

# The FREETHINKER

FOUNDED · 1881

EDITED BY CHAPMAN COHEN · · · EDITOR 1881-1915 · G. W. FOOTE

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 34

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1917

PRICE TWOPENCE

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## Views and Opinions.

### Christian Arrogance.

Next to the profound egotism embodied in Christianity is the arrogance and impertinence of its professors. Its egotism is shrouded in a profession of humility; its arrogance is the product of pride of place sustained through many centuries, during which its power was practically unquestioned. The old anti-evolutionary cry that human dignity was destroyed by an affiliation of man to the animal world; the demand that this, that, or the other Christian craving must be satisfied or the universe stand a confessed failure, are examples of what we mean by Christian egotism. Its arrogance and impertinence are not less striking than its egotism. Christians have ruled the roost so long, they have been so used to ignoring or trampling on other people, that the vast majority of them do not seem to realize there are other people in the world, with at least equal claims to consideration. In the case of education the subject is discussed as though it were merely a question of settling what Christians want. With the Sunday question it is, again, a question of whether Christians want music, or museums, or picture-palaces on the day of rest. No one else matters. Non-Christians must be content if they are permitted to exist. So, again, with moral qualities. Truth, honour, honesty, etc., are discussed as *Christian virtues*. Preachers are found declaring that they owe their prevalence, if not their existence, to Christianity. One would think that Christianity invented these qualities, and that other people were only entitled to them on payment of a royalty. One might as reasonably talk of the Presbyterian law of gravitation or Roman Catholic chemical affinity. Moral qualities are not the property of a sect, they belong to the race. What they owe to Christianity is distortion and degradation, not even development.

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### Pious Bunkum.

We were led to the writing of the above by an article from the pen of the Rev. Percy Dearmer, contributed to the columns of the *Daily News*. Mr. Dearmer is spending a holiday in Kashmir (it is remarkable how these poor,

poverty-stricken parsons manage to get all these expensive outings), and his reflections have led him to comment on the development of political and social justice among the Western peoples, as compared with Eastern races. It would take us too far afield to discuss this question now, except to say that Mr. Dearmer suffers from the common fault of measuring the world by the standards of suburban London. And we cheerfully admit that a sound public life is dependent upon the development of a high standard of public service, a high standard of justice, and a sense of truth, as conditions of mutual trust and well-being. These all exist in the West, says Mr. Dearmer, with the stupid implication that they do not exist in the East—and he sees in the present War a proof.

It is a struggle against the attempt to overthrow the decencies of Christendom by the brute force of a naturalist reaction—at the hands of men who have given up Christianity and have taken natural science in its place. But more than this, it is a struggle against the despotisms in Turkey, Austria, Germany, and also in Russia, which had survived in Europe as relics of the pre-Christian stages of society.

There is the parson through and through! The War is the product of men who have given up Christianity! Where? Has Germany given up Christianity? Has Austria? Has Bulgaria? Has any of the belligerent nations? Is there not an overwhelming majority of Christians in every one of the nations at war? Could there have been war had Christians been in any degree opposed to it? Where are the men prominent in this War who have given up Christianity and taken natural science in its place? And, after all, what has been the ideals of all the Christian nations now at war? Has it not been for nearly three centuries a policy of spreading over the earth, seizing territory East and West, counting national greatness in terms of money, and territory, of armies and navies? The responsibility of Germany for the present War is one thing. The responsibility for the conditions that have led up to the present catastrophe is another thing. And Christian nations were at the game of plundering, threatening, and the piling up of preparations for war long before Germany offered even a probable threat to the security of the world. This War, no matter where the responsibility lies, is a Christian war. Its outbreak was a proof that in the moralization of the world, Christianity has been, and is, a wholly negligible factor.

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### Christianity and Justice.

But Mr. Dearmer's most remarkable discovery is that the ideals of social justice and public service, in which he believes the West to be superior to the East,—

can be traced directly to the belief in a good God which Christianity has implanted, not merely to the belief in some sort of Divinity, or in various kinds of gods, but to the belief in a personal God whose character is love.

That is a typically Christian statement—typically Christian, and wholly false. Observe that Mr. Dearmer does not say that social justice is due to the belief in God;

that would give all religionists some of the credit. It is due solely to the Christian God. His is *all* the glory. But Mr. Dearmer should have been more precise. He should have told us where we are to look for evidence that the sense of social justice is due to Christianity. Is it in the New Testament? Surely not. As Mill said, it is the Koran, not the New Testament, which lays it down that a ruler must be appointed because of his justice and honesty. The New Testament is content with counselling the governed to obey their governors under penalty of damnation. Political justice is absent altogether from the New Testament. It does not come within its scope. Plato in the *Republic*, Plutarch in his *Morals*, Seneca and Aristotle in their various writings, did lay down some conception of the State, and insisted upon justice as the condition of a stable government. But such a conception is quite absent from the New Testament. And one consequence of this was the centuries of struggle to regain something of the conception of social life and social justice which was lost to the world through the triumph of Christianity.

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#### Christian or Pagan ?

Instead of the notion of social and political justice being an offshoot of Christianity, it is strictly correct to say that while, on the one hand, Christianity troubled little or nothing about either, both Greek and Roman thought was permeated therewith. A large part of the Platonic dialogues, such as *The Laws*, *The Statesmen*, the *Republic*, are mainly a discussion of social justice. Roman thought was chiefly concerned with it, and Lecky expresses the bare truth when he points out that it was during the reign of the Pagan Emperors—particularly under Hadrian and Alexander Severus—that a great advance was made in redressing injustices and “making the natural equality and fraternity of mankind the basis of legislative enactments.” It was not a Christian, but the Pagan Epictetus, who wrote: “The duty of a citizen is in nothing to consider his own interest distinct from that of others.” And it was the Pagan Marcus Aurelius who said: “There is but one thing of real value—to cultivate truth and justice, and live without anger in the midst of lying and unjust men.” What has Christianity better than that? And what had these men to learn from a creed such as Christianity?

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#### The Lie Historical.

A fortnight ago we were writing on the various kinds of lies that buttress Christianity. Among them we mentioned the lie historical, and we ought to thank Mr. Dearmer for so promptly providing us with an illustration of the truth of what was then said. For it lies upon the face of history that Christianity did nothing to develop the sense or practice of social justice, and much to hinder its development. Under its rule the Pagan legislation in favour of the emancipation of slaves ceased, the growing movement in favour of the equality of the sexes was crushed, the municipal life of the Roman Empire disappeared, and its legal system was overlaid with a mass of pious puerilities. And it is surely not without significance that in all the historic disputes between authority and liberty, at the Renaissance or the French Revolution, it was to the Pagan world that men turned for their ideals and their inspiration, not to the New Testament with its other worldliness, and its doctrine of passive submission to constituted authority. The late Professor Seeley says that the “whole modern struggle for liberty has been conducted not indeed without help from Christianity, but without help from the authoritative documents of Christianity.” That seems to us only another way of saying that even Christians

are not always true to the spirit of their creed. And their disloyalty in this instance is evidence of the coercive influence of social life.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

### Is there Anything in Religion?

SUCH was the question asked by a popular preacher in London the other Sunday evening, and, of course, he answered it in the affirmative. He was forbidden by his profession to give it any other answer, as everybody knew beforehand. The preacher was the Rev. Arthur Dakin, B.D., D.Th., of Coventry, who occupied the pulpit of Ferme Park Baptist Church during a portion of the pastor's holiday. Dr. Dakin had the courage to admit that “what strikes us most when we try to visualize London at this hour is not the number of worshippers, but the number of other people in the streets and elsewhere who are far away from the spirit and atmosphere of such a service as this”; but that admission was accompanied by the rider that “thousands of these people would probably say they believe in God, but that they are content to leave God alone—which is the greatest tragedy in human life.” As a matter of fact, such people do not really believe in God, because, if they did, they could not possibly leave him alone. Does it not strike the reverend gentleman, however, as a curious and suggestive coincidence that when people do leave God alone he also leaves them alone? In other words, it is not a startling but undoubted fact that God exists only to those who believe in him, and that even they live exactly as if he did not? Wherein, then, does the tragedy of leaving him alone consist? Very probably the worshippers at Ferme Park Church regard themselves as occupying a much higher ground, in the sight of Heaven, than “the other people in the streets and elsewhere,” who enter neither church nor chapel; but Dr. Dakin cannot but be aware that “the sight of Heaven” is merely a creation of the theological fancy, the real standard of comparative judgment being “the sight of earth.” Thus judged, it will be found that, as a class, the non-worshippers, who leave God alone, are not inferior, to say the least, to the fervent believers who frequent church or chapel.

Our inference is that as a character-building agency religion is a tragic failure. Religion, in the accepted sense of the term, is a thing people profess, and religious people are generally known as professors of religion. The saved make a public profession of Christ as Saviour and Lord; and the first thing they are called upon to do as his disciples is to crucify themselves. Young people attend revival meetings on purpose to get converted, or to get religion, as it is often put, and conversion means the denying of self, and the acceptance of Christ to fill the void. Now, we are often told from the pulpit that the essence of the Christian life is self-denial, the surrender of self that God may become all in all. Take any list of Christian virtues supplied in the Bible, or elsewhere, and you will find that the majority of them are passive; or consult any schedule of rules for Christian conduct, and you will perceive that it consists largely of prohibitions. Out of the Ten Commandments eight are “Thou shalt nots.” Self, we are warned, is notoriously untrustworthy; therefore, “it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.” In Proverbs (iii. 5, 6) we are instructed thus: “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” The New Testament equivalent to the Old Testament “trust” is “believe.” To believe in Christ is to rely on his finished work, and let him do

everything for us. The central idea is that self is evil, and, if followed, will lead us to everlasting destruction, or that of ourselves we can do no good whatever. But, we maintain, that to depreciate and distrust our own nature is the most dastardly crime we are capable of committing, and that not to lean upon our own understanding is to cover it with the lowest insult conceivable, as well as to jeopardise our own future. When, therefore, a religion teaches salvation by faith in the merits of another, it condemns itself as an instrument calculated to do unspeakably more harm than good to those who sincerely and consistently profess it. Such a religion pre-eminently is Christianity, and all sane people are bound to repudiate it.

