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Men let themselves out to hire; their faculties are not for themselves, but to be employed for those to whom they have enslaved themselves.—MONTAIGNE.

Views and Opinions.

The Clerical Mind.

It is part of the evil of the clerical mind—whether Catholic or Protestant, Christian or non-Christian—that it inevitably takes a one-sided and distorted view of affairs. The fault is due partly to selection, partly to training. Those who are by natural endowment inclined to a level, comprehensive view of life are not nowadays attracted to the ministry. Life has too many calls in other directions, and the drawbacks of the clerical profession are too obvious. And of those who are drawn to the ministry, it may be safely stated that their training for office is not such as to correct the faults of their native make-up. The interests of a sect is placed before all else. National welfare is considered in terms of the prevalence of a particular religious belief. Strong prejudice is buttressed by all the force of a profound moral conviction; and years of training has no other end than that of developing an intelligence radically unsuited to exert a wise and beneficial influence on national affairs. * * *

The Clergy and The War.

If proof be needed of what has been said, it will be found in abundance in the conduct of the clergy since the opening of the War. That event showed the utter impotence of the clergy at a moment of national crisis. No one looked to them for light or leading; no one expected them to offer counsel. They were ignored as completely by their professed followers as by their avowed opponents. Openly the clergy did not resent this, but with the cunning of their order set to work to revert even a European War to a sectarian advantage. The War was “a call to repentance,” a “chastisement for our sins,” etc. Bishops dressed themselves in khaki and strutted round like seasoned warriors, and secured exemption for the whole of their order. Holiday trips were paid to France, and Munchausen-like stories brought home concerning the revival of religion among the troops. And one cleric—the Rev. Scott Lidgett—who has professed a belief that our soldiers will return home more religious than when they went out, is actually on a committee formed for the express purpose of preparing for a great outbreak of a peculiarly loathsome disease which it declares will be prevalent when the War is over. True to tradition and practice the clergy, as a whole, has shown itself utterly deficient in a conception of the wider issues evoked by the War, but have been interested only as to how far it could be made to minister to the advantage of their class. * * *

War and “Reality.”

In my weekly batch of newspaper cuttings several examples of this are to hand. Among them is the report of a speech by the Rev. Dr. Selbie, Principal of

Mansfield College, Oxford, before the Midland Baptist Association. In the main, the speech was an exhortation to the Churches to alter their methods if they would capture the country—a piece of advice with which I am not specially concerned. But his reason for this advice is interesting. “Our soldiers,” he said, “have been brought face to face with realities, and they wanted to be met on that ground.” “With realities”! The expression is significant and illuminating. Of course, war is a reality, a terrible, a horrible reality—while it lasts. Millions of men have faced death, and hundreds of thousands have fallen, but does even this justify our talking of war as *the* reality, or as the only reality that matters? Surely there are other things as real and as valuable as war. Surely the things of normal life are as real and as of great consequence as the things of war? And if that be granted, it should be the function of genuine moral teachers to see that these values were not lost sight of, even during a war, but that the war itself should be utilized to emphasize their importance. In so acting, some good might be extracted from things of evil. The clergy appear desirous only for the extraction of profit. * * *

The Drain of War.

For my own part, I prefer to put it that when the fever of war is over, men will come back to the realities of normal social life, which we cannot altogether evade at any time. For, after all, war, with all its horrors, can never be more than a transient phase in life, even though it may be a recurrent one. The world cannot be permanently engaged in military warfare. Societies can no more flourish through war than individuals can cultivate longevity through suicide. The permanent and the valuable reality of social existence is not destruction, but co-operation—without which even war would be impossible. And the War, so far as it is productive of good, will convince many that they have been in touch, not with realities—except as a nightmare is a reality—but that they have passed through a period of unreality, a period during which things have been given a quite artificial value, which has placed first things last and last things first, and which cannot but leave the world poorer than it found it. And the poverty will be not only economic. It will be moral and intellectual; in the loss of so many gallant spirits, in the lowering in the eyes of the mass of people of ideals of international amity and humanitarian co-operation. One cannot but feel that Nature will have covered the shell-riven fields of Flanders with a gracious green long before the wounds of European humanity will have healed. * * *

The Pity of It!

War is a fever, an obsession; while it is in being it masters everything, and everything is subordinated to its pursuit. That is a truth of diagnosis, but it is no justification for its exaltation as a school of virtue, nor for hectic preaching of it as the great reality. Let me put it that, had Europe learned to grasp the nature of

the permanent realities of life—the power of ambition, the force of genuine enlightenment, the strength of the ideal, the capacity of even average human nature for endeavour and for sacrifice, the potentialities of effective co-operation—had the nature of these qualities been truly grasped and rightly directed, this War might never have been. If civilization is to be saved, it is to this that we must return. For if there is one thing certain, it is that when the War is over Europe will have to do what, given different conditions, might have been done before the War. It will have to decide by discussion and agreement on what footing nations are to deal with each other as regards commerce and general intercourse. Granted that the conduct of one nation made this impossible without war. In that case the War was inevitable, as a surgical operation is inevitable for the removal of a cancer. While the War continues, it is dominating, as a surgeon dominates the operating chamber. But the cancer is removed, the surgeon retires; and the patient, with health, comes back to the realities of normal life. The period of sickness stands forth as an interregnum. So it is with war. That also is an interregnum in the normal social life of mankind. We have to prepare for it, exactly as we have to prepare for the incidence of disease; but we are no more furthering the cause of humanity by exalting war as the great reality than we are promoting health by dwelling upon the supreme importance of disease.

* * *

The Great Opportunists.

Opportunists to the core, the clergy, as a body, have pursued their traditional policy. In itself, the European War, with its revelation of how much primitive savagery remained beneath a covering of religious conviction, is in itself a condemnation of their order, and a revelation of how little influence for good they have wielded. But the War did at least offer them an opportunity for some degree of redemption. In a world at war, they might have played a part in the direction of seeing that the higher and the more permanent aspects of life were not lost sight of more than was absolutely necessary. They might have failed, but it would have been a relatively glorious failure. Their choice was to look for profit in the passion of the hour, to strain after sectarian gain from the agony of the times. Had they during the centuries of their rule stood as a witness for peace against war, by now war would have been almost an impossibility. Had they seized the occasion of the War to point its real lessons, they would have done something to deserve at least the respect of the world. But from first to last their conduct has been of a piece. And their crowning infamy has been to ask for, and to obtain, exemption from military service, while urging others to offer themselves. The world *may* learn many lessons from the War; it is to be hoped that one of these will be the uselessness of a class that has shown itself incapable of rightly guiding the moral energies and intellectual activities of mankind.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

God's Holy Reign.

Our population is divided into two easily distinguishable classes, namely, the parsons and the people. For this elegant classification we are clearly indebted not to the people, so-called, but to those who arrogate to themselves the right and the qualification to mould their character by exercising dominion over their minds and consciences. At the present time, the parsons are considerably distressed by the fear that the people are being gradually alienated from them, because of the loss of confidence in

their leadership. They are casting their mind's eye over the people, and anxiously asking, "What are their intellectual perplexities? From what directions, and by what forces is their faith threatened?" It is taken for granted that the masses are intellectually disturbed, that their faith is in serious danger, and that something must be done to prevent them from lapsing into open unbelief. The Rev. Hugh Jenkins, M.A., of Batley, in a paper read at a Conference of the Yorkshire Congregational Union Executive, which appeared in the *Christian World Pulpit* for July 5, puts the case thus:—

We have to help our people to meet the onslaught of temptation, to use well new opportunities, and, above all, still to believe that the holy reign of God shall yet be established of a truth. How shall we do these things?

Mr. Jenkins has discovered that the people are tired of war-sermons, but is still convinced that the clergy "did right at the beginning in seeking to fix the measure of Germany's responsibility." He has the impudence to say that "it may be affirmed without self-conceit that, as students of philosophy, we were specially fitted to expound and expose the false teaching that had blinded and maddened the Prussian administration, and had swept the people from their moorings." Without fear of intelligent contradiction we declare that in such an affirmation there is nothing but a contemptible display of the most appalling self-conceit. Be that as it may, there is no escape from the fact that the War "is never absent from the mind of the people. It gnaws for ever like a mordant tooth, and is the nightmare of their dreams." It gives rise to "moral and religious problems that sting the intellect and fret the conscience," the first and the greatest of which Mr. Jenkins states thus:—

If God is all that we have been taught to believe him to be, why did he not prevent this War? If he is omnipotent and loving, as we had fondly dreamed, why this "hideous fracas, this bloody, drunken orgy"?

Let us now carefully consider the attempt made by Mr. Jenkins to solve this big problem. According to him, God's holy reign has not yet been established on the earth, but he wants the people to believe that it shall be established in the future. In this he differs materially from Dr. Campbell Morgan, whose oft-repeated, but never substantiated, dictum is that God does sit as king and reign over mankind now. No; he has not done so yet, proclaims Mr. Jenkins, but he will do so by-and-bye. The War is being waged simply because the universal and age-long struggle between good and evil is still going on, "the forces now in mutual antagonism being precisely those on which the respective kingdoms of light and darkness have always reckoned." It necessarily follows, then, that Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria represent the kingdom of darkness; while Belgium, France, Servia, Russia, and the British Empire stand for the kingdom of light. The problem now assumes the following form:—

Why does God permit the multitudinous forms of sin and sorrow? Why does he not devise an economy that would exclude their very seed and principle? Man's inhumanity to man has asserted itself from the beginning. It is ubiquitous. It persists from age to age. Why does God permit it?

