bishop walked into the shop. Mr. Perry rubbed his hands together, and after bowing several times, served the Bishop. "The Allies are doing magnificently," remarked the Bishop, as he took the large parcel which Mr. Perry had tied up, and paid the bill.

"It's very reassuring to hear you say so, Sir," said Mr. Perry. "The sooner the War's over the better."

"It's a magnificent war," continued the Bishop. "God fights with the Allied Forces."

"Of that I am sure," responded Mr. Perry, showing the Bishop to the door. "I hope, Sir, that you will not forget us in your prayers."

The Bishop nodded condescendingly and got into his motor, placing the large parcel beside him. "Drive me to the church," he said.

The July sun was setting as the Bishop entered the church and crept stealthily towards the altar. He paused as he reached the first row of pews and stood gazing at the image. The rays of the sinking sun edged the figure with burnished gold. The light streamed through the stained-glass windows and melted upon the altar in crimson pools.....The Bishop placed the parcel upon the floor of the church, and untied the string, taking out a large wax figure, which he quickly undressed. He then crossed over to the image and placed the clothes which he had removed from his purchase upon it, stepping back to admire the effect. "Splendid!" he exclaimed, crossing himself with fervour. "This is indeed an improvement which will give my people fresh heart."

The same evening as Mr. Perry closed the "Toy Emporium," he remarked in a puzzled voice to his assistant, "I wonder what the Bishop wanted with that Boy Scout doll?"

ARTHUR F. THORN.

The Right to Affirm.

INSTRUCTIONS TO WITNESSES, JURORS, AND OTHERS.

THE following is the exact text of the Oaths Act, 1888:—

AN ACT TO AMEND THE LAW AS TO OATHS.

Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. Every person upon objecting to being sworn, and stating as the ground of such objection, either that he has no religious belief, or that the taking of an oath is contrary to his religious belief, shall be permitted to make his solemn affirmation instead of taking an oath in all places and for all purposes where an oath is or shall be required by law, which affirmation shall be of the same force and effect as if he had taken the oath; and if any person making such affirmation shall wilfully, falsely, and corruptly affirm any matter or thing which, if deposed on oath, would have amounted to wilful and corrupt perjury, he shall be liable to prosecution, indictment, sentence, and punishment in all respects as if he had committed wilful and corrupt perjury.

2. Every such affirmation shall be as follows:

"I, A. B., do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm," and then proceed with the words of the oath prescribed by law, omitting any words of imprecation or calling to witness.

3. When an oath has been duly administered and taken, the fact that the person to whom the same was administered had, at the time of taking such oath, no religious belief, shall not for any purpose affect the validity of such oath.

4. Every affirmation in writing shall commence, "I, —, of —, do solemnly and sincerely affirm," and the form in lieu of jurat shall be "Affirmed at —, this — day of —, 18—. Before me."

5. If any person to whom an oath is administered desires to swear with uplifted hand, in the form and manner in which an oath is usually administered in Scotland, he shall be permitted so to do, and the oath shall be administered to him in such form and manner without further question.

6. The Acts mentioned in the Schedule to this Act are hereby repealed to the extent in the third column of the schedule mentioned.

7. This Act may be cited as the Oaths Act, 1888.

Acid Drops.

The *Glasgow Herald* of a recent date reports a protest made by the Rev. W. Binnie at a meeting of the Ayr United Free Presbytery concerning the appointment of military chaplains. Mr. Binnie said there was a great scandal in Ayr concerning these chaplaincies, because they were all paid for, and some men were drawing salaries as minister and chaplain at the same time. Meanwhile, places to which no salary was attached could not find a minister to conduct the services. His conclusion was that "while there was been competition for posts which carried with them a salary, there was no competition for doing religious work to which no salary was attached." A correspondent also writes us on the same subject:—

The clergy in Scotland are tumbling over each other in their hunt for chaplaincies in the Army. £10 a week of pay to a padre makes Tommy's soul precious. In a number of presbyteries brethren left behind have vigorously protested against the "scandal" of the runaways from the smaller paid spheres of labour to which the Lord had called them. Some of the "dug-outs," acting as substitutes, are curious specimens of divinity; they may yet furnish a clue in the search for the lost ten tribes of Israel. There are said to be more than 300 ministerial applicants over the country waiting for posts of chaplain. Is it correct to say that the extra pay over the average stipends is the sole temptation? Without a doubt many of the younger men are glad to seize the opportunity, without loss of prestige or pelf, to escape from the internment of the pulpit. At the Front they are the odd men in the battalions, chummy and useful in a variety of ways non-ministerial. The human expands with their new freedom, and their greatest regret is that the job is not permanent.

The Professor of Theology at the University of Santiago says that his heart has been "deeply touched by the removal of the Ferrer Monument from Brussels by the Germans." We quite accept the genuineness of the tribute, and can readily believe that Ferrer's Froethought was as obnoxious to the German as to the Spanish Christian. But we suspect that after the War the Professor's feelings will be harrowed by the restoration of the monument.

The *Liverpool Echo* reports the death of Private John Williams, of Festiniog, who has been killed in action. Private Williams was shot through the heart, and the bullet passed right through a Bible he was carrying. There seems something unusual about this story. The Bible ought to have stopped the bullet. That is the way it usually acts. Perhaps Private Williams was a Freethinker, in which case, of course, the Bible could not be expected to exert its protective power.

Bishop Trodsham tells the following amusing story in a book he has published:—

While a crowd, including the bishop, was waiting on the quay of a Queensland port for a tender, a shrill-voiced child asked her mother, "Mummie, how old is God?" Whereupon a solemnly drunk cane-cutter staggered across the quay, laid his hand on the child's arm, and pointing to the bishop, said: "Missie, you ask that bloke in leggings. He's one of the firm."

