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PRICE TWOPENCE

Universal training in science has become as necessary to national efficiency as universal training in military movements and the use of arms.—SIR E. LANKESTER.

Views and Opinions.

PIETY AND PICTURES.

Picture palaces have never found much favour with the "unco guid," particularly as they committed the unforgivable offence of opening on Sundays. The police authorities all over the country have borne testimony to their influence in restraining the volume of drunkenness; but even this did not diminish the hostility to the cinema. But while the root of the opposition is religious, the avowed reason is, as usual, a moral one. And, thanks to the observations of some muddle-headed magistrates, who appear to labour under the delusion that their position makes them authorities on questions of sociology and morals, a great deal of nonsense is now written and spoken about the effects of the picture palaces on children. We are used to this kind of chatter from both these sources, but it is surprising to find a journal like the *Lancet*, in commenting on the increased juvenile lawlessness, urging local authorities to suppress all films that create in children feelings of wanton bravado and other forms of emotion that find vent in crime.

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CHILDREN AND THE WAR.

The lawlessness of children is said to have increased since the outbreak of war. I do not know that there are any reliable statistics to be obtained on the question, but it would not be surprising were it true. But does not the period during which this increase of lawlessness is said to have occurred carry with it its own explanation? And is this another instance of the "moral uplift" that the country is experiencing as a consequence of the War? If we may judge from the reports appearing in the English papers, exactly the same complaints are being made in Germany. And in both countries the real cause may well be identical. Children naturally imitate their elders, and one of the first proofs of this, after war broke out, were the war-games played by children, and the mimic fights carried on. Still more important is the fact of so many families in which the father is away fighting. In the vast majority of instances this must be taken as the removal of a controlling and disciplinary force, with injurious consequences to young boys. Most school teachers, if questioned, would, I think, admit that it is more difficult to keep boys in order than it was two years ago, and that a spirit of "lawlessness" is more prevalent now than in the pre-War period. A well-known educationalist issued a very solemn warning in this direction the other day, and its opportuneness is shown by the fact that in many elementary schools teachers appear to make it a special point to talk war almost daily to their pupils. The explanation of the phenomenon in question lies quite to hand, and there is no need to drag in the picture palaces for that purpose.

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EDUCATION AND THE WAR.

Few people except those specially interested in the subject are really aware of the extent to which this War has reacted on the child-life of the country, and, in consequence, of the extent to which it will affect the future. Evening schools, school clinics, technical schools, etc., have been closed, and nearly 200,000 children released from school in order to engage in various kinds of labour. When the need for economy—to carry on the War—arose, educational institutions were the first on which the economizing "reformer" cast his eye, and, later, his hand. That which should have been maintained to the end, has been the first to suffer. Our leaders have warned us that we should be poorer people when the War is over—although it hardly needed a Solomon to discover that. But worse than being a people poorer in pocket, we shall be a people poorer in mind. We shall be a less educated people, and so lack the most powerful means of recuperation. Sir James Yoxall well summed up the position in a bitter sentence the other day: "I will not say that education is being wounded in the house of its friends, for it has never had many friends in this country; let me rather say that education here is being treated very much as though it were Louvain."

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A BISHOP ON DEATH.

What is life? What is death? These are old questions, and in a sense two forms of the one inquiry. Naturally, the replies have been numerous, and to these the Bishop of Chelmsford has just added another. "Death is life freed from hindrances to development." The Bishop probably considers this a very important contribution to the subject, and one may take it for granted that many who read it will feel that now their information has received a considerable addition. Really, it is one of those full-sounding phrases of which people with small capacity for genuine philosophical thinking are so fond. Life, in the mind of the Bishop—if he had anything definite in his mind—is evidently something that is imprisoned in the body, and which, by achieving freedom, acquires the condition of development. And a more absurd conclusion than this it is difficult to conceive. To use an old simile, it is equal to arguing that the destruction of the atmosphere would remove all obstacles to a bird's flight. The body is not a hindrance to the development of human life, but its essential condition, and without which human life is unthinkable.

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LIFE AS ADJUSTMENT.

To realize the truth of what has just been said, one needs but to bear in mind that life can have neither meaning nor value when divorced from its present environment. As a mere biological fact, life implies the existence of conditions—physical, thermal, chemical—without which it would cease to be. Decrease below a certain point the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere, and human life would be non-existent. Raise the temperature above, or reduce it below, a certain degree, and life disappears. Transport man to a planet a thousand times the mass of the earth, and he would be crushed beneath his own weight. Biologically, life is a question of adjustment to conditions. Psychologically, the same truth holds good. Try and think of a man hearing without an

organ of hearing, seeing without an organ of sight, smelling without an organ of smell. It simply cannot be done. The activity of every one of the senses implies the existence of certain definite conditions. Even the continuation of life beyond the grave will not affect that truth. For if the individual continues to exist, it must be amid an environment substantially similar to the present one. Life cannot be thought of even save as a species of adjustment, wherever we consider it existing.

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THE VALUE OF DEATH.

True to his trade, the Bishop considers death as a hardship and a curse. At that we need feel no surprise. It is the business of the clergy to encourage a fear of death, and excite our apprehension as to what lies beyond. And yet, are we quite certain that death is without benefit? Of course, death, involving as it does the breaking of the dearest ties, must always be a sad fact. It is well that it should be so; but, on the other hand, may it not be that in that very fact lies the secret of all that we prize most in life? In what lies the secret of a parent's love for a child, of the affection of one human being for another, but in the fact that all life is terminable, that all are exposed to the accidents, the diseases, the catastrophes of existence? Guarantee us against these, let everyone be assured of living for ever, absolutely immune against disease and disaster, and how long would human affection endure? It would perish of sheer inanity. Human affection has been reared against a background of death. It is death which gives to life its whole value and significance. Death defines life and conditions it. The grave is as essential to development of character as is the cradle. Immortality would not secure development; it would make its achievement an impossibility, and of no value were it possible.

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ANTHROPOLOGY AND A FUTURE LIFE.

On this question of a future life Mr. William Archer and Sir Sydney Olivier have lately crossed swords in the pages of the *Daily News*. Sir Sydney twits Mr. Archer with having remarked that modern anthropology has analysed the illusions which gave rise to the belief in survival, and asks for some evidence that this has been done. Sir Sydney's attitude is curiously illustrative of the way in which many people evade the real point at issue. Whether anthropology has analysed—in the sense in which a chemist analyses a compound—the belief in survival is not an important point. The really pertinent consideration is that modern anthropology has traced back the idea of a "soul" to the ghost or double of the primitive savage, and has described the conditions amid which such a belief originated. To say then that anthropologists have not analysed the belief in a survival is pure evasion. They have described how it originated in the fear-stricken uninformed mind of the savage. And in doing this, they have demonstrated that the belief in survival is pure illusion. For there can be no question that the most refined or the most metaphysical theories of the "soul" have their origin in this primitive illusion and nothing else. And it is this position which the believer in immortality ought to—but never does—face. He refuses to face the fact that the condemnation of the survival theory lies in its history. We cannot really accept the proposition that while the savage was unable to understand thousands of everyday facts, he saw quite clearly a truth which the wisest of philosophers has been unable to prove. We know the conditions that gave this belief birth, and we all recognize that these conditions led to the greatest psychological blunder ever made by man. And if the whole belief is based on an illusion, it remains an illusion to the end of the chapter. Philosophy may invent excuses on behalf of the belief in survival, but all the excuses in the world can only disguise its origin. It can neither destroy it, nor prove the primitive theory true by subsequent experience.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

Byron.

The like will never come again; he is inimitable.—GOETHE.

I claim no place in the world of letters; I am, and will be alone.—LANDOR.

The art of the pen is to rouse the inward vision.—MEREDITH.

BYRON is one of the most fascinating figures in English literature. He flashed through his brief life with a disastrous glory. An aristocrat, a man of illustrious descent, he flung poems broadcast in a golden largesse. He was the Napoleon of passion and poetry, and Europe admired him. When he died a soldier's death at Missolonghi, Byronism became a contagion. From Moscow to Madrid, armies of young men lengthened their hair, shortened their collars, and were in love with poetry and their neighbours' wives. Both supremacy in genius and personality belong to Byron. Astounding, perhaps; but what a poet, what a man!

Byron's genius crossed all frontiers. He loosened the shackles of English literature; he moved the aged Goethe and roused the youthful Victor Hugo. What, said Castelar, does Spain not owe to Byron? Mazzini sounds the same note for Italy. Sainte-Beuve, Stendhal, and Taine speak of his power in France. He was the intellectual parent of Paschkin and other Russian writers, and the revival of Polish literature dates from Byron. Goethe and Eckermann, in Germany, help to complete the verdict of the continent. Why? Byron was a great poet and he was easy to understand. He deals rhetorically with elemental emotions, and he enjoyed the fame of being a rebel, an aristocrat in exile, a champion of the people. Eloquence makes a wide appeal, for it expresses with vigour the simple feelings of men. "Give me liberty, or give me death!" That is the kind of thing; a sonorous and impassioned phrase flung out to thrill the hearts of thousands. Byron's verse has this special quality. Verse upon verse of "Childe Harold" reads like oratory, grandiose and sweeping:—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

You can almost see the outstretched arm, hear the resonant voice. The effect is prodigious. "The Isles of Greece," and "Ode to Napoleon," and "Lines on Completing My 86th Year," have the oratorical note and ring—emphatic, strenuous, and impressive:

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see.
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

There is music in it; the trumpets sing to battle. Nor is this all, for Byron had a Voltairean gift of wit and satire, a superb recklessness of mocking phrase and rhyme. There he was no poseur, but all that was potent and sincere in him became triumphant, and the writer of "Don Juan" is a deathless delight. At least, he was a man. Like one of the Greek heroes, he was youthful and resplendent. Compared with many of his rivals, his voice was as the roar of a hurricane above the whisper of the ocean-foam. His burning words roused men like a tempest blast. This man sang of liberty, took up arms in her cause, and died in her defence. Even his prosaic countrymen were captivated, whilst his magnificent music thrilled the heart of Europe, compelling a continent, as at a god's command, to turn to the altars of liberty. His sympathy with the revolutionary spirit showed his Freethought, and he tells us that all forms of faith are of equal uselessness:—

Foul superstition, howso'er disguised—
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized—
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss,
What from true worship's gold can separate
thy dross?

