

# The FREETHINKER

Founded 1881 by G.W. Foote.

Edited by Chapman Cohen.

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 10

SUNDAY MARCH 5, 1916

PRICE TWOPENCE

*Every advance in science, every improvement in the command of the mechanical forces of nature, every step in political and social freedom has risen in the first instance from an act of scepticism.—J. A. FROUDE.*

## Views and Opinions.

### DEATH OF JABEZ BALFOUR.

News was received the other day of the death of Jabez Spencer Balfour, famous—or infamous—for his connection with the "Liberator" scandal. There were special reasons that made the breakdown of the Liberator group of companies a matter of notoriety, although in its essence the phenomenon is common enough. There is nothing new in unsound companies being floated and financed with the money of dupes; neither is there anything unique in using religion as a cloak for rascality. It is, indeed, the easiest of all ways to fleece the public. I would not say that an ostentatious display of religion *inspires* confidence, it does not. A profession of religion is so common that it has ceased to have any moral value. A religious man may be honest, but then, again, he may not, and his fellow religionists are quite alive to that fact. No religious business firm would give credit merely on the fact of church membership; no bank would regard it as good security. But if a profession of religion does not inspire confidence, it has a certain negative value, inasmuch as it disarms criticism or makes it more difficult. Every man who sets out to fleece the public knows this, and none knew it better than Jabez Balfour.

\* \* \*

### FAITH AND FINANCE.

I do not know at what age Balfour began his financial experiments, but he was only 25 years of age when his *magnum opus*, the Liberator Building Society, was placed before the world. The manner in which this was done showed how well he understood his brother Nonconformists. To have projected a purely philanthropic enterprise might have secured him a comfortable livelihood in the way that large numbers secure a comfortable income, but it would not have provided a huge sum for its promoter, and Balfour was after big things. To have projected an avowedly financial company would have provided no security against criticism, and would have been too "worldly" to have caught easily the public he had in view. But to mix the two, to hold out the promise of a good investment while dwelling upon the moral benefits of his plan, and to top the whole with the sanction of religion showed a thorough understanding of the psychology of the British Christian. We see this combination in numerous directions. How much of the support given to missionary enterprise is due to the feeling that it opens up new markets, and that to take the heathen the Gospel is one method of paving the road for the commercial traveller? The good middle-class Christian likes to invest his money in

a "good" work; he also likes to see it bringing in a good dividend. And when the two things coincide he returns thanks for the spiritual blessings vouchsafed by an appreciative providence—and pockets the dividends.

\* \* \*

### PIETY AND PLUNDER.

It is said that in choosing the title "Liberator," Balfour intended to suggest a connection with the Liberation Society. That may be sheer assumption; but it is certain that he made special efforts to enlist the support of Nonconformists and of the Nonconformist clergy. They were specially entreated to give their aid to the Society, of course, on moral and religious grounds; and in order to stimulate their philanthropic zeal, they were given a commission on the shares and deposits. Just over £140,000 was paid away in this manner. Balfour's method was Napoleonic in its simplicity. Secure the services of the preachers, and through them the money of the congregations. And it worked. Above all, Balfour never forgot or omitted the religious touch. When the Society opened new offices, the Board—his Board—passed the following resolution:—

That on the occasion of taking possession this day of our new premises, the Directors desire to record their own sense of thankfulness for the prosperity with which, as they believe, God has hitherto blessed their efforts in the establishment of this business.

Who could mistrust so good a man, or such good men? They were not only good, they were godly. Providence had blessed their enterprise. Who could doubt it? Not the ministers who pocketed their commissions. Not the depositors and shareholders when they saw the progress made by the Society. Have we not the same guarantee of Providential favour in the expansion of the British Empire? And all over the country widows and elderly people, scraping along on a modest enough income, with thousands of others, invested their savings, and in the end found themselves ruined. It should be added that after the bubble burst many Nonconformist ministers busied themselves in raising funds to help the many victims. But it was substantially a Nonconformist affair throughout.

\* \* \*

### PRAYING AND PREYING.

An easy and comfortable explanation of Jabez Balfour is that his religion was all a pretence. He was a hypocrite, making a pretence of religion in order to entrap the unwary. This theory is very consolatory to the religious, but it is quite without warranty. There is not a single fact to support it. There is no reason to suppose that Balfour's religious convictions were not as genuine as were those of his victims. He was born of a pious family and reared in the odour of sanctity. He received all the benefits of a religious education, which we are so often assured is invaluable to moral development. He was a total abstainer, and a regular attendant at chapel. He gave freely to religious causes, and was a strong advocate of political nonconformity. Right to the end of his life he was a regular attendant at chapel, and never missed the collection-plate. He possessed all

the qualities dear to the heart of the dissenting world, and if he used the jargon of religion in his business transactions, it would seem much nearer the truth to say that this was his natural language and a true expression of the man, rather than something deliberately assumed for an ulterior purpose. Had he been a Freethinker, his swindling would have been attributed to lack of religion. The Freethinker can afford to be more charitable than the Christian. We need not say that his rascality was due to his religion. It is enough that his religion was no security against rascality. It was, in fact, easier to be what he was *with* religion than it would have been without it.

\* \* \*

## RELIGION AND CRIME.

What justification is there for assuming that because a man turns out to be a scoundrel or a swindler that his confession of religious faith is pure hypocrisy? The combination of the two is not at all uncommon. Great criminals have usually been sincerely religious. And amongst the common order of criminals it is out of the ordinary to find one who is a Freethinker. This is so well known and expected that in all prisons arrangements are made to meet the religious requirements and variations of the inmates. That notorious burglar, Charles Peace, took a genuine and unbounded delight in revivalistic services, and would go straight from a religious gathering to burgle someone's house. Hardly ever does a condemned murderer refuse religious ministrations; and more than one Freethinker who has been imprisoned for "blasphemy" has borne witness to the shock his fellow-prisoners experienced when they discovered he had no belief in a "Gawd." It is the same with all those offences against morals that do not and cannot come within the province of the law. No one would set up the claim that religious people are more truthful, more honest, more conscientious in their dealings than are other people. And it is really too much to assume that all these people are practising a deliberate hypocrisy. They cannot all be pretending to be religious for the purpose of victimizing each other. The proposition that religion is responsible for this criminality or lax morality is, I admit, a debatable one. But that religion affords no guarantee of right conduct, and is morally ineffective, is not disputable, it is no more than a statement of fact.

\* \* \*

## RELIGION AND ETHICS.

A key to an understanding of the situation may be found in the consideration that religion and ethics have different roots, and are always in more or less of a state of conflict. Morality is born of the necessities of social life, and its operation is inevitable and inescapable. Religion is essentially an intellectual product, however crude and chaotic the mental theorizing may be. And, far from being inescapable, it is a declining force in human life. Morality, because it is rooted in social life, is improvable and improving. Religion, because it springs from an intellectual view of nature based upon inadequate knowledge, has to fight against improvement as the chief condition of its continued existence. So far as religion is concerned, the influence of morals lies in the direction of a modification of doctrine in terms of a greater humanization. It is not religion which improves ethics, it is ethics which always and everywhere improves religion. And one result of this is that religion tends to express itself more and more in terms of morality. \* \* \*

## THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON MORALS.

But this opens up a distinct hindrance to moral development. The condition of any conscious development

of the moral sense is that there shall be a clear perception of its nature and purpose. Interpose another factor, and the issue becomes confused, the moral sense perverted or blunted. We all know the evil effects of handing one's conscience over to the priest—as in the case of the confessional—and the consequences are much the same when a religious sanction is invoked for conduct. For the sanction is given to whatever conduct suits religion. It was thus that the burning of heretics and unbelievers, the injustice of State aid for sectarian belief, etc., were justified. Conduct instead of being continually tested by the standard of social utility, is tried by its agreeableness to religious interests. And, ultimately, in the minds of thousands, or hundreds of thousands of believers, the religious formula becomes everything. In this way they suffer from a deadening—perhaps a positive weakening—of the moral sense. They are less sanely ethical because they are more keenly religious. The religion of Jabez Balfour was no pretence, it gave him all the satisfaction that other men might derive from duty well executed. Had he been less religious, he might have been a better man. Of course, he might not have been. But at least he would have had at hand no anodyne to lull his conscience to rest. And there is really more hope of the man who sees the right and does the wrong, than of the man who can, with the aid of religious devotion and sophistry, disguise from himself the real nature of his own actions.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

---

## Great Britain's Danger.

---

A SECTION of the press is losing its head altogether just now over the question of the War. It cannot find terms strong and biting enough in which to denounce the enemy. One journal describes the German Emperor as "the Arch-Devil, the foulest fiend who ever assumed human shape." Another informs us that Germany is not only in danger of losing, but has actually lost, her soul; and, again, we read that "what is wrong with the Kaiser is not so much hypocrisy as ignorance." The temptation to employ strong and violent language is doubtless almost irresistible; but wisdom requires us to be temperate both in speech and in action. The Kaiser may be the Devil incarnate, and his people may have lost their souls, if they ever had souls to lose; but what is the use of hurling such vague charges at the heads of our enemies? The truth is that they think quite as badly of us as we do of them. The pulpits of each country never miss an opportunity of reviling both the pulpits and the people of the other. The curious thing is that each nation paints a practically perfect picture of itself, and sets itself up as a standard. Of course, no such pictures can be true to life, as there has never been, and probably never will be, a blameless nation. The past of the British nation contains much that is noble and glorious, and of which we may justly be proud; but there lies behind us also not a little that is ignoble and dishonourable, and of which we ought to be heartily ashamed. Our tendency is to overmagnify the former and overminify the latter, with the result that in the course of time the inglorious and disgraceful events in our history drop out of both speech and thought.

At the present moment our country is in the grip of two serious dangers. One is the brutalization that inevitably accompanies war. That we are undergoing such a process is proved by the fact that we are being urged to imitate the frightful and savage methods of our enemies. Those inhuman methods are denounced in the most turgid and harrowing style conceivable, and those

guilty of resorting to them are dubbed "a nation of outlaws," led by a man who is "himself an outlaw, a murderer, and a coward," and then we are thunderously commanded "Go ye, and do likewise." One who signs himself "A Clergyman," writes thus:—

"Eyes Front"! fixed on one object alone, the beating down, the killing, not scotching, the smashing into pulp of these cobras and pythons—these unparalleled reptiles. Away with generosity, forbearance, toleration, "allowances," and foolish so-called national self-respect. Blood calls for blood. Let the thunder-growl, deep and ominous, of approaching vengeance be heard. No quarter—kill. Death to the torturers, the obscene ghouls, the blood-drunk, lust beslimed demons, the slayers of women, the murderers of helpless civilians, the crucifiers of babes.