Sir David Beatty, who is described as our youngest admiral—judging by his philosophy he should be about seven—is sure that God did not intend this War to be just a hideous fracas. "There must be a purpose in it." Well, we judge by results. God's purpose is to see how many thousands of strong, healthy lives can be blotted out by his Christian followers. Or perhaps his purpose was to give a chance to Count Zeppelin to see what amount of destruction his infernal machines could do. God's purpose, forsooth! One would think that even Christians ought to be able to realize that the less they say about God at present the better. If God were away on holiday, and the orthodox Devil were arranging things during his absence, he could not manage them worse than they have been managed for this past eighteen months.

The Admiral's pious letter to the Birkenhead Branch of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, from which the sentence in the preceding paragraph was taken, has given orthodox journalists a fine chance of exploiting the Navy. Religion "seems incidental to the profession, at any rate so far as its better minds are concerned," says the *Daily Chronicle*, which specially refers to Nelson. Why drag in the little admiral? His piety was rigid, but his morals were as loose as the trousers of his seamen.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebrations, which will be held in April, promises an unctuous outpouring of clerical wisdom. His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is one of the patrons, and the clergy of all denominations have been asked to pay a "fitting tribute" from their pulpits. Many of the clergy will be as well equipped for this job as the Frenchman who referred to Shakespeare as "the divine Williams."

The clergy still assert that the War is favourable to religion. The *Christian World* recently mentioned that in four Nonconformist churches in a crowded part of London, where the seating accommodation was 2,900, the worshippers numbered 319. A theatrical manager would describe this as a beggarly array of empty benches.

Owing to the War, Bobbie Burns' birthday this year was more honoured in the breach than the observance. One daily paper says that Burnsian oratory was getting "deficient in sincerity," and "the presence of the minister of the kirk" had "ceased to be a novelty." Perhaps the two things were related. Fancy a Christian minister proposing the health of the poet who said, "The Church and State may go to hell, but I'll go to my Anna."

It is always safe for the shoemaker to stick to his last. Major-General Sir Alfred Turner has been airing his views on theology, and he says, "The only mercy the Redeemer showed to the Gadarene devils was to cast them out of human beings and put them into swine." As the poor pigs were drowned, it is curious that the incident commands the respect of an officer and a gentleman.

New Days falls foul of a lady writer for assuming that Christianity has failed, and points out that she "is clearly thinking of social reform, which is something quite distinct from religion." With this we cordially agree. Religion is quite distinct from social reform—or any other reform, and we should like apologists to bear the fact in mind.

New Days, by the way, seems to be working hard to represent that type of mind which combines a hopeless obscuratation with much talk of reform. In the issue for February 5, for instance, it discusses whether the preservation of emblems of the Christian faith amid the ruins of churches and villages is miraculous or not? It has even asked a number of clergymen and other Christians to give their opinion on this absorbing topic. The imbecility of the inquiry is monumental. In the first place, all religious emblems are not preserved. Second, other things that are not religious escape destruction. Third, some things escape destruction in every bombardment and catastrophe. Fourth, are not the churches themselves emblems of the Christian faith? And if Providence could preserve—sometimes—a crucifix within the church, why did it not preserve the church itself and have done with it? It is hard to realize the kind of intelligence that can take such inquiries seriously, but its existence must be accepted as a fact, and also as an evidence that the savage in our midst is as active as ever.

The answers given to the inquiry initiated by *New Days* are worthy of the subject. The Rev. Dr. Maldyn Hughes (Methodist) thinks it possible that God "is designedly teaching the belligerents that the guns which destroy and mutilate, leave the foundations of the Christian faith unshaken." Rev. J. S. Barran (Church of England) thinks "the signs and tokens which are left are a sure testimony to God's good will and forbearance." A lady novelist, who writes under the name of "Rosa Mulholland," thinks it no wonder "if his angels and his saints.....always watchful among us, should interfere to save such consecrated things from desecration by the cruel and the blasphemous." Others write in the same strain, and the harmony is quite remarkable. On any sensible subject they would manifest a diversity of opinion. In a matter where common sense has no standing, they coo at each other with all the gentleness

of sucking doves. And these people have the audacity to talk of *uncivilized* peoples!

It is a pity that Providence which could work miracles in order to preserve a crucifix in a French village, could not have done something in the same line on the occasion of the last murderous Zeppelin raid. Six or seven Zeppelins visit this country, slaughtering women and children, and the Providence which watches over a wooden post in France not only does nothing to guard human beings from assault, but it permits the air-ships to return unscathed. Among the other tragedies of the night we see that a lady speaker at a Mission Meeting was killed while reading from the Bible, and several of the audience shared the same fate. And yet the pious stupidity, or the stupid piety, of people prevents their realizing that every instance of "providential protection" only accentuates the strength of the indictment against "Providence" for not aiding in all instances.

The Home Secretary has to deal with matters of Church preferment. By reason of Mr. Herbert Samuel's religious persuasion all Church matters are done by other officials. The British Empire is a far larger place than the old-time little England, which was aggressively sectarian.

Charming people, the German clergymen, so sweetly innocent in their sermons, which are filled with Christian love. In a sermon published all over Germany, it says it is the Fatherland's "divine mission to crucify humanity to ensure its redemption. It must be a war without pity." There is an echo of Joshua and the Canaanites in this sermon, but even the Huns dare not follow too closely "God's chosen people."

Some quite wonderful letters appear in the religious press from the Front—of course, without names being given. The *St. George's Parish Magazine* (Leeds) is responsible for a sentence from a letter to the effect that our soldiers know when prayer is slackening at home by their lack of success in the Trenches. We understood that it was chiefly scarcity of ammunition that was the trouble.