"The Vision of Judgment," in which Byron's genius for satire has full force, is startling in its blasphemy. From its audacious opening with the angels singing out of tune, to its close with King George the Third practising the "Old Hundredth," it is full of satire of Christianity. Every epithet hits,

every line that does not convulse with laughter, stings. In the Preface to "Cain," Byron sardonically remarks that it is difficult to make the Devil "talk like a clergyman," and that he has endeavoured to restrain him within the bounds of "spiritual politeness." The drama is a forcible protest against the fundamental doctrines of orthodoxy.

In "Childe Harold" there is a suggestion of the nature-worship of Rousseau—the same Jean Jacques whose books were condemned by the Archbishop of Paris. In this atmosphere, the petty religions of man all dwindle and disappear, "like snow upon the desert's dusty face":—

Even gods must yield; religions take their turn;
'Twas Jove's, 'tis Mahomet's, and other creeds,
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds—
Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is
built on reeds.

Byron may have hoped at times for immortality; he certainly did not believe in it. How finely he apostrophizes this longing:—

Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies,
That little word saith more than thousand homilies.

He uttered a predominant mood when he wrote:—

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, sea, stars—all that springs from the great whole
Who hath produced, and will receive my soul.

Leigh Hunt, his friend, says Byron was "an infidel by reading." Thomas Moore, who wrote his life, admits that the poet was "to the last a sceptic." Apparent as his heresies are in his poetry, his letters, particularly those to his friend, Hobhouse, show he was no Christian. In his correspondence with the Rev. Francis Hodgson he is even more emphatic. His scepticism deepened as he grew older, but far too early came "the blind fury with the abhorred shears," cutting the thread of his existence. Few men impressed themselves so much upon their generation. Tennyson has told us that, when Byron died, it was as though the firmament had lost some mighty peculiar star, in whose vanishing the world was left again to chaos and night; for when Byron went flashing and glowing down the troubled skies, trailing clouds of glory, his sudden and untimely quenching afflicted men as with the sense of some prodigious, elemental phenomenon.

MIMNERMUS.

"The Gospel of Peace and Goodwill."

THE above title is the self-complacent motto adorning the banners which, metaphorically speaking, the Church has proudly flown over her sanctuaries for nineteen centuries. And yet I suppose it would be difficult to parallel it with an instance in which motto and conduct are in such diametric and tragic contradiction.

During ordinary times, few people reflect upon the absolute antagonism which exists between Christian profession and Christian conduct, though, "like the poor," it is ever with us. But when eleven nations—nine of whom are Christian, and the other two only brought into the fray through Christian intrigue—are at war, it is asked, quite pertinently, Can there be any truth in the above motto? And sighting the danger to which their ethereal craft is exposed, the clergy have rushed forth to the rescue as if they were a body of soldiers called upon to save a Zeppelin in a storm. It is amusing to see how strenuously they tug at every cord and rope, and make use of every available sandbag, in a determined frantic effort to save the Christian ship from becoming an ethical wreck amid the murderous storm which now rages over Europe with unparalleled vastness.

Their predicament is not such as to fill us with envy; they are in an awkward plight; they continue to profess and preach a religion of universal love, one whose characteristic ethic is epitomized in the command to turn the other cheek to the smiter.

And yet each side, in this titanic struggle of life and death, strains the human intellect to its utmost capacity to devise more and more deadly and efficient means of devastation, ruin, and murder. The irony of the inconsistency is too palpably tragic for even the self-complacent clergy to ignore entirely; with the result that the pulpit and its press have become factories for pouring forth a continuous stream, not exactly of poisonous gas, but of a thick sophistic mist, to obscure that reprehensible contradiction that exists between Christian profession and Christian practice.

The truth of the motto could easily be tested historically. The reader could be taken for an "excursion," not through space, but in a "time-machine." He could be invited to make a start at *Anno Domini* One, and conducted through the recorded scenes of the Christian era up to the year 1916. The sights would be neither Elysian nor paradisiacal; they would be more comparable to those witnessed by Dante as he wended his way through Inferno. Lurid scenes of agony and bloodshed; of war and massacre would almost continuously meet his view. *Nowhere* could he see any sign of "peace and goodwill" save on the banners which the Church has had the effrontery to wave over scenes of desolation and death.

Though such a time-excursion would be highly instructive, and, to most, a rude awakening from a self-complacent reverie, yet that is not our purpose in this paper. Our object is rather to show that from its very nature it was impossible for Christianity to be a "Gospel of Peace and Goodwill." It was from its birth an inevitable source of discord and animosity.

In the first place, it was a religious *reform*, and as such it was essentially a movement calculated to awaken resentment, provoke antagonism, and stir up strife. To reform religion means breaking with the past; destroying the continuity of religious thought and feeling—an experience which, to the average person, is attended with so much mental distress and pain that he bitterly resents any attempt at doing it.

Mankind is cut up into a great variety of religious species, which retain their characteristic features more or less unchanged in a manner somewhat analogous to that in the zoological world. And, as is the case with the animal body, these mental species preserve their type through inheritance from the past. The Mohammedan child will assume the mental features of Islam, and the Christian child will acquire those of Christianity, as truly as the offspring of an animal will resemble its parents in form and instincts. The difference is in the mode of transmission. The latter is internal, in the form of congenital disposition; while religious ideas are transmitted externally, by means of language. These, by the bye, have one humorous characteristic; each religious species considers itself to be the only true and right form of religion, as if the pig or the ass was to consider itself the only true and perfect type of animal life!

To what, then, do religious species owe their comparative fixity of pattern? In other words, why are they so resistant to change?

Religions derive their remarkable stability from both our intellectual and emotional natures. Our mental kosmos, be its nature what it may, is a complete unity which holds together by the perfect mutual adaptation of all its parts. Every idea within it is dovetailed so perfectly to the rest so as to form an indissoluble whole. In the mental world it is not only truths that are mutually congruous. Quite as commonly, if not more so, it is a case of error fitting into error, and of myth into myth, embracing each other as closely and completely as the component crystals within a crystalline mass. Such is the solidarity of this microcosm that to remove or distort one cardinal element means upsetting the whole mental fabric—a crash that is usually attended by more or less anguish; and for that reason most people resent it with much anger.

But the most effective obstruction to any change comes from the mass of sacred emotion thrown around such ideas in childhood. Everything connected with religion is taboo or holy. This feeling of sanctity acts as a moat and rampart, forbidding any approach to them. To get near is as difficult as to approach a trench protected by lines of wire entanglements ten deep. No access is possible till this emotional barrier is broken down, and penetrated. And it is as true, mentally as physically, that nothing but "high explosive shells" can demolish such effective protection. But that means discord and tumult and warfare, and not "peace and goodwill." That figment of a reform—the New Theology—caused at the time no end of stir and flutter, and a good deal of ill-feeling, though it was, as we now know, only a spectacular display of a few squibs and rockets.

All this talk, you may say, is only theory. Very well; turn to the accepted record as preserved in the Gospels. What have we there? Nothing but the story of a prolonged bitter quarrel between a reformer—the reputed Founder of the cult—and the representatives of the then current orthodox opinion; that is to say, only an account of a normal conflict between new and old ideas, attaining its tragic climax on the cross.

Are such events the symbols or the outcome of "peace and goodwill?"

To ask the question is to answer it. KERIDON.

(To be concluded.)

The Ruins of Christianity.

WE imagine that the writer of an article entitled "Birth and Death," in the *Times Literary Supplement*, had serious qualms in approaching his subject. For nearly four columns he gyrates gracefully. Finally, we are left with a sense that Christianity means anything, and it is a calamity for apologists that the enemy countries are Christian. With the greatest desire to be just, Freethinkers are absolved from the responsibility of the piety of the German and Austrian Emperors. Having thus cleared the ground, let us examine a few assertions made by the writer, who seems to have a very bad case:

"In no religion do birth and death play the part which they play in Christianity." In this manner the article commences. We agree; we should also agree if the writer had included marriage; and for these three aggressive reasons of tyranny, we say, hold, enough! In the name of common sense, the capacious maw of Christianity shall not take all. It has taken these three central facts of existence—and look at the result. It is indecent to speak the word Christendom. That useless body, called priests, have laid hands on humanity, and blasphemy—worse than Voltaire's is the result. Yes, with sadness in our hearts we agree that in no religion do birth and death play the part which they play, not even in the religion of the Eskimos, the Choctaws, or the benighted heathens who have only sufficient sense to worship the sun—the giver of light and warmth, at whose approach the earth becomes clad in flowers.

Presumption was a Greek sin; the flight of Icarus towards the sun exemplified this; the wearing of Achilles' armour by Patroclus caused the death of Achilles' friend. In a word, presumption is arrogance; and if we felt inclined to moralize, the European debacle is a punishment for Christian arrogance. Yes, truly and with sceptic generosity, do we concede and admit the truth that the baptismal font is neglected by Freethinkers, and the grave, for us, becomes a place where we strew a few flowers, and, in the words of our late leader, we show our respect for the dead by service to the living. At this time of day it requires very strong eyes to examine the account of the stewardship of Christianity in which birth and death play so great a part.

Hear the apologist again: "The Lord's birth is the most joyous and universal of the festivals of Christianity, the most beautiful of Christian stories, the most gracious and human of the subjects of Christian art." Now, patient readers, with our gloves on, let us turn to the New Testament. In the Gospel of Matthew ii. 16, we read:—

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men.

Do Christians read their Bible? Do they imagine that their critics do not? And, one asks in exasperation, can anyone writing the English language assert this utter nonsense with a straight face that it is a story "the most gracious and human of the subjects of Christian art"? With the events surrounding Christ's birth, as stated by Saint Matthew, then, by the wooden shoes of Joseph, we shudder to examine the *least* "gracious and human subjects of the Christian art." Once again, yea, birth and death *play* a great part, ad nauseum. What are we to think of this extract? "Sober judgment cannot help noting of it that it [Christianity] is the only religion which has frequently, and in large numbers, made men mad."