Impotent fury! The cure of brutality by increasing its bulk and extending its area! Far be it from us to advocate the Christian law of non-resistance, or of the love of enemies, a law that has always been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, even by Christians themselves; but we do maintain with Nietzsche that only "the coarser natures revel in ideas of revenge," and that "for man to be redeemed from revenge, is for me the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms" (*Thus Spake Zarathustra*, p. 117). The other curse from which Great Britain is even now suffering, is the curse of self-righteousness. The Churches comfort themselves with the obvious fallacy that because our cause is just, we are bound to win. *Just causes have not always won in this world.* Was the Prussian cause just in 1870? But it was crowned with a glorious victory. We believe that our cause is right in this War; but we do not act on the principle that it is sure to triumph on that account. We act exclusively on the principle that it cannot become victorious except on the basis of a sufficiency of brute force adequately directed. The Churches, however, act, or pretend to act, on an entirely different principle; namely, that of trust in a God who is declared to be the befriender of all just causes. This is the pernicious superstition which must be held responsible for most of the follies, and for not a few of the darkest crimes recorded in history. You remember Faber's famous lines:—

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost.

And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his sweet will.

Out of this vain superstition spring prayer-meetings and intercessory services by the thousand, at which the Supreme Being, whose will is said to be absolutely unchangeable, is besought, with passionate gestures, to grant a speedy victory to the Allies. The Divine ears are deafened with identical petitions from the Central Powers and their Allies; and the War still goes on, or stands still, utterly unaffected by all this praying on both sides.

Immediately after the fall of Erzerum all Russia fell on her knees to thank God for so magnificent a victory. For many months previously Russia had been steadily retreating before superior forces, not because God had forsaken her, or because she was deficient in devotion, but simply because she was short of ammunition. God allowed her to lose so long as she was devoid of shells, and granted her a splendid victory only when her supply of weapons was ample. Does not all this show, with perfect clearness, in what a bottomless slough of hypocrisy Christians must have their abode. They are the slaves of an emotionalism completely divorced from actual life. With great earnestness they pray for victory, but their whole reliance is on the Army and Navy. They are like the woman in a storm at sea, who prayed to God in heaven but pinned her faith in Captain

Griffin on the bridge. When the steamer began to sink there was great consternation on board, and loud were the cries to heaven for help; but they all put on their life-belts, made for the boats, and where no boats were available, struggled with all their might, clinging desperately to any floating fragment, hoping every moment to be picked up by some rescue party, just as if everything depended upon their own exertions and the timely help of their fellow-beings. That is an accurate picture of the Churches in their relation to the present War. They believe in God as an all-wise, an all-good, and an all-provident Being inhabiting the heaven and exercising an absolute and invincible sovereignty over the Universe. Then to this all-wise and all-perfect Sovereign they offer supplications and petitions of various kinds in the hope that he will grant the desires of their heart. The amazing fact is, that they do not realize that their belief "makes prayer," as Nietzsche puts it, "really senseless and even blasphemous." Nietzsche waxes exceedingly merry while dealing with this point:—

If Christianity, nevertheless, maintained prayer side by side with its belief in the all-wise and all-provident reason, it showed here once more its admirable "wisdom of the serpent." For an outspoken command, "Thou shalt not pray," would have led Christians by way of boredom to the denial of Christianity. In the Christian *ora et labora, ora* played the role of pleasure. Without *ora*, what could these unlucky saints, who renounced *labora*, have done? But to have a chat with God, to ask him for all kinds of pleasant things, to feel a slight amusement at one's own folly in still having any wishes at all, in spite of so excellent a father—all that was an admirable invention for saints (*Human, All Too Human*, vol. ii., pp. 235-6).

Great Britain's supreme danger is the threatened loss of her self-respect. Had she not joined in this herculean struggle, had she calmly looked on whilst Belgium and France, and then probably Russia, were being crushed, she would have played the part of a mean coward; but she entered with a sort of superior air, wrapping herself round in a cloak of self-righteousness and pious detachment. Almost immediately her pulpits began to call Germany all sorts of unparliamentary names, such as the denier of Christianity, the home for some generation of Atheism and Materialism. She was the sole cause of the War because she had exchanged Napoleon for Christ and Odin for our loving Heavenly Father. This was a bad beginning simply because there was no truth in it. We were out to fight for Christ, for Christianity, for spirituality, and we were bound to win because God was on our side. That pietistic delusion nearly lost us the War, and even at this late hour we are only just awakening to the truth that if we are to win, our own arm must deliver us and our own prowess redeem us. We are now fighting for our very existence, and no God comes to our rescue.

J. T. LLOYD.

---

### Francois Villon.

---

Poor perfect voice, most blythe when most forlorn,  
That rings athwart the sea whence no man steers,  
Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in our ears.

—Swinburne.

THE proper study of mankind is man, says the poet, and in literature mere egoism is delightful. It fascinates us in the case of a sceptic like the gentle Michel de Montaigne, or a saint like Augustine. Men will always be attracted by Rousseau because he confessed his sins, not to a priest, but to the world. Even a bad man like Benvenuto Cellini can be sure of an audience when he recounts the story of his splendours and his shame.

Yet there are some people who will whitewash their villains. Francois Villon was a great blackguard and a great poet, and it is surprising that an English novelist should attempt to glorify his memory. In *Pretty Maids All of a Row*, Mr. J. Huntly McCarthy has chosen this vagrant poet for hero, and presented him in all the accustomed trappings of a virtuous hero of melodrama. The stagey figure has no relation, except in name, to the true Villon, and it is well to recall a few facts concerning the poet, who acted so ill and sang so well upon the stage of life.

In spite of the industry of zealous historical students, we are still in ignorance of the greater part of Villon's life. We have a curiously full acquaintance with the poet's shocking behaviour on a few days of his picaresque existence, thanks to the depositions in the archives of the Palais de Justice, when he was charged with the murder of Sermoise and sentenced to banishment. But beyond this pitiful record, and the personal references in his poems, "the rest is silence." We do not know how or when Villon died, whether decently in bed, or trussed up on the gallows, as he had foreshadowed in his verses.

It has often been assumed that Villon was actually hanged. From what is known of the rest of his career it is highly probable, and some critics cling fondly to a theory which closes a career unique in literary annals with so picturesque a death. No poet of the first rank has been hanged. Andre Chenier probably affords the nearest parallel, but he finished under the guillotine. Eustace Budgell would have been hanged if he had not imitated the weakness of his verse by jumping into the river. Rare Ben Jonson came very near the gallows, and John Milton was in great risk. Kynde Kit Marlowe escaped a worse fate; for he was indicted for blasphemy, and would have been burnt alive had he not been killed in a duel. The Reverend Doctor Dodd, who gave us *The Beauties of Shakespeare*, was certainly hanged for forgery, but he was only an editor.

Villon saw much trouble in that far-off France of the Middle Ages. He was put to the torture, and he spent a whole summer in a dungeon overrun with rats, and into which he was lowered by ropes. In one of his poems he imagines himself and his vagabond companions hanging in chains from the gibbet, their flesh devoured by crows, and their bones rattling against the chains in the breeze. Despite his crimes, he was a real poet. He was one of the first poets to sing of life as he found it, and to paint the everyday life of the streets as they presented themselves to him. In common with Robert Burns he had a brutal vivacity of epithet, a homely vigour, a delight in personalities, and an interest in life ignored by cultured poets.

*The Great Testament*, the work by which he is best known, was written after his release from prison. It is a poem of nearly two hundred stanzas, and is described by Robert Louis Stevenson as a "hurly-burly of cynical and sentimental reflections about life, jesting legacies to friends and enemies, and, interspersed among these, many admirable ballads, both serious and absurd." Stevenson was attracted by this clever scoundrel, and he has drawn an exquisite vignette of the burglar-poet in *A Lodging for the Night*, one of the finest short stories in the English language. Villon's other works comprise *The Little Testament*, a collection of ballads, and a curious work called *The Free Lunches*, in which he describes with gusto the various tricks he and his companions employed to obtain food from tavern-keepers and tradesmen.

The life of this fifteenth century poet was riotous and sensuous, and his songs were struck from his wild life like the sparks from his rapier. There may still emerge from dusty archives a document showing that Villon was really executed. At present he disappears soon after

Louis XI. came to the throne, leaving his verses as his swan-song. The last glimpse we have of this dare-devil poet is in 1463, when he was present at a supper-party which ended in a drunken debauch and drawn swords, and from which he bolted. Rabelais tells a circumstantial tale of Villon's old age in Poitou, but it is only based on vague tradition.

Villon is a paradox among poets. Nature made no appeal to him. For morality he cared nothing, for patriotism he had no words, but the sordid life around him awakened his genius as irresistibly as the sense of beauty did other poets. He transmuted vice itself, through the crucible of his genius, into a world of imagination and fantasy. Few such consummate artists ever existed, and his best poems are miracles of art. Every note he struck he struck for the first time, and every note that he sounded has since vibrated in the ears of men. Readers will always be fascinated with his poetry, although it will never come home to men like the poetry of his betters. They will be fascinated by the witchery of his music. They will wander through his wonderful dreamland, lurid with his genius, but they will draw no inspiration from it. For his poems are like bubbles in the sunlight, beautiful, iridescent—and empty. Yet there are strange gleams in Villon's verse. In his troubled progress from darkness to darkness his voice was sometimes broken by a light sob, as when he asked, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" He knew so much of the streets, and so little of the stars. Through the tortuous ways of life he went his way singing softly to himself, and his songs still linger in the memory of men.

MIMNERMUS.

---

## The Three Races of Europe.

---

### II.

(Concluded from p. 141.)

IN the Scandinavian countries Alpine man met with a considerable measure of success. As Ripley points out, relics of the race remain scattered throughout the peninsula, and the type is well in evidence on the Norwegian coast. In Southern Germany, in Belgium, the broad-skulled Alpines are strongly represented; while in Russia, the Balkan lands, and Austro-Hungary, the Alpines form the mass of the population. The further we travel towards Asia from the West the greater becomes the dominance of the Alpine race, and this is one of the several facts which indicate its Eastern origin.