John Stuart Mill's answer was that God permits it either because he cannot help it, or because he does not care; because he lacks either power or goodness, or both. Such a solution, naturally, does not satisfy a clergyman; and Mr. Jenkins experiences no difficulty whatever in utterly demolishing poor Mill, impenitent Atheist that he was. The demolition is accomplished by means of two notorious fallacies. The reverend gentleman revels in the

glorification of suffering, which gives warning, serves as deserved punishment, provides discipline, and generates sympathy and the spirit of self-sacrifice, "such beneficent results being surely worthy of God." This is wicked tripling, unpardonable travestying, deliberate question-begging. Suffering is essentially evil, though human intelligence manages sometimes to derive good therefrom. The other fallacy is the theological conception of human free agency, the emptiest and silliest of all fallacies. If Mr. Jenkins would but study that logical masterpiece by Jonathan Edwards, entitled *Freedom of Will*, he would at once perceive the unqualified absurdity of the statement that God "could not make us free to do good without making us free to do evil." The ability to do evil implies, not freedom, but a constitutional defect, an imperfection of nature. It is an incontrovertible fact that man is an imperfect being, capable of all sorts of error and wrong-doing, and yet a fact which the divines account for by saying that it is the result of his profanation of God's glorious gift of liberty. His adoption of such a doctrine enables Mr. Jenkins to deliver himself of the following monstrosity:—

The whole tragedy of the War, and of all sin, lies here, that man has profaned God's trust, and has used his freedom against God, who gave it, and against his brother, who shares it. God could not have prevented the War, except by doing something infinitely worse. He would have had to reduce his offspring to machines, thereby laying in ruins the kingdom, for which he and all noble, saintly, souls have toiled and travailed from the beginning.

After all, how absolutely false is the Genesisic declaration that God made man in his own image and after his likeness. Mr. Jenkins knows better, and is not ashamed to say so.

According to this modern apologist, God, a purely spiritual being, "without body, parts, or passions," is in possession of physical power, by the exercise of which he could easily stop the War; but his physical power he makes subservient to the ends of his holiness, which ends are best served, evidently, by letting the War go on to its bitterest close. And here comes a choice morsel of pulpit super-wisdom:—

God could hurl the Kaiser to the doom he deserves. He could muster all who created the situation which made the War inevitable, and (to revert to the language of childhood) "strike them all down dead." But morally he could not. At all costs God must honour his covenant with man. This does not mean that our faith in God's final supremacy must be given up. It only means that he must take the long and patient way of constraining by persuasion and punishment, by mercy and judgment, by peace and war, the loyalty of all his offspring, even the most rebellious—a prospect for which faith demands a more distant horizon than is provided by the present dispensation.

Like most other divines, Mr. Jenkins is beautifully and unblushingly inconsistent. Having just expressed the conviction that by all that happens, even by this brutal War, God is constraining the willing loyalty of all his children, he proceeds to show that the loving Heavenly Father cannot succeed in his sublime mission without calling in the aid of the Devil, "for the qualities of character that provoked the War were the qualities of the Devil." Thus at one and the same time God is and is not the author of the War, for the War is caused by the operation of qualities whose originator is his Satanic Majesty, and there is no prospect of the Divine supremacy being realized under the present dispensation.

Boundless and yet astonishingly limited is the scope of Mr. Jenkins's faith. He believes that God overrules all evil happenings to the furtherance of his own redemptive purposes. "All history," he asserts, "witnesses to

God's most holy, wise, and powerful preserving and governing all his creatures and all their actions." What a barefaced falsehood! Can any sane person honestly say that God has most holily, wisely, and powerfully preserved and governed the millions of his much-loved children who have already fallen in the present "hideous fracas, this bloody, drunken orgy"? We are amazed to find a man who, with the facts of history staring him in the face, has the hardihood even to imagine in his own heart that all wars have resulted in more good than evil to the parties concerned. But whilst Mr. Jenkins professedly cherishes this blind, unverified faith in the overruling Divine Providence, his confidence in the efficiency of the Church of God is ridiculously weak. "There is in the world," he admits, "no Christian Institution which can speak authoritatively across the barriers of nations."

When we think of a Universal Church closing all chasms and cementing all nations in brotherhood, we are constrained to pray, "Lord, increase our faith." We only dare hope for it because we believe that with God all things are possible. But in the absence of such a brotherhood, how could the Church prevent the War?

Now let us pin Mr. Jenkins down to what all divines accept as an incontestable truth, namely, that God works through the Church, his own chosen instrument, from which it follows that the Church's failure is also God's. If the Church is impotent, so is her Divine Head. And on Mr. Jenkins's own showing, the Church has not closed the chasms that divide nations and cemented them all in brotherhood, and there is no likelihood of her doing it under the present dispensation. Consequently, God's holy reign on earth is a dream that has never yet come true, and that is destined to remain a dream to the end of time. Our only hope, therefore, lies in the gradual growth and development of the natural brotherhood of mankind as the result of the adoption of a more rational and healthy system of education than that which now obtains.

J. T. LLOYD.

The Blondin of Belief.

The creed of Christendom is gradually melting away like a northern iceberg floating into southern seas.—G. W. Foote.

A merciful Providence fashioned us hollow,
In order that we might our principles swallow.

—Lowell, "The Biglow Papers."

THE publication of cheap editions of Dean Farrar's *Eternal Hope, Seekers After God*, and other works, reminds us of a literary career of enormous popular success. In many hundreds of pages of florid eloquence the devoted Dean attempted the titanic task of bringing about a union between reason and religion, which are no more marriageable than fire and water. There was scarcely a topic, from art to criticism, from Greek philosophy to the origin of language, but he discussed it with a plausible familiarity which was his own. To provide instruction and amusement for the young, he set out to prove that the English schoolboy, if he be not addicted to drink and roguery, must needs be a little prig. By this time, *Eric, or Little by Little*, has found its way to the limbo of half-forgotten literature; but for a generation it was presented as a truthful picture of life. Certainly it was as true as the Gospels the devoted Dean so often preached of.

The Dean's most ambitious performance on the theological tight-rope was his *Life of Christ*. In its scope and diction it appealed irresistibly to the half cultured. It is theology written by a pious and loquacious journalist, and a wicked wag once described the book as "Cook's excursion through the Gospels." In spite of his enormous popularity as a preacher and a writer,

Farrar never received a bishopric. His ecclesiastical superiors regarded his views as unsettling, and, undoubtedly, from their point of view, they were not far wrong. Farrar was the Blondin of the English Church. For years he was poised, as it were, upon a tight-rope, and his career was one long feat of intellectual gymnastics. He openly flirted with science, the taboo of the Christians, and he denounced the belief in eternal torment.

With noisy persistence Farrar persuaded a large number of his co-religionists that, contrary to belief, Hell was slightly less delightful than Heaven, and that the Deity was at least a gentleman. These were not Farrar's own ideas, for he never had an original thought in his life; but he popularized them. After that came the deluge, which has brought upon its flood undogmatic religionism, faith-healing, Christian Socialism, and the rest of the counterfeit nonsense which now passes for the Christian religion. This dilution of dogma has had its disintegrating effect upon all the Churches except the Roman Catholic, ever the hindmost of the reactionaries. Painful Sabbaths have been replaced by pleasant Sunday afternoons. String bands and soloists introduce the preachers. Some time ago, at Whitefield's Tabernacle, London, a well-known actor, and an equally popular contributor to *Punch*, occupied the platform in order to pronounce eulogiums upon a world-renowned Free-thinker.

If this goes on, nothing will be left that will not be transformed. Changes have even been suggested in the Book of Common Prayer; and, among other alterations, the newspapers inform us gravely that the plain language in the marriage service is to be toned down. Presently, all people who profess and call themselves Christian will only be permitted to use those editions of the Holy Bible which are prepared specially by good and great men, to spare the blushes of young persons.

We do not complain. All these straws show which way the wind is blowing. Christianity is no longer a serious religion. It is not even comedy, for it is now passing from the conditions of farce into that of harlequinade, and the sooner the average man realizes this, the better it will be for everybody.

The Christian superstition is crumbling, for everything eventually crumbles which is not true. Never was there so little religion, never so much Secularism, as at the present day. Never have men attended churches and chapels so little; never have they attended hospital and charity meetings so assiduously. Christianity is going, and Secularism is rising higher and higher. The Christian religion can no longer satisfy; for no faith can satisfy for ever when it is based upon fables and untruths. Over the pulpits of the half-attended churches is inscribed, "To the glory of God." That is the voice of the past. Secularism sounds the triumphant note of the future "To the service of man."

Based on fables, supported by dead men's money, trading on ignorance, Christianity will find the conscience of the race rising above it. For too many centuries it has darkened the earth, and separated man from his fellows. A newer impulse is at hand to make men join hands and hearts. This impulse is Secularism, which is marching to victory under the glorious banners of Liberty and Fraternity.

MIMNERMUS.