We trust by now that the reader will not imagine we are quoting from a madman's diary. This is in defence of Christianity; this is to justify the present position of Christianity; this is to prove the superiority of Christianity! Let us see; the savage, when he perceived a red glow in the east, stood up in amazement and probably exclaimed in wonder, God! The sun was warm. The birds in the trees awakened and began to sing. Under the cool shade of a tree, the savage could watch the fruit ripen, and when the sun sank in the west, he would probably go to sleep. Do we not see the superiority of Christianity now? Are you wearied reader? Does not the deluge of religious apologetic books from the press proclaim that there is something rotten in the state of Christendom? Let us see how the heathen stories read compared with the gracious and human stories of Christianity:—

That night the wife of King Suddhōdana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star
from heaven—

Splendid, six-rayed, in colour rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked, and white as milk of Kamadhuk—
Shot through the void; and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook;

the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came
forth

As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine
thrills

Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh, ye!" it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

This is rather refreshing after the carnival of blood according to Saint Matthew. Now let us look elsewhere for the rays of the dawn of humanity.

In the *Iliad*, conveniently ascribed to Homer, we find that about 1,000 years B.C., the poet had observed a child plucking at its mother's gown in the desire to be picked up and carried. In no other book do we find such stress laid on the virtue of hospitality; beggars are sent by Zeus, and are to be received as a duty. In our present day, we are so civilized and Christianized that earthenware tablets warn off the vagrants—the flotsam of mankind made in the image of God.

As literature, no one will quarrel with the Bible; but to impose its divinity by aggression, is the essence of Christianity which all rational men will resist. Christianity is not a philosophy. Philosophy is like

a gentle breeze—moist and warm. Christianity is the roaring gale that tears up trees, and destroys homes to prove that it is—a roaring gale.

We confess that we have no patience to proceed further with our examination of "Birth and Death." As Freethinkers, we say, make merry with what you will; but if you hurl at us your creed of Judaism, and the stuff preached by that unspeakable fanatic, Paul, then for the protection of ourselves, we decline to believe in the revelation of the Bible. Our path lies in another direction. In our search for Humanism we can only stay to examine the Bible and pass on to other lands where fairer flowers bloom for the traveller—for all who walk in that land known as the Heart of Humanity.

WILLIAM REPTON.

Talks With Young Listeners.

IV.—THE OPENING EYES.

MANY were the Gods whom Man the Maker created in his dreams and fancies, his broodings and visions. One of these was Yahweh,* the God of the olden Hebrews.

This Yahweh could make gardens, and rivers, and animals, and angels, and men. He made man in this wise,—he got dust or clay, and moulded the stuff into a human shape, and breathed or inspired into its nostrils, and the shape rose up and walked. Then Yahweh planted a garden and there he put the man, Adam, whom he had formed, to work as gardener. A great fount of waters bubbled from the soil of Eden, and rolled in four streams four different ways; and nuggets of gold and bits of glistening onyx-stones were to be found in the earth. Two trees spread their mighty boughs in the middle of this park; one was the Tree of Life, and the other was the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

"Eat of the fruit of what tree you will," said Yahweh to the man, "but never of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Eating its fruit will bring death into the world."

And now the man began to find the use of names. His own name was Adam, or Man; and to the creatures that crept, walked, flew, or swam, he gave names as he would,—lizard, horse, eagle, carp, and so on. But to none of them could he give the name Friend or Companion. So Yahweh caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam; and, while the man slept, Yahweh drew one of the ribs from the sleeper's side, and shaped it into a woman.

"Woman," said Adam, as he looked upon his friend and companion,— "this is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh."

They were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed. Their eyes were not opened to the knowledge of good and evil, for they had not eaten of the forbidden fruit.

The serpent, four-footed and clad in gleaming scales, looked at the woman with its subtle eyes, and said, "Is it true that God has not let you eat of every fruit in this Paradise?"

"Yes," she replied, "for we may not eat of the Middle Tree, lest we die."

"Die you will not," said the subtle one. "Eat, and your eyes will be opened to see things not seen before."

She plucked the ripe and rich fruit,—apple or pomegranate, the legend sayeth not what; and she ate, and gave some to her husband.

Their eyes were opened. They knew they were naked, and they gathered leaves from the fig-tree, and made leaf-girdles to hang down from the waist.

"Adam," called a voice. "Adam!"

It was the voice of Yahweh, planter of Paradise, and moulder of animals and man; and the man and the woman fled in fear to the shade of thick-growing shrubs.

Thus had knowledge begun. They knew nakedness; they knew fear; and this new Knowledge, or Conscience, would grow fast enough, and painfully. Stern was the judge, and hard the doom. They must needs come to the light, with bent heads and trembling, and three dooms were dealt out to the three sinners, for nothing was gained when the man blamed the woman, and the woman blamed the subtle one.

These were the dooms,—For the serpent, loss of feet, and war for ever between the sons of man and the sons of the snake. For the woman, the pain of child-bearing, and the care of child-rearing. For the man, toil, endless toil, in tilling the earth, and fighting its evil growth of thorns and thistles, and so must he labour and sweat till Death came, and man, made of dust, would return to the dust from which he was moulded.

The serpent, gliding on its belly, slunk into its den. The man and woman, clad in rough garments of skin which Yahweh had fashioned, went sadly out of Paradise Lost. Nor could they enter again, or eat of the fruit of that other tree in the middle, even the Tree of Life; for Yahweh's terrible guards, the Cherubim, kept the gate, and a fiery sword, flashing up and down and right and left, swept its terror across the path.

And so the human eyes were opened to curse, and pain, and care, and struggle, and labour, and loss.

And love. For the woman bore children, girls and boys, and the first Family dwelt in the first shelter, and the best of all names was first named when Adam called his wife Eve; for Eve means Mother.

Human eyes were opened now to love and friendship, to the value of helping and of service.

The knowledge grew, and the open eyes were to learn the meaning of wrath, and war, and bloodshed, and death, and the grief of the mourner who weeps over the slain.

Cain, the eldest son of Adam and Eve, offered Yahweh a gift of fruit, in token of his worship, and of his obedience to God. Abel, the younger son, offered the body of a young animal,—kid or lamb; and Yahweh chose the animal gift. Cain, in jealousy and anger, felled his brother dead to the ground; and when the voice of Yahweh asked him where Abel was, he answered sullenly,—

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Then a curse was set on Cain, and Yahweh branded a mark upon his skin (perhaps his hand, perhaps his brow), so that all might know the murderer.

Cain was father, or chieftain of a tribe; and these Cainites were artificers, or men of skill and wit; some skillful in the building of cities; some in shepherding the flocks in pastures round about the tents of goats'-hair; some in framing three or seven-stringed lyres and the Pan's-pipes made of reeds whose blowing made music; some in forging tools of bronze and iron, or weapons for wounding and killing animals in the chase, or alas! the wounding and killing of men. And so men's eyes were opened to yet wider fields of knowledge,—building, hunting, shepherding, smelting and smith-craft, war and music and song.

* * * *

Such is the tale of the happy Golden Age, and of the Fall, or Sin, of Man, as told in the book of Genesis.

Another Hebrew legend is found in the book of *Enoch*. This Enoch is supposed never to have died, and the book contains an account of his vision. He tells how he saw a huge date-tree on a mountain, and under this tree was the throne of God, the Eternal King. Thence he travelled across a land of sweet spices, and so came to a garden where spikenard and pepper grew. This was Eden, or the Garden of Righteousness, and in it Enoch saw the Tree of Wisdom, on which hung clusters of fruit like purple grapes. The garden had three gates, and out of two gates blew the winds of evil fortune, and out of the other blew the soft breeze of good fortune.

The Greeks told that the King of Heaven was

* Usually written Jehovah, sometimes Jahveh, or Yahveh, or Yahwe. The name may be pronounced Yah-way.

angry with Prometheus for stealing fire, and planned a very cunning punishment. A beautiful woman was made out of clay, and named Pandora, and sent to Prometheus' brother as his wife. Now Prometheus had begged his brother never to take a gift from the Gods, but he forgot his warning, or, if he remembered it, he heeded not. Pandora found in her husband's house a strange box which he bade her not to open. Well, she pulled the lid off, curious to see what the box contained; and out flew all sorts of horrid diseases and spites and troubles to fill the world with woe. One little magical creature was left in Pandora's box, and that was Hope; for amid our worries and sorrows, we can always hope for happier times.

You will notice that, not long after Adam and Eve left Paradise, a city was built, and then came inventors who made tents, tools, weapons, and musical instruments. This is the Bible story of the beginning of civilization.

In our last chapter on the story of the Unfolding or Evolution, we heard how man unfolded from an ape-like creature of the forest. He lived in no happy Golden Age, for he had to struggle for existence against the tiger, the bear, and the wolf. Early men lived in their clans, or groups of families, in caves,* and made rude huts. Men learned to hunt animals, to tame them, to use fire, to sow seeds, to make clothing, to fashion stone tools and weapons in the Stone Age, bronze tools and weapons in the Bronze Age, and iron tools and weapons in the Iron Age. They thought stones and trees and rivers and stars and animals had life and feeling like themselves; and in their fear and worship of these things they began the story of religion. To the Gods they offered sacrifice, and in honour of the Gods they danced; and no doubt some of the first music was drawn from the twanging of bow-strings or the blowing of reeds in Pan's-pipes. Such is the tale of Early Man as it is told to-day.

The legend of Paradise Lost is related in the way of the poet by John Milton, whose poem tells:—

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden.

And Milton carries the tale on to the sad going-out at the gate, when Adam and Eve said farewell to Paradise:—

They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

But, in truth, there never was any Fall of Man. The story of man is the story of a climbing, or Ascent, from very grim days of forest-life, and wars with beasts, and wanderings in wild places, to the days of cities, and quiet homes, and gardens, and schools, and the opening of the eyes to science. Much more of the long road has yet to be climbed, so that our human race may rise above the wars and the diseases and the hunger of the old times.

Courage, comrades! We will go on climbing.

F. J. GOULD.

Correspondence.