The so-called Slavonic race, of which we hear so much, is largely mythical. As Professor Chalmers Mitchell puts it in his recent book, *Evolution and the War* :—

The term Slav is misleading. From the racial point of view, the whole of Austro-Hungary and European Russia is occupied by a remarkably uniform population, a typically round-headed or Alpine race, indistinguishable from the Alpine race that extends through Central Europe. Austria and Southern Russia show the type in its purest form, and the cranial index becomes lower, the height greater, and the colouration more blond along a narrow band of European Russia stretching from Silesia to Petrograd, and including Finland.

The third European race is usually termed Teutonic or Germanic, but Nordic is the more appropriate scientific term. As a matter of sober fact, the majority of the inhabitants of the German Empire are of Alpine descent. Goethe himself was a handsome brown-eyed Alpine. The true Nordic stock, on the other hand, is distinguished by its tall stature, long crania, fair locks, blue eyes, light complexions, and aquiline noses. The Nordic

is probably an offshoot of the Mediterranean race, but it appears to have evolved in Europe. When or where it arose is as yet undetermined. The Nordic peoples probably developed from an extremely ancient Mediterranean folk who spread across the continent to undergo considerable modification in the course of countless centuries in the moist forest regions of North-West Europe. Ripley regards Scandinavia as the seat of this transformation, and the Nordic race certainly exists in its purest state in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. But the genesis of this fair folk is at present an open question, which fuller knowledge will probably elucidate.

Of one fact we are positive. The human family has been resident in Europe for a period so immense, that prehistoric times dwarf the few thousand years embraced by history to utter insignificance. Even now, many of the more emancipated among us continue under the unconscious spell of the pre-scientific story of man's creation. Man has been a dweller in Western Europe for much more than a hundred centuries, and for so lengthy a period has Mediterranean humanity been established in the south and south-west of Europe, that it has become completely acclimatized to the summer aridity of that region. And in a somewhat analagous manner the Nordic or Northern race betrays as close an adaptation to the damp and cooler areas of Europe.

Alpine man made himself secure in the regions of Middle Europe which divide the Northern from the Southern races and his territory widens as he approaches his Eastern home. In their more combative prime the Mediterranean peoples encroached on the north as opportunity offered, while Nordic man's trend has been towards the south. He has penetrated the Alpine area, crossing both men and mountains in his wanderings, and the records of his invasions may still be traced. The ancient incursions of the Mediterranean race find their testimony in the dark-skinned stocks of the British Isles, just as the old Nordic advance has stamped its influence on the fair-featured Lombards in Northern Italy, and on contemporary peoples elsewhere. Still, the two chief habitats of the Northern and Southern races lie distinctly separate.

These two stocks have lived sufficiently long in their respective dwelling-places to become well adapted to their different environments. This close adaptation has doubtless proved an important factor in developing wider and wider unlikenesses between the two types, as well as in confining them within the geographical boundaries which now divide the main masses of the separate races.

With reference to the circumstance that "the Nordic race has more than passed the Mediterranean in the race of life," Dr. Newbigin bids us remember that coal is chiefly worked in Nordic countries, and that the possession and use of coal has conferred an overwhelming economic advantage in the industrial evolution of modern states, but that this advantage has no guarantee of permanency.

The noble and stately Aryans who were at one time acclaimed as the bringers of a splendid Asiatic civilization and culture into a half-savage Europe, must now give place to the more real, if less wonderful, Alpine people. It may ultimately be demonstrated that the languages of Europe are considerably indebted to the grafting of Alpine tongues upon the various dialects previously employed by Mediterranean man. In Britain, a Celtic, that is, an Alpine speech is still spoken, though it is the language of a stock not only of non-Alpine, but of distinct Mediterranean type. Here we witness an example of an incoming race imposing its speech and culture on the native population; but while this foreign influence persisted, the foreign invaders themselves disappeared as a separate stock.

It has been urged that the Alpine invaders of Britain were never more than a ruling caste, and that they were in the course of time practically absorbed by interfusion with the indigenous inhabitants. This theory is supported by a supposed analogy from British India. One has merely to imagine "that the British population of India was cut off from the mother-country, and ultimately disappeared owing to intermarriage, while their language and their customs remained in greatly modified form, and replaced the existing languages and customs."

This attractive explanation, however, is rendered doubtful by two striking objections. That the Alpine conquerors should have been almost absorbed in Britain, while they have continued to dominate those continental countries where they entered into conflict with the same ethnical stocks they encountered in Britain certainly seems surprising. The second difficulty is presented by the fact that the Alpines in Western Europe generally have been forced to content themselves with the poorer soils, a circumstance which is scarcely consistent with the hypothesis of its inborn ability to rule a Mediterranean people. Again, the governing classes of Germany appear to be mainly of Nordic extraction, while the working community is largely composed of the Alpine race.

All attempts to invade Britain have not proved successful. Archæology may some day decide the extent of prehistoric Nordic settlements. But within historical times the Danes settled here in large numbers, especially along the eastern shores. Still, during the more vigorous reigns of the Anglo-Saxon kings the majority of the piratical invaders were driven away to return no more. At least one great massacre of the unwelcome visitors was cunningly organized and successfully accomplished. Yet for a few years Danish monarchs ruled in England. In the light of these phenomena it appears quite conceivable that the far earlier incursions of the Alpine peoples were sporadic; that they firmly rooted themselves where their graves are still found; that their language was more expressive than the native tongues it eclipsed; that they were long resident in various parts of the island; that they were to some considerable extent absorbed by intermixture of blood, but that the greater number departed to the lands from which they arrived.

Of the three leading European stocks, Mediterranean man seems most fully adapted to the climate and general surroundings of the South. As he emigrated northwards he had to struggle fiercely with an untoward environment, as well as with fighting enemies of his own kind. In Ireland and in Western Britain he was favoured by a genial climate, which permits the growth of an Iberian flora. And, in addition, particularly in Ireland, he was freer from human molestation than elsewhere in Europe.

Into a continent sparsely populated, even in its more bounteous areas, came a race of pastoral character from Asia. Its culture was more advanced than that of the earlier peoples. The new stock was of hardier mould and better constituted to bear the bleak climate of Central Europe than the men from the Mediterranean. The invader occupied the pastures as feeding grounds for his domesticated mammals, and steadily pushed the dark Southerners to the wall. As the centuries sped on, the immense forest lands of Europe witnessed the birth of a separate race. This stock, the Nordic, was probably descended from the ancestors of the Mediterranean man.

Given sufficient time, changes in habitat and manner of life, with the elimination of those unable to withstand the harshness of the winter weather, the Nordic variety of European man may quite naturally have been developed. The Nordic peoples at the dawn of history were without doubt closely conditioned to the life of

the wild woodlands, which then covered so large a region of Europe. This stock strongly entrenched itself in the north and west; Alpine man was compelled to seek refuge in the uplands; and the Mediterranean peoples, save where they were powerfully assisted by special circumstances, were driven to retreat. And it is a fact worth noting that in those regions where the forest shadowed lands of Europe fade away into the barren steppes of Asia, Nordic humanity meets a formidable antagonist in Alpine man, and dwindles both in numbers and in power.

Notwithstanding the progress of civilization, geographical conditions still to some extent sway the contests of races. For while the Prussian, with his butcher blue eyes and imperious gesture, rides over the darker races of Southern Germany; the broad-headed Alpines, who are not included among the Germans, but are commonly regarded as a separate race of Slavs, are striving to subjugate the true Nordic peoples of Finland and other areas.

Political, economic, historical, religious, and dynastic influences and enmities enter more largely into national hatreds than any question of race. No European State is populated by an unmixed race. As Ripley very cogently says:—

In order to avoid disappointment, let us bear in mind that in no other part of the world, save modern America, is such an amalgamation of various peoples to be found as in Europe. History, and archæology long before history, show us a continual picture of tribes appearing and disappearing, crossing and re-crossing in their migrations, assimilating, dividing, colonizing, conquering, or being absorbed. It follows from this, that, even if the environment were uniform, our pure types must be exceedingly rare.<sup>1</sup>

But although no European State is peopled by anything approaching a pure race, there is, unfortunately, a permanent passion among the leaders of the predominant classes to obtain advantages through the overthrow of neighbouring communities. It is asserted that "the antagonism between the French and German nationalities is fed by the fact that in race, in culture, in tradition, the one is predominately Mediterranean, and the other predominately Teutonic." All these phenomena, real or imaginary, undoubtedly count in the contest. But the verity remains that the masses of the German population are not Teutonic or Nordic, but Alpine; although many influential members of the military, agrarian, and commercial orders belong to the Nordic stock. The French people, again, are partly Mediterranean, partly Alpine, and to some degree Nordic.

The race fable has been exploited in both countries to feed and fan the flames of discord. Chauvinism can always appeal, more or less successfully, to national or racial prejudice and superstition. Apart from those racial delusions which, admittedly, have entered deeply into the corporate consciousness of all civilized communities, the keen desire to secure something of real or apparent value, which is held by another, has ever been the fundamental basis of wars of aggression. The motive which dominates the man who gambles or bets is, on its mercenary side, similar to that of those whose divinity is the demon god of war. Both parties are anxious to become opulent at the expense of another. The cupidity and excitement which comprise so large a part of the gambler's life are similar, if not the same in character, to that craving for glory and conquest which has unceasingly animated the vast majority of princes and peoples since the dawn-period of man's chequered career on earth.

T. F. PALMER.

<sup>1</sup> *Races of Europe*, p. 107.

## Acid Drops.

Sir Robert Anderson, late Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, is what many religious people would call a "crank." For our part we fancy his crankiness rests upon the fact of his Christianity being more genuine and less sophisticated than that of most professed believers. In a recent issue of *Farrow's Bank Gazette*, we see that Sir Robert protests very vigorously against the cant talk of Germany as a nation of Atheists. He says:—

What characterizes Germany to-day is not Atheism, but religious apostasy. And it were well if Britain had as firm a faith in the true God as the false deity whose sanction they claim for acts of beast treachery or of the most hideous wickedness. The monster deity of this *kultur* cult is near of kin to the god who in other ages was invoked to bless the tortures of the Inquisition and the martyr fires of Smithfield. And when men sink to the level of a degradation such as this, self-interest is the only lever that will avail to move them.