£100 a year is in future to be the minimum salary of a Primitive Methodist minister. They will just escape the blessings of poverty.

Further licensing arrangements provide for stronger measures. Does this mean still weaker "communion port"?

Nietzsche and His Critics.

VII.

(Continued from p. 421.)

We are told that he [Nietzsche] was a man of great personal charm in social intercourse. But his associates at Bale never suspected that in this courteous and amiable professor was stored up an explosive energy which would one day be felt in every civilized land. With pen in hand his criticism of life was unflinching, his sincerity arrogant; when the pen dropped he became modest, reserved, almost timorous.—*Havlock Ellis*, "Affirmations," pp. 34, 35.

The most useful acquisition to knowledge is, perhaps, the abandonment of the belief in the immortality of the soul. Henceforth humanity is at liberty to wait, and test its new ideas. In past times the eternal welfare of the poor "immortal soul" depended on the extent of knowledge acquired in the course of its short life. Now we have recovered courage to have errors, endeavours, and provisional acceptances—and for this very reason individuals and races can now fix their eyes on vast tasks such as in years gone by would have been considered madness, and defiance of heaven and hell. We are allowed to experiment upon ourselves. Even mankind has a right to do this.—*M. A. Mugge*, "Friedrich Nietzsche," p. 170.

DR. PANETH, a Viennese doctor, while spending the winter at Villafrancha, near Nice, in 1883-84, frequently saw Nietzsche—then living at Nice—and also testifies to Nietzsche's simple mode of living, which he describes as follows:—

His small room is bare and inhospitable looking; it certainly has not been chosen with a view either to ease or comfort, but solely on account of economy. It has no stove, no carpet, and no daintiness, and when I was there it was bitterly cold. Nietzsche was exceedingly friendly. There was nothing of false pathos or of the prophet about him, although I had expected it from his last work; on the contrary, he behaved in quite a harmless and natural way.....He is a downright honest man, and possesses the utmost strength of will and effort. I asked him whether he would like me to draw the attention of the public to him on the occasion of the publication of the third part of *Zarathustra*. He would not object, he said, but he did not seem to like the idea. Such a contempt for every extra aid to success, such a freedom from all self-advertisement is impressive.....

Nor was his mode of life the result of poverty, for Nietzsche was receiving a pension from Bale University of £120 a year, besides £40 a year private income. Mr. Mugge says that Nietzsche was of a naturally careful disposition; he also feared that his pension might be withdrawn, as it was only voluntary, and not fixed by law—a not unnatural fear, considering the terrific onslaught Nietzsche made upon the ruling religious and moral conventions of the day. He also had a presentiment that he would have to pay for the publication of his own books. These things may have had their influence upon Nietzsche; but from a study of his works, we should say that however wealthy Nietzsche might have been, he would still have chosen to live this simple life. His advice to his disciples was to "become hard," to learn to be independent of the luxuries of modern life. "But it must not be concluded," says Mr. Chatterton Hill,—

that Nietzsche was of a cold and haughty disposition. Few men have possessed, according to accounts of all who were privileged to know him, a more charming and lovable character. Nothing was further from him than vanity or arrogance, and, if he instinctively repulsed those whose manner was displeasing to his excessively refined taste, he was, towards his friends, full of kindness and charm and thoughtfulness.....All those who met him at Sils-Maria, or on the Riviera, liked him and respected him.¹

¹ Chatterton-Hill, *The Philosophy of Nietzsche*, p. 39.

He writes of himself:—

My experiences, even with those who have afforded bad experiences to everyone else, speak without exception in my favour; I tame every bear, I make the most ill-tempered amiable. During seven years that I was at the Bale pedagogium teaching Greek, I never had cause to inflict a single penalty; the laziest worked willingly with me.¹

Nietzsche had the appearance of a leader of men, says Kennedy. Schure, who met him at Bayreuth, says:—

While speaking to him, I was struck by the superiority of his mind and the strangeness of his physiognomy. He had a massive forehead, with short hair well brushed back, and the prominent cheekbones of the Slav. His heavy moustache and bold type of countenance would have made him resemble a cavalry officer but for something else in his appearance not easy to describe—a mixture of haughtiness and nervousness. His musical voice and slow speech gave evidence of his artistic feelings; his discreet and thoughtful bearing indicated the philosopher.

When Peter Gast and a friend called upon Nietzsche at Bale, says Kennedy,—

they were astonished to find, not a benign, round-shouldered philosopher, buried amidst dry-as-dust "systems," but a sturdily built, strong-looking man with a fierce moustache, resembling a colonel of grenadiers rather than a student. Gast was surprised, but he was still further puzzled by Nietzsche's voice, which was soft and low. He afterwards learnt that Nietzsche, like Stendhal, "wore a mask," and that, to counteract the effect of his military appearance, he took pains to keep his voice at a low pitch.²

All accounts agree that Nietzsche possessed a most captivating personality. Men of genius like Ritschl and Wagner fell under its spell. His students at the University testified to it, as did the lower classes of the Italian towns where he lived. Whether he moved in the highest or the lowest circles of society, Nietzsche gained the respect and affection of all with whom he came in contact. His friend, Peter Gast, in the address he delivered over Nietzsche's grave, declared: "We, however, who had the infinite good fortune to be near thee in daily life, we know only too well that the charm of thy person can never be adequately conceived from the thoughts in thy books."

We have already dealt with Nietzsche's mental collapse, the real cause of which we do not know, as the alienists—Doctors Breiting, Binswanger, and Wille—who attended Nietzsche have not yet published their diagnosis. Suffice it to say the first intimation that something was seriously wrong was an apoplectic fit, which rendered him unconscious for two days. This happened in January, 1889. After this he was not responsible for his actions. His friend, Professor Overbeck, alarmed by the receipt of a peculiar letter, hurried from Bale to Turin, and brought Nietzsche back with him, and placed him in the care of a medical man. Nietzsche seems to have been conscious of his condition, for he said to the doctor, "You are an alienist" (a specialist in insanity).

Nietzsche's mother had him removed to Dr. Binswanger's psychiatric institution at Jena, where he stayed about a year, and in the spring of 1890 he was sufficiently improved to be taken to her home at Naumburg. In 1897 his aged mother died, and his sister removed to Weimar, where he used to sit on the verandah overlooking the city and the hills. He took great delight in music, as he had always done; and his friends, particularly Peter Gast, often came and played to him.³ But his intellectual life was at an end. The delicate

tissues of the brain which had given birth to the most startling and revolutionary ideas of our time had been irretrievably ruined. In 1898 and 1899 Nietzsche had further seizures, the end coming rather suddenly on August 25, 1900.

In considering the philosophy, or teachings, or opinions, of Nietzsche, we do not feel called upon to defend every opinion he held, and, in fact it would be impossible to do so, because of the numerous contradictions scattered through his works. For instance, in the *Birth of Tragedy* Wagner is hailed as a man of the greatest genius, while in *Nietzsche contra Wagner* he has become a "decadent," a "rattlesnake." It is the mark of the real Freethinker that he does not tamely follow one leader, like a sheep. That would be to imitate the Christians, who defend every statement of Jesus Christ just because he said it. Personally, I can give assent to more in the writings of Herbert Spencer than of any other philosopher; but I dissent most decidedly from his two books, *First Principles* and *The Man and the State*.

The Freethinker is an eclectic; he chooses the best from every teacher, binding himself down to none.

All writers who have attempted an explanation of Nietzsche's philosophy have complained of the difficulty of the task. At the first glance it presents a bewildering tangle. Nietzsche makes no attempt to group his problems, or discuss them in logical sequence. As Mr. Wolf remarks:—

Problems of knowledge and problems of reality, questions of the greatest importance and questions of the smallest importance—to say nothing of more or less flippant remarks—follow each other with mutual unconcern. His spirit bloweth where it listeth. This, of course, aggravates the difficulties of the serious student or exponent of Nietzsche's philosophy. He must do for Nietzsche what every author is expected to do for himself, namely, arrange and systematize and generally edit his utterances. Still, the broad outlines of Nietzsche's thought on the chief problems of philosophy are clear enough to the careful reader. The chief difficulty is presented by the occurrence of different views on the same subject, not only in different books, but sometimes even in the same book. This difficulty too, however, is not insuperable. Sometimes the difference is clearly due to a change of view, and as a rule it is possible to determine which was his final opinion.¹

In other cases he has put down various questions which, though incompatible, probably appeared to him to be more or less plausible. As the same writer remarks, "he is honest enough to put down whatever occurred to him as a possible solution of the problem. This is what makes people accuse him of the maddest inconsistency." And further, we should remember that—

Nietzsche was only forty-four years old when his career as a thinker and writer came to a premature end. And there is good reason to believe that it was his intention ultimately to express his philosophy in systematic form, notwithstanding his earlier aversion to systems (p. 29).

Having at some length, perhaps our readers will complain, rolled some of the stumbling-blocks away from a due appreciation of Nietzsche's writings, we may next proceed to deal with the main points of his philosophy.

W. MANN.

(To be continued.)

A chicken with four legs has been hatched at Stanhope. This fact will be useful to Christian Evidence lecturers and other belated defenders of the Design Argument.

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 41.

² J. M. Kennedy, *The Quintessence of Nietzsche*, p. 3.

³ Kennedy, *Nietzsche*, p. 40.