SLANDERING SHELLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your correspondent, who signs himself "Science Student," appears to know as little of science as he knows of Shelley. Had he a sense of humour, he would scarcely have rushed into print with his posthumous advice to Shelley and his lamentations at the errors of his ways. "Science Student's" ideas on the subject of marriage and irregular unions may be of interest to himself; but he is very unconvincing in his role of judge. It is quite clear he has never yet realized that Shelley's greatest error was his marriage with Harriet, while his least mistake was his union with Mary, which was at first irregular. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by "Science Student." The psychology of genius is a big subject, and not to be measured by the canons of respect-

* Such as the long, winding cavern of Wookey Hole in Somersetshire.

ability. If your correspondent will reflect, he will find that the life of Nelson and the career of Napoleon were ghastly failures if judged by the rigid ethics of Upper Tooting. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." Instead of grumbling because our geniuses wear so curious and unusual an aspect, the best is to be for ever thankful that we have them at all.

MIMNERMUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In reply to a "Science Student" on Shelley, in the *Freethinker* of February 13, I deny the fact that we have no proper life of the poet. Edward Dowden's is an excellent work, and cannot be surpassed as a detailed biography; it is adequately expressed, and does not fail as a criticism of his work. For critical essays, we have an admirable one by Robert Browning, and another by Francis Thompson, to say nothing of many good criticisms contained in other books. We have had in the "Lives" of Shelley every possible solution to the world's "rights and wrongs" of Shelley's actions. Take, for instance, the headings of two chapters in Salt's Biographical Study—"Marriage Without Love" and "Love Without Marriage." This is sufficient evidence of the truth, and shows that Shelley's action was inevitable; therefore there is no cause for argument either for or against the action.

Shelley married. Finding the life impossible to his temperament, the bond was broken, and he loved again, which is a perfectly natural action to a man of his principles. It is also an event which is continually occurring around us. Admittedly, it was a terrible tragedy, but it was unavoidable; Harriet was undoubtedly the greater sufferer of the two, but in all such affairs one suffers more than the other.

Moreover, what possible bearing has the private life of Shelley on his creative work? None whatever. Your correspondent fails to see the dividing line between the poet's genius and the poet's morals—the two have no connection.

We already have a "Life" of Shelley slandering him as a man and slandering his work, written by Thomas Jeaffreson, a biography which no person should tolerate. The only "Life" we have not had is a large volume entirely occupied with the abuse of Shelley's "morals." Presumably, a "Science Student" sees necessity for the publication of such a book.

Every criticism of the action of Shelley is futile, for his poetic genius and his steadfast principles will surmount all the slander of the world.

Shelley certainly was a Freethinker; your correspondent calls himself one also. Strange that he should not allow Shelley the freedom of his own actions.

V. H.

"ABRACADABRA" AS CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—May I reply briefly to some criticisms passed on my views by "Abracadabra" in his interesting articles on the Gospel of Mark?

His chief quarrel with me is that I am inclined to accept Papias' statement, derived from John the Presbyter, that Mark was Peter's interpreter, and wrote from what he had heard from Peter. In accepting this I have no intention of suggesting that Mark excluded matter from other sources which he thought reliable, still less that Peter's public preaching consisted of anecdotes, such as those found in the Gospel. All that I infer from Papias is that Mark served Peter as an interpreter—an uneducated Palestinian Jew would be glad of a companion, who knew Latin, to accompany him in visiting Italy—and that Mark later worked into his Gospel, with other matter, what Peter had told him in conversation.

"Abracadabra" objects that if true, this would be known to all churches in the first century, and not have been "news" to Papias in A.D. 140. But how does he know it was news to Papias? Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Eusebius, all "considered it worth making a note of," but "Abracadabra" does not suggest that it was news to them. To appreciate the significance of Papias' statement, we must remember the nature of his work. He entitled it "An Exposition of the Sayings of the Lord," and said in it, according to Eusebius, that he preferred to rely on oral rather than written tradition. To justify this, Papias referred to the two written Gospels which alone, apparently, he considered worth noticing, Mark and the Primitive Matthew, and criticized them—Matthew as faultily translated into Greek. Mark as having no arrangement. This is Papias' motive for referring to Mark, and not, as "Abracadabra" assumes, to impart "news."

"Abracadabra" says Mark cannot have been Peter's interpreter, because Peter only preached to Jews, and "would have nothing to do with Paul and his Gentile converts," so that he needed no interpreter. This is not what the passage in Galatians says. So far from having nothing

to do with Gentile converts, Peter got on quite well with them till "certain came from James," and only then dropped their acquaintance. For all we know, he may have veered round again later. Even if he only preached to Jews, an interpreter would have been useful to him on a visit to Rome, for other purposes than preaching. So much for the rationality of Papias. There is no need to drag in Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria, whose remarks are obviously mere embellishments of Papias.

"Abracadabra's" second criticism of me turns on the point whether Mark is an original Gospel or derived, as he thinks, from the primitive Matthew. The examples "Abracadabra" gives of Mark's dependence are none of them convincing. E.g., would such a lover of the marvellous as Mark have omitted to give the details of Jesus' alleged encounter with Satan, if he had known them? "Abracadabra" gives eight passages in his article of February 13, in all of which he thinks it evident that Mark has amplified Matthew's version, to make the narrative read more like that of an eye-witness. But why should Mark have done this if, as "Abracadabra" says, he was a second-century bishop, who wrote frankly under his own name, and could not pretend to be an eye-witness? In all the passages quoted, it is just as likely that the compiler of our Matthew abridged Mark's story in order to make room for the discourses, etc., which he wished to insert in his Gospel. This is Renan's view, and there is nothing necessarily "apologetic" about it.

Again, if Mark is admitted to be a second century bishop of Aelia Capitolina, what are we to think of "Abracadabra's" remarks re the non-existence of Nazareth? Nazareth is distinctly named in Mark i. 9. Now, a Roman Christian in Italy may have been mistaken about the existence of a village in Galilee; but a bishop of Jerusalem can hardly have been so careless as to write of a non-existent place about seventy miles from where he lived. "Abracadabra's" arguments, therefore, contradict one another.

To clinch this matter of Mark's originality, take the features peculiar to his Gospel. They include, among others, the attempt of Jesus' friends to arrest him as a lunatic; the inability of Jesus to work many miracles in his own village; the reference to the young man who fled naked from Gethsemane, and to the sons of Simon and Cyrene, Alexander and Rufus; and the statement that the women told nobody about the empty tomb, because they were afraid. Does "Abracadabra" think a second-century bishop invented these touches to improve the narrative? What value could they have had? What, e.g., were Alexander and Rufus but names, in the Church of A.D. 135?

The fact is that one, if not two, persons named in the New Testament are quite conceivable as authors of the Second Gospel. "Abracadabra" dismisses John Mark of the Acts, Mark of the Pauline Epistles, and Mark of 1 Peter v. 13, simply because Paul know nothing of any Gospel narrative, the Acts are unhistorical, and First Peter is a forgery! A romancer or forger would try to authenticate his work, if he could, by introducing real rather than imaginary people as companions of the central figure! When one forges a letter, one does not give the show away by putting in "Kind regards from Mrs. Harris."

The foregoing remarks of "Abracadabra" show, I submit, a want of logic which impairs the effect of his wide reading, and a disposition to prove too much which, while almost universal among Christians, is unhappily not unknown among Freethinkers. It is not, I need hardly add, as an "apologist," but as a lover of literary and historical truth, that I venture on this ground respectfully to join issue with "Abracadabra."

ROBERT ARCH.

Acid Drops.

"It seems as though God himself were sitting on the fence," said the Bishop of Chelmsford the other day at the Queen's Hall. It should be explained that the Bishop said this "reverently"—which makes all the difference. If we said the same, it would be blasphemy; but the Bishop sums up God's attitude "reverently." And yet that does seem to sum up God's attitude. What was he doing when the Lusitania and the Arabic were torpedoed? What was he doing when the Zeppelins visited England—God's England? What has he done to protect women and children against murder and outrage in this War? Obviously, nothing. He remains as neutral as death, as impartial as a blizzard or an earthquake. Carlyle complained that "God does nothing." One can only say that he does it consistently.

One thing is clear, we shall have to get through the War without God. And we hope the moral of this will be realized. If we can manage without God for two or three years of a war such as this, we should be able to get along without him

in the task of social organization and reorganization. And we might reflect that social organization, *plus* God, has not prevented—even if it has not contributed to—the present state of affairs. Social organization, *minus* God, could hardly be worse. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying. Shut up all the churches for a year, or two; educate the clergy to some really useful social work, and use the revenues of the churches for experiments in social enterprise. The experiment might yield some wholly unexpected results. We have had a world with God, why not try a world without one?

"A converted and instructed clergy is the first need of the Church," says the *Church Times*. What further proof is needed of the failure of Christianity? They have had it pretty well all their own way for centuries; they have had a finger—more often a whole fist—in every national pie, and now we are told they need converting and instructing. And who is to instruct them? To what are they to be converted? And will anyone succeed in doing one or the other while they represent one of the largest vested interests in the country? The only way to usefully instruct the clergy is to rationalize the public mind. And that will convert them to some better way of getting a living by making present methods impossible.

But when all is said and done, we are not inclined to be over harsh with the clergy as individuals. They are the undesirable products of a vicious system. Given any body of men that represent a vested interest, and there will be elaborated a class ethic suitable to its preservation, with a strong tendency to maintain things as they are, and to resist all change. But when we have, in addition to this, a religion, a crass conservatism is inevitable. For the whole life of religion is rooted in the past, the whole reason for its existence is in the past, and every step forward makes the position of the clergy less secure. That is why the clergy of all religions and of every nation, as the *Church Times* admits, "conform to the standards of the world about it, mistakes formality for piety, and confuses respectability with virtue." The clergy will reform quickly enough when the system that holds them becomes impossible. There is often a man associated with the priest, if one can only dig him out.

A paragraph in the press states that a popular cinema-actor receives £300 a week for his services. "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The poor Archbishop of Canterbury does not get more.

Astonishment has been expressed in Conservative newspapers that a Cambridge butler left estate valued at £16,160. He was employed at Corpus Christi College. According to the Gospels, Christ himself was sold up for thirty shillings.

A jumble sale at Fakenham, in aid of ambulance work at the Front, realized £4,058. Won't the dear clergy be jealous?

"This is war-time; nobody cares what they wear; I don't," said Judge Bray at Bloomsbury. Yet it would require rare courage to imitate the dresses of the twelve disciples.