Sir Robert is on sound lines in recognizing the part played by religion in German policy. Militarism, inspired by religion; that is the key of the situation. They are the most deadly forces in human society. The one respects nothing, and the other will supply the driving force and moral sanction for whatever is undertaken.

It is, says Sir Robert, a libel upon human nature to assume that the Atheist must be a savage. "If we were dealing with a nation of cultured Atheists you might always appeal to them on the ground of all that is generous or good in our common humanity." We congratulate Sir Robert on being courageous enough to say this to his fellow Christians. A nation of Atheists would be quite unable to delude themselves with idle talk of God's will, providential designs, etc. Whatever they did would be face to face with facts, and that is the healthiest corrective to wrong doing. For there are comparatively few people—and fewer masses of people—who can continue in wrong doing without surrounding their actions with some kind of moral or religious justification. And as we have said above, it is religion that is mainly utilized to disguise from man the nature of his own motives. And the poorer the motives the more active the religious impulse.

A number of the members of the Church of England seem anything but overjoyed at Mr. Campbell's conversion. The Grand Secretary of the Loyal Orange Institution of England has written to the Bishop of Birmingham a letter in which he says that "Mr. Campbell is but a religious tramp, a man with unsettled convictions, and we are confident that he will eventually join the Church of Rome." We should not be surprised to find this prophecy borne out by facts.

The Vicar of St. Mary's, Prittlewell, is arranging for a systematic canvass of his district, on the lines of the Derby Recruiting Scheme, to secure church attendance. The canvassers' reports will be analysed, in order to decide in what cases there exist sufficient grounds for exemption. If only the Government would then pass a "Compulsory Attendance Act," the Vicar would doubtless be happy. And who knows? We might see something of that kind yet.

At Parkhurst Prison, on February 23, the Bishop of Southampton confirmed a number of convicts, in the presence of the other inmates of that institution. It is a striking example of the power of religion in cultivating morality.

The Bishop of Chelmsford is not quite so certain as some of his brethren that the War is benefiting Christianity. "England," he says, "is not what is called a Christian nation." This will be pleasant news to the 50,000 ministers in this country.

The Bishop of Liverpool says the supply of clergy is gradually drying up, owing to enlistments. We thought the clergy were far too busy fighting the Devil to worry about the Germans.

How these Christians love one another! The meetings at the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate, have resembled gladiatorial contests latterly, owing to a difference of opinion between the Friends and their Christian neighbours. Religion is such a restraining power, as the clergy inform us.

A marble monument to the memory of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimean War, has been unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is a pity that the lady's opinions concerning some parts of the Old Testament could not be recorded in the same place.

A peacock realized £16,125 at a Red Cross sale at Dunmow. The cock which contradicted St. Peter will have to take second place.

The unity of Christendom is a very old idea, and in practice it resolves itself into the kind of unity which results from the chance meeting of a wolf and a lamb. Each branch of the Christian Church has been anxious for unity—with itself as the symbol of unification. The latest attempt is being made in America. The Protestant Episcopal Church, with representatives from other American Churches, a committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a commission from the Free Churches, are preparing a world-wide conference on Faith and Order. A general statement of faith has been drawn up, and the points of agreement are delightfully vague—which, we suppose, is the only basis of agreement possible. "The Word of God" is claimed to be in the Old and New Testaments, and apparently everyone is to be left to dig it out in their own fashion. From this follows "a certain sequence of doctrines" concerning creation, human nature, sin, etc.; although, again, everything is left vague as to what these doctrines are. You pay your money and you have your choice. And the moral is that Christians will agree just so long as they refrain from discussing what it is they believe in.

The really surprising thing—at least it would be surprising if it were not so common—is that professedly civilized men can discuss these topics without, apparently, the least notion that they are moving on the mental plane of primitive savagery. Ideas of resurrection, divine incarnation, the atoning death of Jesus, etc., are not civilized ideas, and no amount of apologizing can ever make them such. Divested of all philosophical verbiage, there is nothing in these ideas that would strike a congregation of savages as unusual, or which would be above their comprehension. They would quite appreciate a theory of incarnation, of resurrection, and of miracles. They might marvel at the systematic way in which these beliefs were stated, but that would be all. And until we do recognize these beliefs for what they are, our rationalism is only half-hearted. To deal with them as the products of civilized philosophic thought is not only to mistake their nature; it is to surrender a great deal of the strength of our case at the outset.

The Bishop of Chelmsford, speaking at Leigh-on-Sea, said: "The awful catastrophe in which Europe is plunged at the present day speaks, it is true, of the failure of the Church of Christ, but in another sense it is a vindication of Christianity itself." Presumably, a vindication of the idea of loving one's enemies.

The English Church Union passed a resolution the other day to the effect that the number of chaplains in the Forces is still inadequate. So far as we can see, "Tommy" is quite reconciled to their absence, and, from all we hear, would not grieve if most of those at present engaged were dismissed.

"I feel in Russia that for the first time in my life I am in a country where Christianity is alive," writes Mr. H. G. Wells. What a pity he did not visit Siberia!

On the grounds of economy, and because it is calculated that £200,000 is spent annually on Sunday picture entertainments in London, the County Council has been asked to close the picture houses on Sunday until after the War.

We beg to suggest that a very much larger sum than this is spent on and in churches, and these might well be closed for the same reason. And we do not think there would be as much genuine regret experienced as at the closing of the cinemas.

The House of Commons has set the example of economy in at least one direction. The *Daily Express* Parliamentary Correspondent points out, that instead of taking eight minutes for prayer at its opening, only three minutes is occupied. We have no doubt that this example in high places is being imitated elsewhere. It seems that out of 670 members of the House, the number of members present at prayer-time range usually from twenty to forty.

Canon Adderley, in his *In Slums and Society*, claims to have started Canon Henson on his fighting career by sending him one Sunday evening to answer G. W. Foote at the Hall of Science on "Christianity and Slavery." Whether he is, says Canon Adderley, "as successful in his other attacks as when he met Mr. Foote, I will not say here." We do not know, but we are inclined to say that if Canon Henson was not more successful in meeting his other opponents than in destroying G. W. Foote's arguments on "Christianity and Slavery," they would have slept easy enough.

The Vicar of Leeds says a great problem to be faced is "how to enable men who have undergone spiritual deepening in the fighting line to feel that they had not come home to a church cold or lacking in enthusiasm." We are all able to appreciate the shock it would be to the Army if the soldiers return and find a church lacking in enthusiasm. They would feel that all their labour at the Front had been thrown away. For greater even than their desire to be at the German Army is their desire to strengthen the Church, to feel that Sunday amusements are a thing of the past, and that the whole nation has surrendered itself to Jesus—at least so we gather from the sermons of such men as the Vicar of Leeds and the Bishop of London. And are these not servants of the "Terewth"?

"God has granted the brave troops of the Army of the Caucasus such great help that Erzerum has been taken," said the Czar of Russia. That is piety! Our thanks for the victories we have won is to God, says the Kaiser. That is blasphemy! There is nothing to pay, and you take your choice as to which expresses the truth. Perhaps it is that God is giving both sides a hand in turn.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley's conversion is getting more complete. In the *Sunday Pictorial* he recants his former Republican views, and, he adds, "I expect that as I get older I'm throwing back to some aristocratic kink in my ancestry." Did one of the ancestral Bottomley's come to England with William the Conqueror?

Rev. Dr. Scott Lidgett says that God is not primarily concerned with the issue of the battle in the Trenches, but with the spiritual issue, and he will not give us victory until we have undergone "purification." This seems to open up difficulties. Suppose Germany was to become "purified" before Britain. Would God give the victory to Germany? Or suppose neither become purified. Will the War last for ever? Or suppose some of our Allies become purified, with, say, some of Germany's Allies. How will God get out of the tangle? Dr. Scott Lidgett seems to be saving up a lot of trouble for someone. Perhaps he consoles himself with the reflection that his public is not likely to remember what he says very long after he has said it.

Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett asks if it is not "Our Christian duty to take notice of the oppression of the weak by the strong?" Certainly, every Christian should notice this; and the New Testament tells him what to do in the circumstances. He is to turn one cheek when the other is smitten; he is not to resist evil; and he is to obey the powers that be—good or bad—for the powers that be are ordained of God. The Christian attitude is quite clear on the matter.

A daily paper asks us to reflect on the feelings of the people of Belgium, Poland, and Serbia when they see their country in the hands of the Germans. Quite so; they are probably thinking of "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

An advertisement parading the merits of Mr. Raemakers' cartoons says the Dutch artist "is up against, not Germany, but the devil." If this be so, the clergy have a very powerful rival in their particular line of business.

"Words are poor things," says the Rev. Joseph Hocking, in *Lloyds' Weekly News*. It all depends whether they are used by a Hocking or a Herbert Spencer.

"The main lesson of the trenches," says the *Spectator*, "is that in the face of German shrapnel and hand grenades, officers and men, from whatever class they spring, are primarily human beings." Well, we sincerely hope that this is one of the things that the men will bring with them when they return home. But what an unconscious satire on a civilization that calls itself Christian! Could anything that we have ever said offer a more scathing condemnation of Christianity than this? The peoples engaged in this War are, in the overwhelming majority, Christian. They have been trained under the influence of Christianity, and it has been left for one of the most horrible of wars to teach them that, deeper than the divisions of class or rank, is the heritage of a common human nature. What, then, is the moral value of centuries of Christian training?

Even now, be it noted, it is not Christianity that has brought about this discovery. It is not the force of religion that has awakened in Christians the consciousness of a common human nature. It is, apparently, war that has done this. And it has accomplished this feat by suspending the immediate pressure of religion. But for the impact of a great social and national crisis, Christians would have gone on as hitherto, sacrificing the social side of their nature to their religious convictions. The War, if it has done nothing else, has at least shown the hollowness and pettiness of theological distinction, and the artificiality of religious belief. It is the pressure of necessity that enables us to distinguish essentials from non-essentials; and under the rain of shrapnel and machine-guns, this is apt to be done pretty thoroughly. Whether it will last after the War is over is another question. We hope it will, but we have our doubts. And, after all, the War does not remove or solve any of our problems. All these remain for settlement when the War is over. We can but take up the story of social development at the point where it was broken off; and if we are in no worse position for continuing it, we shall be indeed fortunate.