¹ A. Wolf, *The Philosophy of Nietzsche*, p. 41.

Skeleton Sermons.

VII.—“Seven Up!”

ONE clergyman recently challenged another to prove that the day called Saturday, in Australia, by the Seventh Day Adventists, is not the seventh day of the week. Proving that Saturday is Sunday, and that Sunday is something else, is an innocent form of amusement. Equally as innocent as the Seventh Day Adventist question is Seven Up, an American card game, also called All Fours and Old Sledge; and in relation to the Bible, it may be mentioned that the number seven (apparently another Seven Up game) occupies among numerals a rank of singular character, and one deserving of study. One man may derive as much genuine satisfaction by making a collection of old boots as another will gain from a collection of diamonds. Every man to his taste, as the old skipper said when he passed the *pate de fois gras* and took a chew of tobacco instead.

But, flippancy aside, anyone who reads the Bible cannot fail to notice the frequent recurrence of certain numbers, and in both the Old and New Testaments unusual prominence is given to the number seven. The creation of the world opens with the Old Testament, which is said to have occupied six days, and the seventh was devoted to repose; and among the Jews the seventh year is called Sabbatical Year, the seven times seven year being styled the Year of Jubilee.

In the Old Testament there are the seven days of the week; on the seventeenth day of the month were all the foundations of the deep broken up; in certain sacrifices the sprinkling of blood was repeated seven times; a leprous house was closed for seven days; the feasts of the tabernacle lasted seven days; and children were not circumcised until they had reached their seventh day.

In Isaiah iv., there's going to be a mighty upheaval in a kind of reformed marriage movement, for it distinctly provides that the single purpose of man shall not obtain, “And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, ‘We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach.’” As a rule, most husbands have all they can do, just now, to look after one wife.

All are familiar with the story of Jacob, who served seven years each for Leah and Rachel. In Pharaoh's dreams, of which Joseph was the interpreter, the number seven, as applied to the kine and the ears of corn, signified the seven years of plenty and of famine that were to come upon the land of Egypt. Seven years were required to conquer Canaan; the Temple was seven years in building. Of Cain, it is recorded that “whoever slayeth Cain vengeance shall be taken upon him sevenfold.” Naaman was commanded to wash seven times in Jordan. In compassing the City of Jericho (the city of the jerry-built walls), seven priests, bearing seven trumpets of ramshorns, preceded the ark; they thus marched about the city seven days, and on the seventh day, seven times. As a magical charm, Samson was bound with seven green withes, and seven locks of his hair were woven with the web. God's pleasant love for ungrateful enemies and negligent friends are to be chastised seven times. God sends his angel to kill 70,000 men for having been enumerated in a census. David sends seven innocent men to be sacrificed as an offering to God to stay a famine. The sun's light to be sevenfold as the light of seven days.

In the New Testament there are the seven loaves and seven baskets of fragments. In the New Testament we read, “Then came Peter to him and said: ‘Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Till seven times?’ Jesus saith unto him, ‘I say

not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven” (Matt. xviii., 21-22). In the same Gospel (xii., 42-43) Jesus, speaking of the unclean spirit, says that “seven other spirits more wicked.....enter in, and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.” He cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene. Did she become seven times worse?

In the Revelation of St. John, the number seven is used very frequently. There are seven Churches of Asia, seven stars, the book with seven seals, seven angels with seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven lamps, seven spirits, seven vials with seven last plagues, the earthquake destroying seven thousand men, and the beast and the dragon have each seven heads. A beast with seven horns on his seat, seven golden candlesticks on his loins, his head clothed with the moon, seven eyes, seven fingers on his knees, and seven toes on his elbows, and seven trumpets inside him playing “Holy! Holy!” day and night without ceasing. The witnesses prophesy in sackcloth the half of seven years. The seven sons of Sceva mentioned in Acts xix., 14; the seven deacons appointed, of whom Stephen, a man full of the Holy Ghost, is one.

In secular history, too, there is the same recurrence of the figure seven. The seven ages, the seven champions, the seven hills, the seventh son of the seventh son, the seven sleepers, the seven wonders of the world, the seven stages of life (Shakespeare), and the seven wise men.

In astronomy there are the seven stars, called pleiades, situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus. There is the sevenfold shield of Ajax, of sevenfold rage, and Milton says:—

Of every beast and bird, and insect small,
Come sevens and pairs.

There is an ancient couplet by Thomas Heywood, who lived in the seventeenth century, which runs thus:—

Seven cities warred for Homer, being dead,
Who, living, had no roof to shroud his head.

It has been frequently stated that seven should be the number of hours devoted to sleep. Here is a little couplet on this very point:—

Nature requires five, custom takes seven,
Laziness nine, and wickedness eleven.

Gluttony is one of the seven deadly sins, so that the stomach of the fat man will be evidence against him when he faces the judgment seat. Seven is often used to indicate a great number, as “seven times as many,” “seven score,” and “double seven times,” while to refer to the Bible once more, which has always been my favourite study (after the ballet, of course) there is in the Proverbs this passage: “The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.”

Leaving the sober paths of sacred and other history, it will be found that the number seven has also been popularly adopted in the field of wit and humour, of which this ancient riddle is an example:—

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits—
How many were going to St. Ives?

THE OWL.

A woman, writing in the *Daily Mail*, says her sex has always been in a hurry, and adds, “Eve was in a hurry to eat the apple.” The lady contributor is in a hurry to believe a fairy tale.

A book is announced with the quaint title of *Ironmouth*. We wonder if it refers to the Rev. Billy Sunday.

Acid Drops.

The London Diocesan Conference had a "Missionary Day" recently at the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor gave a speech of welcome and the Bishop of London took the chair. In welcoming the clergy present the Lord Mayor said that he had been to the Front and found an atmosphere favourable to religion. He asked one man just back from a fight what it felt like in a charge, and the man replied, "There are no Atheists in the trenches, my Lord Mayor." We should not like to say that a Lord Mayor of London would speak anything but the truth, so we content ourselves with the promise of a substantial record for the name of this remarkable man. We have heard that story before. And the reply had no relevancy whatever to the question. It is like asking a man the time of day and receiving the reply that potatoes are twopence per pound. We do not say it is wrong to lie for the greater glory of God—that would be to fly in the face of Christian teaching and practice—but we do wish that Christians would shape their terminological inexactitudes with a little more judgment.

The Bishop of London, of course, agreed with the Lord Mayor. That is what one would expect. But the Rev. A. E. Burroughs, who followed with a paper on "Our Spiritual Needs," quoted from a letter received from the Front, in which it was said, "The padres work hard and are wonderfully good and untiring, but they—like religion in general—are crowded out.....The subalterns look upon him generally as a fool.....Parsons seldom see people in their natural and normal condition." We wonder what the Lord Mayor and the Bishop thought of that? Whatever they thought we do not expect it will stop them repeating the same stupid yarn at the next meeting they attend. Most parsons are built that way, and nature evidently intended the Lord Mayor for the pulpit.

The Bishop of London, who explained the purpose of the British Empire, said it was "given into our hands.....so that we might be a candlestick to carry the light of the Christian religion." And yet, laments the Bishop, the Church of England could only send out one million a year for foreign missionary work. He hoped that the significance of the figures would sink in. So do we. That million could be better spent at home, and while we are being urged to economize in all directions, it is little short of a public scandal that the clergy should continue their begging for so gross a mixture of fraud and folly as foreign missions.

Even bishops are sometimes candid—when it suits their purpose. The Bishop of Chelmsford, speaking at Southend-on-Sea, said that London, after sixteen centuries of Church teaching, contained only five per cent. of the population who were Church communicants. These were mostly women and children, and the total included only one per cent. of men. Yet the bishop and his colleagues wish to impose the narrow views of this minority upon the majority of their countrymen.

A new preacher from the land of tall buildings and tall statements has arrived in London, and is spoken of as the man who may succeed the Rev. R. J. Campbell at the City Temple. The Rev. J. F. Newton, who hails from Cedar Rapids, U.S.A., is coming to instruct the little village on the Thames how to "reinterpret the spiritual essence and underlying fraternity of all religions." Brother Newton appears to be a modest man with a modest programme.

The clergy are always girding at the Materialism of Free-thinkers, but they live in glass houses themselves. Writing on the subject of Christians using trams on Sundays, the Rev. A. Waller, of St. Paul's Church, Westcliff, says, "We have no right to ask God to wink at our patronage of the tramway service." A critic might remind the reverend gentleman that a "wink" is as materialistic as the "glad eye."

Do not misjudge the clergy. Many a black coat covers a white liver.

"If thou bray a fool in a motor," he will still bray—and pray.

Cardinal Bourne's panacea for the winning of the War is, "Pray early, and pray often." The Tommies have more faith in straight sniping.

It is a wise old proverb that confession is good for the soul, and in the event of its being true, the Rev. William Jobson, a Manchester Presbyterian minister, ought to be an exceedingly happy man to-day. In a recent sermon, he has had the courage to admit that "never has the Church appeared so helpless, or so lacking in her influence, as this crisis has revealed." An Army Chaplain, pointing to his parade, had just made to him the following humiliating confession: "I am at a loss to know what to say to these men. What have I got to give them that will help them to be different?" After all, is honesty the best policy? Here are two men who are professionally God's representatives, or God's instruments, on earth, and supposed to be "endued with power from on high," who have got to acknowledge their utter powerlessness in face of the world's stupendous needs! But they only confirm what this journal has persistently been saying for thirty-five years.