A good story is told of a strapping young Christian who had been invited to enlist, and who wrote to the recruiting committee: "I do not feel I ought to leave my wife while there are any single men left at home in this district."

Mr. Israel Zangwill, writing in the *Daily Chronicle*, says "the German god is not a god at all. He is only a German." Where do Mr. Zangwill and the editor of the *Chronicle* expect to spend eternity?

"A fear of death and what came after," was said to be a characteristic of Lieut.-Colonel Stokes, who committed suicide in hospital the other day. Less religion might easily have divested the poor man of this, one of the most marked products of a religious training.

The Rev. F. H. Gillingham, the cricketer-parson, regrets the "growing softness in our public schools," and refers to the time when, "with great dignity and due solemnity, we received six or twelve strokes with the birch." It is characteristic that a Christian clergyman should associate the idea of flogging children with solemnity and dignity.

There is talk of a National Mission of Repentance and Hope to be held next autumn. That is another clerical

contribution to the solution of our national difficulties, and may, presumably, be taken as a justification for releasing the clergy from the obligations of the Military Service Act. The mission cannot be held until the autumn because time is needed for advertising, organizing, etc. And when the people have been properly instructed as to what is expected to result from the mission, and how they are to behave during the mission, we shall be duly informed as to the *spontaneous* outpouring of the spirit, etc. After that, things will go on as before this elaborate piece of clerical bluff was perpetrated.

The Bishop of Chelmsford said that the need for a national mission was seen in the fact that the churches were no better attended in Mayfair than in Spitalfields, and "in many respects the Church was out of touch with the great mass of the people." This we quite believe, but how is the mission going to effect this? The mission will, as usual, be attended by those who look upon these revivals in much the same way as a periodic drinker looks upon a recurring drinking bout. These people attend every revival that comes along, they are regularly and duly "converted" at each, they congratulate each other on having had a good time, and the outside world remains quite unaffected. The only benefit, so far as we can see, is gained by the clergy. It advertises them, and impresses unthinking outsiders that religion is still of value to the nation at large.

The dear *Daily News* says that "the late Mr. Kier Hardie to most clergymen was something like the Beast in Revelation." As the Kaiser and others have been identified with this sacred animal, there will soon be enough of the "beast" to fill a zoological garden.

A wounded soldier, returned from the Front, referred to the strapping young curates who have not yet enlisted as "Mother's Fireside Fusiliers." Not a bad description!

Father Watt, a Roman Catholic priest, preaching at Alton, said "Charlie Chaplin was more important to many people than Almighty God." This does not indicate the much-advertised revival of religion.

The Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr. Watts-Ditchfield, speaking at an intercession meeting in London, said "God had his politics." Progressive Christians will hope fervently that they are not the same as the Bench of Bishops.

Colonel Lockwood, M.P., says "it pains me to see the way children are brought up in elementary schools. Enormous sums of money are spent on education, but somehow we have not got the right end. We must teach the children to respect God." The gallant colonel ought to know that in the Church-schools the children are taught little else than to "respect God"—and their masters and pastors.

At Westcliff-on-Sea Mr. Herbert Spencer has been appointed as curate to one of the churches. Christian Evidence lecturers will note that this is not the world-famous philosopher.

Most of our readers will remember the hubbub in the religious world when Mr. R. J. Campbell, then posing as a daring revolutionary thinker, published his book on the New Theology. As we said at the time, Mr. Campbell was neither a thinker nor a revolutionary. And we also pointed out that he lacked staying power. Events showed that our judgment was quite correct. When Mr. Campbell found that the old-fashioned and infantile Freethought advocated was likely to cause trouble he began to "hedge," and, finally, as our readers are aware, rejoined the Church of England. Now, the notorious Mr. Kensit has written to the Bishop of Birmingham questioning Mr. Campbell's orthodoxy. To him the Bishop replies that "a searching examination has been made by four clergy" into Mr. Campbell's beliefs, and report that Mr. Campbell's book was "withdrawn by him," and there is "no doubt of Mr. Campbell's present orthodoxy." So ends the career of this daring and robust thinker.

The *Church Times* suggests a week of "real and genuine prayer, accompanied by some voluntary penance.....as an act of reparation to God." But why reparation? This world is God's world—if there be a God. He made it. He made man also. He has—if he is God—the power to stop the War, as he had the power to have prevented it beginning. Really, we think that what is needed is an act of reparation from God to man. We think it was Winwood Reade who said that if there be a day of judgment, it will not be man's place to kneel suing for mercy. His place will

be that of an accuser charging his Creator with gross cruelty or downright bungling.

For quiet prayers, the Rector of Nevendon, Essex, has an ideal post. Writing in the *Wickford Parish Magazine*, he says: "For over four years I have said the early service alone, and therefore consider it useless to announce or keep to any fixed hour until I find some who are willing and able to attend such services." This beats some of our City churches, where the congregations of some half-dozen or so are said to listen to services performed by well-paid parsons.

The Bible is a really wonderful book. You can find anything you like within its covers. It altogether depends upon how you read it; and if, on reflection, you don't like the interpretation of to-day, you can easily invent a new one for to-morrow. Naturally, then, it was to be expected that even Conscription would receive a Biblical warranty, and the Rev. J. E. Roscoe has supplied the proof in a little pamphlet, entitled *Conscription in the Bible*. He finds it in Numbers i. 2-3, "Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls; from twenty years old and upward, and all that are able to go forth to war in Israel."

Sir John Rees is setting an example in economy by travelling third class on the railways. Perhaps the bishops, thirty-nine of whom share salaries amounting to £180,700 will follow this example.

Why is it that religious people permit themselves such undue licence of expression. Statements made by the Rev. F. B. Meyer as to soldiers' drinking habits have brought a caustic reply from Lady Limerick, who says, "I never thought it possible that an ecclesiastic should go out of his way to slander the brave fellows. The next suggestion, I suppose, will be sackcloth and ashes for the boys." We hope Brother Meyer appreciates his "Limerick."

We are indebted to a contemporary for the following:—

Pastor F. Koehler, of Berlin, has published a pamphlet entitled *The World War in the Judgment of German Protestant Preachers*. Herr Koehler has examined about 800 war sermons, and gives the quintessence of them in his pamphlet.

First as to the Divine mission entrusted to Germany: "We firmly believe that Eternal Providence is using our people to execute a universal judgment on our enemies" (p. 19). "We make war as a holy crusade against all that is profane and gross in the world" (p. 31). "For our part we continue the work which Christ has sealed by the Cross—namely, that the Prince of this world may be expelled, and that the power of the wicked may be broken" (p. 31). "Germany conducts the War as a Divine service" (p. 41). "We fight for God and for the victory of his just cause in the world against his worst enemies" (p. 41). "We must now—it is for this we are called—defend God against the world" (p. 42).

Although of German origin, this does not come to us with an unfamiliar sound. We have had much the same sort of thing from our own clergy, with the substitution of the Allies for Germany. Between the clergy of the different nations there really seems little to choose. They are all equally stupid, or equally energetic, in trying to keep other people so.

The Bishop of Bangor does not feel that he can set himself against the policy of reprisals. The Bishop calls it a "punitive" policy, and, we suppose, in this way salves his conscience, forgetting that it is essentially the fact of the punishment in these air raids falling upon non-combatants, against which all right-minded people revolt. The Bishop says that in a war like this we cannot separate combatants from non-combatants, which is precisely the offence for which we blame Germany's conduct of the War. We quite admit that, in any war, non-combatants suffer with combatants. That is inevitable; but to deliberately act so that they shall suffer is to divest war of the last shred of decency that covers its barbarism.

We quite admit that the Bishop has Biblical warranty for his attitude. So also have those who are opposed. That is one of the beauties of taking the Bible as a guide. You have "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and if that does not suit you, you have the counsel of non-resistance and the injunction to turn one cheek when the other is smitten. That is what makes the Bible such a convenient, if not reliable, guide.

According to a theatrical paper, the cheaper parts of the theatres are fuller than ever, and "the gods" are more numerous. Does this mean a revival of religion?

To Correspondents.

MR. COHEN'S LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.—February 27, Leicester; March 5 Portsmouth; March 19, South Shields.

J. ROBERT.—You did quite right in walking out of the recruiting office when the officer declined to permit affirmation on the ground that he had no instructions from the War Office. The authorities should see to it that the officials they appoint know their duty. And the ignorance of the major, before whom you also appeared, but who knew nothing about the right to affirm is inexcusable.

H. MEREDITH (Calcutta) sends his congratulations to editor and staff on keeping the *Freethinker* up to so high a standard.

R. DUDLEY.—Mr. Cohen replied by post to your comments on articles for children, but the letter has been returned through the Dead Letter Office—after some delay.

A. MCKEE.—Sorry we are unable to use the communication you send us.

E. RAGGETT.—The editor of the journal you name is quite at liberty to reprint the whole or any part of Mr. Cohen's "Views and Opinions." The more frequently, the better.

"ANNO DOMINI."—It was good of you to send out this paper to a man at the Front, and his assurance that it has been eagerly read by others beside himself is, we expect, the return you would most prefer for your action. It is not, however, the first case of a first acquaintance with the *Freethinker* being made in the trenches.

S. M.—Don't allow the officials to prevent your exercising what is undoubtedly your right. Be firm and respectful, and you will most probably get your own way.

S. H. LAYCOCK.—By all means join the local Branch of the N. S. S. We are sending your address to the Secretary, who will doubtless write you. Glad you liked the lectures. You have hit on the reason for a few leaving before the meeting was concluded. Where audiences are gathered over a wide area, such things are inevitable.

H. C. WHITE.—Your letter is a very good one, but its length rather invites the editor to decline it if he has any inclination that way. Thanks for promise to co-operate with the "*Freethinker* League." Other matters noted.

W. DODD.—Thanks for good wishes.

J. ANDERSON (Edinburgh).—We will advise you so soon as we receive other names from your district for a "*Freethinker* League."

G. A.—Of course, it will be a struggle, and we may have to take an extra reef in our waistbelt, but we shall pull through, and that is everything.

J. N. HILL.—It is not, as you say, a favourable time in which to raise money, but there was no choice in the matter. Death comes when it will, and we must make the best of it.

"INQUIRING CHRISTIAN."—We do not see that any useful purpose would be served by following the matter further at present.