Some people—parsons in particular—have queer notions of right and wrong. The other day, the Rev. G. Martin was charged in a London police court with breaking the window of a picture shop. His reason for doing so was that he objected to the character of some of the pictures displayed. The magistrate did not agree either with Mr. Martin's action or his description of the pictures as indecent, and promptly fined the self-elected censor 30s. The impertinence of people on a religious or moral crusade is proverbial, but we hope that Mr. Martin's iconoclastic ardour will be cooled for a time.

At last we have the secret of the Dardanelles failure. The Bishop of Chelmsford, in reply to the question, "Who was responsible for failure in the Dardanelles?" replies: "If we believe the Biblical story of the success of Joshua so long as Moses held his hands up, then they must believe that if the whole Church had been keen in prayer, in sacrifice, in real fasting, and in getting close to God, then last August they would have been through the Dardanelles." Really, if that is a fair sample of the British intelligence, we do not think one need look further for failure in any direction.

Rev. Dimsdale T. Young says he views this War as a "chastening." Unfortunately, the wrong people get chastened. And, anyway, we are rather puzzled how anyone who is blown to pieces by a Zeppelin bomb in England, or a German shell in Flanders, can be chastened. To chasten a person is to purify him; but these people are not purified, they are simply killed. Even Mr. Young isn't improved by the War. He talks more stupidly than ever.

Mr. Grant Ramsay declares that "the best, cheapest, and most healthy clothing is air." This is the clothing that King David wore when he danced before the Ark.

In a recent publication, *The War and the Prophets*, the German Kaiser is identified as "Antichrist as portrayed in the Bible." Our pious forefathers used to imagine that the great Napoleon had that honour, but other times other manners.

Mr. George R. Sims says St. John's Wood used to be known years ago as "The Grove of the Evangelist." Many people have a hazy idea that it had something to do with "Revelations."

To Correspondents.

- Mr. COHEN'S LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.—February, 13, Liverpool; February 20, Birmingham; February 27, Leicester; March 5, Portsmouth; March 19, South Shields.
- B. DURNFORD.—You will see that [we are reprinting this week a copy of the Oaths Amendment Act.
- J. M. TURNBULL.—We are obliged for the help you are giving in obtaining new subscribers. The account of your friend's death is most interesting, and we are not surprised that it left an indelible impression on your mind. Doubtless many of these attempts to secure death-bed conversions are all well meant, but this does not negate the bad taste displayed. It only serves to illustrate how effectually religious conviction overrides good manners, and, very often, ordinary decency.
- DR. ROFUS K. NOYES (Boston, U.S.A.), writes:—"Always count on me as a subscriber while living. You have the best paper in the world." We have done the counting—and the blushing.
- J. BUNCE.—Sorry we cannot find room for your letter, although we find ourselves in cordial agreement with a great deal of it. We are afraid few people recognize in times such as these that the man who stands out against a popular clamour offers an example of a higher and rarer courage than those who yield. And it is not a question of being in the right. It is one of having convictions and not being afraid to stand by them. That, if people could only realize it, is one of the most valuable of a nation's assets.
- T. OWEN.—We have every hope of getting the thousand new readers before the year is out. Pleased you appreciate so highly our weekly bill of fare. It encourages one to persevere.
- R. E. BINGHAM.—It is the spirit that counts. Mr. Cohen will be pleased to see you when he visits Liverpool.
- R. IRVING.—Mr. Foote's *Bible Romances* will be reprinted as soon as possible. But the present condition of the paper market compels caution in the matter of new publications.
- F. RICHARDS.—Your experience is interesting and pleasant, but not, we are glad to say, unusual. The *Freethinker* has readers and admirers in all quarters and among all classes, and these are continually turning up in the most unexpected manner. We are sending on a supply of leaflets. Thanks for offer.
- MR. BURRIDGE (Truro) will be glad to learn whether the parcel of *Freethinkers*, sent in response to a note in this column some weeks ago, reached its destination.
- A. BRADLEY.—Thanks for cuttings, which are always welcome; also for your efforts in the local press. We are not surprised at the other item of information in your letter. Substantially the same reports reach us from other parts of the country. Your help in assisting our circulation is much appreciated.
- W. BARTON.—We shall be very pleased indeed to possess the early copies of the journal to which you refer. Thanks for compliment and good wishes.
- N. S. S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges R. LLOYD, 2s.
- E. RAGGETT.—Thanks for second subscription to Memorial Fund. Like yourself, we should like to see a much larger number of subscribers to this Fund, but the times are difficult, and many wait until the last moment before sending.—The gentleman you mention receives the *Freethinker* regularly. We would certainly print postcards with *Freethinker* headings if we thought there would be a demand for them.
- LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.
- ORDERS for literature should be sent to the Business Manager of the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C., and not to the Editor.
- LECTURE NOTICES must reach 61 Farringdon-street, London, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.
- 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.

Concerning the "Freethinker."

THE Government decision to restrict the import of paper-making material has brought about something in the nature of a crisis. Paper now stands at quite double the price it was before the War, and there is not only the promise of a still further rise, but we are threatened with a paper famine. Most papers are using a cheaper quality, and many fewer pages, in order to meet the situation. But to those responsible for the issue of periodicals, the paper question has become a nightmare. Our Business Manager tells us he dreams of mountains of paper by night, and we know he runs about seeking them by day. The first thing is how to get a supply of paper. The second, how to get it at a reasonable price.

So far there has been no alteration in either the size or quality of the *Freethinker*, and I had hoped, however great the struggle, to have kept it so to the

end. With the cost of material doubled, one is compelled to review the position, and there are three courses open. (1) The price of the *Freethinker* might be raised. (2) We might issue 12 instead of 16 pages. (3) Print on a commoner paper.