The Rev. Dr. Orchard may ape the ritual of the Catholic priest and be passionately fond of all sorts of brilliant ecclesiastical uniforms, but he has been an unprejudiced, open-minded student of history. When asked to join in the observance of Kossovo day he firmly declined, on the ground that he strongly deprecates any attempt to "arouse a new Cross and Crescent campaign." He justly described the crusades as "one of the greatest disgraces that ever stained the annals of Christianity." "Christianity in this country," he said, "was largely paralysed by bad history." The only lesson he could draw from Kossovo was, "that it was of no use raking up history which might prejudice the future." An exceedingly discreet Christian policy, this!

A proprietor of a patent food for children has left a modest fortune of £180,186. Large fortunes left by patent medicine proprietors during recent years range from £134,402 to £1,611,607. Patent medicines appear to pay almost as well as religion.

At the village of Canewdon, Essex, a publican was fined £2 for using strong language. The summons was taken out by a lady on the advice of the vicar. This sort of thing makes for the happiness of country life.

"An idle man is a nuisance just now," says a provincial clergyman. We do not mind the 50,000 clergy being kept idle.

A forcible plea for life without servants has been published in a London newspaper. We hope it will not disturb the serenity of the bishops with their lady-footmen and other retainers.

A man—an Eastern—in a London police-court, the other day, desired to take the oath by blowing out a candle. The magistrate, Mr. De Grey, agreed to the proceeding, although he expressed surprise at so strange a proceeding. Naturally, the absurdities we are accustomed to never strike us so much as those we only witness occasionally, and yet the practice of kissing—a not over-clean habit—looks less ridiculous than blowing out a candle. In religion, it is just a variation in absurdities all along.

The Rev. Dr. John A. Hutton, of Glasgow, very truly says that "Christianity, to a very great extent, is not thinking." For once we are in complete agreement with this popular man of God. As a matter of fact, Christianity has always been the mortal enemy of independent, manly thinking, and has itself invariably subsisted, not on clear, vigorous thought, but on wrongly founded and falsely directed emotionalism. Most of its actions have been inspired, not by robust convictions, but by fanatical feelings. This is why devotions have occupied so large a place and exerted so powerful an influence in the life of the Church.

According to the *Daily Chronicle*, four clergymen have been awarded the Victoria Cross, and death sentences have been passed on thirty-four conscientious objectors, the sentences being afterwards commuted to terms of penal servitude. The question is, Find the Christians.

The very extensive trading of the Y.M.C.A. now includes bookselling. In Essex, the local secretary sells "books of light reading" for sevenpence, which can afterwards be exchanged for others. The Bible can scarcely be described as "light reading."

The Rev. T. Dent states that the Germans required him, if he continued to hold services at Libau, to pray for the Kaiser. Presumably, the reverend gentleman did not feel sufficiently Christian to pray for his enemies.

A gracefully-worded "puff" in a daily newspaper says that the Young Men's Christian Association makes Christianity "attractive." Then follows the usual list of secular inducements held out to the soldiers, such as hot and cold baths, concerts, billiards, and other secular amusements, and finishing with the customary appeal to the pockets of the readers. The religion of the Man of Sorrows is developing fast into a world's fair.

One of the newly discovered prophets of present-day Christianity is the Rev. G. Stanley Russell, M.A., of the Grafton Square Congregational Church, Clapham, the most significant note in whose prophecy is the humiliating confession that, so far as this life is concerned, "the redemption of the world has failed." In the only life concerning which we possess any knowledge, God's plan of salvation has utterly miscarried. Consequently, Mr. Russell fixes upon a world about which we know absolutely nothing, as the only sphere in which God's holy purposes shall be fulfilled. It is so eminently safe to wax eloquent about the ineffable bliss and glory of "the Life Beyond." Who can doubt that the men of God are "wise as serpents and harmless as doves"? How ingeniously they play upon the notorious gullibility of their ever dwindling public!

A headline in a Sunday paper ran, "London's New Idol." Happily, for our peace of mind, it referred to a boxing champion.

"The Bible is the basic rock on which civilized government stands," says the Lord Mayor of London. Was he thinking of the text, "The meek shall inherit the earth"?

Some of the Church of England clergy are clamouring for distinctive badges for Army Chaplains, so as to distinguish the Government from fancy religions. The soldiers appear indifferent as to who serves out the communion port, so long as they do not get too much of it.

"The great fault of English thinking," says a *Church Times* reviewer, "is oneness....We usually try to reduce everything to terms of morality; that is to say our puritanism is usually a moral puritanism, and that is what Frenchmen and Italians mean when they accuse us of hypocrisy." We have said the same thing scores of times, and we are glad to see the *Church Times* coming round to our point of view. The average Briton is not only moral—drunk or sober, good or bad, he insists on being that—but he is, one may say, offensively moral. He insists on measuring all differences between himself and others in terms of morality—with disadvantage to the others. We have, probably, more societies in this country for the suppression of different vices than there are in the rest of Europe, and to the Englishman this is a proof of our excessive morality. He forgets that foreigners are apt to reflect upon the necessity for so many organizations with such purposes. It is quite probable that with fewer societies for the suppression of vices, we might have a more rapid growth of certain virtues. As it is, these organizations are, in actual working, often only societies for teaching people to discover vices where none need exist.

One of the speakers at the meeting of the Convocation of Canterbury asked for a reform of Old Testament teaching. He said that he had been reading the Old Testament Lessons in the Church Service, and had come to the conclusion that "if our men at the Front read these lessons, they would find in them the justification for all the German atrocities." We came to this conclusion years ago. We are glad to see some Christians following our lead. But why reform the lessons? The best thing to do with a bad teaching is to get rid of it.

"Before a man is ordained," says the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, "he should be put to work in a populous district, or have a year or two in a commercial house, so as to have his eyes opened and get some insight into true manhood, a thing he cannot get at present if admitted into our ranks. Our clergy are a thoroughly undisciplined lot." Quite a lot of truth is getting liberated lately.

Rev. S. W. Hughes, Dr. Clifford's successor at Westbourne Park Chapel, is a profound thinker—of the theological kind. He told an audience the other day that there was "a subtle connection between the continental Sabbath and the war on the Continent." This is rather cryptic, as France, Italy, and Belgium all indulge in the "continental Sabbath," and will keep it up when the War is over. In Berlin, said Mr. Hughes, not more than two per cent. of the working classes were in the habit of attending church. Well, there is not more than five per cent. of that habit here. And it seems a trifle ridiculous to assume as the cause of the War that miserable difference of three per cent. A very profound thinker is Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Walter Roch, M.P., stated in the House of Commons that the Bishop of Oxford's book on the Sermon on the Mount had been seized by the police at Penarth. As the book was published twenty years ago, the action of the police cannot be described as hasty.

Oh, the cheek of it! The Archbishop of Canterbury said the other day that "the general effect of religious teaching in building up the character of a nation had been amply demonstrated in this time of stress." For cool, unadulterated bluff, this beats everything. The European nations have all been subjected to religious teaching for generations, and look at them! Could Europe have been in a worse condition without religious teaching? One would have thought that the less said about the influence of religion to-day, the better.

The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell does not like the inclusion of Kipling's "Recessional" among sacred songs. He says, "The insolent jargon of" lesser breeds "has found its way even into Christian hymn books."

Criticising Mr. Bernard Shaw's "cocksure caricature of Christ" in the preface to *Androcles*, Mr. James Douglas says, "I prefer the savagery of Tom Paine and the brutality of Bradlaugh." Mr. Douglas should be an authority on "savagery" and "brutality."

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the Baptists, following the Y.M.C.A., have built a soldiers' home at Aldershot. It contains billiard-rooms, a canteen, washing and shower baths, a reading-room, and a plentiful supply of games. We wonder if the baths are to be used for baptisms.

Clergymen using motor-cars in the service of their parishes have been asking for special consideration as regards licence and petrol duties. Why should these saintly men use motor-cars? Cannot they travel in the same way as their Master when he entered Jerusalem?

Gods are cheap to-day. Notice was given recently in a Kingston newspaper that a Chinese idol left at a house would be sold unless claimed within three weeks.

The war-cry of the curate "too proud to fight": "Put me among the girls."

To Correspondents.