F. M.—Thanks for document, which will be useful.

W. WALKER.—The sentence had, as the context indicates, reference to mental capacity. All that seems possible here is a development, and there is no evidence that we can see this development is inherited by a man's descendants, except so far as his mental activities become part of the general social structure.

J. T. WATKINS.—Thanks for all you are doing to help the paper.

T. HOLLYWELL.—We do not think you could get a copy of Bonwick's *Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought* except at second hand stores. It is not a scarce book and we daresay some dealer would get a copy for you.

E. DALE (Egypt).—Pleased you receive the *Freethinker* regularly, and that some of your comrades appreciate its contents. We have no doubt that some, as you say, will be regular readers when they return home. Once read, always read.

N. S. S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges: G. A. Poyton, 5s. 3d.

N. S. S. GENERAL FUND.—Miss E. M. Vance acknowledges: G. A. Poyton, 6s.

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

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THE NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY'S office is at 62 Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

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

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

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

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.

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.

G. W. Foote Memorial Fund.

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

BELOW we publish the Eleventh List of subscriptions to the "G. W. Foote Memorial Fund." It will be seen that we are still a little short of £400; we intend closing the subscription list at the end of March. As was said last week, we hope by that time to have reached the round figure of £500. This cannot be said to be an extravagant aspiration when one considers in whose honour the Fund is being raised and the purpose for which it is intended. Personally, I have a strong conviction that the £500 will be secured, but I should like it to be secured as early as possible.

One friend has written me asking, Why close the Fund at the end of March? Why not keep it open until the desired amount has been secured? Of course, I could do this, but I feel that a number are withholding their subscriptions until they see that the list is to be closed, and if instead of March 31, I said December 31, I do not expect they would send before December 29. As some of these dilatory ones are among my own personal friends, no one can accuse me of malice in saying so much.

So I think we had better keep to March 31 as the closing date. There is a full month in which to raise the sum of £100, and there is at least another thousand *Freethinkers* whose names should figure on the list. For the Fund is not an ordinary one. It is in essence a mark of respect paid to a great fighter in the cause of humanity and progress.

C. C.

"The Roll of Honour."—Eleventh List.

Previously acknowledged, £367 6s. 6d.—F. S. Keeble, 2s. 6d.; R. H. Chancellor, 3s.; F. Saunders, 2s. 6d.; W. H. Blackmore, 2s. 6d.; C. J. Maxwell, 2s. 6d.; J. Watson, 5s.; C. E. Hearson, £2 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. Snelling, £1 1s.; J. R. Holmes, £1 1s.; Anno Domini, 10s.; W. Dodd (2nd sub.), £1; A. Goodwin, 5s.; Pte. G. Barker, 5s.; J. Boston, 1s.; T. W. Hicks, 5s.; J. A. Reid, 2s. 6d.; A. J. Fincken, £5; H. C. Strong, £1; Sceptic, 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Watkins, 2s.; J. T. Watkins, jun., 2s. 6d.

Per Miss Vance: W. Tipper, 5s.; T. Judge, 2s. 6d.

Per J. N. Hill: J. Barratt, 6d.; G. Roberts, 6d.; F. Watts, 6d.; J. Read, 6d.; J. Hill, 6d.; B. N. Hoye, 2s.; J. N. Hill, 2s.

Per H. Courlander (S.A.): R. Alexander, £1 1s.; A. Phillips, £1 1s.; T. A. Battern, £1 1s.; H. Courlander, £1 1s.

Sugar Plums.

There was a good and very appreciative audience at Birmingham on Sunday last to listen to Mr. Cohen's address on "Christianity and the War." On Saturday evening Mr. Cohen attended the Annual Dinner of the Birmingham Branch as its guest, and spent a most enjoyable evening. There were speeches brief and bright, songs tuneful and well sung, a couple of excellent recitations from the Secretary, Mr. Partridge, and a clever sleight of hand performance by a gentleman with whose name we are unacquainted. Altogether, the Birmingham Branch is full of "go," and we hear that the recent debate in the Town Hall between Mr. Williams and the editor of the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury* left an excellent impression with those who heard it. A summarized report of the debate, by the way, appears in the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury* for February 19.

To-day (Feb. 27) Mr. Cohen lectures at the Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate, Leicester, at 6.30. His lecture will be a criticism of Mr. Balfour's Gifford Lectures on "Humanism and Theism." These lectures were widely advertised as a most important contribution to the literature of Theism, and many will no doubt be interested in a criticism of them from a *Freethought* standpoint.

Our readers will notice with regret that Mr. Lloyd's pen is absent from this week's issue. When we wrote last week

we had hoped to be able to report more favourable news, but unfortunately a severe attack of bronchitis supervened, and he felt quite unable to write this week. The bright side of *this* dull cloud is that Mr. Lloyd tells us he is sleeping better, and that will enable him to fight his way back to health the more effectively. And although we desire him back on the paper at the earliest possible moment, we should not like him to retard his recovery by working until he is quite fit to do so. In these matters, "hasten slowly" is the best rule, and in writing this we feel that all Mr. Lloyd's friends and admirers will agree with us.

Several groups of the "*Freethinker* League" have already been formed, and others are in process of formation. The idea of this "League" was suggested by one of our readers, its purpose being to secure small groups of five or six persons who would between them induce local newsagents to display the paper, by guaranteeing the sale of a certain number of copies. The loss would in any case be no more than a few copies weekly, and might not be anything at all. Where the plan has been put into operation, it has met with success, and other places are waiting to get to work. Single names have reached us from Crouch End, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Newport, Wigan, York, Peterhead, Glynneath (S. Wales), Beccles, and Huddersfield. We are anxious to meet the others who will co-operate with them. If the names and addresses are sent to us, we shall be pleased to effect the necessary introduction.

If this plan of a "*Freethinker* League" is carried out on anything like a general scale, we feel quite certain of that thousand new readers we asked for a few weeks back. There are, of course, many other ways in which new members may be secured, and we don't care how they are obtained so long as we get them. And it may cheer everyone up to know that we *are* getting them.

Mr. Bowman, of 14 Southgate Road, London, N., and Mr. R. Miller, of 8 Sidar Road, Wood Green, would be glad to hear from Freethinkers in their localities who would co-operate with them in canvassing newsagents on behalf of the *Freethinker*.

The Government decision to restrict the importation of paper-making material by one third, will probably have the effect of steadying prices, although it will keep them high. It will probably press heavily on the smaller buyers. Papers with large circulations and plenty of capital, will be able to get first in the market, while the poorer ones will have to struggle along as best they can, victims to such as thrive upon their necessities. We are making every endeavour to cope with the situation; and it is on occasions like these that one feels the need of capital, also the inconvenience of living from hand to mouth.

Although we stated distinctly in our issue of February 6 that even printing on a cheaper paper would mean an increase of 50 per cent. on the pre-war cost of production, some of our readers appear to have formed the impression that a cheaper paper would wipe off the increased cost. We must point out that this is not the case, and since we wrote there has been a still further rise in price. There is no paper on which we could print that would not represent an increased cost of about six shillings per ream—which prints about 500 copies. And it is not only paper that has risen, but other things as well. To put the matter graphically, every copy of the *Freethinker* is now costing about a farthing-and-a-half more to produce than was the case eighteen months ago—roughly about thirty shillings per thousand. Our readers will now have some idea of the task of keeping a paper alive which, at its best, could only just make end meet. Still, it will be kept alive. Nothing but a German occupation of London will stop the *Freethinker* appearing. But it's a devil of a job, all the same.

There will be a meeting of Liverpool Freethinkers to-day (February 27), the particulars of which—place, time, and subject of lecture—will be advertised in the local press on Friday, February 25. Will Freethinkers in Liverpool please note that the local Secretary is Mr. W. McKelvie, 21 Globe Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool.

We had a visit on Tuesday last from a friend at Bristol who is both willing and anxious to help the Freethought movement in that city. And from what he tells us, the city needs a vigorous Freethought propaganda. But to carry this out, it is necessary to get the names of, say, half-a-dozen people in Bristol who are willing to co-operate. If free-thinking Bristolians who see this paragraph will communi-

cate with us, we shall be pleased to place them in communication with each other.

One of our readers, home from the trenches, writes:—

I am glad to be able to confirm fully the various extracts you have printed from letters from the Front. I have found out that, however good Christians my friends were, their religion had very little restraining influence. As for the Church Parade (which was compulsory except when we were working in the lines), why, even the most hardened Christians "cussed" and swore at it! I could almost sympathize with them, and always took advantage of their grumbles to discuss Christianity and the War.

I should like to mention one incident which, though not interesting in itself, is very interesting as showing the origin of "miracles." One of the "boys" of my company had had a parcel from the good people of his chapel. Naturally, he wanted to write a nice, polished letter to thank them. So he came to me (in spite of my avowed Freethought). I had some little reputation of being a "scholar" amongst my half-educated mates, and asked me if a sentence, something like the following, was correct (in grammar, not in fact):—"It is a strange thing that, though the Germans have shelled most of the churches round here, yet the crucifixes are all unharmed."

Truly miraculous! No doubt the letter will have been read in the local Bethel by now, and probably will have appeared in the village "Times." The only thing that mars the beautiful story is that it is absolutely untrue. I can vouch for it that this particular fellow has not yet seen a damaged church in the part of France that we were working in. Needless to say, I rated him roundly for his propagating another Christian lie. And in any case, even if the story were true, and God had spared his own image, whilst destroying their temples, it would only serve to show that Roman Catholicism is the only true religion—a conclusion which somewhat disconcerted my Protestant friend. Still, the letter went!

A correspondent writes us, from Scotland, that in four years he has had no less than 150 letters advocating Freethought inserted in local papers. This is a fine and creditable record, and must have served a useful purpose. We believe that this method of advocacy could be used to a much larger extent than is the case at present. And it is good to let the world know that Freethinkers are alive and vigilant.

The Book of Revelation.