As an instance of how slowly thought travels in the Church, Canon Adderley says that "Dr. Pusey was alarmed by Liddon's lectures, Liddon by Dr. Gore's, and now Dr. Gore is alarmed by 'Foundations.'" At this steady rate of progress the Church ecclesiastics will be prepared to read the *Age of Reason* in the course of the next few centuries.

Self-sacrifice is one of the things that Christians do lay claim to with contrite hearts. A shining example is that of the Rev. H. V. Eardley Willmott, Vicar of St. Mary's, Ilford, who has suspended smoking for the rest of the War. After this self-denial, let us hope that the reverend gentleman will not tell heretics and unbelievers that they will "smoke" in the next world.

A number of Christian gentlemen, with plenty of leisure, have been writing to the *Times*, urging that the English nation should meet "frightfulness" with "frightfulness," or, in plain English, imitate the Biblical text, "An eye for an eye." Perhaps the correspondents imagine that "write is might."

Some of the "huts" provided by the Young Men's Christian Association for the use of soldiers are said to be disused

breweries. Fancy Tommy Atkins singing "There is a Fountain filled with Blood"—in a brewery.

*Apropos* of the death of Lewanika, King of Barotsiland, the *Record* points out that after his visit to this country, in the time of Edward VII., he returned home and told his people:—

*The Gospel (thuto) is everything.* I have seen many things and many wonderful things, but I have also seen one thing which I cannot keep silent about. It is that everywhere it is the Word of God which guides Kings and their Councils. In Parliament it is the Gospel which makes the laws; in society it is the Gospel which inspires a benevolence we have never even imagined. It is the Gospel which makes people intelligent through their schools, and which gives them security and happiness. The missionaries told me all this, but now I have seen it. Barotsi, let us come out of our darkness, our ancient heathenism! Come and hear the teachings of our missionaries—come on Sunday. Send your children to school, that we, too, may become a nation.

We do not know whether this report is authentic or not, but if it is, it is evident that Lewanika was pulling someone's leg. As it stands, the passage is about as neat a satire as one could imagine. And the best comment on the passage is that Lewanika never became a Christian. Perhaps, after all, Lewanika, like the Japanese, decided that there were many things of secular value in Christian countries, but they could get on very well without the religion.

The Kaiser particularly dislikes racing, esteeming it a vulgar and degrading pastime. This should endear him to quite a number of Christian people.

The Kaiser has written the words of a new German national anthem. The clergy will assure us that this is another proof that all Prussians are Atheists.

The Scripture Gift Mission and the Naval and Military Bible Society have agents in Russia, among other places. From a Christian point of view, this hardly seems very complimentary to our Ally. There is no doubt of the Christianity of Russia; its treatment of the Jews is enough to prove this. And to send Bible Society agents there is to imply that the Russians stand in as much need of conversion as the poor heathen. But the superintendent of one of these missions in Petrograd complains that not enough subscriptions are being received. This gentleman asks plaintively, "Why is it that, while the Church and the world are doing so much to send the bread that perisheth.....they are doing almost nothing to give them the Bread of Life." From a trade point of view, the superintendent of the mission would naturally prefer to see the people well supplied with spiritual bread, even though they died for want of the more material variety. Fortunately, other people are of a different opinion. The superintendent quaintly adds that "Eternity alone" can show the good done by their missionary activity—which is really a long while to wait to see any return for one's effort.

When journalists turn theologians they often "out-Herod Herod." Here is Mr. James Douglas saying that "spiritual insight" is "the idea of wonder and the idea of welcome." The curious thing is that religious folk live in Wonderland and welcome all intruders with a red-hot poker.

Since his conversion Mr. Horatio Bottomley is becoming quite a student of theological matters. He recalled recently that Spurgeon, Parker, R. J. Campbell, and other preachers sometimes indulged in a little profanity in their sermons. Just so! But what maiden ladies and other frequenters of churches regard as profanity is not very robustious, and, as our Transatlantic friends say, it did not cut any cake.

London sandwichmen have been parading with boards lettered "Napoleon wrote: Put no faith in talk which is not borne out by action." We hope Londoners will remember this when they hear the clergy preach from the text "Blessed be ye poor."



Mr. C. Cohen's Engagements,  
*Sunday, March 5*, Globe Theatre, Fratton Road, Southsea; at 3,  
 "The Challenge of Unbelief"; 7, "The Angels of Mons; a  
 Study in the Psychology of Faith."

March 19, South Shields.

### To Correspondents.

B. PLUMRIDGE.—The development of the human species from a lower animal form receives only contributory evidence from the geological record. There is evidence enough in the embryological history of every individual to establish the truth of evolution. And gaps in our knowledge of intermediate forms are only gaps, and cannot be properly taken as substitutes for positive knowledge.

E. B. and W. P. BALL.—We are obliged for the weekly batch of cuttings you so kindly and regularly send. It all helps to lighten one's work.

C. CHAMBERS.—Will send on the leaflets. We shall be pleased to see your friend's letters from the Front, and to publish any portions that we think would interest our readers.

"INQUIRING CHRISTIAN." Sorry, but we do not see what else we can do. We cannot obviously keep up an argument until your Christian friend is quite satisfied with our replies. We gave answers which we considered met the situation, and if your friend is of a different opinion, the matter must rest.

H. BRADFIELD.—We see the *Manchester Guardian* only irregularly, and so missed the article you name. Glad you so greatly appreciate "Views and Opinions."

W. H. DEAKIN.—Thanks for subscription to the Memorial Fund. Twenty others like it would secure the £500 aimed at. We appreciate your wishes for our success.

R. H. CHANDLER.—Quite so; the "R. H. Chancellor" should have been "R. H. Chandler." Sorry.

E. H. ARCHER-SHEPHERD.—We are not at all disposed to concern ourselves with the faults or the virtues of our remote ancestors. We have enough to do to attend to those of one of their present representatives. We shall be pleased to see the article in which you purpose using some of our comments. We expect your application of them will be interesting.

T. FOWLER.—Sorry you have had trouble in obtaining your paper. Our Business Manager is seeing the wholesale agents on the matter.

W. WALKER.—Next week.

N. S. S. BENEVOLENT FUND.—Miss Vance acknowledges G. J. H., 10s.

Letters for the Editor of the "Freethinker" should be addressed to 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Orders for literature should be sent to the Business Manager of the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and not to the Editor.

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. 2d.; three months, 2s. 8d.

### G. W. Foote Memorial Fund.

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

No great advance has been made up to the present towards making the G. W. Foote Memorial Fund up to the proposed £500, but there remains the whole of March in which this may be done. It is not in itself a large sum, although the times, with its many calls upon people of all classes, make it the equal of a much larger amount under normal circumstances. And, as was said last week, some people will wait for the last day, whatever happens. They, I have no doubt, will come along before the Fund closes.

We have not quoted from many letters lately, but we cannot forbear a few sentences from one just to hand, from a Birmingham lady subscriber:—

I am not a widow, but I enclose my mite for the Memorial Fund. A fund with a more worthy object never was opened, and I think every Freethinker should send a donation, particularly those who can afford to subscribe liberally. Mr. Foote was worthy, in every

way, of everyone's admiration, and the least Freethinkers can do is to see that his dependents do not suffer. But for such brave and unselfish men as he, such as I would be having a very hard time to-day. True, there is still a penalty on unbelief, but the bigots' claws have been clipped. Whenever I feel inclined to drop out of the fight, I think of Mr. Foote's infamous "twelve months'." Those who are not fired by the thought of that sentence have no imagination.

Many subscribers have written expressing their regret at not being able to send more. For my own part, I see no reason why anyone should distress themselves in the matter if others do their share. As I have said before, I would sooner see a large number with small amounts than a small number with large amounts. Apart from the desire to secure provision for Mrs. Foote's future, the Fund is intended as a mark of respect to a great Freethinker, and that makes as large a number of subscribers as possible a desideratum.

The closing day for the Fund is March 31.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

### "The Roll of Honour."—Twelfth List.

Previously acknowledged, £386 4s. 6d.—W. H. Deakin, £5; Maurice Basnew, 2s. 6d.; "Radnorshire," £1; N. S. Mundy, £1 1s.; C. S. Mayer, 5s.; W. W. Kenseett, 10s.; John Burgess, 5s.; A. C. Proctor, 2s. 6d.; Rose Berkeley, 5s.; C. H. Muir, 2s. 6d.

### Sugar Plums.

We present the *Freethinker* this week set throughout in new type. And we think our readers will agree that its appearance is vastly improved thereby. We should have liked to have avoided increasing the responsibility of purchasing new type until the War was over, but as that still appears a long way off, and the need for a new outfit was pressing, we thought it better to have it and be done with it. And although the increasing of our outlay is no light thing at present, we have no doubt we shall manage somehow. And there is neither courage nor sense in running away from difficulties. The sooner they are faced, the sooner they are overcome. So if our readers continue to do their share, we have every confidence in being able to signal "All's well" at the end of the year.

To-day (March 5) Mr. Cohen delivers two lectures in the Globe Theatre, Fratton Road, Southsea. The afternoon lecture, at 3 o'clock, is on "The Challenge of Unbelief," in the evening, at 7, "The Angels of Mons: a Study in the Psychology of Faith." Admission is by ticket, but there will be a few free seats. On Mr. Cohen's previous visit to Portsmouth, a very lively discussion took place at the end of the lecture, and we daresay that experience will be repeated.

We are glad to say that Mr. Lloyd's health has improved considerably since we wrote last week. He is now able to resume his weekly article, and with the approach of spring—although there is not much sign of it at the time of writing—and due care, we hope to see him very soon in full fighting trim once more.

It will be remembered that the G. W. Foote Memorial Number of the *Freethinker* ran into a second impression. The first was exhausted on day of issue. We had a good number of this printed, as the unique collection of articles by men of so many different opinions made the issue an excellent propagandist pamphlet. And it has been extensively used for this purpose. But we have still a number of copies left, and we shall be pleased to send on a single copy on receipt of twopence-halfpenny, or for free distribution would supply quantities at special rates. Particulars on application to the Pioneer Press.