We can never repeat too often or emphasize too strongly Emerson's famous saying: "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string." In reality, there is nothing else to trust. God is nothing but the name given to a cluster of ideas, and as such alone exists. To trust him for salvation would be the silliest and most disastrous conduct possible. For the life that now is, nobody ever did trust him without coming to open grief. People pray, "Give us this day our daily bread"; but we know that bread is Nature's response to man's work, without which work it never comes at all. As Anthony Redvers, in Eden Phillpott's *Secret Woman*, declares: "Hard work's the only prayer as gets answered 'pon Dartmoor; a man must trust in his own right arm." Or as Emerson so well puts it:—

In what prayers men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous.

Salvation by faith alone is admittedly a mystery. Even Mr. Westaway, in the *Secret Woman*, seems to understand that God's ways are past finding out simply because otherwise there would be no work for the clergy. He says:—

"Why, if his will was as easy to understand as big print, an' a clear thing for every humble heart to follow, there'd be no need of learned men, nor your bishops, nor prebendaries, nor rural deans. 'Twould be taking the bread out of parson's mouth if we could understand the ways of God."

"Do you reckon that clergymen do all the good they claim to do?" asked Jesse.

"More," declared Mr. Westaway. "Much more. They are the backbone of the nation. Without them all the mystery would be knocked out of religion, an' 'twould sink to be a matter of common sense. Dally-buttons! What a downfall 'twould be if us was allowed to run our lives by naked common sense. Away would go tithes an' all the other hidden things; an' not a man to marry us, nor christen our children, nor bury anybody."

There are strong reasons for fearing that Mr. Westaway did not discern the full significance of his illuminating words; but there can be no more completely attested fact than that supernatural religion and common sense are not on speaking terms. The divines acknowledge the truth of this statement; for in their estimation common sense, because it engenders unbelief, should be entirely avoided, and this is their advice:—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace.

We hold that we have no other standard of judgment than "naked common sense," and that, if we were to run our own lives by it, the only possible downfall would be that of the clerical profession, which exists alone for, and derives its only support from, the advocacy of the inherent depravity and consequent impotence of human

nature, rendering its salvation impossible except by whole-hearted trust in the mercy of God in Christ. We contend, on the contrary, that human nature is neither impotent nor yet depraved, but possesses resources which entitle and empower it to manage its own affairs and work out its own salvation, without any interference whatever from the supernatural. "Is there anything in religion?" No; nothing but illusion and hindrance, nothing but an insult to the reason and an outrage upon the emotions. What we need, above all else, is confidence in ourselves and thorough training in the high art of self-reliance. Had the nations of Europe paid supreme heed to the development of the social sense, had they studied individual, national, and international problems on humanistic lines, and had they realized that it is the present life alone that matters, this disgracefully inhuman War could never have broken out. And yet, although the Church alleged to have been established by the Prince of Peace had been the dominant institution for nineteen centuries, she was powerless, possibly disinclined to attempt, to prevent such a calamitous carnage, and is equally unable, perhaps also disinclined, to bring it to an end.

J. T. LLOYD.

## Renan the Rebel.

So far as a man thinks, he is free.—Emerson.

Instead of being made—make yourself.—Herbert Spencer.

John P. Robinson, he

Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee.—Lowell.

AT that magnificent collection of French art which was shown some years ago at the Franco-British Exhibition, there was one portrait which left an ineffaceable impression upon the memories of the onlookers. It was Bonnat's portrait of Ernest Renan, a masterpiece which presented the man with absolute sincerity and fidelity. The picture was a triumph of genius, for the great French Free-thinker lived once more upon the artist's canvas. Renan was seated, clad in the black broadcloth of the scholar, unrelieved save for the red button of distinction, and the long, unkempt, grey hair. The heavy face, the pendulous cheeks, the glassy eyes of the dreamer of dreams, the long finger-nails, all formed a perfect portrait of the solitary scholar who shook the world.

Ernest Renan never cared for the applause of the world; but he would have smiled his kindly smile if he had known that he was the subject of a great artist's finest masterpiece. And it is pleasant to think that we have a perfect presentation of the most accomplished author and scholar of his generation.

Renan's influence was continuous from the publication of his famous *Vie de Jesus*, in which he attempted to write the life of the young Jewish fanatic whom he had served in his youth. What a tempest the book provoked! For years it rained pamphlets. Fifteen hundred replies were published within a few months of its appearance. Whether men applauded or criticized, none could deny its power. Priests might rail and the pious might sigh, but they both have had to reckon with it. Not even the most reactionary of the commentators on the Gospel legends have written as they would have written had Renan's book never been published. It was a famous victory for Freethought, for Renan's kid-glove method is as fatal to religion as Strauss' analytical and critical thoroughness. Airily and daintily the scholarly Frenchman explained away the wonder and glamour of the Christian fables. The result was as deadly as the direct attack of the German scholar, although Renan does with a kindly smile what Strauss does grimly. Always under the velvet glove was the gauntlet of steel. The result

was decisive, for it sapped the faith of tens of thousands:—

While we believed on earth he went,  
And open stood his grave,  
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,  
And Christ was by to save.  
Now he is dead. Far hence he lies  
In the lorn Syrian town,  
And on his grave, with shining eyes,  
The Syrian stars look down.

The man who could alter the faith of thousands was well equipped for his task, for he was a great writer as well as a complete scholar. In many hundreds of pages Renan showed the sarcastic power of the French language in hands that can evoke its subtleties and wield its trenchant blade. In his hands it was as effective and deadly a weapon as that handled by Edward Gibbon, although many tracts in the thousand years of history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* seem as if they had been made to suit the greatest of all historians who wrote amid the quiet acacias of Lausanne. With his scientific bent on the one side, and his clerical training on the other, Renan was still at heart a Voltairean. He even suggested that Jesus in Gethsemane may have looked back with a sigh to the young maidens of Galilee, who, under happier circumstances, might have made his bliss. The sentiment was popular, for many sympathetic lady-readers of the Gospels have lamented that he was not a marrying man.

Renan's own pilgrimage from Rome to Reason is told in his own incomparable language in *Fragments, Intimes et Romanesques*. In it he tells the story of the sufferings he endured as he shook off his beliefs; and the series of letters addressed to his friend, the Abbe Liart, show, step by step, how he lost hold of his faith. In the final struggle he is driven to the Bible and to Pascal. In Pascal he finds that "the greatest brain that ever existed hardly dared to affirm anything." Then there were the domestic troubles, for there were foes in his own household. How Renan's heartstrings were tugged, for his loved mother was looking forward to his ordination in happy security. As he tells us in the *Souvenirs*, this was the most difficult knot to unravel. "I exerted all my ingenuity," he says pathetically, "in inventing ways of proving to her that I was still the good boy as in the past. Little by little the wound healed. When she saw me still good and kind to her, as I had always been, she owned that there were several ways of being a priest, and that nothing was altered in me but my dress, which was indeed the truth."

The way was smoothed by Renan's brave sister, Henriette, and the touching dedication of the *Vie de Jesus* expresses in a few sentences what he owed to her. The story of his mental development he afterwards retold in *Souvenirs*, but that is the memory of a man looking back upon the past, with the sadness and fragrance of the days that are no more. One thing emerges from all his writings, and that is his complete honesty. Truthful in his own despite, it was this uncommon quality that laid the foundation of his maturer influence and universal understanding. The real importance of such a man as Renan will be found as much in the processes of his quest as in what he discovered.

In all the little ironies of literature there are few things more interesting than that Renan's favourite subjects are chosen from a race of men, as he himself remarks, as different as possible from himself. But where his theme is one of the heroes of philosophy, Marcus Aurelius or Spinoza, his eyes kindle, and his smile is graver. For Renan was imperturbable. Through all the charlatanisms and devilries of superstition he went his quiet way, humming softly to himself. Far off,

the murmur of the busy and noisy world sounded but dimly; but the scholar wrote his books and brought his dreams of the redemption of humanity within the realm of reality. He was well content, for he knew that he worked at the looms of the future.

MIMNERMUS.

## Science, Telepathy, and Communion with the Dead.

### VI.

(Continued from p. 523.)

One day, alone and immersed in business in his "Cabinet," Oliver found himself confronted by a stranger who had somehow gained entry. The stranger stated that the Lord Jesus had appeared to him and announced that he, the stranger, would receive some great consideration at his, the Lord Protector's, hands; failing which, the consequences would, or might, be unpleasant for him, Oliver.

Cromwell, who, at this period at any rate, did not suffer from "nerves," explained to the stranger that it "was not the Lord Jesus, but a lying devil," who had appeared to him; that therefore he, Oliver, was under no moral obligation to comply with his requirements, still less was he, the stranger, obliged to take any further steps in the matter.

This view of the case so "flabbergasted" the stranger that he was left without an answer, and at once withdrew—and, no doubt, was suitably cared for outside. Oliver went on with his work.

It occurred to the writer that had Sir Oliver been able (as regards "Myers") to emulate the scepticism of his great namesake, some trouble—and much mischief—would have been obviated.—W. Cook, "*Reflections on Raymond*," p. 51.