I think most readers will agree with me that the last is the wiser course to adopt, and it is that which has been decided upon. We have enough paper in hand for several weeks, but when that is exhausted another quality will be used. This will not be a cheaper paper, as owing to the ruling prices, it will be about 50 per cent. more than we paid eighteen months ago. Still, it will bring the cost within more manageable limits, and so make the burden lighter.

The cost is not the only cause for anxiety. The supply also gives occasion for concern. We think, however, that we can see a way to get over this by taking advantage of an opportunity to purchase a six or seven months' supply within the next two or three weeks. If this can be done, we shall have taken all the precautions possible. We may, however, be faced with the difficulty of making a cash payment for this stock of paper, but with the aid of a few friends I think this can be accomplished.

Personally, I find this paper difficult the more annoying because it gets in the way of the realization of several new features I had in contemplation for the *Freethinker*. Among other things, I was making arrangements for the issue of a monthly four-page literary supplement, which, I am sure, would have been greatly appreciated. For the present this will have to be put on one side, as will the issue of several new publications which were in hand. These, and other things will, however, be proceeded with as soon as circumstances are favourable.

The matter of new type for the *Freethinker*, to which I referred some weeks ago, is being proceeded with. This should have been secured two years ago, and naturally the need for it grows more acute. In the course of two or three weeks the *Freethinker* will be reset in new and, I think, more attractive type. Some of my readers may think this is taking on a great responsibility in these times, but one can't run a paper such as this without facing responsibilities, and the only good rule is to face them as cheerfully as possible.

Fortunately, the sale of the paper continues to be satisfactory, and I must take this opportunity of thanking all those who have been helping to increase its circulation. Thanks to their efforts, we have not only made good the loss of readers caused by the War, but have secured a substantial number of new ones. These help us to meet, even if they fail to cover, the increased cost of production. And we shall reap the full reward of this increase with the close of the War and the return of our old readers to civilian life.

So the outlook is not, after all, so black as it might be. The *Freethinker* is passing through the most trying time it has ever experienced during the whole of its existence, but it will weather the storm safely. All those who are working for its success may, therefore, continue in the full confidence that their energy is not being expended in vain. Our difficulties now are no more than an investment that is destined to secure a splendid return in the future. C. C.

Sugar Plums.

To-day (Feb. 13) Mr. Cohen lectures in the Marlborough Hall, Hardman Street, Liverpool. There will be two meetings—afternoon and evening—and we hope there will be a good rally of Freethinkers from Liverpool and district. On Saturday evening (Feb. 12) there will be a meeting of Freethinkers at the Clarion Café, Lord Street, at 7 p.m., at which Mr. Cohen will be present. The purpose of this gathering is to unite local Freethinkers in an endeavour to put the propaganda of the district on a satisfactory basis, and we hope that all who can will make it a point to be present. It is impossible to make the most of the situation unless all who have an opinion on the subject attend. Whatever differences may exist—whether on personal or

public grounds—can then be brought forward. It may be possible to find a *via media*, and, in any case, it will clear the air—and, we hope, the ground.

Two crowded meetings rewarded Mr. Cohen on Sunday for his visit to Abertillery. Judging from the attendance at the lectures, as well as from what we hear, South Wales is ripe for a very vigorous propaganda. The sale of the *Freethinker* is also increasing in this district.

Judging from letters received, the idea of a "*Freethinker* League," referred to in last week's notes, for the purpose of increasing the sales of the paper locally, appears to have caught on. And we must say that we foresee quite a number of interesting possibilities if the scheme is properly developed. Several have written expressing their willingness to co-operate, and if all who are ready to do so will favour us with their names, we shall be pleased to place those in a given locality in communication with one another, and so make for economy of action and efficiency of effort. One place from which we require two or three more names is Wigan. We have received one name and address only from there.

The "G. W. Foote Memorial Fund" has now been in existence just over two months, and we had hoped when it was initiated to have closed it at the end of January. Although the response for the first few weeks was very satisfactory indeed, it has "tailed off" latterly, and we should like to see an improvement effected. Of course, we quite recognize that we are living in abnormal times and that it is the worst possible time to raise money. Still, the occasion is itself an unusual one, and should appeal with peculiar force to all Freethinkers. We know of many people who intend subscribing, and others may be waiting to let the course of events determine the amount of their subscription. But, withal, we must confess to being a trifle disappointed at the result of our appeal thus far. To say nothing of the amount, there should be at least a thousand subscribers to a Memorial Fund of this description, and we hope to see this number before the Fund is closed. At any rate, we sincerely trust that the response will be such as will enable us to announce an early date for closing the subscription list.

Mr. Foote's books were those of a reader and a student rather than those of a collector, although there were among them a number of volumes possessing a personal interest, in the shape of presentation copies from George Meredith and others. The whole of the books were, however, purchased by the sons of the late Bertram Dobell, who continue their father's business; and those of our readers who would like to possess a memento of our late chief will thus have an opportunity of doing so. There is also a very interesting personal appreciation of Mr. Foote by Mr. P. J. Dobell on the first page of the catalogue. We have ourselves looked longingly at quite a number of the books catalogued, but have had to be content with thinking what a hole we would have made in that catalogue had our means equalled our desires. Messrs. Dobell's advertisement will be found on the last page of this issue.

A public debate has been arranged to take place to-day (Feb. 13) in the Birmingham Town Hall, between Mr. Samways, Editor of the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury*, and Mr. Clifford Williams, representing the Birmingham Branch of the N. S. S. The subject for discussion is "Secularism v. Christianity," and from what we know of both gentlemen, we have every confidence in predicting an interesting discussion. Mr. Samways is able, courteous, and fearless, and Birmingham Secularists have the utmost confidence in their representative. We hope that the Town Hall will be crowded, and we see no reason why it should not be. There is to be a charge for admission, and the "net proceeds" are to be divided between the Birmingham Markets Charity Fund and the Birmingham Gazette Fund for providing comforts for the troops.