The address of Mr. N. Miller, of Sidar Road, Wood Green, who is desirous of meeting others in the locality to help him push the sale of the *Freethinker*, is No. 4, not No. 8, as given in our last issue.

## "The Gospel of Peace and Goodwill."

### II.

(Concluded from p. 132.)

IN Palestine, the innovation was in all probability no more than a religious reform, but in the Hellenistic world beyond, it early acquired, through the absorption of *foreign* elements, the character of a religious *revolution*. This partial adoption of paganism vastly enhanced its tendency to stir up strife. A mere reform assumes to be no more than an unfolding of what is already contained in the Creed, only in a latent form; or at most, only a casting off of excrescent, atrophied, or other encumbering parts.

Such was the reported attitude of the Gospel Jesus: "I came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil." Much ingenuity was expended in showing that the life and death of the Founder was the fulfilment of type or of prophesy. The object was to convince the Palestinian community that the new cult was *continuous* with Judaism, and, despite its many and startling adaptations of Greek ideas and pagan worship, was nevertheless, not a revolution, but only an evolutionary reform. The innovation, however, was too subversive to be set right by apologetic trimmings; it introduced a new object and mode of worship, and created a new theosophy. It abolished ritual sacrifice, and replaced it with a sacrificed God. This radical change was effected somewhat as follows:—

The Hellenistic Jew came in contact with a novel type of religion, a type that exerted a weird influence over him. For some time there had existed in various places around the Mediterranean a strange vogue of worship. Its deity was not a thundering Jove or an awe-inspiring Zeus, but a *suffering* god—one who had, in one way or another, sacrificed himself for mankind. Such were the cults of Mithras, Attis, Adonis, Osiris, and Isis. They had their sacrifices and mystic rites to symbolize or commemorate the sufferings and agonies of their particular god. These secret sacrificial rites appear to have exercised a strange fascination over susceptible and emotional natures; and there can be little doubt that quite a number of Hellenistic Jews were so affected by the idea of a redeemer-god that they adopted it as their own; among whom probably the most noted individuality was Paul. He espoused the idea with a degree of enthusiasm which only fanatics display. He grafted it to a truncated stem of Judaism as a "crucified Christ," and elaborated the conception into a novel scheme of salvation, known as "justification by faith." But this idea and mode of worship was wholly foreign to the ancient cult of Jahveh. The innovation was so revolutionary that peace with the orthodox Jew was henceforth impossible.

Again, the Hellenistic Jew came under the influence of Greek culture, which had during this transitional period a great and a wide vogue under the name of Gnosticism. Inquisitive minds with a metaphysical bent and taste were greatly attracted by its speculations, and its influence is seen in the Pauline and other epistles.

In the works of Philo, the learned Alexandrian Jew, Gnostic speculations became part and parcel of his Judaism. It is therefore not in the least surprising that the early Christians outside Palestine became hopelessly entangled in its speculative coils. At last, one of its cardinal ideas—the Logos—was by the writer of the Fourth Gospel adopted bodily, and ingeniously incorporated in the Christian theosophical scheme. The creed of the new religion was now an amalgam of three elements

—Pagan worship, Greek speculation, and a residue of Judaism. These importations and excisions were not conducive to "peace and goodwill"; on the contrary, they were the seed of implacable and mutual animosity. Those early centuries are resonant with angry disputes, bitter conflicts, and venomous quarrels, full of mutual recriminations in respect to Gnostic heresies. It was the predominant wail for the best part of the first millennium.

The Palestinian Christians denounced all such pagan flirtations as damnable heresy, and inveighed against the innovators, of whom Paul was the most culpable offender, in language truly Christian in sentiment and ardour.

The Paulinists, in their turn, reproached and reviled, with equal fervour, those who had refused to follow so far, *and* those who had dared to go further. That impartiality in the bestowal of "gentle" anathemas is a true characteristic of the "reformer": he is equally impatient or furious with the timid conservative who lags behind as with the more radical and daring spirit who shoots ahead of him. No one is more imperative and imperious in his demand for strict uniformity or more intolerant of dissent than the reformer—a trait singularly exemplified in all the writings of the New Testament.

What, then, was the result of these foreign adoptions? It had the effect of cleaving the Christian community in twain—the Judaisers and the Paulinists—between whom there was as little "peace and goodwill" as there is between the hostile trenches in France, and incomparably more hatred and malice.

So wide and deep was the cleft that a reunion was beyond the pale of possibility; the Palestinian Christians, therefore, disappear from history, and what subsequently became the Christian Church was the Pauline and Johannine heresies. Their triumph, however, ushered in no reign of "peace and goodwill," but simply provided a mass of explosive material for greater discord, intenser animosity, and bloodier conflicts. These further elements I may touch upon at some future time.

KERIDON.

## Well-Known Freethinkers I Have Met.

### IV.—HARRY SNELL.

At the present moment, my old friend Harry Snell is the most popular and powerful orator in the Ethical movement. He is a different type of man altogether from F. J. Gould, whose personality and career I described in a previous article. Mr. Gould is a gentle, kindly, cultured teacher—so gentle, indeed, that he would not hurt a fly if he could help it. Mr. Harry Snell is a more rugged type of man. With him the battle of life has been on a rougher plane than that of his friend Gould. He had not the educational advantages to start with. He began life under very adverse conditions, and has not only known what it is to be hungry, but he has known what it is to walk about in rags. Every step on the road to progress with him has meant a struggle—a fight against overwhelming odds. His parents were agricultural labourers—the worst-paid class in the community—and he was one of a large family. As a consequence, he had to help earn a living at a very early age. Instead of being at school, between eight and ten years of age he was working in the fields, scaring birds, tending cows, and performing any other odd jobs that were to be done on a farm. At the age of twelve he received the magnificent income of £5 per annum. As a youth he became groom, then ferryman,

and later he worked at one of the "worst drinking-hells in Nottingham."

This was a very rough kind of experience for a sensitive youth, but young Snell came through it well. These hard conditions caused him to think a great deal about social problems, and he did not despair. He felt convinced that there must be some solution of the problem, and after very serious thinking and examination, he became a convinced Socialist in 1885.

At the age of 19 he became acquainted with John Burns, and helped him in his fight for the Parliamentary seat of Nottingham. A little later on he tried his hand as a French polisher, but found it a very precarious kind of occupation, so he abandoned that and became a Secretary to the Blind Institution in Nottingham. This lasted for a while, then he became a paid agent of the Charity Organization Society, which gave him a knowledge of human nature that proved of great value to him and also a knowledge of the great troubles and hardships of the struggling masses, which only one in such a position could acquire. The same earnestness and enthusiasm with which he grappled with the social problem he displayed a little later on when he came face to face with the difficulties of religious belief.

He was brought up to believe that the Bible was God's inspired word—but he went to hear the famous Charles Bradlaugh, Charles Watts, Joseph Symes, and G. W. Foote, and other Freethought orators, and they soon convinced him that the Bible was a human production, full of errors in science, in history, and that its moral teaching was often very faulty and mischievous. Nor could he believe in the Bible God, who was represented by the writers of the Pentateuch as ignorant, malevolent, and tyrannical.

When he applied himself to the study of the New Testament, he found that that was not without faults; and after examining the alleged evidences of Christianity, he became convinced that the Christian religion was only one of a large number of superstitions, founded upon ancient legends and miraculous stories, without foundation in fact. Even the belief in pure Theism rested upon arguments and assumptions that would not bear the test of reason. His attitude towards all forms of Theism was that of the Agnostic. But while he disbelieved in the Bible as the inspired word of God, he accepted all that was good and useful in it. His mind was purely eclectic; he gathered the honey of truth wherever he could find it.

In order to fit himself to become a Freethought lecturer, he studied very diligently and acquired a good knowledge of the French language, later he was sent to the University of Heidelberg to study German. He also studied science and philosophy, and made himself acquainted with the various phases of religious belief. When, therefore, he entered upon the task of being a public teacher and a lecturer for the Ethical and Secular Societies, he was well equipped. In addition to his acquired knowledge, he possessed many natural talents. He was a fine speaker, had an excellent delivery, and by constant practice he acquired all the arts of oratory. He was eloquent and witty in turns; sarcastic, humorous, and persuasive; and he possesses the vital spark which would stir his audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm when the occasion served.

I have heard him lecture at the Surrey Masonic Hall on many occasions, and I have always found him careful in his exposition, apposite in his illustrations, witty, eloquent, and logical in his deductions. His knowledge of Shakespeare and other poets, he uses effectively; he is also a good elocutionist, and if he could modify, or get rid of some of his mannerisms, would become a most powerful declamatory orator.

Always a great admirer of our late leader, G. W. Foote, I have occasionally seen him among the audience when Mr. Foote lectured on Shakespeare. Like all good teachers, he is ever willing to learn.

He is a Humanist in philosophy; and though he never fails to tear up by the roots the foul weeds of superstition, he is equally careful to try and preserve all that is good and useful in the old faiths and creeds. But, above all, he endeavours to show that the concerns of this life are worthy of our first attention, and will repay our closest study.

Mr. Snell has been before the public as a lecturer for over a quarter of a century, but he is still a young man. His exact age I do not know, but with a clean-shaven face, penetrating eyes, strong mouth, stern and determined expression, and a nice crop of glossy brown hair, he still retains a very youthful appearance. When he talks you soon discover that he has had a wide experience of men and things, and that the knowledge he has acquired is varied and useful. He is a real Freethinker; that is, he does his own thinking and does not rely upon others for his conclusions. His thoughts may not be very profound, but they are his thoughts, nevertheless; and he sometimes has a very apt and original way of stating them. His one great aim is to elevate his fellows and to leave the world better than he found it. And what aim, I ask, religious or otherwise, could be higher and nobler than this?

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

---

## Letters to my Daughter.

### VI.

MY DEAR JOAN,—

The new moon has appeared, bearing in her golden arms the shadow of her perfect loveliness. You and I are never tired of her beauty. She is not selfish. Through the leafless boughs of the apple and hawthorn trees, she sheds her silver light. In the dark lakes, in the boundless sea, in the rippling streams, she beholds her shadow. Cottages are clothed in silver; hills become lost in the pale mist, and Oberon, with Puck and Titania, hold their revels under her gracious beams. I wonder what the fairies would do if they had no moon? I am sure there would never be enough glow-worms to give as much light if Miss Moon should turn selfish. Besides, the little glow-worms will not come out when that rascal, Jack Frost, is about. So, you see, Miss Moon is very kind to us all the year round; in fact, I think she would not mind if she knew that you have a pretty little song which, if I remember, goes something like this:—

Sally go round the moon,  
Sally go round the stars,  
Sally go round the chimney pots,  
On a Sunday afternoon.