THAT eminent Christian, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, remarks in one of his stories that in religious controversies Christians always quote science and Freethinkers always quote the Bible—or words to that effect. Whatever may be the case as to the first part of his observation, there is no doubt that Mr. Chesterton is right in stating that Freethinkers, as a rule, show more alacrity than Christians in citing the "Book of Books." The reason is obvious: there is no more damning evidence against Christianity than the kind of writings which, at one time or another, it has upheld as divinely inspired—unless it be the kind of actions which, at one time or another, it has officially applauded. Consequently, those of us who deny that Jesus of Nazareth was "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God," need not go to the trouble of proving *a priori* that God is a superstition; they need only demonstrate the intellectual and moral limitations shown by the Jesus of the Gospels. Those of us who deny that the Christian scheme "justifies the ways of God to man," need only quote the savage and immoral teaching of Paul on vicarious atonement and on predestination. Similarly, those who deny that the New Testament is a pure outpouring of lofty benevolence and love, need only point to the "Revelation of St. John the Divine"—a veritable howl of hatred and bloodthirstiness, not surpassed even by the worst of the Psalms. The Revelation is probably the least familiar of the books of the New Testament, and is apt to be quietly disregarded, both by believers who regard it as a book of mysteries which we are not permitted to fathom, and by unbelievers who treat it as the ravings of a madman. In reality, both views are less than just. The Revelation is a human document, and regarded as such, and not as part of the "Word of God," allowance may be made for its ferocity, which is partly due to the circumstances in which it was written. Its proper

counterpart is to be sought, not in the eccentricities of Old Moore, but in the outbursts of the early Quakers and the Scottish Covenanters of the seventeenth century.

The date and circumstances of the writing of the Revelation can be more closely determined than in the case of any other book of the Bible. The internal evidence shows that it was written before the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, but when the fall of the city was recognized as imminent. In chapter xi. 1-2, the writer represents himself as being commanded to measure the temple with a rod, but to leave out the court outside it, "for it hath been given unto the nations: and the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months." In chapter xii., verses 6 and 14, there is a reference to the flight of the Jewish Christian community from Jerusalem to Pella on the eve of the siege. The work therefore belongs to the years 68-70 A. D. That it is later than the death of Nero is proved by the references to the current belief that that emperor was alive and destined to return and take vengeance upon his enemies (signified by the healing of the death-stroke of the "beast" in chap. xiii. 8). The date can be even more closely fixed from chapter xvii. 10-11. Here, interpreting the seven heads of the beast, an angel says, "they are seven kings; the five are fallen, the one is, the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a little while. And the beast that was, and is not, is himself also an eighth, and is of the seven; and he goeth into perdition." The interpretation of this is not free from difficulty, but it is at least clear that the writer thought that the restored Nero was to be the eighth in the series of Roman emperors. This puts the book in the reign of the Emperor Galba (A. D. 68-69) who followed Nero. The ambiguity arises from the reference to the "seventh" as "not yet come." Galba was himself the seventh, if the succession is reckoned from Julius Cæsar, as was customary in those days. This, however, raises a difficulty, as Nero must have been dead at the time ("was, and is not"). If the series is reckoned from Augustus, the sixth emperor is Galba, and the seventh "not yet come" may be explained as an allusion to Vitellius, who had been proclaimed emperor by the legions on the Rhine a little while before the actual assassination of Galba by the partisans of Otho. Another view, which Renan takes, is to identify Galba with the emperor who "is," and to regard Nero as omitted from the five who "are fallen," but as identical with the emperor "not yet come," and with the "eighth" who "is of the seven." In either case, the date of the book would fall in the reign of Galba. The traditional date, viz., the persecution of Domitian, A. D. 95, cannot be reconciled with the foregoing references.

The object of the Book of Revelation is to exhort and comfort the Jewish or "Ebionite" Christians of Asia Minor, by predicting the speedy advent of the Messianic kingdom, which is fixed to begin three years and six months from the fall of Jerusalem, regarded as immediately impending. The triumph of the Messiah, however, is to be preceded by the renewed persecution of the "saints" by the returned Nero, and by a battle between the latter's army and the angelic hosts of the Messiah (chap. xix. 19-21).

That the work belongs to the Jewish side of early Christian thought is evident. All through, the writer shows himself a Jewish patriot, and deeply opposed to the universalist idea of a religion that should do away with racial distinctions and privileges, such as was advocated by Paul and became the Christianity of history. "Jew" is a term of honour; some of the writer's opponents are denounced as "they which say they are Jews, and they are not" (chap. ii. 9). The 144,000 persons who are to be saved from among the Jews are placed in a separate category from the Gentile believers (chap. vii. 4-8), and in a privileged position (chap. xiv. 1-5). Jerusalem is the "holy" and "beloved" city (chap. xi. 2; xx. 9). While the mass of the Gentiles refuse to be converted by the plagues inflicted on them, but merely "blas-

pheme" the more, the people of Jerusalem in the end come round (chap. xi. 13; cf. x. 20-21; xvi. 11). The Messianic kingdom is conceived after the pattern laid down by Jewish writers; all the nations are to be "ruled with a rod of iron" (chap. xii. 5; xix. 15). It is significant that the number of apostles, in the Revelation, is pointedly limited to twelve, thus excluding Paul (chap. xxi. 14). Paul, indeed, has been reasonably regarded as the object of some of the bitterest attacks in the Revelation. The church of Ephesus, in the prefatory letters to the seven churches, is complimented on having "found false them which call themselves apostles, and they are not." Now, the only dispute of which we know in the early Church, relative to the title of apostle, was that centring round the claims of Paul. Orthodox commentators have imagined this to refer to some heretical "Nicolaitans"; but we have no evidence, except that of quite late writers, that there was any such body at this time. The "Nicolaitans" of Revelation, however, are evidently identical with the persons described as those "that hold the teaching of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication." As "Nikolaos" in Greek is equivalent to "Balaam" in Hebrew, the necessity for seeking for an historical "Nicolaitan" heresy may be dispensed with. Paul's teaching on the matter of food offered to idols was of an accommodating kind, when compared with the strict views held by the Jews and later Christians on the subject (1 Cor. x. 28-33). As for "fornication," Paul himself could not fairly be charged with recommending it; but we know that one of the Jewish-Christian charges against Paul was that he advocated the commission of sin, in order to enhance the mercy of God in pardoning believers (Rom. iii. 5-8); and some of Paul's converts, though of course without his approval, certainly put this into practice. It was, indeed, the logical outcome of the maxim, "All things are lawful unto me." In the light of this, the vituperation of the Apocalypse has some sting in it. The language applied to Paul is scurrilous, but not more so than that of Christians in mutual disputes has always been apt to be.

From the evidence of the Apocalypse, which is to a small extent borne out from another source which I shall mention soon, it appears that there was a marked set-back to Pauline Christianity in Asia Minor in the few years preceding the appearance of this work. We know that in Paul's lifetime the Jewish-Christian party had attempted, with varying success, to upset his influence among his own converts. His imprisonment and death may have given them a fresh opportunity. The forger of the pseudo-Pauline epistles to Timothy (about A. D. 100) makes Paul say, just before his death, that "all that are in Asia turned away from me." This passage (2 Tim. i. 16) written by a Pauline Christian a generation later, may be founded on the memory or tradition of an actual "slump" in Paulinism in the last years of Nero. The set-back at Ephesus, at any rate, seems to have been serious; but the writer of the Apocalypse fears lest the effects should wear off (chap. ii. 4-5). In the other churches of Asia, the Jewish-Christian onslaught seems to have borne less fruit.

The question of the authorship of the Apocalypse has been complicated by the theory of many modern critics, who see in it a compilation of several Jewish or Jewish-Christian prophecies, put together by an editor of later date. This view is in part supported by the inconsistencies in the work itself. For example, the "beast" in Revelation is mentioned first in chapter xi. 7, as coming up "out of the abyss" and killing the two unnamed prophets of Jerusalem. He is then introduced, as if for the first time, in chapter xiii. 1, where he comes up "out of the sea." In chapter xvii. 3, 8, the beast is again introduced, as if for the first time, and this time is to rise "out of the abyss." It is imprudent, however, to expect consistency or perfect dramatic unity in a work such as this, in which the author to a large extent puts down his ideas just as they enter his head. The separate

sources, if they exist, cannot be unravelled without hopeless confusion and difficulty. Moreover, in spite of the disorder in which the book abounds, there is just enough dramatic symmetry to suggest one hand rather than many. The symbolical characters occur in opposed pairs; the "lamb that was slain" (Jesus) is opposed to the "beast whose death-stroke was healed" (Nero, the Antichrist); the "woman arrayed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars" (Israel, or the Jewish Church) is opposed to "the great harlot that sitteth upon many waters" (Rome). Without wishing to be dogmatic, I venture to think that the work is single, and not a compilation.

As for the author, we must be content to remain in doubt. He calls himself "John," and professes to write from the island of Patmos in the Ægean, his place of exile, captivity, or refuge (we are not told which it was). "John," used without qualification in A.D. 68 or 69, would have been understood by Christians as signifying the apostle John, the "pillar" of the church at Jerusalem named by Paul in Galatians ii. 9, and in the Synoptic Gospels. Justin Martyr (A.D. 150) assigns the work to him; otherwise, the external evidence is weak and cuts both ways. The book itself, however, contains nothing incompatible with his authorship, and he is far more likely to have written it than to have written the Fourth Gospel. The principal objection is based on Revelation xxi. 14, which speaks of the "twelve apostles" as having their names written on the foundations of the "New Jerusalem." In my opinion, however, the man who is reported by Mark to have asked for the privilege of sitting next to Jesus in the Messianic kingdom (Mark x. 37) would have been quite equal to assuring his readers that his own name, among others, was written on the foundations of the heavenly city. The most persistent critics of the apostolic authorship of Revelation have, in fact, been Christians of various ages, from the third century to the present, who, having sufficient literary sense to see that the Fourth Gospel and the Revelation could not be by the same author, and wishing to vindicate the former, have been willing to throw the latter overboard, thereby hoping both to preserve the "gospel of love" and to disembarass the canon of a "hymn of hate," which, in these days at least, has become rather scandalous to the refined taste of the day. It is far more likely, however, that the Revelation is the authentic work. It is at least thirty years, and possibly fifty years, older than the Gospel, and whether we accept or reject its apostolic origin, we in no way weaken, but rather render impregnable, the already strong case against the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. ROBERT ARCH.

The Three Races of Europe.