- J. ROUTH.—Please send on the two copies to this office.
- D. DAWSON.—Always pleased to hear from you. Cutting will be useful.
- G. A. McDONALD (Johannesburg).—The clergy, are the same the world over, and we are not at all surprised they tried to push their "spiritual" wares under cover of mourning over Kitchener's death.
- C. F. BUDGE.—The pamphlet will prove useful. We had not seen it previously. Friends do us a real service in bringing these things to our notice.
- J. PARTRIDGE.—Pleased to hear that the Branch picnic was such a success. Sorry that postal delay prevented our dealing with the subject in last issue.
- L. MURIATI.—Pleased to receive the appreciation of a new reader. Thanks, also, for cutting.
- D. W. H.—We hardly think your idea practicable at present. Something in the nature of a Friendly Society attached to the N. S. S. might do good, but at present the great need is to strengthen the N. S. S. itself. We shall be writing on this in a week or two.
- S. AYRES.—When clergymen are talking about Freethinkers, it is a good rule to discard seventy-five per cent. of what they say, and carefully examine what is left.
- H. LAMOND.—We are not surprised that, as a sincere believer in Christ, you are shocked at the *Freethinker*. But stick to it. Don't be put off by one or two readings, and you will presently come to like it. No habitual dram-drinker takes kindly to cold water at first.
- R. BELL.—Your letters must have miscarried. We received only one communication from you.
- P. WILD.—We don't know, and we don't care, whether the paper currency will be permanent. The only paper question that troubles us is paper for printing the *Freethinker*. And that question gets "worsen and worsen."
- FREETHINKERS desirous of becoming members of the N. S. S. in or near Bolton, Croydon, Nottingham, Oldham, or Wigan, are requested to communicate with Miss E. M. Vance, General Secretary, N. S. S.
- A. E. COOK.—We cannot insert your reply to Mr. Arch this week, as it did not reach us until Tuesday, which is too late for the insertion of any but paragraphic matter.
- J. H. BODY.—Sorry we should not be able to find room for the essay in question.
- WILL Mr. A. F. Thorn please send his present address to the Editor.
- When the services of the National Secular Society in connection with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Miss E. M. Vance, giving as long notice as possible.*
- The Secular Society, Limited, office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.*
- The National Secular Society's office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.*
- Friends who send us newspapers would enhance the favour by marking the passages to which they wish us to call attention.*
- Lecture Notices must reach 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.*
- 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. 3d.; three months, 2s. 8d.*

Sugar Plums.

Mr. Cohen has arranged for a special lecturing visit to Gainsborough on Friday, July 21. The Co-operative Hall has been taken for the occasion, and it is hoped that one result of the visit will be the initiation of regular Freethought work in the town.

The agitation against the L. C. C.'s prohibition of the sale of literature in the Parks is now assuming definite form. A

committee, composed of representatives of the National Secular Society, London Trades Council, Independent Labour Party, Rationalist Press Association, League for the Restoration of Land Values, North London Ethical Society, British Socialist Party, and the Social and Political Vigilance Society, has been formed to take steps to induce the L. C. C. to reconsider its decision. Other societies are expected to join the committee, and a vigorous agitation will be carried on if necessary. The first step of the committee has been to request the Council to receive a deputation on the subject. On the outcome of that request much will hang, and that is all we feel justified in saying for the present.

Just as we are closing the paper, we learn that the Council has consented to receive a deputation on Friday, July 21. So far, all is satisfactory.

The fourth of the open-air demonstrations took place in Victoria Park last Sunday. The speakers were Messrs. Cohen, Rosetti, Burke, and Howell Smith. As we expected, there was a very large gathering, and all the speakers were in excellent form. It was a live meeting from beginning to end.

We have omitted in previous notes on these demonstrations to thank Mr. Wilson for his generous loan of a pair of horses and a brake, which served the speakers as a platform. We repair that omission now. Miss Stanley, Mrs. Rolf, and Messrs. Cunningham, Rolf and Samuels, have also been active at these demonstrations in making collections and in the sale of literature. They do not desire thanks, but that is no justification for failing to acknowledge their services.

In writing his *Short History of Freethought*, Mr. J. M. Robertson performed a real service to the Freethought Movement. "Short" is almost a sarcasm in relation to a work which, in its enlarged form, covers two large volumes of over 1,000 pages, although it is correct enough in relation to the vastness of the subject. Those of our readers who do not already possess the work will do well to avail themselves of the publisher's offer on the last page of this issue. The *Short History* is the only work of its kind with any pretence to thoroughness, nor is a similar task likely to be attempted by anyone else in the near future. For this reason, and because of its intrinsic worth, it remains the standard work on the subject. Freethinkers who read it cannot but gain a more vivid sense of the importance and universality of Freethought; and even religious people must feel increased respect for a frame of mind that has played so great and so useful a part in the evolution of human thought. As will be seen on reference to our advertisement pages, the work is now being offered at 10s., and at such a price is a marvel of cheapness in a world where everything is becoming increasingly expensive.

We are glad to see the *Humanitarian* continuing its monthly appearance—we are sure, under trying circumstances. Humanitarianism is less in fashion now than ever, and the more credit is due to those who will not allow even this War to damp their ardour or restrain their efforts. The issue for July contains some quotations from one of our own favourite authors, Herman Melville, an author too little read by the present generation.

Owing to want of space, we have been obliged to hold over an article by Mr. T. F. Palmer until next week.

"I thought my wife was worth gold, so I kept it for the wedding," said a soldier, as he paid his fees at his marriage. A newspaper referred to the incident as "Golden Tribute to a Wife"—but the parson had the cash.

A commission of American bishops of the Episcopal Church recommend the cutting down of the Ten Commandments, which, in their view, are too long for this busy age. American bishops must work more than one day weekly.

Heath Man Evolves.

No doubt Robinson Crusoe had a hard time on his desert island. Nevertheless, he did not have the plague of glittering green and black flies which infested our camps at Lemnos and Suvla Bay. When the 10th Division put ashore at Lemnos, previous to the remarkable new landing on August 7, 1915, I asked a straw-hatted sailor, who was roping together the surf-boats, what the place was like. "Flies an' sand, an' sand an' flies—nothinkelse!" Lemnos, seen from the outer anchorage, is the most desolate, dreary, dried-up patch of volcanic peaks and khaki sand. In July, when we landed on this island, the sun was blazing down from a glaring, blue sky. The sea was calm and of a deep cobalt, with here and there a streak of emerald green. As we marched, the sand rose up in thick clouds and choked the rear ranks. The flies pestered and tormented like so many little jinn. The sweat oozed from under our pith helmets and trickled down from under our arms.

A few days later came the re-embarkation and then the landing at Suvla Bay. At Suvla we came face to face with mechanical death. Here we watched platoons and sections, companies and brigades go ashore. It was early morning. There was a pale-pink sunrise over the Bay. As each boat-load reached the shallows, mechanical death blew them to pieces with land-mines planted all round the shore. Mechanical death came screaming and rumbling from the mountain batteries hidden along the Sari Bahir and the Kislar Dargh. Shrapnel burst with a metallic "z-z-zing!" and spread a hail of jagged iron and shot in all directions. Many men perished as they waded ashore. A whole section was smashed at the same instant as they marched in fours round the edge of the Salt Lake bed. They lay like a group of dead flies, and we could see the wounded trying to crawl away from this heap of mangled manhood.

I do not here intend to give a detailed account of the landing, but I want to give you a good idea of the conditions under which we worked. The smell of the dead after the second day became putrid. All day my duties as a stretcher-sergeant brought me in touch with the moaning wounded and the panting of those near giving up the ghost. I saw pain and suffering unimaginable, and not infrequently madness and shattered nerves. I remember a helmet with a pool of thick blood in it, and a mass of green-black flies buzzing in a swarm over it. Here was a man with madness in his eyes, and his lips cracked and swollen for want of water.

"Any water?" was the one question. Otherwise we did not speak to each other. The death-silence had fallen upon us. The sun blazed by day. The stars glittered and hung like lamps at night, and the air was chilly. The stink of the dead was in the air all day; at night it was sickly sweet with the scent of mountain-sage, and queer pepperminty smells from queer scorched-up herbs among the rocks. The fierce rattle of machine-guns and the deafening cracks of our battleships firing from the Bay continued every day. At night there was an occasional shot. The moon shone white upon the great Salt Lake bed of silver sand.

I came back sick from Salonika, was in hospital a month in Egypt, and then to "Blighty," *i.e.*, England. Returning like a Robinson Crusoe from the desolation of a desert waste, it was but natural to look round to see whether the Old Country had altered in any way. To one who has been away from all signs of civilization for six months, the change is not only obvious, but startling. I don't suppose you at home can see this change so definitely as one who comes back—like a Rip Van

Winkle—expecting to find all the old methods and the old ideas—and, instead, finds them all new.

The first thing I notice is your dress. You don't even dress as you did before the War! Where are the silk hats, the black bowlers, the kid gloves, the coloured socks, the spotted ties, and the collars and cuffs? You are not afraid of rolling up your sleeves! You don't care whether your trousers are creased or not! You even go up to town in a country suit—which, before the War, you would have scorned as "bad form," or not "the thing." Then, again, the way you speak—why, you talk differently! You've dropped the "haw-haw! old chap!" sort of rot, and you are not afraid to speak your mind openly about things. Really, you know, you're not a bit like you were when I went out.

The women, too, have altered. They can't get on and off motor-lorries in hobble-skirts, and they can't wash-up in the Y.M.C.A. hut with bits of lace and flummery hanging from their sleeves.

You don't think the same, do you? I mean you seem so discontented. You know now that war is really wrong. You know that this great smash-up would have come sooner or later. And you seem to have your doubts as to whether our civilization really has been any good. You say openly now that social conditions are all wrong, and that our religious and moral teachings are mostly useless and obsolete. Whereas, before the War, only the advanced thinkers and the "cranks" expressed such a view.