I suppose Sally has a perfect right to do this on Sunday afternoon, but everybody does not think so. Some people think she ought to go to church or chapel; let Sally please herself say I.

So you want to know where you lived before you came to live with us? That seems a natural question for any little girl to ask, but it is not easy to tell you the answer. I think you lived near to your mother's heart. Oh! you say in a half-satisfied manner. Well, I will try again. Your mother went very near to the edge of a cliff, beyond which was darkness. From this place, with great risk to herself, she brought you back to live with us. That, I know, will not satisfy you. For the present, then, I will leave the answer alone. I believe you are laughing at me; but if ever you should read these lines, I hope you will understand this—my con-

fession. When romance whispers in a man's heart that all earthly perfections are to be found in one woman, he believes that it is so. Romance is the flower-strewn path to that cliff beyond which is darkness.

Well, my dear Joan, here do I place it on record. If ever—if ever I demand your love and trust because I am your father, I hope you will gather all your broken dolls, your plasticine, your toy engines, trunkless and tailless elephants, china cats, paint boxes, and a pailful of mud, and throw the lot at me. That shall be my reward if I have no other claim to your love except that of being your father.

The other night, when you were busy with your dolls, I asked you what you thought about a portrait of a man whose name was William Blake? Pausing a little while, you said, "I think he is a very nice man." So does your father. He loved all sorts of children—chimney-sweeps, brown boys, little boys lost, and little girls. Speaking of them he says:—

And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love.

It is a pity that there are so few beams of love in a world so beautiful as ours in spite of bad people. I wonder if the world would be cold if we should awake one morning and found that we had lost the word love and all its associations! I am sure it would be so cold that even your dolls would cry, and we should all set out to find our lost treasure, crying, love! love! where are you? and perhaps a small voice would whisper to each of us, "Here am I." Then we should find that we had no need to go on a journey of search—for it was already within us.—Your loving father,

TRISTRAM.

## Religion in America.

I HAVE continually wished, during the nine years I have been in America, to give the readers of the *Freethinker* notes on the condition of religion here, but what time I have for writing has been given to the work of attacking it in the press. The subject is greater here than in England, where the forces are clear and divisions are definite; but it is vague, evanescent, and metamorphic. In England, Romanism is reactionary—Wesleyanism is Protestant. It is different here. Priests profess to be as Radical as Nonconformists. Cardinal Gibbons has just sent his blessing to an Anglican clergyman on his consecration to a bishopric. He said the prayers which opened the Democratic Convention, which was under the influence of Bryan, who is a Presbyterian ordained minister. The distinction of Church and Chapel is unknown here, as is the difference of status of a minister from a layman, notwithstanding the Romish priests and more powerful preachers assume it, sometimes disastrously to themselves. Jack Johnson was an ordained Presbyterian "elder," and preached justifying his profession of prize-fighting. The father of another prize-fighter was a very respectable minister, who was so proud of his son that he had his own portrait, with those of his family, published in the newspapers. In fact, prize-fighting must be very acceptable to the Church here, for a man I knew as a porter in England, and who was a light-weight prize-fighter, one day appeared where I was in Boston, got up as a priest, and acting with the self-conscious pride of a bishop.

The typical English parson—Roman, Anglican, or Dissenter—is a very different man in appearance from the minister of the Church. Here, as a rule, he is indistinguishable from other people; but when he gets himself into clerical garb—which, in general, is merely wearing black, with the back of his shirt-collar in front

—one wonders at the infatuation, and is astonished he has no friend or superior to advise of the contradiction his costume gives his face.

Among architects is the idea that, in America, a church is built every day. As that would be less than four hundred a year, I can believe it to be true; for there are large cities here which did not exist at all thirty years ago. In the city where I now am, there are six churches in progress, to my knowledge. There may be more; but they are only erecting one other building—a great hotel. The other building operations I have observed are that two of my neighbours are putting up new porches to their doors. This increase of churches is a very different matter here from what it would be in England. In the first place, they are mere theatrical shams; the mullions of the windows are wood, stuck together with wire nails, with no joinery work whatever. They are made in the shop, brought on a cart, and stuck in, in the same perfunctory manner as they are made. The "stones" are "biscuit" hollow bricks, faced with a chemical or earthenware imitation of marble. The carving is the same stuff, matchline cast, or moulded. This is veneered over a thin wall of hollow bricks. The columns are steel things I should call common ladders, overlaid with wonderful chemical imitations of the rarest and most precious marbles. These supports are so slight and tall that no real stone of the size could possibly bear the roof. Consequently, one used to real churches feels in dread of a collapse of the whole thing, and instinctively gets out as fast as possible. But the church, as it is now being built, while it appears a single edifice outside, is in reality a cluster of buildings. It now has a Sunday-school, class-rooms, and other "holy mansions" not known until a very few years ago. One has a "ladies' drawing-room," just like an hotel. One has a swimming-bath, one a theatre, and one a summer church on "the roof." One man, in Boston, advertised he wanted a dancing-room and thirty courting-parlours for his new church. This is not so extreme as it appears, seeing the Jesuits run a "Loyola dancing-class"—Loyola, it will be remembered, was converted by being made a cripple through an operation on his knees! I have just seen the plan of a church now being built for a mixed college of youths and girls. They call it the "University" of a sect similar to Methodists. It has a large octagonal hall for the church; then a square hall, nearly as large, for the Sunday-school. This is lighted from the top, which allows a space between it and the outer wall of the whole building. This is filled with other apartments, most of which are designated class-rooms.

What work goes on in these places, I do not know; the only announcements are of amusements, some of them grotesquely inconsistent with the names of the societies running them. We have given us, in the daily papers, portraits of Wesleyan footballers and Quaker baseball teams. But the Romanists have thrown the reins on the neck of the dragon. I carefully read the weekly announcements of their church work for a year. There was a column of reports of literary societies. During the whole time there was but one lecture; all the rest was "nigger minstrel" shows, baseball, football, dances, whist drives, comic operas, paper chases, banquets, and billiards. These theatricals were all performed by the young people of the church, and their character may be judged by the title of one of the operas given at the Mission Church, Roxbury, Boston—*Wild Rosie of Yucatan*. The programme and the remaining names were of the same character and as astonishing as that of the heroine herself. The photographs of the children in their performances were such as would not be tolerated by a respectable manager of a

theatre. I cut out the photo of a child dancer at a church performance, and that of a similar little girl performing at a theatre. The church girl was grinning, and holding up her frilled dress in the vulgar burlesque manner. The little professional artiste dancer was standing in a plain white frock, as simply as if it were her confirmation dress.

What the Jesuits here regard as Christianity was shown in a photo. they published to demonstrate their missionary success in China. The elderly priest was instructing two intellectual Chinese young gentlemen in the art of playing billiards! Speaking of Jesuits, they can only be described as cock-a-hoop here. They have great colleges, one of which, at Boston, is splendid. They have large churches, and they themselves are tall, broad, dragoon-looking men, in the finest of painfully ostentatiously good clothes. They walk as princes and owners of the country, and are generally deferred to as if they were. Nevertheless, they are nothing but the emasculate ecclesiastical mendicant slave friar underneath. They are dropsical around the jaws, regretful-eyed, and with a set chagrin stamped on the corners of their mouths. Their church in New York had a new stained-glass window, with the wall around it gilt; but the whole of the clerestory was filthy, and looked like the windows of a ruin. The northern, or outer, vestibule was filthy to a disgusting degree; the walls, floor, and ceiling were shiny, greasy, and dank. At the font was a surplice hanging, to save the priest the trouble of going to the vestry. It hung limp and dank, the tint of sugar-paper, from grime.

The favourite saint here, as may be imagined from this, is Francis of Assisi. St. Rose of Lima, a Carmelite nun, I imagine, is next. But these ghosts are quite different in their aspect from those known in England. They run Edward the Confessor as a fifteenth-century warrior in full armour. What idea they have of "Little Frenchy" of Assisi I don't know—probably that he founded Socialism. There is an image of the Virgin in a church in Delaware which makes her a very withered old maid of about thirty-eight; but in this part of the country there is a version of her as the Sacred Heart of Mary, taken from a Polish lithograph, which makes her about fifty, a chronic drunkard, with the imbecile, maudlin look of the habitual tippler. This is greatly admired as the ideal mother! Here, also, the ideal Jesus is very other from that known in Europe. The English artist drew some heads of Christ of the ordinary type, and they were taken away and replaced by faces of a most inconceivable fool—Christ—a face with great expressionless eyes, high arched eyebrows, hardly any forehead, and a feeble, imbecile mouth. He asked why they had not told him they wanted him to draw a fool? But he only got his money through a lawyer! This is strange, as the type here is that of the West of England, sensible and intelligent. The most extraordinary development is in Boston, where a figure of the Sacred Heart is placed beside Margaret Mary Flacoque. I asked the window manufacturer why Christ was placed in the nave among the saints. He said, "Because they were husband and wife!" I looked surprised. "She was his wife," he insisted, emphatically. This puts theology in a different atmosphere from that of England. It is so throughout the country. Everywhere are handsome G.M.C.H.'s. But the Christian character is not only omitted, but they are temples of everything Jesus condemned. Instead of "Take no thought for the morrow," "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly," they run, at Philadelphia, a huge placard, night and day, across the building, "Do you want to rule men? Do you want to remain with others? If you do not, join our business courses." They are

colleges for exploiters simply. They are centres for various forms of military recruiting; anything but turning the other cheek to the smiter. Were they possessed with any sense of honesty, or even humour, they would knock the word "Christian" out of their institutions altogether, and call them Young Men's Business Clubs.