There is a vacancy in our publishing office for a lad of fourteen or fifteen. The labour is not arduous, neither does it involve long hours, and it affords a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the routine of work in a publishing office before launching out on a wider career. Particulars may be obtained any day on application. No previous experience is necessary.

The members of the Kingsland Branch invite all members of the N. S. S. resident in North London to attend a meeting on Sunday evening, February 13, when matters of importance concerning the propaganda in that district will be discussed. For further particulars see Lecture Notice.

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."—Tenth List.

Previously acknowledged. £356 19s. 6d.—Mr. and Mrs. Shiel, £1; R. Hodge, 5s.; R. E. Bingham, 5s.; W. Hill, 5s.; G. A. Reynolds, 10s.; Ormyre, 10s.; E. Raggett (2nd sub), £1 1s.; P. J. and A. E. Dobell, £5 5s.; F. Gray, 5s.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; R. Bell, 2s. 6d.; H. S., 1s.; W. Mc., 1s.; R. P., 1s.; R. J., 1s.; W. A., 1s.; C. H., 1s.; W. Barton, 1s. 6d.; E. Garrard, 1s.; A. Smith, 6d.; W. King, 5s.; A. Gillman, 2s.
Per Miss Vance: R. Lloyd, 2s.

Well-Known Freethinkers I Have Met.

III.—F. J. GOULD.

MOST of the Freethinkers whose careers I have outlined in the articles I have written in these columns, would be correctly described as "aggressive" in their attitude towards the Christian superstition. But though they were aggressive towards beliefs which reason and experience convinced them were untrue in themselves, and mischievous in their effects upon mankind, it must not be supposed that they were not men of constructive minds—that they did not desire to build as well as to pull down.

Some time ago I was talking to a friend of mine, who is a well-known dramatist, and I referred him to a criticism of one of his plays that appeared in a well-known journal. Well, replied my friend, "Any motley fool can take a pickaxe and knock down a house, but it requires a very clever man to construct or build one."

Undoubtedly the constructive mind is the rarer; but when you find the destructive and constructive qualities in combination, in one and the same person, you find a gem of the first water.

Mr. Fred. J. Gould, whose career I am about to describe, is essentially a man with a constructive quality of mind. By critical examination and logical analysis he has been able to liberate himself from the creeds of Christendom. He has not only been able to see through their errors, but he has been able to preserve all that was good in the old faith, and out of the old materials and materials of still older faiths, he has been able to construct a more rational and a more beneficial philosophy for the rising generation.

Frederick James Gould has had a most interesting and romantic career. He was born at Brighton, December 19, 1855. His father was an Opera Chorus Singer, and as that is a very precarious occupation, he frequently found himself unemployed and in poverty. Between July, 1865, and June, 1868, young Gould was choirboy at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. He was very attentive as member of the Bible-class of Lord Wriothsley Russell, Queen's Chaplain, who subsequently placed young Gould in comfortable lodgings. Later, Mr. Gould became a teacher at a school in the village of Chenles, Bucks, and Lord Russell was the Rector of the parish church.

Between 1871 and 1877, young Gould studied hard, prayed hard, believed hard, amid very peaceful rural surroundings, and though the Rector tried hard to induce him to join the ministry, he remained faithful to his choice, viz., that of a duly certificated teacher of a National School. He soon became the head teacher of the village school of Great Missenden, Bucks, where he helped to establish a library and institute.

About this time he began to question the efficacy of prayer, and the reality of the happening of miracles, as well as the question of whether the Bible was the inspired word of God. In short, he became very restless in mind, was troubled with all kinds of doubts, and finally decided that the only way to get anything approaching intellectual freedom would be to come to London, where, among a mighty crowd of inquirers, he would not be noticed.

Consequently, he came to London in 1879, took unto himself a wife, and became assistant master at Turin Street Board School, Bethnal Green. Soon his inquiring mind led him to seek intellectual enlightenment in various directions, and before long he found emancipation from some of his early superstitions by listening to Charles Bradlaugh, G. W. Foote, Charles Watts, and other Freethought orators at the Hall of Science. Gradually, as he became convinced of the truth of Secularism, he began to speak in Victoria Park in criticism of Christianity and Theism, and in 1888 he published his first Freethought pamphlet, *The New Pilgrim's Progress from Freethought to Secularism*. He also became a Freethought lecturer, and accepted engagements at Leicester and various Branches of the N. S. S.

In 1885 he began to write for the *Literary Guide*, then for the *Secular Review*, (later the *Agnostic Journal*). This led to serious trouble for him in his profession as a schoolmaster under the London School Board. The parent of one of Mr. Gould's pupils was shown a copy of the *Secular Review* containing an article on the horrible doctrine of hell-fire, and when he saw Mr. Gould's name as the author, he was so astonished and disgusted that he sent a copy of the publication to the Rev. J. R. Diggle, then Chairman of the London School Board. Mr. Diggle sent for Mr. Gould and questioned him about the article. Mr. Gould at once acknowledged that he was the author, and further, that he was not ashamed of his Freethought views, but, on the contrary, he had reason to be proud of them. However, the matter was brought before the Board, with the result that Mr. Gould was transferred to another school, Northey Street, Limehouse, and withdrawn from giving religious instruction, the Bible lessons being handed over to the headmaster. This went on for three years—from 1888 to 1891—when Mr. Gould found his position so intolerable that he wrote to the Board asking to resume Bible teaching as an Agnostic; in other words, to teach the Ethical view of the Bible. After an animated debate, in which the Rev. Stewart Headlam, the Rev. Copeland Bowle, and two others supported his application, with Mrs. Besant voting in favour of Mr. Gould continuing to give Secular instruction only, his request was declined; he shortly afterwards resigned his position under the Board and entered upon an active career in the Ethical movement. During this period his literary output was very extensive. He wrote a *Life of Bruno*, *Stepping Stones to Agnosticism*, and a *Concise History of Religion*, in three volumes.