THE precise centres from which the chief European races took their rise cannot with certainty be stated. Much of the past has been lost, apparently beyond all hope of recovery. But the origin of the "Caucasian" peoples, with their wanderings and settlements, combine to form a most fascinating subject of study, not only to the geographer and anthropologist, but to that steadily increasing public which takes an interest in the manifold aspects of organic evolution.

Several modern ethnological investigators, of whom Professor Ripley may perhaps be considered the leader, have conclusively proved that nationality has no necessary connection with race. All the European peoples are of blended stock. From the standpoint of science there is no pure French, German, Russian, Dutch, or any other race. Even the so-called British race is a medley of very composite strains.

In the most praiseworthy manner, various men of letters have demonstrated the immense superiority of the British Celt to the inferior Saxon who descended on our island. It is true that other scholars

have returned the compliment by proving to their own, and even other people's, satisfaction that the supreme eminence of the English nation is distinctly traceable to its Saxon ancestry. But, although this animated discussion has produced much excellent writing, it has served on the whole to obscure the real facts. Apart from its literary merits, the paper conflict between the champions of the Saxon and the Celt has added nothing towards an elucidation of the problem. As we have stated, nationality is no index of race, and it is now clearly seen that language is no criterion either. Many have been misled into thinking that the use of a Celtic language stamps its users as Celts. But calm scientific study, unclouded by national or patriotic prejudice, has elucidated the circumstance that even within the small British area the folk who speak Celtic tongues are by no means all of the same ethnic stock. And what is more significant is the fact that the tiniest percentage of the speakers of Celtic languages possess any positive trace of Celtic blood. Crossing the Channel, we discover that in Brittany the native Bretons are a mixed race, and that although their language is that of the "Celtic" Welsh, their ethnic characteristics are not those of the ancient Britons, from whom they are supposed to have descended.

That language and race are two distinct phenomena is illustrated by Ripley's *Races of Europe* in that scientist's survey of the tongues and peoples of the Iberian Peninsula. It is not contended that Spain and Portugal possess a homogeneous population. Apart from prehistoric intermixture, various racial blendings have occurred within historical times, yet the stock is comparatively pure. The vast majority of the inhabitants are members of the Mediterranean race. But this verity is hidden by the presence of two separate nationalities who speak three different tongues. Portuguese is spoken in Portugal, while Castilian or Spanish, and Catalan are both in use in Spain. Says Dr. Marion Newbigin in her *Modern Geography* :—

Catalan is nearly related to Languedoc, the language of Provence, across the French border. Provençal, again, before its gradual displacement by the Languedoc, a true French, was spoken by men of the Mediterranean, as well as of the Alpine race. Within both French and Spanish territory still another language, Basque, is spoken.

We thus discover a nearly uniform race speaking four separate languages, while the political frontier of the Pyrenees divides at its eastern extremity two peoples of Mediterranean stock, whose languages are similar; while one of these tongues, Provençal, is, or was until recently, the language of an Alpine race settled in the uplands of south and middle France.

The multiplicity of language thus met with in conjunction with racial identity is easily accounted for in terms of Ripley's theory. The Iberian country was colonized by African emigrants in prehistoric times. These wanderers were a variety of the Mediterranean race known as Iberians, and they crossed over into Europe at the Straits of Gibraltar. These invaders so firmly established themselves in the Iberian Peninsula that, despite all the racial vicissitudes the land has since experienced, the Iberian type stands out most strikingly throughout the country.

The Spanish Peninsula always lay open to the African incomer, and was periodically recruited by the arrival of newcomers from the region from which the original stock arose. Those already settled on the soil resisted the advance of the later invaders, and for a time with success. But at last the Moors and Saracens entered and conquered the greater part of the Peninsula, and the original Iberian inhabitants, like the Welsh and Scottish Highlanders of Britain, when our island was invaded from the European Continent, were thrust into the hills of Spanish Galicia, the uplands of Castile, to the highlands of Aragon and among the Pyrenees. In the long run, the older populations recovered their lost territories and drove the Moors further and further south, until the remnant of this remarkable Moslem

people who survived the struggle were forced to return to Africa. In their retreat the Moors were menaced from three different parts of Spain, from the isolated hills of Aragon, Castile, and Galicia. The marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella united the crowns of Aragon and Castile, and Castilian Spanish became the language of the upper classes, while in Catalonia the Catalan tongue remained the speech of the people. Those Iberians who had retreated before the Moors into the mountains of Galicia now steadily advanced along the coastlands and laid the foundations of modern Portugal.

A famous authority on the subject of Mediterranean ethnology, Professor Sergi, the Italian anthropologist, is a powerful advocate of the hypothesis of the African origin of the Iberian race. Sergi tells us that:—

Concerning the primitive inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula, their physical characters and cranial forms, we possess undeniable evidence; the Kjekkenmodings of Mjølhus, the grottoes of Casa da Moura, and the discoveries concerning the metal age in the south-east of Spain have demonstrated the existence of cranial types which are undoubtedly of African origin.*

The relics of the earliest European savages are those of the Palæolithic Old Stone Period, when mankind sheltered itself in caves and fed on the spoils of the chase. The remains of these primitive people are most abundant in the Mediterranean region, but no proof is yet forthcoming that Palæolithic man ever existed in Scotland or Scandinavia. This southern stock was succeeded by Neolithic or New Stone Age humanity. The Neolithic peoples attained a far superior stage of culture than their predecessors, and their remains are much more richly represented throughout Europe.

The graves of these prehistoric savages are numerous in the west of Britain, and are found as far north as the Orkneys. These ancient memorials of the dead have yielded many remains, including skeletons. The tumuli or barrows of this antique race are identified by their elongated form, by their contained chambers, and by their skeletons, which are almost invariably those of a long-skulled stock. Long heads and long barrows are discovered together in Britain, as well as in other parts of Europe, where they occur. The corpses were laid in the graves in a curious manner, which closely resembles the appearance presented by the human babe while still in the womb. This singular observance is thought to indicate a faith in some future life. Some regard it as "a record of a naive hope that man could 'enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born again.'" Barrows containing the bodies of long-skulled men, who were presumably of the Mediterranean race, have been opened in Germany, Scandinavia, Western Britain, Southern Europe, and elsewhere. The evidence available indicates the invasion of Europe by an Ethiopian race, which settled in the Mediterranean area, and subsequently spread throughout North-Western Europe.

The representatives of this race now possess, and so far as is known always possessed, dolichocephalic crania, dark hair, eyes, and complexion, a medium and lightly built body, and a somewhat broad nasal organ. Sergi concludes that four important varieties of this race exist. The ancient Egyptians, the Berbers, and Libyans, all belong to a stock which never forsook its African birthplace. The three remaining varieties migrated into Europe, which they reached by the three best available routes, where the narrowest waters divide the two continents. The Iberians passed over by Gibraltar and became domiciled in Spain. The Ligurians landed in Sicily, journeyed on to Italy, and wandered along the Riviera until they were opposed by the Iberians, who had crossed the Pyrenees into Southern France.

The third and last group, the Pelasgians, put in an appearance in Greece, employing the islands of the Archipelago for purposes of transit. Palæolithic man's place of origin is problematical, but evidence continues to accumulate to prove that Europe was

first colonized on any considerable scale by an immigrant Ethiopian race. No doubt this newly arrived race remained in Southern Europe for very many centuries, but as it increased and multiplied, it began to extend northwards, particularly to those western countries which enjoy the beneficent mildness conditioned by the Gulf Stream.

In this newly found home, Mediterranean man in North-West Europe was not long suffered to remain undisturbed. In various European lands, including Northern Britain, round barrows repose in association with the long ones. In the valley of the Clyde these circular and elongated barrows co-exist. The contents of the round barrows demonstrate their later origin. The builders of the long barrows were in the Stone Age, but the culture of the round barrow people was of a far more advanced type. The circular graves yield pottery, fine ornaments, and weapons of bronze. The human remains usually betray signs of fire, hinting at cremation, and the skulls are those of a round-headed race. Just as long heads are usually found in long barrows, so round heads appear in round barrows, at least in Britain.

These circular sepulchres constitute the earliest evidences of a people named Alpine by several anthropologists. It is also known as Celtic, Celto-Slavic, and Eurasian. The term Alpine is in many ways preferable, and is now adopted by several of the more progressive ethnologists. The members of the Alpine race are men of medium stature, but are more substantially built than the members of the Mediterranean group. The Alpine head is round, and the face broad, and the hair and eyes are lighter in colour than those of the southern stock. The majority of ethnologists regard this race as of Asiatic origin.

As already stated, the tumuli of these two races are found together in Britain. Their knowledge of metals conferred upon the Alpine intruders an immense advantage over the Neolithic people whose land they had entered. For a time the newcomers appear to have subjugated the native race, and to have fastened their customs and perhaps their language upon them.

So far as may be judged, whenever the Alpine and Mediterranean peoples came into conflict in Europe, the incoming stock triumphed over the Iberian race. The Eastern race swept into the south of Europe, and established itself on the hills and among the pastoral lands. These regions were doubtless of prime necessity to them for their flocks and herds. The invaders drove out the long-headed inhabitants, and have kept them at bay ever since. In the Iberian countries, where the Mediterranean stock was constantly reinforced from Africa, it maintained its position. But the Alpine intruders occupied, and are still well in evidence, in Southern France. In the south of Italy, in the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, as well as in Sicily, Mediterranean man held his own; but the Alpine conquerors settled themselves in the northern slopes of the Italian Peninsula. In the Eastern Mediterranean the dark peoples were divorced from their territories, and the lighter skinned broadheads are everywhere in the ascendant, except on the sea margins, to which the dispossessed race was driven to retreat.

In other European areas the Alpine race proved less successful, and the phenomena under review became complicated by the advent of another race, which has since exercised a great influence over the political and social history of our continent. But of this stock more anon.

Alpine man, even now, constitutes the main population of most of the upland pastures of France. In Britain the Alpine race, although it appears to have carried all before it in its initial conflicts with the Iberian population, is very poorly represented in the contemporary British people. The Alpine race—the true Celts—are, in reality, now very rare in Britain. A Celtic language certainly remains, although the Alpines or Celts themselves are on the verge of extinction, or have become absorbed.

(To be concluded.) T. F. PALMER.

* *Mediterranean Race*, pp. 159, 160.

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