SEVERAL attempts have been made to gain new astronomical knowledge from the spirits. We append a sample given by the spirit of Sir Walter Scott, at the request of Professor W. Romaine Newbold, at a sitting with the medium, Mrs. Piper, June 27, 1895. Professor Newbold asks: "Sir Walter, is the sun all fire, or has it a solid mass?" To which the spirit replies that the sun is a solid body with a fiery envelope. But we had better give the exact words:—

Well, now we move on towards this fire, now reach its borders, and notwithstanding the extreme heat we pass through it, and we find ourselves upon a solid bed of hot clay or mud. This is caused by gravity. Understand where we are; we have now reached the limit; we find it very warm and deserted, like a deserted island. We wish to find its inhabitants if there are any, *i.e.*, if it has any. Now we see what we term monkeys, dreadful looking creatures, black, extremely black, very wild. We find they live in caves which are made in the sand or mud, clay, etc. Now, sir, for that I will be obliged to discontinue our journey until some future time.

Prof. Newbold: Will you come again?

Sir Walter Scott: Yes, I will look down upon your planet and find you out. Good morrow, my friend. Leave the sun, or in other words we will remain on it. Adieu.

W. SCOTT.

The sitting continued next day; but in the meanwhile the spirit discovers that he has been making an ass of himself, with his black monkeys in the sun, and tries to put himself right by explaining that, finding the sun very hot, he followed the light to the earth, where he "saw the monkeys flying in and out of sand caves." This explanation does not meet the case, for we left the spirit in the sun at the end of the sitting.

Immediately after this lame and halting explanation, the spirit makes another blunder just as bad. Professor Newbold asks: "What are the sun spots?"

Sir Walter Scott: This is the shadow of the earth, sir.

Prof. Newbold: You are thinking of eclipses. I understand this; but I mean the black spots sometimes seen on the sun?

Sir Walter Scott: Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I did not understand your question, thoughts.

Prof. Newbold: I beg your pardon.

Sir Walter Scott: No, sir; I understand now the spots on the sun are.....yes, sir.....are the so-called satellites which surround it; this produces a dark mass of spots.<sup>1</sup>

An intelligent schoolboy would know better than that. When the Professor asks about the climate of Mars, he is told it is "Very fair; it is in the *torrid zone*." As if the torrid zone existed somewhere in space, instead of being a zone on the earth!

When Professor Newbold and Hodgson were reading the record containing the description of monkeys being in the sun, they burst out laughing, and at the next sitting the spirit asks them what they were laughing at. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick describes this as a case of telepathy.<sup>2</sup> It seems to me that nothing more than common sense was required to tell Mrs. Piper that her error had caused laughter. These are just the little points of acuteness where Mrs. Piper scores, and endeavours to turn defeats into victories.

At another sitting held by Dr. Hodgson with Mrs. Piper, Hodgson asked the spirit of Sir Walter Scott to take him beyond Saturn; to which Scott replied: "I cannot catch your meaning, sir. I cannot take you to planets that do not exist." Hodgson: "Haven't you seen a planet further away than Saturn?" Scott: "Mercury."

"In the interval between this sitting and the next," says Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, "Scott has apparently made inquiries, or consulted Mrs. Piper's half-lost memories.....an expedition to Uranus is spontaneously offered, and on July 5 to Neptune. The previous ignorance or forgetfulness is the more curious as Neptune and its inhabitants turn out to be specially interesting, and are described at great length."<sup>3</sup>

All of which proves two things. Firstly, that the spirits only know what Mrs. Piper knows, and where she is ignorant, they are ignorant. Secondly, that Mrs. Piper uses the intervals between sittings to acquire knowledge ready for the next sitting.

Any account of the evidence for communion with the spirits of the dead would be incomplete without an examination of the claims of the celebrated medium, Mrs. Piper, who has practised as a medium for the past thirty years. One whole volume, of 649 pages, of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* (vol. xvi.) is devoted to sittings of Mrs. Piper. Another volume of 652 pages (vol. xxviii.), by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, is devoted to the study of the psychology of Mrs. Piper's trance phenomena. Many other volumes of the Society contain records of her sittings; many others have been published by the American S.P.R.; and many have been published independently of either Society, as in Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*. "Certainly," says Podmore, "here, if in any case in the whole history of Spiritualism, is such evidence to be found."<sup>4</sup> If it cannot be found here, it is useless to look elsewhere for it.

Mrs. Piper, then, is a trance medium, who has spent most of her life in Boston, U.S.A. "In 1884," says Podmore, "as a young woman, she consulted for some ailment a professional clairvoyant named Dr. Cocke. At her second visit to Dr. Cocke, Mrs. Piper herself became entranced, and was thereafter controlled by a large number of 'spirits.'"<sup>5</sup>

Before going further, it will be as well to explain, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the

jargon of Spiritualism, the meaning of some of the terms used. At a sitting, or seance, there are at least four characters: (1) The Inquirer, or person who wishes to get into communication with the spirits. (2) The Medium, who claims to be endowed with an organization very sensitive to spiritual influences, and receives messages from the spirits. (3) The Control, or Familiar Spirit of the Medium, who seeks out and transmits messages to the medium from the spirit you wish to consult, or from the spirit who wishes to deliver a message to you.

Why Controls should be employed instead of direct communication with the spirit required is not very clear, unless we are to understand that all spirits cannot communicate with the living, but only a few who are especially sensitive to human influences. For our part, we heartily endorse the belief of Mr. Edward Clodd, that the Medium, the Control, and the Spirit, these "three are one."<sup>1</sup>

However, the theory works out mighty convenient for the medium, for if the information obtained is found to be untrue, which is often the case, in spite of the ambiguity and general vagueness of the messages, then the blame is thrown on the spirits—a false or tricky spirit (a "lying devil," as Oliver Cromwell would have called it) is personating the real spirit required.

When Mrs. Piper gives a sitting, she goes off into a trance, her head resting on a cushion or pillow. During this trance it is claimed that her spirit leaves her body, and the spirit of her Control enters in and takes possession, using Mrs. Piper's organs of speech, or Mrs. Piper's hand for writing. Latterly the communications have been in writing.

Mrs. Piper asserts that she has no knowledge of what takes place during the trance; has no idea of what she has been saying or writing, as the case may be. It is impossible to prove or disprove this statement, as the truth of the matter is only known to Mrs. Piper herself. Of course, if Mrs. Piper vacates her body and another spirit enters in, like the evil spirits used to enter the possessed, then it would be unreasonable to expect Mrs. Piper to remember what she spoke or wrote. But the Spiritualists, in their clever theories, have overlooked one thing: What becomes of the spirit of Mrs. Piper? Does it remain close at hand, ready to return to Mrs. Piper's body directly the Control vacates it? If so, how is it that Mrs. Piper knows nothing of what transpires? If, on the other hand, it goes wandering about, how is it she knows nothing about that? Spirits do not go into trances or become unconscious. We are assured that pure spirit, freed from the earthly shell or body, is pure intellect. No one ever heard of a sleeping spirit or an unconscious spirit. How is it that Mrs. Piper gives no account of what happened to her own spirit during the sitting? The most reasonable explanation is that spirits have nothing to do with the matter at all, and that the real author of the message is Mrs. Piper, and no one else.

The Spiritualists, however, call heaven and earth to witness to the honesty and veracity of Mrs. Piper. But as Podmore points out:—

Now the fact that nearly all those who have had sittings with Mrs. Piper have been impressed by her transparent honesty is, in strictness, irrelevant. We have seen that many of Foster and Home's sitters were equally confident of the medium's honesty, and that, generally, the ability to impress his clients with confidence in his integrity is an essential part of a medium's equipment.<sup>2</sup>

And further: "Again and again we find persons;

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, 1915; part lxxi., vol. xxviii., pp. 442-443.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 86.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 87.

<sup>4</sup> Podmore, *Modern Spiritualism*, vol. ii., p. 342.

<sup>5</sup> Podmore, *The Newer Spiritualism*, p. 164.

<sup>1</sup> Edward Clodd, *Strand Magazine* (July, 1917), p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Podmore, *Modern Spiritualism*, vol. ii., p. 336.

removed by education and social position from the ordinary temptations to fraud, who are engaged in the production of physical manifestations involving elaborate and systematic deception." <sup>1</sup> Of Madame Blavatsky he remarks: "It is impossible to doubt that for her, at any rate, there was an intellectual satisfaction to be derived from fooling the world, or that not inconsiderable part of the world which came under her influence. She was an artist in chicanery, a trickster not for gain only, but for glory. And researches in the squalid annals of Spiritualism have brought to light other cases where fraud was practised without the attraction of pecuniary or any social advantage." <sup>2</sup>

W. MANN.

(To be continued.)

### Damned.

I CAN, I can't,  
I shall, I shan't,  
I do, I don't,  
I will, I won't,  
I am, I ain't,  
I'm sinner, I'm saint,  
I'm cursed by the fall,  
I'm not cursed at all,  
I'm saved by water,  
I'm saved by slaughter.  
I was damned in beginning,  
I'm still damned for sinning,  
I'm damned if I'm gay,  
I'm damned if I pray,  
I'm damned if I do, I'm damned if I don't,  
I'm damned if I will, I'm damned if I won't,  
I'm damned if I sing,  
I'm damned if I swing,  
I'm damned if I'm in, I'm damned if I'm out,  
I'm damned if I dance, I'm damned if I shout,  
I'm damned if I cry,  
I'm damned if I die,  
I'm damned if I'm hot, I'm damned if I'm cold,  
I'm damned if I laugh, I'm damned if I scold,  
I'm damned if I play,  
I'm damned anyway.

—Truthseeker (New York).

BAILEY K. LEACH.

### OF THE CHARACTER OF COIGNARD.

His free intelligence trampled under foot vulgar beliefs and never accepted without examination the common opinion, except in what had to do with the Catholic faith, in which he was immovable.