But all these things are maintained as fortifications against Progress and Liberty. They push back to a revived Toryism, and under them is the revivication of slavery—I believe a viler slavery than existed in the Southern States; a slavery imported from Russia and Asia. Here one is practically compelled to join some Tory "occult" order. Every conceited idiot is a something or other in them. So, instead of being secretary of a contemptible lying-in club of working men, a man is the "Supreme Sovereign Scribe of the Ancient Order of Arctic Bulls," the treasurer is the "Omnipotent Majestic Providence," and the doorkeeper the "Sovereign Tyler," and so on. This produces a horrible lunacy and dementia throughout the country. They play at freak religious services, perform imbecile quasi-military ballets among themselves instead of transacting business, jerk themselves in jolts like paralytic lunatics, and finally—and worst of all—take themselves seriously, and come out among sane citizens, expecting the same slavish submission from the man in the street they receive from their dupes in their lodges. These creatures have made this continent a hell. The secret orders in England are widely different from these, which cover the United States. Here every money organization is a magic "mystic" sect—a religious sect, not a social or business company, as in England. In England, Freemasons, for example, is simply a religious institution. In the initiation of a Knight Templar, which anyone can read in the British Museum Library, are the words, "Our institution is religious and military"; but here the secretary of one of these petty money club orders told me it was "a kind of" Freemasonry. When I told him the Freemasons repudiated being a money club, he was perturbed, and insisted that that was the object of Masonry.

GEORGE TREBILLS.

(To be concluded.)

### National Secular Society.

REPORT OF EXECUTIVE MEETING HELD ON FEB. 24.

Mr. R. H. Rosetti in the chair. Also present: Messrs. Baker, Cohen, Davidson, Gorniot, Judge, Leat, Neate, Nichols, Neary, Quinton, Roger, Rolf, Samuels, Silverstein, Mrs. Rolf, Miss Kough, Miss Stanley, and the Secretary.

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

Several new members and renewals were received for the Parent Society, and South Shields and North London Branches.

The adjourned discussion on the Secular Funeral Scheme was resumed, and it was finally resolved, on the motion of Mr. Neary, seconded by Mr. Samuels:—

That the Executive adopt the recommendations of the Sub-Committee in *re* Secular Funerals, and ask the Society, if a company be formed for the purpose, to support it to its utmost ability.

The Secretary received instructions *re* the Annual Conference. Matters relating to internal organization were discussed, and the meeting adjourned.

E. M. VANCE, *General Secretary*.

Mr. James Douglas says that Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is "the greatest prophet of our generation." Does he mean in tonnage.

**SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.**

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

LONDON.

OUTDOOR.

HYDE PARK: 11.30, Messrs. Saphin, Shaller, Dales, and Kells; 3.15, Messrs. Saphin, Shaller, Dales, and Kells, "Is Christianity a Make-Believe?" 6.30, Messrs. Saphin, Shaller, and Dales.

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

SOUTHSEA (Globe Theatre, Fratton Road): C. Cohen, 3, "The Challenge of Unbelief"; 7, "The Angels of Mons: a Study in the Psychology of Faith."

SOUTH SHIELDS BRANCH N. S. S. (34 James Machen Terrace): 7, Arrangements for Mr. Cohen's Lectures.

**RUSKIN HOUSE SCHOOL,  
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.**

CONDUCTED ON RATIONALISTIC LINES.

*Established 1903.*

*Recommended by Prominent Freethinkers.*

"The whole school is one simply happy family, and the teaching staff foster-parents."—*Freethinker*, Feb. 23, 1913.

"Judging by reports which reach us, this educational establishment can be warmly recommended."—*Literary Guide*, Feb., 1914

Write:

**W. H. THRESH, Principal,**  
FOR PROSPECTUS.

92 pp., cloth, 1s. net, by post 1s. 3d.; paper cover, 6d. net, by post 8d.

**The Darkness, the Dawn, and the Day.**

By J. C. THOMAS, B.Sc. ("KERIDON"),  
Author of "Man: the Prodigy and Freak of Nature."

This little work deals in a most interesting and stimulating way with the phases of intellectual growth represented by the terms of the title. It has an excellent foreword by the late Dr. Charles Callaway.

London: WATTS & Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet St., E.C.

**America's Freethought Newspaper.****THE TRUTH SEEKER.**

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT, 1873.

CONTINUED BY E. M. MACDONALD, 1888-1909.

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

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

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

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

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

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY,

Publishers, Dealers in Freethought Books,

62 Vesey Street, New York, U.S.A.

**MR. F. J. GOULD'S TWO DIALOGUES ON  
SEX INSTRUCTION**

(Part I. MOTHER AND DAUGHTER; Part II. FATHER AND SON) should be read by all parents and others who desire a teacher's guidance on this important subject. Part I. post free 6½d.; the two Parts post free 11d. Of Mr. H. J. GIBBS, 154 Gladesmore Road, Stamford Hill, N.

**LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT**

OF

**G. W. FOOTE.**

Art Mounted, 10 by 7. With Autograph.

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING.

Price ONE SHILLING.

(Postage: Inland, 3d.; Foreign, 6d.)

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON-STREET E.C.

**THE SECULAR SOCIETY  
(LIMITED)**

*Company Limited by Guarantees.*

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

Chairman.—MR. J. T. LLOYD.

Secretary.—MISS E. M. VANCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Books Every Freethinker Should Possess.

**History of Sacerdotal Celibacy,**  
By H. C. LEA.

In Two Handsome Volumes, large 8vo.,  
Published at 21s net.  
Price 7s. Postage 7d.

This is the Third and Revised Edition, 1907, of the Standard and Authoritative Work on Sacerdotal Celibacy. Since its issue in 1867 it has held the first place in the literature of the subject, nor is it likely to lose that position.

**Phases of Evolution and Heredity,**  
By D. B. HART, M.D.

Crown 8vo. 1910. Published at 5s.  
Price 1s. 6d., postage 4d.

An Examination of Evolution as affecting Heredity, Disease, Sex, Religion, etc. With Notes, Glossary, and Index.

**The Theories of Evolution,**  
By YVES DELAGE.

1912 Edition. Published at 7s. 6d. net.  
Price 3s., postage 5d.

A Popular, but Thorough, Exposition of the various Theories of Evolution from Darwin onward.

**History of the Taxes on Knowledge.**  
By C. D. COLLET

With an Introduction by George Jacob Holyoake.

Two Vols. Published at 7s.  
Price 2s. 6d., postage 5d.

Mr. Collet was very closely associated for very many years with the movement for abolishing the tax on newspapers, and writes with an intimate knowledge that few others possessed. Mr. Collet traces the history of the subject from the earliest times to the repeal of the tax after the Bradlaugh Struggle.

**Natural and Social Morals,**  
By CARVETH READ,

*Professor of Philosophy in the University of London.*

8vo. 1909. Published at 7s. 6d. net.  
Price 3s., postage 5d.

A Fine Exposition of Morals from the Standpoint of a Rationalistic Naturalism.

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

## A Selection of Pamphlets by G. W. FOOTE.

### THEISM OR ATHEISM:

Which is the More Reasonable?  
Price 6d., post 1½d.

### ROME OR ATHEISM:

The Great Alternative. Price 1d., post ½d.

### THE ATHEIST SHOEMAKER.

A Study in Lying. Price 1d., post ½d.

### CHRISTIANITY OR SECULARISM:

Which is True? Price 4d., post 1½d.

### DARWIN ON GOD.

Price 2d., post 1d.

### MY RESURRECTION.

A Missing Chapter from the Gospel of Matthew. Price 1d., post ½d.

### MRS. BESANT'S THEOSOPHY.

A Candid Criticism. Price 1d., post ½d.

### WHAT IS AGNOSTICISM

Also a Defence of Atheism. Price 1d., post ½d.

### LETTERS TO THE CLERGY.

A Discussion of Prayer, Miracles, etc.  
Price 8d., post 1½d.

### INGERSOLLISM

Defended Against Archdeacon Farrar.  
Price 1d., post ½d.

### BIBLE AND BEER.

Price 1d., post ½d.

### HALL OF SCIENCE LIBEL CASE.

A Full and True Account of "The Leeds Orgies."  
Price 8d., post 1d.

### THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

A Candid Criticism of Mr. Wilson Barrett's Play.  
Price 8d., post 1½d.

### THE NEW CAGLIOSTRO.

An Open Letter to Madame Blavatsky.  
Price 1d., post ½d.

### THE PASSING OF JESUS.

The Last Adventures of the First Messiah.  
Price 2d., post ½d.

### THE IMPOSSIBLE CREED.

An Open Letter to the Bishop of Peterborough.  
Price 1d., post ½d.

### PHILOSOPHY OF SECULARISM.

Price 1d., post ½d.

## FLOWERS OF FREETHOUGHT

BY

**G. W. FOOTE.**

### FIRST SERIES.

Fifty-One Articles and Essays on a Variety of Freethought Topics.

213 pp., Cloth, 2s. 6d. net, post 4d.

### SECOND SERIES.

Fifty-Eight Essays and Articles on a further variety of Freethought topics.

302 pp., Cloth, 2s. 6d. net, post 4d.

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

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

A

## BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

OF FREETHINKERS

OF ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY

**J. M. WHEELER.**

Price THREE SHILLINGS Net.  
(Postage 6d.)

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A Propagandist Issue.

G. W. Foote Memorial Number

OF

**"THE FREETHINKER."**

With Portrait and Appreciations.

Price TWOPENCE.  
(Postage ½d.)

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

## BIBLE STUDIES

ESSAYS ON

Phallic Worship and Other Curious Rites and Customs.

BY

**J. M. WHEELER.**

Price ONE SHILLING Net.  
(Postage 2½d.)

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## PIONEER PAMPHLETS.

*Now being issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.*

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

FORTY PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: single copy, ½d.; 6 copies, 1½d.; 18 copies, 3d.; 26 copies 4d. (parcel post).

No. II.—DEITY AND DESIGN,  
(A Reply to Dr. A. R. Wallace.) By C. Cohen.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: Single copy, ½d.; 6 copies, 1½d.; 18 copies, 2½d.; 26 copies, 4d. (parcel post).

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

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: Single copy, ½d.; 6 copies, 1½d.; 18 copies, 2½d.; 26 copies, 4d. (parcel post).

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

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

## Determinism or Free Will?

By C. COHEN.

*Issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.*

CONTENTS.

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

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET.

(POSTAGE 2d.)

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SOCIALISM, ATHEISM, AND CHRISTIANITY. Price 1d., postage ½d.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL ETHICS. Price 1d., postage ½d.

PAIN AND PROVIDENCE. Price 1d., postage ½d.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Printed and Published by THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.