From 1896 to 1899 he assisted Dr. Stanton Coit in the Ethical movement, helped to start the *Ethical World*, a weekly journal, and to found the Union of Ethical Societies, also the Moral Education League. But during this time he did not cease to write occasional articles for the *Freethinker*, which were always gladly accepted by its late Editor, G. W. Foote. He also wrote *Tales from the Bible* and *Tales from the New Testament*, from an entirely rationalistic point of view, also *Pioneers of Modern Thought*.

From 1889 to 1908, Mr. Gould acted as Secretary to the Leicester Secular Society, where he conducted the Sunday-school, delivered lectures from time to

time, organized bazaars, arranged operettas and other entertainments, and painted the scenery. Such versatile talents deserved recognition. But this was not all. Mr. Gould found time to stand as a candidate for the Leicester School Board on a programme which embraced the novel idea of Secular Moral Instruction as well as other drastic reforms. Mr. Gould, I believe was returned second on the poll, and he very soon persuaded the sensible members of the Board to adopt his scheme of moral instruction, which has since spread in various forms to other towns. While at Leicester, he wrote works entitled, *Religion of the First Christians* and *Will Women Help?* He also edited the *Leicester Reasoner* for two years.

After this, from 1908 to 1910, he carried on the Leicester Positivist Society, or Church of Humanity, but maintained friendly relations with the Secular Society, of which he has been a member from 1899.

From 1904 to 1907, he varied his duties by becoming Labour Member on the Leicester Town Council, and again in 1909-10. While a member of this body, he raised the question of Secular Education on three occasions, and on one occasion he appeared at the Police Court as a Passive Resister to the Education Tax and as a protest against Bible teaching in Council Schools. This protest appeared to amuse some of the Church of England party, and demonstrated to the various dissenting bodies that Freethinkers had a better right to protest against religious instruction than they had, since they only wanted to substitute one form of religious instruction for another.

In 1909, although opposed on placards by three vicars, Mr. Gould was, nevertheless, returned again to the Leicester Town Council. When he resigned, a year later, he acted as Demonstrator, that is, he gave a large number of lessons to children, before adult audiences, for the Moral Education League. Mr. Gould is a born teacher, and his methods of conveying instruction are at once novel and attractive. He has given demonstrations in forty cities in the United States, the daughter of the illustrious Colonel R. G. Ingersoll (Mrs. Hill Brown) organizing his meetings in New York. He has also given similar lectures in India.

Although Mr. Gould cannot claim to be an impassioned orator, he nevertheless has a very pleasant delivery; while his genial personality, his noble ideals, and his fine powers of conversation, make him a great favourite wherever he goes. He is a splendid writer, and has written a large number of works in addition to those I have already mentioned. There is a good deal of humour in Mr. Gould's composition; in a moment he sees the ludicrous aspect of a subject, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, he turns it readily to account. But he can be as serious as the melancholy Jaques when occasion serves.

Mr. Gould still lectures for Ethical and Secular Societies, he is also a member and lectures for the London Positivist Society—the group associated with that brilliant writer and thinker, Mr. Frederic Harrison.

Mr. Gould tells me that he has been greatly influenced by the teachings of Auguste Comte, and has a good deal of admiration for the French philosopher, Bergson. He is constructive and educational by temperament, and though he has completely abandoned theology, he believes that all faiths have served human welfare in the past, and does not believe any age was ever "Dark." He takes for his motto, "Love for principle, Order for basis, and Progress for end." All of which is good Secular teaching—sound in theory and admirable in practice.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

The Gospel of Mark.—V.

(Continued from p. 85.)

THE next question that requires elucidation is the apologetic theory of the Gospel of Mark being

"original"—that is to say, with no documents behind it upon which it was based—and that this Gospel was the source of a large portion of *Matthew* and *Luke*. In order to get some light upon the subject I now proceed to test this theory in the only way in which it is now possible to do so.

The following quotation from Strauss's *New Life of Jesus* appears in an apologetic work by the late Dean Farrar, which I commented upon nearly a year ago:—

The review of evidence with regard to the first three Gospels gives this result, that soon after the beginning of the second century certain traces are found, *not indeed in their present form*, but still of the presence of a considerable portion of their contents, etc.

What, it may be asked, did Strauss mean by the words I have italicized? Well, he meant that in the first quarter of the second century he had noticed that passages were quoted from an unnamed Greek Gospel, which passages were of a more primitive character than those in our present Synoptical Gospels. To illustrate this point I take some short examples from the *First Epistle of Clement*—whose date apologists place at A.D. 95, but which should be A.D. 130. This Epistle is from "The Church of God which sojourns at Rome to the Church of God sojourning at Corinth." In paragraph xiii. of the Epistle appear the following sayings, which I have numbered for reference:—

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus.....for thus he said: (1) Be ye merciful, that ye may receive mercy; (2) forgive, that it may be forgiven to you; (3) as ye do, so shall it be done to you; (4) as ye give, so shall it be given to you; (5) as ye judge, so shall it be judged to you; (6) as ye show kindness, shall kindness be shown to you; (7) with what measure ye mete, with the same shall it be measured to you.

One need not be a Biblical critic in order to perceive that the foregoing sayings are of a more primitive nature than those now in the canonical Gospels. Clement, too, professes to give the exact words—"for thus he said"—and as he was writing to the church at Corinth where the sayings would be known, he would certainly take care to give them correctly. Yet not one of the sayings is in exact verbal agreement with any in our Gospels, though five of them are near enough to be identified with the following:—

- (1). Matt. v. 7.—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Luke vi. 36.—Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful.
- (2). Matt. vi. 14.—For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.
- (4). Luke vi. 38.—Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, etc.
- (5). Matt. vii. 2.—For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.
- (7). Matt. vii. 2.—With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you (also Mark iv. 24 and Luke vi. 38).