The sagest of moralists, a kind of miraculous blend of Epicurus and Saint Francis of Assisi. He preserved, in his boldest explorations, the attitude of a peaceful promenader. He sauntered through the world with the audacious naivete which is the essential trait of his character and the elemental principle of his teaching.

He despised men with tenderness. He tried to teach them that, since they have nothing anywhere near to greatness in themselves except their capacity for suffering, they can cultivate nothing useful or beautiful but compassion.

He had to show them that their imbecile natures have neither imagined nor constructed anything worthy of attack or defence, and that, if they only knew the fragile crudity of the works of which they are most proud, such as laws, religions, and empires, they would fight about them in play only, as children that build castles of sand on the rim of the sea.

The majesty of the laws did not impose on his clairvoyant soul; and he deplored the fact that the unhappy ones are burdened with so many obligations, of which, generally, it is impossible to find the origin or sense.—*Anatole France, "The Sayings of Jerome Coignard."*

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 288.

<sup>2</sup> *Studies in Psychological Research*, p. 106.

### Acid Drops.

There is, perhaps, more in the Pope's latest appeal for peace than meets the eye. The Vatican never loses sight of a possible restoration of some measure of temporal power, and if a peace conference could be brought about through its mediation, it would have a strong claim for representation, and ultimately for consideration thereat. In the next place, the Roman Church is not blind to the extent to which Christianity has suffered through the War. It has given a serious, if not a mortal, blow to the idea that Christianity counts as a moral force in the world's affairs; and if a peace conference resulted from its efforts, it would enable the Church to plead that but for Christian influence, the War might drag on indefinitely. Finally, the Roman Catholic Church is the one Christian Church with anything like a claim to be called Universal. It has followers all over Europe and America, and is specially strong in Austria and South Germany. All of these naturally look to the Church to exert something like a helpful influence, however much they may be disappointed. Other Churches are at most national Churches, and are compelled to play the game of nationalism to the end. But whether we are dealing with the Roman, the Greek, or the Protestant Church, there is no need to look beyond the play of sectarian motive to account for their conduct.

Apart from this, the reception of the Pope's note proves that the only power exerted by Christianity to-day is a power for evil. The Allies are unanimous in declaring that the Pope is playing the German game, and is manœuvring for a "German peace." On the other side the Pope is quite unable to persuade either Germany or Austria to offer conditions that would provide a basis for negotiations. Thus, while the appeal to Christian belief and Christian feeling is everywhere powerful to rouse people to war and to keep them at war, nowhere does it exert any influence in the direction of bringing the War to an end. As a force for destruction it is still powerful. As a power for peace it is impotent and contemptible. Peace, when it does come, will not owe its coming to Christianity. And we are sure that large numbers will be alive to the significance of the situation.

A pastoral from the Lutheran Synod was read recently in all the churches of Berlin. The congregations were enjoined therein to recognize the hand of God in the fact of the soil of the German Fatherland having been protected from invasion. The Kaiser and the German Empress attended service in the Cathedral. Yet the truthful British clergy will have it that the Germans are "Atheists."

The Bishop of London said that he prized a photograph of himself taken aboard a vessel of the British Fleet. This industrious quick-change artiste is doing his best to advertise himself as a national hero.

A paragraph in the *Star* says that "St. Mark's parish, Camberwell, has sent over 2,500 men to the Colours, and all its assistant clergy are also serving at the Front." The casual reader would hardly realize that the parsons were engaged in serving communion port at the back of the Front.

A returned Army chaplain, the Rev. C. B. Mortlock, preaching at St. Margaret's, Oxford, on August 12, said:—

A vast amount of harm has been done, he said, by the utterly unreal and extravagant nonsense that has been talked and written about soldiers. War is a foul mixture of brutality and ugliness and bad smells and a hundred horrors that cannot be named or described. To pretend, if not to believe, that soldiers exult in it is to go a long way towards brutalizing the national character by investing the horrors of warfare with a romantic glamour. To read as I did the other day—the writer was probably a woman—of the soldier hero waiting "with eager heart and starry eyes" to go over the top is as sickening as it is silly. Soldiers hate it. They recognize it for the hysterical tosh it is, and if some of our "popular" preachers and speakers had heard, as I have, the soldiers' comments on this sort of gush they would be astounded. It

is stupid, false, dishonouring, and wicked, and I know that many soldiers stay away from church because they are afraid of hearing more of it.

As our readers are aware, we have been saying much the same as this ever since the War began—and for years before it began. *Soldiers* know what a hateful, filthy, demoralizing business war is. It is the man at home, the newspaper scribbler, the empty-headed, jingoistic, war-at-any-price man, the man who boasts of "doing his bit," getting well paid for it, who glorifies war. As Mr. Mortlock says, the real credit due to our soldiers is for what they have endured, and the manner in which they have borne themselves during the past three years. But nothing is more false, and ultimately more evil, than the talk of the benefits, moral or mental, derived from War. If these benefits do follow from war, then Prussianism in its most complete form is fully justified. If Prussianism is a thing to be hated and suppressed, those who dwell upon the way in which our soldiers are made better men, and we at home better citizens by war, stand self-condemned as fools or rogues.

"General" Booth is a good Christian, and a better man of business. A display advertisement in the daily press reads: "The War Work of the Salvation Army claims your interest and sympathy. Send a cheque to-day to General Booth." Unhappily, the Salvation Army is engaged in fighting the Nether Powers, whilst the Allies are in conflict with the Central Powers.

Speaking at Hampstead, Sir Oliver Lodge admitted that he had not had a scientific education. The confession was really unnecessary, for most people recognize that much of his parade of knowledge is all bogey.

The Rev. H. G. Veazey has been appointed honorary canon of Southwark Cathedral, and a press notice says that he has "done good, social work, particularly in connection with the United Girls' Schools Mission." Envious colleagues will now sing "Place Me Among the Girls."

The winter coal supply is causing anxiety. We wonder if there is a shortage in the place so often mentioned in sermons.

The clergy are like the Bourbons. They learn nothing and forget nothing. The Rev. Percy Dearmer has been repeating the ridiculous falsehood that the Germans are Freethinkers, and the editor of the *Daily News* permits the remark to pass unchallenged. The reverend gentleman's words are: "The present War—is a struggle against the attempt to overthrow the decencies of Christendom by the brute force of a naturalist reaction—at the hands of men who had given up Christianity and had taken natural science in its place." Yet the Kaiser's piety is notorious, and German soldiers have the words, "God with us" inscribed on their uniforms.

The Rev. John Neville Figgis, D.D., Litt.D., an Anglican clergyman, has published a notably sane book about Nietzsche and his teaching, of which the *Church Times* for August 17 furnished an equally sane review. We disagree with much in both book and review, but heartily welcome both as eminently hopeful signs of the times. After Drs. Clifford's and Campbell Morgan's ignorant and unscrupulous attack upon the Nietzschean philosophy, it is profoundly gratifying to find a Christian minister who can be perfectly just and fair to the greatest anti-Christ of the nineteenth century. The reviewer says of many references to Nietzsche in pulpits and newspapers:—

It is assumed that the outrageousness of German behaviour is due to his teaching, or, conversely, that he is the one true exponent of the German spirit, the prophet of the "good old German God." Those who know disdain this facile ignorance, among whom is Dr. Figgis.

While ardently admiring and even loving him, Dr. Figgis is by no means blind to the fact that Nietzsche is "a real enemy" of Christianity. His recognition of this fact constitutes one of the chief beauties of *The Will to Freedom*: or

*the Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ* (Longman's; 6s. net). Dr. Figgis never forgets that to the famous Basle Professor Christianity was "the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge." And is not that indictment truer to-day even than when Nietzsche framed it?

Clergymen are wholly mistaken when they affirm, as they all do, that the world "not only needs but feels the need of redemption." The world does nothing of the kind, and this is the reason why it so persistently rejects the Christian religion. What the world really needs and feels the need of is freedom, justice, fairplay, a development of natural affection as the medium of universal brotherhood; and this it has never enjoyed under any form of supernatural religion.

"Viator," of the *Church Times*, met a red-hot Atheist from London, who said that he hated the Christian God with perfect hatred. Addressing himself to "Viator" and his friends, he exclaimed: "Your God! Your maker of the world.....He made this mess of a world, and leaves us the heart-breaking job of setting it to rights. If I believed in a God like yours, I should hate him, I would spurn him, I would defy him." Neither "Viator" nor his friends disliked the fellow from London, and on parting they all shook hands with great cordiality. One of them observed:—

What a friar preacher that man would make; can't you see how love burns in him?

We congratulate "Viator" upon his sensible attitude to the Atheist.

Christ said "Woe unto ye rich," but numbers of Christians appear to be quite willing to bear all the risk of a decent balance at the bank. Even the dear clergy are no exception. The Rev. J. E. C. Colquhoun, of Killermont, Scotland, left personal estate of the value of £41,956. Another parson, the Rev. R. Evans, of Leominster, left £41,574. And the Rev. C. White, formerly curate of St. Mary, Plaistow, left £18,124.

The Emperor Charles is as pious as the Kaiser, and in a recent message to the German Emperor he congratulates him on the brilliant successes of his troops "with the aid of the Almighty." The message goes on, "May the Lord continue to aid our faithful co-operation in the future with the fullness of his blessing."

A press paragraph states that the paper used by the British and Foreign Bible Society has increased from twopence to sixpence a pound. Cannot these pious folk rely on prayer without resorting to the very mundane method of advertisement?

The Dean of Worcester says there has been a reaction in favour of religious education as a result of the War. We are not aware of any reaction, but we do know there are hopes amongst religionists of turning the war-spirit to the benefit of the Churches. It is against this attempt that Freethinkers will have to be on their guard. How much Christians hope to gain from the War is seen in the remark that what is taught to the children must be believed by the teachers. If that means anything at all, it means tests of the most rigorous kind for them. We are quite sure that so long as religion is in the schools, Churchmen will always be working in favour of tests for teachers; and we hope the prospect will arouse in them the perception of the necessity for clearing religion out of the schools altogether.