You don't believe what you're told either! The newspapers tell you something, and now you say: "Oh, well! you can't rely on the papers!" Yet, before the War, you always said: "Oh, but it must be true; I saw it in the paper!" Again, the preachers and ministers of your numerous little chapels and churches tell you that "God is love," and that you should "Love one another," and "Do unto others....." and now you actually discuss these points and, sometimes, you even express your own views on the matter! Whereas, before the War, you were content to be told these things, and didn't trouble to think about them. Only the religious cranks and the Freethinkers thought. But now you're all thinking freely! Fact is—you don't believe what you're told!

What strikes me, also, is your energy. You used to be an awfully sleepy set. Now you all want to *do* something. You always wanted to *do nothing* before! Don't you remember you wanted to get as much money as possible, somehow or other, and then you wanted to "do the grand," like other rich people? which really meant doing nothing. Above all, I see the rise up of the boys. Coming back, it is certainly the most noticeable thing. Boys are used for everything. The education authorities now find that their wonderful educational system is really of no help to the nation in this crisis. And they actually allow the boys to go and do something useful on the land out-of-doors. Queer, isn't it?

Do you suppose the boys will go back to the schools after the War—having once had a breath of fresh air and freedom? Not they! No more than those who return from the Front will ever again settle down to the city-life at the desk. See what this will mean? The boys, finding a leader, will rise up against the old systems of living shut up between four walls, and the *unnatural* and worn-out rites and dogmas of our religious bodies.

I remember the tremendous independence of our "young people" being deplored by those who had been cast in the old mould. More and more this independence becomes pronounced in the boys and girls of to day; and this is really a sign of the Coming Age—the New World.

We have Boy Scouts, Junior George Republics, Nature Study Societies, Child Study Societies, Eugenic

Societies, Amateur Camping Clubs, Naturalist Clubs, Y.M.C.A.'s, Canoe Clubs, Fresh Air Funds, Women Workers, Borstal Schools, Open-air Schools, Folk Dance Societies, and many more. These groups of people number many thousand; yet, just because each worked in a different way, they could not see that they all worked for the same end. They are all working for the outdoor era—the evolution of the Heath Man.

Here, again, the War has had effect. They are all trying to do something. This is the great smash-up. All these people are trying to evolve that new way of life which will ultimately evolve a new being—the Heath Man. The old systems have become a sham, and religious belief, as we knew it before the War, a hollow shell; Government and politics a private "Stock Exchange"—a money-making "ring." The thinkers always knew this; but now the great masses know it. This is what makes all the little gospel-grinding ministers tremble. This is why our word-entangling lawyer-politicians have fears for the continuance of their excessive incomes.

Church and State were both rotten at the core; but now the people know it. They have begun to feel the effect of this rottenness. It now affects their own families. Their sons return home with legs and arms lopped off, or suffering from hideous diseases contracted in the field, or—and this only too often—they do not return at all. Their graves in the sand are marked with bits of fire-wood. I remember sitting for hours in an old dried-up water-course at Suvla Bay making crosses out of the wooden bully beef crates.

But the using of the boy at a time when so few men are available for civil life means a real national re-budding. Don't underestimate the boy. He knows. He knows he is important. He knows that you—the "grown-up" world—cannot "carry on" without him. He is beginning to organize and control the power which he knows he wields. When all the boys combine, no community could withstand their demands.

These are all signs of the evolution of the Heath Man—not because people want to go back to a more primitive way of life—(far from it, they would much prefer to go back again to the old comfortable rut) but because *they've got to do it*. As in every divergence from the original plan which has marked the beginning of a new species or tribe, the cause of the change is necessity, which forces a certain section of the race to break away, with new habits and, therefore, a new morality, and, gradually, a new physical and mental standard.

The new man—the Heath Man—is evolving before our very eyes. He would have evolved anyhow *in time*. This world-war had brought about a state of affairs in which most men (and women) have been *thrown suddenly* face to face with naked Nature. The British nation is actually in the process of branching off on a new species of human development. There may never again be such a miracle. It is a sudden change in a different and, probably, better direction, which learned scientists, sociologists, and students of economics cannot ignore. Such a change as we now see is bound to tell upon the people of the future—the children of the present. All the signs lead one to deduce that we are well started on a new off-shoot of manhood. This is what I call the Heath Man, as opposed to the old machine-made city-grubber of 1914.

The boys—the Heath Men of the future—do not believe what they are told, either by their parents, their teachers, or the Sunday-schools. He can see that it is unnatural and silly, and he thinks the grown-up world has set out to "cod" him; which, indeed, it really has. But now the boy refuses to be "hood-

winked." He does not believe in the gooseberry bush, or the cabbage-patch, or the stork, or the angel.

The Heath Man of the future, evolving from the boy of to-day, will not be afraid of Nature. He will be an outdoor man. He will not shut himself up in stone walls. He will live in a tent or a hut. He will wear useful and picturesque clothes. He will be able to hold his tongue when there is no use for talking. He will, in fact, be that "strong, silent" man which the old civilized man secretly admired, and liked to read about in novels. He will bring up his children out-of-doors, to run and jump, and swim, and creep. He will teach them to use their eyes and ears. He will live away from the squalor and luxury of cities. He will be a woodcraftsman and a backwoodsman, a camper-scout—strong of limb, and clean of mind. He will be as the dictionary puts it: "A heathen, or 'heath-man'; one who lives outside the city walls; one who does not attend the temple."

JOHN HARGRAVE (R.A.M.C.).

The War and Religion.

An Islamic View.

WHAT is to be the outcome of the proposed National Mission of Hope and Repentance? What will be its effect upon members and non-members of the Church of England as by law established? It may be urged that these are no concern of one who belongs to a non-Christian faith; but there is an English proverb that "Lookers-on see most of the game," and, strange though it may seem, although a Moslem, my professional duties bring me into close contact with representatives of the many and varied creeds of Christendom in general, and of the Established or National Church in particular. In hazarding the opinion that the results of the proposed National Mission will be negative rather than positive, that they will be characterized more by failure than success, it is as the outcome of this intimate though independent and unbiassed outlook.

The Church has existed not to teach religion, but theology, and incidentally to misrepresent other faiths. It has also had an interest in the millinery trade, and at a meeting of the Church Congress a few years since, one whole evening was taken up with a discussion as to whether the chasuble was a proper vestment to be worn in the principal service of the Church. If the Founder of Christianity were to appear in bodily form, and present himself at St. Paul's Cathedral, he would not be allowed to preach until he had appended his signature to the Thirty nine Articles. Westminster Abbey might, perhaps, strain a point, and incur the risk of not insisting upon this. Certain Nonconformist denominations and churches would also be compelled by their trust deeds to insist upon subscription to the Westminster Confession of Faith. No, the Churches are bound too firmly by these traditions ever to make great headway in the regeneration of the nation, and it is not in exercise of the gift of prophecy, which I do not claim to possess, that I predict that one result of the War will be the death-blow to the Established and other organized Church systems.

The Rev. Neville Talbot, eldest son of the Bishop of Winchester, home on leave from Flanders, where he has been serving as Chaplain to the Forces, has had the courage to speak plainly concerning what he has seen and reveal the state of things he has encountered. He says that there is great poverty towards God, not only at home, but at the Front; that though in Flanders there were a great many church parades, the men were rather bored by the services, and did not want to pray. Why? "Because," he says, "as a people we have largely forgotten the very central essence of our religion—that God loves us." I, personally, should be inclined

to add—"and the worship of God," which is also the essence of religion. At least, the worship of God because of his love and mercy is the central essence of Islam. Small wonder that the Bishop of London is forced to the confession that "from end to end of England we find people who, at the bottom of their hearts, have grown to believe—although they are afraid to admit it—that the War is the absolute breakdown of Christianity." But, says his Dean of St. Paul's, "it is nonsense to talk about the failure of Christianity when Christianity has never been tried." Surely, however, such a statement is a confession of failure. What has become of nearly two millennia's teaching? If more zeal had been given to practical work and less to internal squabbles, more might have been accomplished, and there would have been more time and energy for devotion towards the realization of ideals.

The Church has concerned itself too much with matters which should have been outside its purview. It should have nothing to do with extension of empire; but a few evenings since, at one of the many anniversary gatherings known as May Meetings, a clergyman said that the Empire owed missionaries a great debt of gratitude which it could never repay. He was referring to the fact that it was through missionary effort that the addition of territory had been effected. A National Church is a national disgrace. It upholds and fosters the caste system, which Islam has abolished, by its recognition of the brotherhood of the human family. Not so the Established Church, which seeks to perpetuate the supposed superiority of the white over all the coloured races.

The commercial element enters far too largely into the work of the salvation of souls. The list of vacant benefices published weekly in the Church organs contains always the names of the patrons and the amount of the emoluments, as a guide to applicants, who are also informed as to whether the benefice is vacant through the death, preferment, or resignation of the previous occupant. It does not say whether he was a teacher of the practical Biblical injunction to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." The growth of Islam is admitted reluctantly by Christian missionaries. Perhaps one reason for its rapidity of growth lies in the fact that it has no missionary organizations and no paid agents. Moslems, may I add, have no desire to see the spread of Christianity or of any other religion checked; but they have an earnest desire to see the nations—all nations, irrespective of colour or race—practising a practical religion, and if the proposed National Mission helps in any way to bring about this desired end they will rejoice.