Clement's third and sixth quotations, though taken by him from a Gospel in use at Rome in his day, are not found in any of our present Gospels. Now, what do all these inconsistencies mean? They mean that the Gospel from which Clement quoted was a more primitive version of *Matthew* than the one which has come down to us; that is to say, that our present *Matthew* is a revised version of the Gospel known to Clement; that many of the early sayings (more especially in the Sermon on the Mount) have been remodelled, and some of the most doubtful or unsatisfactory ones omitted: in addition to which the first two chapters (containing the Virgin Birth stories) have been added.

Dr. Estlin Carpenter, in his *First Three Gospels* (p. 325) says:—

It may be that the Gospel now bearing Matthew's name embodies much, or indeed all, of his collection of the Master's sayings. As one or another rendered it from Aramean into Greek, additions would be recorded, and these may in time have been gathered up and recast under the editorial plan which can be so clearly traced in the present *Matthew*. But the steps of this process can be no longer followed.

"Them's my opinions, gentlemen"—with some modification. Yet notwithstanding this revision, a large

portion of *Matthew* seems to have been left untouched, and most of the narratives in that Gospel are really more primitive than the parallel ones in *Mark* or *Luke*. As to the relationship of the Synoptical Gospels, I have, after a recent examination of the portions common to the three, arrived at the following conclusions: (1) that *Matthew* in a primitive form, and without the first two chapters, was the first Gospel in Greek; (2) that nearly all the narratives in *Mark* were taken from the primitive *Matthew*; (3) that *Mark*, in taking from *Matthew*, has, in most cases, added words or phrases which he thought would improve the narratives; (4) that *Luke* has taken much from *Mark*, but *Matthew* nothing.

The following short examples will show more clearly than a long dissertation how *Mark's* Gospel was constructed. The words in italics were added by *Mark* to the narratives taken from *Matthew*:—

- (1). Matt. iv. 17.—Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.
Mark i. 14.—*The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the Gospel.*
- (2). Matt. xiv. 14.—And he came forth, and saw a great multitude, and he had compassion on them, and healed their sick.
Mark vi. 34.—And he came forth, and saw a great multitude, and he had compassion on them, *because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things.*
- (3). Matt. xiii. 34.—All these things spake Jesus in parables unto the multitudes; and without a parable spake he not unto them.
Mark iv. 33.—And with many such parables spake he the word unto them, *as they were able to hear it: and without a parable spake he not unto them.*
- (4). Matt. xxvi. 8.—To what purpose is this waste? For the ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor.
Mark xiv. 5.—To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made? For this ointment might have been sold for *above three hundred pence, and given to the poor.*
- (5). Matt. xxvi. 11.—For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always.
Mark xiv. 7.—For ye have the poor always with you, *and whensoever ye will ye can do them good: but me ye have not always.*
- (6). Matt. xiv. 19.—And he commanded the multitudes to sit down on the grass; and he took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake, etc.
Mark vi. 39, 40.—And he commanded them that all should sit down *by companies upon the green grass. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.* And he took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake, etc.
- (7). Matt. viii. 24—26.—And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the boat was covered with the waves; but he was asleep. And they came to him, saying, Save, Lord; we perish.....Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.
Mark iv. 37—39.—And there ariseth a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the boat; inasmuch that the boat was now filling. And he himself was in the stern, asleep on the cushion. And they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he awoke, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, *Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.*
- (8). Matt. ix. 23—25.—But when Jesus came into the ruler's house.....he said, Give place: for the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn. But when the crowd was put forth, he entered in, and took her by the hand: and the damsel arose.
Mark v. 39—42.—And when he was entered in, he saith unto them, *Why make ye a tumult and weep? the child is not dead, but sleepeth.* And they laughed him to scorn. But he, having put them all forth, *taketh the father of the child and her mother, and them that were with him, and goeth in where the child was.* And taking the child by the hand, he saith unto her, *Damsel, I say unto thee, arise.* And straightway the damsel rose up and walked; for she was twelve years old.....And he commanded that something should be given her to eat.

All the foregoing extracts from *Matthew* would seem to have escaped revision: it is difficult to imagine

narratives of a more primitive character. Also, the compiler of *Mark* appears to have had more imagination and judgment than Matthew, and to have thought out every story which he copied, adding new imaginary details wherever he thought necessary—the result being that his Gospel reads more like the narrative of an eye-witness than either of the other two Synoptics. After reading Matthew's bald story of the tempest, for instance, Mark pictured to himself the boat tossed by the waves and Jesus asleep in it. Then the details came to him: the boat was filling with water, Jesus was asleep, to be comfortable he must be in the stern with his head on a cushion. When awakened, he not only "rebuked" the winds, but gave a command to the sea—"Peace, be still"—which is now the burden of a well-known hymn. The last example shows Mark at his best. His additions certainly make the accounts in his Gospel read like the narratives of an eye-witness. But all these details, however natural, were purely imaginary. No one ever witnessed the raising from the dead of the ruler's daughter, or the stilling of the tempest, or any of the other miracles recorded in the Second Gospel—not even the apostle with the preternatural memory, from whose imaginary preaching, apologists tell us, all the narratives in the Gospel of Mark were derived.