At Willesden Police Court a boy of 16 was charged with committing a number of burglaries, and stealing from automatic gas-meters. It is said he had been inspired to commit the burglaries by reading a life of Charles Peace. His religion was that of a Salvationist. It was not pictures this time; and in following Charles Peace the boy might have claimed a religious model. Peace's attachment to Christianity, particularly of the Evangelical or Salvation order, was well marked and sincere. He enjoyed the services thoroughly, deriving spiritual profit from them, and material profit from his burglaries.

The New York *Truthseeker* publishes some interesting figures concerning the alleged number of converts made by Billy Sunday in his Boston campaign. Sunday declared that 1,381 Catholics had signed cards accepting his doctrine, and that this number of cards, signed, were delivered to the Catholic Churches. Whereupon inquiry was instituted, and eliminating eighty children, the following analysis was published in the *Boston Pilot* :—

Signers for curiosity and fun ... ..	372
Unable to verify because of change of address, etc.	298
Insufficient address on cards ... ..	205
No such person at address given ... ..	195
Not practical Catholics ... ..	66
Non-Catholics ... ..	46
Deny being present and signing cards ... ..	36
No such address... ..	35
Request of employer ... ..	23
Converts ... ..	6
Not responsible for actions ... ..	6
Perverts ... ..	4
Unable to give any explanation of their actions ... ..	4
Went with Protestant friends... ..	3
Went to hear sermon on Temperance ... ..	2

The eighty children are thus accounted for :—

Curiosity and fun ... ..	57
Unable to verify because of change of address, etc.	16
Taken by Protestant friends ... ..	4
Not practical Catholics... ..	2
Never attended ... ..	1

These figures are quite in line with other statistics of the same kind. When Torrey and Alexander were in this country, an inquiry on somewhat similar lines produced the same result. Whatever else the professional evangelist may do or leave undone, his campaign never suffers for want of embellishment.

The Bishop of Norwich is blessing the War, and says it is "worth while to support right, truth, freedom and honour; to fight for peace and goodwill, and the things Christ himself taught us to hold dear." Does this mean that Christian soldiers are enforcing the Beatitudes with bombs and bayonets?

"It is the duty of the English people," said Dr. Page, at Plymouth, "to learn all they can. That day he had seen a statuette of Benjamin Franklin labelled George Washington." If Dr. Page pursues his studies, he will find thousands of statuettes of a Jewish peasant labelled "God."

A new reflector for the Mount Wilson Observatory, California, has been installed, but during its passage up the mountain, so says the *Illustrated London News*, "It was carefully guarded, as threats to destroy it had been made by cranky opponents of science." Evidently there are still good Christian representatives of those who opposed the use of chloroform as being against the Lord's wishes. The Lord left man ignorant, and he should remain so. That seems the theology of these people.

Owing to the scarcity of starch, it is rumoured that the clergy may have to wear soft collars. It seems appropriate that soft collars should be worn by men with soft heads.

The question of whether the War is helping or injuring religion still provides room for newspaper writing. In the *Weekly Dispatch* Mr. Edward Synton cites an English chaplain as saying of his experience at the Front with the Australians :—

I was a great deal with the Australians, and they taught me a lot, these men from "down under." At first I thought them a hard-fighting, hard-swearing, hard-hearted lot of sinners. Then I got to understand their point of view and loved them. Religion? They mostly had none, at least no orthodox faith, and yet they were better men than I, braver, more unselfish, and broaderminded.

The curious thing about such confessions is the insight they give into the clerical mind. That a man should be surprised to find men without religion brave, unselfish, and broadminded, illustrates the cramping influence of Christianity. Otherwise it would surely be recognized that such qualities are in no sense the property of a sect, but that they are to

be found with men of all creeds and of no creeds at all. We are not at all afraid of chaplains in the Army converting Freethinkers, but we should not be at all surprised to find many conversions in the other direction.

Of course, Mr. Synton has the usual remarks about the War breaking down the barriers of sect and creed. And this may well be the case. The lesson that many draw from this is that while all religions divides men, social service of any kind, even of warfare, unites them. They will live together, eat together, fight together, and die together. The one thing we will not do is to pray together. The War has certainly brought out the essentially anti-social character of modern religious belief, and thousands are becoming alive to its significance.

The Rev. J. Thomas, who achieved notoriety by having imputed to him the remark that God sent the heavy rain because he was displeased with Sunday labour on allotments, has now explained that he did not say exactly that. What he said was that there had been a lot of work put into the garden. "This appeared in the sight of Almighty God, and the heavy rain did seem to be God's answer." His view was that the people should "bring their tools and seeds to church, and offer them and the work that was going to be done to God." We cannot see that this mends the matter much. If God has anything to do with the weather, the rain was his work, and if he has not, we don't see much use in men offering their work to God—unless by some kind of hocus-pocus Mr. Thomas sees some benefit to his Church.

The Bishop of Birmingham has written to the *Times*, protesting against Mr. Thomas's view of the operations of Deity. That is a domestic quarrel, and we will leave the two to fight it out. But we would like to ask the Bishop where his God does appear in the business? If the weather happens without his help or interference, why not other things? And if all things happen without him, what is the use of bothering about him, anyway? The stock apology for a king in this country is that he doesn't interfere with things; he does nothing. Is the Bishop adopting the same policy with regard to God?

The *Christian World* protests against the attempt of Roman Catholics to discredit Protestantism by pointing to Germany. But is there not more excuse for this than for Protestants of this country trying to saddle the responsibility for the War on the Materialism and anti-Christianity of Germany? Germany is quite as Christian as is this country, and before the War, English Protestants were loud in their endeavour to prove that Freethought had little influence in Germany, and that the ruling minds there, as here, were Christian. The truth is that Germany is a Christian country, in the sense that the majority are Christian. And the Russia of the late Czar—the Russia of the Siberian prisons, pogroms, Black hundreds, and other villainies; the Russia that the Bishop of London extolled so highly—was also Christian. That Freethought and national villainy go together is a pure inference; there are no facts to support the charge. That Christianity and national villainy often run well in harness all history proves abundantly.

The *Cape*, a South African journal, publishes in its June issue a note on the Governor-General's (War) Fund raised at Malmesbury. The sum realized was £628 8s. 2d., out of which £517 5s. 6d. was received from a "Rev. Mr. Grove." On the expenditure side of the account, however, it appears that Mr. Grove received five per cent. commission, or £25 17s. Mr. Grove is the local clergyman of the Dutch Mission Church, and the *Cape* expresses surprise at the commission being paid, when in Capetown account collectors never ask more than two-and-a-half per cent. We are surprised also, not at the facts, but at the admission. We think the usual way is to put in such payments as "expenses." That covers much. But we fancy the eyes of many would be opened if the expenditure in connection with the various War funds in this country were carefully scrutinized. Scotland Yard could tell a tale were it so inclined.

## To Correspondents.

ONE of our readers, who some years ago translated into French a pamphlet by Mr. Foote on *The Virgin Mother*, wishes to know if any reader of the *Freethinker* possesses a copy. In that case, will they be good enough to write to this office.

WILL FRASER (Cape Town).—We are obliged for cuttings and MSS. Pleased to have your appreciation of the *Freethinker*. We have many readers in South Africa, and have often wondered why something definite in the shape of propaganda is not attempted there.

L. NEWLYN.—So long as we can scrape along we are quite content. There is a pleasure in the struggle, otherwise we should neither have commenced nor continued it. And the only place in the Freethought ranks for the man who is not content to struggle and enjoy it, is outside. Please overlook the bull, it is excusable.

L. ANSELL.—The *Freethinker* is not registered as a newspaper, but it can be sent abroad on a postage of one halfpenny. There is nothing against it being sold in the way you name.

A. WAYMARK.—Thanks. Criticism, particularly when it is well meant, is always acceptable.

T. HARDING.—It was quite usual to issue the Apocrypha along with the Authorized Version of the Bible until early in the nineteenth century. The Apocryphal New Testament books were only issued as a separate volume. An edition was published by William Hone, and can still be obtained in second-hand condition.

L. N.—Thanks for offer of articles, but they do not fall quite within the scope of this paper.

MATERIALIST.—The question of the nature of the atom is not really vital to the position of a scientific Materialism. The Materialist takes his conception of the atom from contemporary science, and he is at liberty to revise that conception as fuller knowledge requires, without prejudice to his philosophy.

A. R. RICHARDS.—P.O. received. Pamphlets are being sent as directed.

C. W. BAKER.—Many thanks for copy of article, which we greatly appreciate.

J. ROBERTS.—Pleased to hear from you. We can quite believe that our soldiers appreciate the Y.M.C.A. activities in the shape of picture shows. The good souls who picture the soldiers crowding to the religious services are to be pitied. Pleased also to learn of the readiness with which the *Freethinker* is read amongst the men. The War has brought us many new readers, and we shall be surprised if it does not bring many more.

W. J. HEPWORTH (Johannesburg).—Your P. O. was received quite safely, and the pamphlets and book ordered duly sent. There was some delay in sending as we were waiting delivery of the book ordered from the binders. The parcel was sent on June 14, leaving a balance of 6s. to your credit. Barring submarines, you ought to have received it before this. If not, let us know, and duplicates will be sent.

T. L. K. MUDALIAR (Bangalore).—We are writing the parties named in your letter.

W. THOMAS.—Articles on Omar have appeared in the *Freethinker* from time to time, but we cannot put our hands on one at the moment. We must have that index one day. Will have another look, for next issue.