MOHAMMED SADIQ.

Campbellisms.

THERE are certain human types in whom mind runs to seed. And of such is Mr. R. J. Campbell. It is a melancholy reflection that there should be a public for such effusions as have been appearing from his pen in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. It is still more melancholy to think that anyone should deem it desirable to make a six-shilling book compounded of such superficial rapidity. Mr. Campbell is the heypresto man who can prove to you not only that black is white, but also that white is black, and that each is, furthermore, a variety of other colours. His spiritual career is shown with the lapses of fine resolves, bungled enterprises, and abandoned hopes. Mr. Campbell has all the impudence of absolute certitude. Any *thinking* person who has watched the antics of this theological acrobat, must realize that Mr. Campbell's only possible ultimate destination is Rome.

He has been a very Vicar of Bray in the region of thought. He is nothing, and he is everything. He has been this, that, and the other, and not long any one of them. He reminds one of the old man who, when the vicar called to inquire about his absence from church was received by the lady of the house, who declared she could not understand her husband. "He's been Church; he's been Baptist; he's been Methody; he's been Congregational; and now, bless yer life, Sir, he's turned into a Yarmouth bloater." It seems like yesterday since Mr. Campbell was reading his recantation on a Congregationalist platform. He was a regular booby show; a sight to move the gods to mirth to view a crowd of grown-up human beings becoming maudlin over—what? The late editor of this journal put it very shrewdly in "Acid Drops" at the time. Dr. Forsyth and Mr. Campbell, he observed, lay down together on the one platform. He wondered which was inside the other! But Mr. Campbell has moved since then. He is feeling his way over the Alps. Has he visions of a big, red hat? Or, is such a question premature? What a figure he might cut in pontifical robes on the outside page of an illustrated magazine!

People with swollen heads are often bad managers. Unhappily, Mr. Campbell is sadly deficient in these graces, which Oliver Wendell Holmes was accustomed to describe as the superficialities of Christianity. But, be it said, Holmes' conception of Christianity was very different from the baffling mosaic which is presented by the preaching of Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell cries gaily, "There are no Atheists save in theory!" "Mr. Blatchford is a Christian without knowing it!" "*Credo quia impossibile!*" Mr. Campbell gives us some idea of his own mental condition. He depreciates Reason. His experience of his own rational apparatus—or thinking-box—has evidently not been by any means satisfactory. "Reason," he declares, "gropes and fumbles. Instinct goes straight to the mark." And this is a man who sets himself the task of "helping" and "guiding" his fellow-men! *Instinct* certainly goes straight to the mark. It makes the cat very restive indeed when a mouse shows its nose. It makes a hungry man very busy with his "vittles." But there is no high moral purpose in instinct. Instinct, or intuition, is, after all, the *causa causans* that lies behind every appetite, inclination, and desire. The more intense the desire, the greater the instinct. Reason is the only thing in the history of human development working under free conditions that has brought about codes of honour and stirred men to heroic and ennobling self-sacrifice. It is the great regulator. Said Sir Wm. Hamilton—and his words are printed in gold in the University of Edinburgh—"The greatest thing in the world is man; and the greatest thing in man is *mind!*" What boots it that some snuffing Little Bethelite points his penny squirt at the name of Sir William Hamilton? Naught, i' faith! Instinct is the thing that prompts us to do the thing we want very much to do. Reason is the thing that shows us the more excellent way that prompts us to do the thing we ought to do and do not want to do. And what are "higher instincts"? There are no "higher" or "lower" instincts—except in the artifice of the pulpit.

One of the great dangers of to-day for many people is that of surrendering to an emotional mysticism. Mr. Campbell has surrendered, as the result of his "higher" intuitions, promptings; which is saying, in other words, that he has done what he wanted to do—and he naturally thinks everybody should follow his example. Yes, yes; indeed people get the kind of "helpers" and "guides" they deserve! Mr. Campbell beseeches the world to have sense enough to shake off most of its

painfully acquired secular wisdom, with all its direful train of results, and to go "healthfully mad" again, like the primitive Christians. Dealers in self-contradictory terms are always suspect—and rightly so. But what kind of imagination can a man have who would destroy all that secular wisdom has wrought out for mankind? Secular wisdom has taught us how to harness and employ the forces of Nature in the service of man; and the clerics are not the slowest to participate in the benefits so conferred. Monasticism and asceticism are unfashionable. What has Mr. Campbell and his fellow-craftsmen done to help humanity? Where are the evidences of it? What part did Christianity play in transforming the coracle into the *Mauvetania*? Were the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, X-rays, and radium invented and discovered as the result of wrestling in prayer, Exeter Hall orations, or Keswick conventions? Does Mr. Campbell not know that his predecessors in office did all in their power to discourage and persecute those who sought to disseminate knowledge? He does; and he personally has his own life enriched by the efforts of secular wisdom, which in a moment of emotionalism he asks us to condemn! Truly here is a case of "reason" groping and fumbling badly!

IGNOTUS.

Secular Funerals.

REGULAR readers of the *Freethinker* and students of the Progressive Movement will recall the many references made from time to time to the above question; but it is not every reader who can know the full record of the many insults, slights, and cruelties which have been put upon our dead-and-gone members when the time has come to pay the last duty to the departed Freethinker—one would like to say "last respects," but that it would often be so pitifully untrue.

All Freethinkers who have taken more than the ordinary interest in the work of the Movement have been pained and disgraced by the constantly repeated proofs of the old statement "that the worst enemies of a man are often those of his own house." A very big chapter in the real history of the Freethought Party could be filled with case upon case, proof upon proof, of the way in which the dying wishes of our members have been mocked and derided by living members of the same family, when the restraining and guiding hand of the dead Freethinker has at last lost the power of direction. The funeral service of the dead Freethinker has more than once been made the deliberate opportunity to minimize the life's work of the dead one; even to libel, revile, and slander the one then past any power of reply. Parsons and priests have more than once utilized the graveside and the funeral service to be revenged on the one who in the past has out-argued, out-classed, and worsted the mean coward who has waited till the death of his rival to make one last attack.

Readers of this journal may like to refer to their carefully kept files, and note how from time to time discussion has arisen and suggestions been made towards securing fair play, some even-handed justice, for Freethinkers in the matter of their dying requests and bequests; for, as can be easily seen, and is well known to the Party, though a bequest of property by a Freethinker is, and always has been, subject to challenge, the disposal of his body has been still more difficult.

In the *Freethinker* of March 20, 1910, is an article dealing with this, and the action of the previous Conference. At the Conference of Whit-Sunday following, the subject again came up, and certain steps taken. A variety of untoward happenings prevented further development until the Conference of 1915, when the

1910 resolution was endorsed and a small Committee appointed to go into the many details found necessary to discuss. As was to be expected, a very considerable amount of detail and discussion was found to arise from some rather unexpected exhibitions of prejudice; and though there has been a good deal of spade work done, the road is not yet quite free from the bogies and obstacles always ready to the hand of the bigot and obscurantist.

It is hoped now, however, that most of these difficulties have been overcome, and that we are on the way to the launching of a scheme which shall secure explicit regard to all instructions as to the final services and disposal of the remains and property of the testator, regardless of all religious beliefs and forms.

In the past we have been denied the most ordinary rights of citizenship, and every step gained has been the result of long and toilsome struggle; and it is not too much to say that, serious as were the troubles surrounding the disposal of ten thousand pounds, it was often found there was more worry and trouble still when dealing with the testator's dead body. The steady growth of the method of cremation has helped to clear the way for the next step, and the immense success which has attended the establishment of the Public Trustee will, it is believed, make possible and secure another measure of justice for our Party.

The method by which it is hoped to secure our end is to form a legally registered Society under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, by the well-understood instalment system, to build up a Burial Fund and form a "divisible" estate, to secure and defray all the funeral and other final expenses; this estate to be under the control and administration of the Public Trustee, and strictly governed by the testator's instructions as to the Burial Service and disposal of the remains, whether by cremation or otherwise.

It has to be recognized that there is some amount of complexity and detail to be dealt with; but in view of what has taken place at some gravesides in the past, it is believed that really earnest Progressives who desire to make a final protest against world-old prejudices and superstitions will be willing to take a little trouble to defend themselves against one of the meanest devices by which superstitious bigots are able to take a final revenge on the Party of Progress.

It is not proposed to make cremation an absolute condition of membership, but it is hoped by most of those who have up to now signified approval of the scheme that the only clean and sanitary and complete method of disposal will be generally adopted.

It is almost certainly the method most cordially hated by our enemies, the superstitious, as it is without doubt one of the most direct attacks on one of the most deeply seated of supernatural beliefs.

Acting on a Report and Resolution of the Conference of last Whit-Sunday, a small Committee has been formed to attempt to give practical shape to wishes spread over a good many years.

It is to be noted that, though this movement has been initiated by members of the N.S.S., it is not intended to be a Branch of that Society, or reserved solely to Freethinkers. While for the moment the N.S.S. is according its hearty sympathy and support, and has appointed several of its oldest members to represent it on the new Committee, it is hoped to secure the adhesion of many new and hitherto unattached Rationalists and Progressives, and invites the names of any such as are interested to forward their names to Miss E. M. Vance, one of the Provisional Committee, 62 Farringdon Street, E.C.

T. S.

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