Coming now to the apologetic contention that Matthew and Luke made use of *Mark* in compiling their respective Gospels, we find that this is correct only in the case of Luke. Matthew, as already stated, took nothing from the Second Gospel, and probably never set eyes on it. Luke, like Mark, had the primitive *Matthew* before him; but he also had the Second Gospel, from which in some cases he drew largely, while in others he took nothing, or merely a phrase or two. The following is Luke's version of the last of the foregoing examples:—

Luke viii. 51—55.—And when he came to the house, he suffered not any man to enter in with him, save..... the father of the maiden and her mother. And.....he said, Weep not; for she is not dead but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead. But he, taking her by the hand, called, saying, Maiden arise. And her spirit returned, and she rose up immediately: and he commanded that something be given her to eat.

Here we see that Luke has copied all Mark's additions, including the statement that the girl "was twelve years old"—the latter being placed at the beginning of the narrative, which is omitted here on account of space. The words in italics are Luke's additions to the paragraph in *Mark*.

Looking now at the foregoing extracts from the First and Second Gospels, the question arises, Did Mark take from *Matthew*, and in so doing amplify or add details to the narrative? or, Did Matthew take from *Mark*, and in making his copy strike out and omit the words given in italics? Which of these was the case? Every rational person will, I think, perceive that the first alternative is the most natural and probable. Moreover, against the second alternative is the fact that no historical first century Mark, who was in a position to write an original Gospel, is known: all those mentioned in holy writ are mere names. In the latter case, too, it would have to be shown whence the narratives were obtained. The silly story of Mark and Peter will not wash.

(To be concluded.) ABRACADABRA.

Correspondence.

THE LIFE OF SHELLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I have no doubt that all who have some acquaintance with Shelley's life will mourn with Mr. Salt that no proper biography of the poet has appeared yet. The fault, however, lies entirely with the attitude taken up by some of Shelley's admirers. Your contributor states "Dowden himself preaches and drives over the Harriet matter." That, indeed, is quite

true. Nearly all those who have written about Shelley's life have tried with all the zeal in their power to exonerate the poet from the stain that must for ever cling to his character, with the result that the majority of the people who have not the time to investigate for themselves, have in their minds a confused idea of the poet's true character.

On the occasion of Shelley's Centenary, the frequenters at Horsham would not have resorted to whitewashing that character if there was no need for it. The reason for their doing so is to be found in the fact that there existed, as indeed there still exist, people like myself who can agree with the poet's views on religion, admire his beautiful writings, and yet not be blinded to his faults.

I do not desire to make a long defence for his wife, although I am prepared to take up the cudgels if I were called upon to do so. I should like, however, to draw your attention to the fact that Harriet Westbrook was slandered unmercifully for a long while by all those of Shelley's protagonists who had never known or seen her. Hearsay was enough for an accusation. She was described as having been unfaithful to Shelley, uneducated and extravagant. All these calumnies were exploded by Hogg and Peacock, who were personal friends of hers. The last shred of evidence, manufactured or otherwise, hitherto employed in extenuation of Shelley's conduct has had to be withdrawn.

Shelley did not live with Harriet Westbrook in Free Love. In a letter to Hogg he argues very well in favour of matrimony. We all know now, even the Philistines who will not admit it, that Shelley was directly responsible for the downfall of the girl whom he carried off at the age of sixteen. Southey's scathing denunciation of the poet's behaviour is none too severe. The poignant grief and miseries of the unfortunate girl so shamefully misled and deserted, as revealed in her correspondence with Katharine Nugent, will not only move the heart of everyone who sits down to peruse it, but will call forth the severest criticism of the wrongdoer.

Finally, as a Freethinker, I beg to state that, in my eyes Shelley's Freethought and fearless outspokenness will no absolve him from his moral responsibilities.

"SCIENCE STUDENT."

THE NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—At our recent Executive Meeting I was instructed to send a circular letter to all lapsed members of our Society, but as, in consequence of changes of address, I am unable to reach many old members, I should be very grateful if you would be good enough to print it in full, knowing its appearance in your columns cannot fail to be of the greatest service to us by bringing it to the notice of many old friends, who will, I hope, take it as a personal invitation. The letter runs as follows:—

You are one of the old members of the N. S. S. whose active co-operation at the present time would be extremely welcome. Our immediate need is to strengthen and consolidate our membership. You are one of those who took a share in, and can testify to the splendid work of the N. S. S. in the past. Will you help to renew and perpetuate that work?

Brave pioneers have cleared the ground. The least their successors can do is to sow the seed, even though it be left to others to reap the harvest. But what of that, so long as we contribute our share to the betterment of human life? Thus only can we honourably discharge our debt to the heroes whose names have been successively inscribed on our banner. One of those pioneers was George William Foote, whose removal from our midst necessarily involves some reorganization. The burdens borne by past leaders have to be re-adjusted to the shoulders on which they fall—the more inevitably in a Society of Freethinkers, every unit in which has ideas of his own about policy and tactics.

With a view to co-ordinating those ideas, and consolidating our strength for a united effort, the Executive is issuing this appeal to our old supporters, begging them to revive their interest in the Cause, and give it once more the benefit of their adhesion and influence.

May we then ask for your co-operation in the endeavour to place the Cause again in a position such as its dignity and value should command?

I shall be pleased to send forms of membership on application, but the declaration form, which so often appears in the *Freethinker*, could be used by anyone desiring to rejoin.

E. M. VANCE, *General Secretary.*

A daily paper says "time was when Bernard Shaw literally flew along the Strand," but now he walks at quite "a sober pace." We have heard Mr. Shaw referred to as "the great St. Bernard," but this suggests angelic qualities.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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INDOOR.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (5 King's Square, Goswell Road, E.C.): 7, Special Meeting.

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.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N. S. S. (Town Hall): 7, Debate, E. Clifford Williams and G. R. Samways, "Secularism v. Christianity."

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

LIVERPOOL (Marlborough Hall, Hardman Street): C. Cohen, afternoon, "Mr. Balfour on God and Man"; evening, "Christianity and the European War."

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

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