E. PURCHAS.—We cannot say from which translation of Omar our contributor was citing. There were several versions of Fitzgerald's issued, and numerous other translations have appeared.

F. C. HOLDEN (Utah).—We are afraid we have been remiss in not acknowledging before now your goodness in sending cuttings. They are appreciated none the less.

The Secular Society, Limited, office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

The National Secular Society's office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

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.

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. 4 by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

Orders for literature should be sent to the Business Manager of the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and not to the Editor.

Letters for the Editor of the "Freethinker" should be addressed to 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

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.

Eternal vigilance may be the price of liberty, but that is because its opposite is unsleeping and unweaned. A friend, whose daughter is about to enter a Teacher's Training College, sends us a letter, received *before the girl arrived at the College*, asking her to join an Archbishop's Certificate Examination. The letter, it should be said, does not come from the College, which makes it the more curious. The prospective pupil is reminded that if she teaches in a Church school, the Archbishop's Certificate will be a valuable addition to other qualifications. Secularist parents would do well to be on their guard in these matters, for it is evident that where religion is considered "all things are lawful." Nothing short of clearing all religion out of the schools will ever stop these gentry at their old-time tricks.

The new Swansea Branch of the N.S.S. has drawn up a good programme of lectures up to the end of November, and the Secretary, Mr. B. Dupree, 12 Short Street, Swansea, is anxious to secure the co-operation of friends in the district. These may assist either by donations, by becoming members of the new Branch, or in both directions. There is plenty of energy in Swansea, and we hope that this will not be discouraged through lack of support. Mr. Cohen has promised to open the course on September 30, and he will be followed on October 14 by Mr. Lloyd.

The re-formed Manchester Branch is also making preparations for a good winter's work. The Secretary, Mr. H. Black, of 446, Great Cheetham Street, E., Higher Broughton, writes that our last note on the subject brought several new members, but he is anxious for more. We hope he will get them. May we also again urge Freethinkers in other parts not to let the coming autumn and winter months pass without a really serious attempt at organization. We are specially anxious to see greater activity in South Wales and the West and North of England.

We are pleased to note that the *Christian Registrar* (U.S.A.) for July, in giving a notice of the result of the Bowman case, remarks: "The House of Lords in England has given a judgment of importance, and with no little credit to itself." We are glad to see the justice of the verdict recognized by a journal so wholly opposed to the views it is the business of the Secular Society to promote.

The printing of the full report of the House of Lords judgment is now in hand, and it will be published as early as possible. Printing is, however, nowadays a matter of some uncertainty, owing to the shortage of labour and the delays occasioned thereby. The settlement of affairs in connection with the Bowman estate is also going on, but that is also a matter which takes some time.

A curate had asked an East End godmother the usual question: "Do you, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?" and she gaily replied: "Oh yes, I recommend them all!"—Raymond Blathwayt, "Through Life and Round the World."

"Now, boys," said the vicar one day to a class of bright little fellows, "I have to divide four potatoes fairly and equally between five boys. How shall I do it?" Dead silence until one little fellow held up his hand: "Mash 'em, sir!"—Raymond Blathwayt, "Through Life and Round the World."

## The Rise and Progress of Mental Power.

### IV.

(Continued from p. 517.)

THE differences which separate the psychical powers of man from those of the lower animals are, undoubtedly, material in degree. But when we survey the wide interval which yawns between the feeble mental capacities of the lowest savages and the intellectual achievements of a Newton, Darwin, Spencer, Goethe, or Shakespeare, it becomes obvious that the range of human mentality itself is, indeed, vast. And, as we have already seen, just as mind in its highest manifestations in the brute may be traced step by step upwards from the simplest modes of sensation, so do we discover that from ape, through savage, to cultured man, there extends a chain which binds all these creatures in one close embrace.

The transcendent importance of any satisfactory solution of the problem of human psychogenesis is acknowledged by all. When modern man meditates over the mocking resemblance to himself, which all the monkey tribe display, above all, when he still cherishes the fond delusion that mankind alone are endowed with a mental, moral, and spiritual pre-eminence which establishes their right to regard themselves as specially favoured forms of life, designed to reign supreme over all other modes of being, and destined to enjoy an immortal bliss denied to their meaner living contemporaries; when confronted with a caricature of man's peerless self, the lord of creation cannot avoid the problem of the meaning, not merely of simian organisms, but of the savages who scornfully suggest to him the inferior state from which he has slowly arisen. As Huxley so admirably put it:—

Brought face to face with these blurred copies of himself, the least thoughtful of men is conscious of a certain shock due perhaps not so much to disgust at the aspect of what looks like an insulting caricature, as the waking of a sudden and profound mistrust of time honoured theories, and strongly rooted prejudices regarding his own position in nature, and his relations to the wider world of life; while that which remains a dim suspicion for the unthinking becomes a vast argument, fraught with the deepest consequences, for all who are acquainted with the recent progress of anatomical and physiological sciences.—(*Man's Place in Nature*, p. 59).

The three leading opponents of the doctrine of the derivation of human mental faculty from lower animal intelligence never composed their own differences. For, although Quatrefages, Mivart, and Wallace were all convinced evolutionists, they inconsistently endeavoured to break the continuity of Nature in order to establish their contention that the intellect of man had a separate origin from that of animal mentality in general. Their objections were based on three antagonistic postulates. And, although with his declining Catholicism, Mivart's opposition steadily weakened, he long insisted that human reason could not be of kindred genesis with that of brute intelligence, because the mental capacity of the lowest savages rises immeasurably superior to that of the highest apes. On the other hand, Wallace claimed that the psychical powers of primitive men are so similar to those of anthropoid apes, that their relatively massive brains proved that their possessors were ordained to act as the forerunners of future intellectual races to which a powerful mental organ is essential to enable them to fulfil the functions of civilized existence.

In supporting his theory of the mental independence of man, Professor Quatrefages confined his dissent from

the more logical conclusions of naturalists in general to the realms of conscience and religion. For he frankly confesses that "the animal is intelligent; and, although an (intellectually) rudimentary being, that its intelligence is nevertheless of the same nature as that of man." The argument of Quatrefages counts for little when we remember that ethical feeling is very feebly represented in the lower races of mankind. Yet, there are marked evidences of rudimentary moral feeling in dogs, horses, and other mammals, while the maternal instinct is strongly developed both in quadrupeds and birds. Indeed, apart from at least a faint feeling of reciprocity, it is impossible to account for various actions which the numerous social animals so constantly display.

The theology of a Newman, Martineau, or Pascal, quite obviously, could not exist among aboriginal savages any more than among cats or monkeys. But the sensations of fear and curiosity so largely responsible for the genesis of religions, and of which they were the natural outcome, found their first supernatural expression among animals gifted with conceptual powers. Apart from terror, theologies have been mainly generated through malobservation and misconception of Nature's phenomena, with the consequence, that in their crudest and most bloodthirsty, as in their most refined and attenuated forms, they reflect more or less the mental and moral outlook of the communities that cling to them.

Metaphysicians obstinately allege that thought is impossible in the absence of language, a fallacy to which even the poet Shelley fell a victim. For he declares in his *Prometheus Unbound* that the Titan—

...gave man speech, and speech created thought;  
Which is the measure of the universe.

But "speechless" creatures indubitably possess general ideas. One has merely to observe cattle, horses, or sheep, grazing, to realize that these animals know what to eat and what to avoid. Or, as Romanes urged in his *Mental Evolution in Man*:—

If I see a fox prowling about a farmyard I infer that he has been led by hunger to go where he has a general idea that there are a good many eatable things to be fallen in with—just as I myself am led by a similar impulse to visit a restaurant.

A terrier has a distinct idea of a rat, and the dullest cat never fails to recognize a canine creature. Infants, again, long before they speak, easily form ideas of a simple character. Moreover, animals dream, which indicates that they are not entirely dependent upon the impressions of the moment, but retain sufficient of the sensuous experiences gathered in their waking hours to enable them to restore them in the imagery of a dream.

Romanes introduced the useful term "recept" to denote that condition of consciousness which unites things perceived with things conceived. This psychologist thus phrases his case:—

A recept differs from a concept in that it is *received* not *conceived*. The percepts (things perceived) out of which a recept is composed are of so comparatively simple a character, are so frequently *repeated* in observation, and present among themselves resemblances or analogies so *obvious*, that the mental images of them run together, as it were, spontaneously, or in accordance with the primary laws of merely sensuous association, without requiring any conscious act of comparison.

Taine felicitously pictures recepts as the unelaborated ore from which the metal of a concept is subsequently smelted. As Mill remarked in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*, the higher animals possess as distinct consciousness of the nutritive qualities of food as if they had a word for edible substances. Apparently, all

visual perceptions, wherever present in the animal series, arise from automatic inferences necessitated by correspondences between what is supplied by the sense of sight, with the more primitive perceptions furnished by the sense of touch.

This far-reaching principle is justly extended to receipts. Things perceived are automatically registered in consciousness, for racial experience has compelled sentient creatures to detect the differences which obtain between unlike objects. Whether a lamb wishes to see a wolf or not, when its enemy comes within visual range the lamb is obliged to realize its unwelcome presence. Out of percepts, receipts are generated through comparisons and combinations of an automatic character. The conscious organism receives impressions composed of the memories of percepts, sometimes blended into simple receipts which spontaneously fuse when brought together. The elementary constituents of receipts, as a result of their frequent repetition, or of their pronounced resemblances, so cling together in consciousness that the elements immediately interlock to form compounds so soon as they are placed in apposition.

Among the lower animals thousands of instances might be cited proving receptual intelligence; or, in other words, practical inference. Ants, birds, mammals, and other intelligent animals, provide positive evidence of this.

All the higher animals profit by experience. Adult dogs, horses, etc., display more astuteness than younger members of their kind. Old wolves easily surmount obstacles devised by the cunning of man when in search of sheep or other prey, which baffle their less sophisticated fellows. Foxes learn to avoid dangerous districts, and when driven by grim hunger to brave the perils of death, they manifest the most astonishing dexterity in accomplishing their purposes of plunder. As Leroy, who spent his life as the Ranger of Versailles, attests, even where snares abound, the sagacious fox, after a careful examination of the trap, would sometimes succeed "without hurt to himself" in drawing the bait skilfully from the snare. All the available evidence conspires to prove that percepts form the raw materials of receipts, while from these are developed those supreme conceptual states which include the highest human powers of reason and judgment.

T. F. PALMER.

(To be continued.)

## The Invisible Moral Governor.

JOE ROBINSON was an old-fashioned Tory and Churchman. He had prospered in business, and took a good deal of interest in local affairs. He had also interested himself in church affairs, and had become churchwarden in the parish in which he resided. When the great War broke out, he had four sons of military age, and although they were engaged in important businesses in the City, they were not long before deciding, like the patriotic Christian gentlemen they were, to join the Colours. The two eldest joined the Royal Field Artillery, one of the young ones the Royal Flying Corps, and the youngest—"Young Joe," as he was called—an infantry regiment. After a few months' training, the two eldest were sent out to France, and took part in several important engagements, and received promotion and honours for their distinguished services. In the early part of the second year of the War, Alfred, the eldest, was severely wounded, and had to have one of his legs amputated. A few months later, the second son, George, was killed in action.

These terrible calamities greatly disturbed the mind

of "good old Joe Robinson," as he was affectionately called. Everybody in the parish sympathized with the bereaved parents, and some of the members of his Church told him that in the end he would come to see that the loss of one of his sons and the dreadful sufferings of the other were all for a good purpose. Joe Robinson bowed his head submissively to the will of the God he had been taught to believe in, but he nevertheless thought, in moments of solitude, that God had not been particularly kind to him in visiting upon his unfortunate head these great calamities. A few months later, the third son—James, the flying man—was "missing." He had taken part in an air-raid in Belgium, and had either been shot down or had fallen into the enemies' lines and been taken prisoner. Before he had time to get over this loss, poor Joe Robinson received a telegram to say that his youngest son—young Joe—had been wounded, and was on his way to a hospital in London that dealt especially with the wounds from which he was suffering. The parents were naturally overwhelmed with grief at this latest trouble, and Joe Robinson resolved to go and see his wounded son at the earliest possible opportunity.

When he arrived at the hospital, he was greatly shocked to see his youngest son, whom he dearly loved, with his head and face swathed in bandages. He had been hit by a piece of a shell that had exploded very close to him, and had killed and maimed several of his comrades. For some days young Joe was too ill to enter into any conversation with his beloved parent; but after some weeks of careful nursing and loving attention from friends and wounded comrades, young Joe was able to sit up in bed and converse most freely with friends who came to see him.

One day his mother came, and Joe was quite cheerful, and spoke most hopefully as to his speedy recovery; he also told his mother not to weep for the loss of George, who was out of his misery, sleeping, perchance, "the dreamless sleep of death." He spoke also most affectionately of his elder brother, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, and his brother who was "missing."

But he uttered no word about religion. Upon that subject he was resolutely silent. When, however, his father came to see him, young Joe thought he would speak frankly with him on that subject. Young Joe had never been a very zealous Christian. He had gone to church regularly, and had joined heartily in the service; but he listened with critical mind to the sermons, and he never professed to believe much in them. Indeed, on week evenings, before the War, he had often gone into the London parks and heard the various lecturers on religion, including the Freethinkers, and he could not hide from himself the fact that in argument the latter always seemed to get the best of it.

One evening, when his father came to see him, young Joe shocked him very much by telling him quite bluntly that he could no longer believe that there was a good, Heavenly Father watching over his children.

"I am astonished, my dear boy, to hear you talk like that. You have had many providential escapes from death, as you have told us; and now, although you have been wounded, you are still alive, my dear boy, and I hope you will live for many a long day to cheer your parents in their time of depression and trouble."

"Ah, my dear father, if you had only endured the torture I have undergone during these last two years in the trenches in France, you would understand and appreciate my meaning. For months I have been in the trenches up to my waist in water. I have heard the shells whistling through the air at dead of night, and some of them falling perilously near to me and my

comrades; and while I have been talking to my chums the rats have been wading through the mud close to my feet; and then we could hear the thunder of the guns, and expect every moment that our 'number was up,' and grieve that we should never see home or parents again. In such times, if you have a moment to think about religion at all, you naturally ask yourself, What is God doing that he does not stop this dreadful War?

"I know," responded his father. "I know your feelings very well, but then we have been taught that God is all-wise and knows what is best for us—better than we do ourselves. He is the great invisible ruler and governor of the universe, and he regulates things according to his infinite wisdom and power."

"Well, dad, man has begun to doubt the wisdom of this God of the Christians, and to call in question the goodness and justice of many of his actions."

"Yes, but this is most impious on the part of man. Who is man that he should judge?" said the father in solemn tones.

"But, father, you doubted, I know, whether it was a kind act on the part of God when poor George was killed in action; and you did not think it was particularly good of God to allow Alfred to be so seriously wounded as to lose his leg. And what about poor James?"

"My dear boy, these are only personal matters; other families have, probably, suffered more than we have. In his great wisdom God has to take the larger view and consider not the interest of one family, one regiment, or one army, or even one nation, but the whole of mankind."

"Understood," said young Joe. "But see what has been going on in the world during the past two years and a half, or more, and ask yourself what God has been doing that he has not put a stop to all the foul crimes, the lying, the spying, the wholesale murder, the outrages against women and children, and all the other untold infamies perpetrated during this dreadful War."

"Yes, I know, but we have been told to believe that God knows best."

"By whom? By the priests and the parsons. Yes, they have misled and deceived us for their own purpose, but the people are beginning to reason for themselves, and to demand a rational answer to their questions."

"But, my son, the Bishop of London recently said that in all these things—even when young and unoffending children had been cruelly murdered by enemy aircraft—God was not to blame."

"Ah, if I wanted to be cruel, and to hurt the poor Bishop's feelings, I should say in the language of Macduff: 'He has no children.' If he had he would never talk in that way."

"Besides, if you glance over the whole of Europe, you will find the world aflame with this dreadful War. You will see that the earth is being drenched with human blood. Each man is fighting for his country, so we are told, and each is killing another man against whom he has no personal grudge. The Bishop says quite truly that God is not to blame, simply because no such being, as the Bishop talks about so glibly, exists. If he did, he would be the most miserable and contemptible creature in this great universe."

"Stop! don't talk like that, my son, your feelings at the present moment are overwrought. Pause awhile and reflect. I remember when I was a young man, in times of great catastrophe and trouble, I was very prone to think as you think now, but I got over that. I was told that the God of the Bible was cruel and revengeful, and I am bound to admit that some parts of Holy Scripture give some ground for such a conclusion; but, then, I remember *Butler's Analogy* points out that if

God was cruel, nature was no better; that, in point of fact, nature was doing every day on a large scale, by earthquake, famine, pestilence, and disease—what you are now blaming God for doing in this world-wide War of death and destruction."

"Yes, dad, you are right. Nature is very cruel; but nature is not intelligent; in fact, nature is blind and deaf and dumb. She neither sees the tragedies she commits, nor hears the cries of her suffering children, and she is deaf to all appeals for help. No, dad, it is of no use blaming nature. Man causes all the wars, and war brings out all the worst features in human character. Under the stress and strain of war man becomes a wild beast, and he does deeds that he would be heartily ashamed of in moments of calm reason. I could tell you some of the things that have been done in this War that would make you shudder with horror."

"Don't do that, my dear boy. I have heard and read stories that have made me regret that my boys have had to take part in such indescribable scenes of horrible barbarity."

"Yes, dad, but nothing that you could have heard or read could give you the faintest idea of the hellish wickedness and crime that take place in the heat of passion on the battlefield; in fact, on such occasions men are transformed into wild beasts, as I have said, and if God made us with these characteristics he must have known what would have happened, and if he was all-powerful he could have stopped it, and if he was all-good, his goodness would have prompted him to do so."

"There you are again, my son, why do you persist in bringing God into the matter when you have confessed that man alone makes wars, and, therefore, man alone is responsible for them."

"Yes, dad, but it brings me to another point, and that is, man alone brings about peace when it comes, and man alone gives succour to the wounded, and help to those in distress—men and women, they are the true saviours of mankind in the end. Religion does not do it, believe me—but humanity does."

"Well, well, my lad, I don't feel disposed to argue the matter with you any further at present. And let me beg of you, my dear boy, not to mention your change of opinion on religion—your unbelief—to your mother. It would break her heart."

"Very well, dad, I will not do anything to wound her feelings—dear old soul; but I daresay she will learn in time. But for the present (putting his four fingers to his lips: 'Mum's the word'). Going now, dad? Well, come and see me again soon. Good-bye."

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

### Prayers For Our Men!

May I plead once again, through your valuable medium, for the midday prayer on behalf of our soldiers? I know how much it is valued and counted upon by them.

—J. Taylor Smith, Bishop-Chaplain General.

WE do not ask for shells to strafe the German folk,  
Nor bother Sister Susies to send us shirts or socks;  
Your big guns and your maxims, your cylinders of  
gas;

Your vast accoutrements of war are wasted here,  
alas!

The tuck boxes that you kindly sent, the fags that  
you enclosed,

We do no longer need them, as our good chaplain  
knows;

The only thing we count on—perhaps its all we get,  
Are the prayers we're told the good folk are offering  
for us yet.

## A Welcome Reminder.

THE *Nineteenth Century and After* is a sadly different periodical from the days when Huxley triumphed in its pages over the armies of the orthodox, as represented by Gladstone and Dr. Wace. It can no longer claim to be the battle-ground on which great victories of Freethought are won. It has become predominantly orthodox, authoritarian, and "churchy." Opening the August number, I found three salient features to be an article by a Brigadier-General, declaring the German people, from the highest to the lowest, to be eternally hateful, and never, never, never to be forgiven, be they ever so much "democratized," and whatever statesmen may say; a hysterical wail from another gentleman because the "cursing" psalms are being dropped from the Anglican Liturgy; and a criticism by Mr. W. S. Lilly, in dialogue form, of Professor Bury's *History of the Freedom of Thought*.

It is this last article which I propose to commend to the notice of Freethinkers. Mr. Lilly, as is well known, is a capable and zealous Catholic, and unlike some of his modern co-religionists in England, there is no nonsense about him. He does not pretend to be democratic, still less revolutionary; he stands for Toryism as well as Popery, every time and all the time. This is all to the good. I appreciate a whole-hogger. I would much rather read (it is much better fun) something by Mr. Lilly that my teeth can meet in, than some sloppy, viscous concoction of a Campbell or a Horton.

The article, entitled "Christianity and History," takes the form of a dialogue between three Cambridge men about Professor Bury's book; but, unlike other dialogues, it does not seem to aim at setting forth more than one side to the question. The three interlocutors all agree in disparaging Professor Bury as inexact, no philosopher, chimerical in his views, virulent as a controversialist, devoid of the historic sense, and guilty of unfair conduct in "turning his Professorial Chair into an antichristian pulpit." Considering how many professors turn their chairs into Christian pulpits, the unfairness is hard to see. Professor Bury, no doubt, can take care of himself. He has braved the pinpricks of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and it is unlikely that he will quail before those of Mr. W. S. Lilly.

The attack is entertaining, however, for its frank defence of Catholicism in history, persecutions and all. Mr. Lilly does not believe in freedom of thought. He characterizes Professor Bury's claim for "liberty to publish one's opinions on any subject without regard to authority or the prejudices of one's neighbours," as "monstrous" and "subversive of civil society," fit for "murderous Thugs or bomb-throwing Anarchists," on the ground that no one possesses absolute and unbounded liberty in any sphere of activity, but only subject to certain limits. No Freethinker, certainly not, I imagine, Professor Bury, would deny that there are such limits, as exemplified, for instance, by the law of libel. The root question is, however, what the limits are. All of us would concede that the freedom of each is limited by the rights of others. The law of libel and slander, the law against indecent publications, and the censorship in time of war, are instances of the limitations of free speech which are unavoidable. But Professor Bury did not write his book to attack these, and Mr. Lilly, I imagine, did not write his article to defend them alone. The point at issue is whether freedom of speech and publication ought to be limited otherwise than to protect the rights of others or the safety of the State (which arises from the rights of others). Mr. Lilly thinks that the established religion is entitled to the same protection:

that is where he differs from us. He goes so far as to justify the punishment of heresy as a crime, and to claim credit for the Inquisition for having averted the triumph of the "licentious" principles of the Albigenses!

It cannot be said that Mr. Lilly makes his position as clear as we could wish. He evidently finds some little difficulty in reconciling his approval of the persecution of heretics by Catholics with his disapproval of the persecution of Christians by Pagans, or of Catholics by Protestants. He says rightly that the early Christians "did not rest their refusal to infringe the precepts of their own religion on Professor Bury's doctrine of freedom of thought. They no more dreamt of it than did their persecutors." But he wrongly goes on to say that "they founded themselves on a principle.....which they were to make triumph—the principle of the supremacy of conscience." The Christians did nothing of the sort. They were all for the supremacy of *their* conscience, no doubt, but they were equally for the suppression of the conscience of anybody who disagreed with them. Their principle, and that of their spiritual descendants to this day, is the principle of the special constable in the old *Punch* cartoon of Chartist days: "If I kill you, mind you, it's nothing; but if you kill me, by George it's murder." Besides, how does Mr. Lilly profess to distinguish between "the principle of the supremacy of conscience" and "freedom of thought"? The first involves the second. The belief in the necessity of a common religion, which Mr. Lilly properly attributes to the Middle Ages, clearly precludes "the supremacy of conscience" in the case of those who reject that religion.

Mr. Lilly proceeds to object to the mediæval period being judged by the standard of the twentieth century, and to pronounce Professor Bury "devoid of the historic sense." Of all the "blessed words" and cant phrases with which the modern world is cursed, this expression, "the historic sense," is about the most misused. What exactly do its users mean? We know what historical *knowledge* is; and Professor Bury has probably quite as much of that as Mr. Lilly. There is also an historical *perspective*, which may be called vaguely an "historic sense," by which we appreciate the greater or less influence that events have had on succeeding times, and therefore their greater or less importance in history; it is this which distinguishes scientific historians like John Richard Green from chroniclers like Froissart. But what is this "historic sense," the lack of which is invariably imputed to anyone who ventures to call past folly and cruelty by their proper names, or to attack any institution over fifty years old? Historic snobbery! As to judging one period by the standard of another, the ideal part for an historian is, perhaps, not to judge at all, but to content himself with a dispassionate recital of events and estimate of tendencies. But as this is difficult, seeing that the historian is but flesh and blood, and has his feelings like the rest of us, the next best thing is, surely, to judge men and periods by their contribution to the sum of human happiness or misery. That being so, if we find in history that men were burnt alive for innocent differences of opinion, it is mere cant to plead that such enormities should be condoned and made light of in the name of "the historic sense."

The real point is one which Mr. Lilly's article, whether advisedly or not, somewhat obscures. The answer to the question, whether the freedom of anyone ought to be limited otherwise than so far as is necessary to protect others in the exercise of their corresponding liberties, depends on the more fundamental issue of Secularism *versus* "other-worldliness." If you believe in a future state, and in a God who will, in that future state, punish

not only wrong-doing, but wrong-thinking, with everlasting torment, you will logically proclaim it not only the right, but the duty, of the State, to penalize the propagation of what you judge to be damnable error. The Catholic Church is a persecuting Church, because it teaches belief in a persecuting God. Those forms of Protestantism, such as Calvinism and Evangelicalism, which have retained this conception of a persecuting God, are logically committed to persecute like Catholics, and have shown the same spirit when they had the power (as Calvin when he burnt Servetus, as the Scottish Presbyterians when they burnt "witches," and as Wesley when he openly defended such practices). If, on the other hand, you lose the lively faith in a persecuting God, you necessarily, if you have normally decent feelings, come to look on persecution as wanton cruelty. As Mr. Lilly very frankly admits, "modern toleration is the outcome of modern scepticism." The hazy Protestants of to-day, who so oddly describe persecution as "un-Christian," and make haste to drop the "cursing" Psalms out of their services, thereby betray the fact that they no longer really and earnestly believe in historic Christianity, and that religion is for them little more than a sentimental survival, a social convenience, or a concession to others' ignorance and prejudice. The chief difference between them and us is that they are willing to say things they do not really mean, while we are not.

At this time we are grateful to men like Mr. Lilly, who step in to remind the world what Christianity really is. The world is forgetting it; and if that is allowed to happen, the infamous superstition may cheat the gallows after all.

ROBERT ARCH.

### Scotch Intolerance.

Two true incidents occurring a quarter of a century ago in Scotland—one of a woman and the other of a man:—

The first: A friend was engaged for a time at work near a small town, and lodged with a widow during the period of his stay. Being a Freethinker he occupied his Sundays in walks through the adjacent country. This greatly incensed his landlady who took occasion to remonstrate and warn him of the wickedness of not "ganging to kirk." Whereupon he pointed out that he was following Jesus. "Don't you remember that your Saviour walked with his disciples through the corn-fields on the Sabbath day?" said he. "Ay," she replied, "an' I never thocht any the better of him for thart."

The other: During a holiday with some acquaintances I was held up by a storm and took shelter in a small public-house near the sea coast. In the tap-room were several fishermen and a better-dressed individual who were all waiting for a change in the weather, and incidentally enjoying a noggin of whisky. Having passed the time of day, the conversation turned upon the heat. This reminded me of a tale I had heard running something like this:

A clergyman, with a small party, paid a visit to an iron-foundry, and were invited to see a batch of castings run off. When the furnace was opened and the stream of molten metal poured forth, a workman thought to have a joke at the parson's expense. "'Scuse me, sir," said he, "but do you know 'ow 'ot 'ell is?" "No, my man," replied the parson, "do you?" "Well," answered the man, "all I know is that if you were in 'ell, you'd think that metal was ice cream."

When I had finished the tale the laughter I expected did not come. Instead of that, there was an ominous silence, and all the company looked down their noses. At last the individual I have referred to leaned toward me with hate and anger in his face and exploded: "Luk he-ere! I don' kno' wha ye a-are, or whar ye cum fra, but we don' want a-any o' yr agnosteck upe-enyons he-ere!"

I was told afterwards that he was a local week-end preacher.

E. ANDERSON.

## SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

### LONDON.

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MR. A. D. HOWELL SMITH'S DISCUSSION CLASS (N. S. S. Office, 62 Farringdon Street): Wednesday, Aug 29, at 7.30.

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BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N. S. S. (Victoria Park, near the Fountain): 6.15, H. V. Storey, a Lecture.

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KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (corner of Ridley Road): 7, Mr. Thurlow, "Our Blessed Redeemer."

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Parliament Hill): 6.30, Miss Kough, a Lecture.

REGENT'S PARK BRANCH N. S. S.: 3.30, G. Rule, a Lecture.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Brockwell Park): 3, R. Miller, a Lecture.

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S. (outside Maryland Point Station): 7, Mr. Burke, a Lecture.

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