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## Views and Opinions.

### Conservatism and Progress.

Quite naturally and inevitably man is a conservative animal. Walter Bagehot pictured a time when the great task was to break man to the social yoke, and he conceived religion as playing this useful part in primitive life. But this is purely speculative, and is open to serious question. The first glimpse we get of man is as a member of a group, and the laws and customs of group life hold him firmly in their grip. In innumerable directions, and in a manner unbearable to the modern mind, the life of each is regulated by that of all. The tendency to rebel comes later, and slowly. Inclination also lends its aid to custom. It is easier to follow the old ruts than to seek new paths; the courage that inspires the pioneer is always the property of the few. And there is the underlying truth that while progress is due to the rebellious attitude of the few, the stability of society is ensured by the conservatism of the mass. They represent the centrifugal and centripetal forces of social life. The reformer easily recognizes the place of the conservative in social evolution. If others recognized with equal readiness the function of the rebel, progress would be a much more uniform thing in human history than it is.

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### Physical versus Mental Force.

While disagreeing with Bagehot's proposition that the need of early man was to be broken in, we quite endorse his statement that being broken in, the great thing was to get man to break out, and that chief amongst the perpetuating forces of an unreasoning conservatism is religion. Physical force plays a much smaller part in human evolution than is usually conceived. People are misled by seeing physical force everywhere applied, without recognizing that it is really an instrument at the service of a much more insistent and more pervasive power. Even in the present world-upheaval, where physical force is being applied on a quite unprecedented scale, it is really the instrument of other and greater forces. The social sense of a community of

interest, the ideals of devotion to duty, to the interests of civilization, of patriotism, etc., are the real forces that have brought the world to arms. It is idle to talk of the rule of physical force when millions fly to arms at the bidding of a few. Force, in such cases, is the instrument of mind. In ultimate analysis the true social forces are constituted by the psychic life of man as represented by his ideas, his ideals, his customs, and institutions. And any modification of the social structure must, of necessity, be by way of an attack upon dominant ideals and beliefs.

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### The Great Obstruction.

This is why we agree with the latter generalization of Bagehot while disagreeing with his primary one. There is need to teach men to break out, and it is true that the greatest of all conservative forces is religion. In primitive life religion is the seed-plot of all that makes man a slave to stupid and brutal customs. Down to the smallest details the life of early man is dominated by religious fears. He dare not move from the customary path for fear of offending the gods. And behind this all-en-slaving fear are entrenched those sinister interests that threaten the development of social life. Generation after generation passes; the form of both the attack and the defence varies, but the issue remains ever the same. To-day, man no longer moves—in civilized societies, at least—in direct fear of the gods, but the fear of religion is still active, and if it is not always expressed in a clinging to orthodox forms, it is manifested with disquieting frequency in the shape of a clinging to old formulæ and phrases that rob the rebel of much of his effectiveness, and so play into the hands of the common enemy.

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### That "Blessed" Word.

Consider the curious clinging of so many people to the word "religion." When it is not grotesque, it is pathetic. Now, "religion" is a word that has a very definite meaning in common usage, and that meaning cannot be altered by a more or less fanciful derivation of the word. Religion has always had to do with the supernatural—with the belief in God, or gods, and a future life. And if a man believes in the supernatural, he has every title to the word. But what legitimate use can anyone have for the word who has no belief in the supernatural? It is all very well for such a person to offer his own definition of the word, and to say, "I mean by it devotion to art or morality or duty." There seems no earthly reason, on these lines, why he should not also include a fondness for plum-pudding or Government beer. The fact remains that others will not understand it as he defines it. All custom, all usage, is against it. And the significance of a word is fixed by usage, not by a dictionary. What the religious man understands by people using the word is an act of homage to his own position, and we venture to say that he is in the right in so taking it. It is a grain of incense burned by the rebel in honour of conservatism. These people have lost the substance of religion, but they keep to the name. And the real religionist is justified in assuming that if

the name itself is valuable, the thing itself must be still more precious.

\* \* \*

Playing with "God."

With another class—substantially unbelievers—the word "God" plays a similar part. That, too, has a fairly definable meaning in common use. Substantially, the followers of religion mean by "God" one who, as Mr. Balfour says, loves and hates, can take sides, listen to our complaints, and heed our wants. Such a God may be—in fact is—quite absurd to a modern mind, but it is so far intelligible. But to take some sort of an ethical abstraction, as with Mr. Wells, or a hypothetical life-force, as with Bernard Shaw, or an unknown something behind phenomena, and call that God, is neither intelligible nor useful—or, at least, it is intelligible only as a dislike to being without something which the world declares needful and useful as a subterfuge. If one believes Nature is all, and natural law universal, there is no room for God, and no use for God. Again, we are flattering the religionist by retaining the name. We, too, say they, believe in God. True, it is not your God; we do not know what our God does; in fact, we do not believe he does anything at all; but still we believe in something we call God. "We cannot admit ourselves to be so stupid as those who believe in a real God. But we beg you to observe that we are not so wicked as those who dispense with God altogether."

\* \* \*

The Function of the Reformer.

There are numberless other examples that one might cite to the same end. They all illustrate, more or less clearly, the tremendous power of conservatism in human affairs. This conservative element is not in itself bad; on the contrary, it has its good side. A universal readiness to depart from accepted customs and standards would mean disruption, not progress, and natural selection has seen to it that this danger shall be only speculative and remote. The mass will always remain relatively conservative, attached to what is usual, governed by what is traditional, and looking with suspicion upon all that is new and unusual. The more reason that reformers in general and Freethinkers in particular should set a good and strong example. Let us cease paltering with religious ways and religious phrases. When we say that the world can do well without orthodox religion, let us prove that we mean what we say by going without it. We do not believe that anything good really comes *from* religion, although we admit that much that is good has been associated *with* religion. Our task should be to find words that should express this view. It is neither honest nor ultimately useful to go on using words that are meaningless to Freethinkers and misleading to religionists, and which play their part in confirming the very errors we profess an anxiety to remove. There is not an idea, an ideal, or an aspiration that cannot be expressed without recourse to religious phraseology. Why, then, keep a name when we have discarded the thing for which it stands? The true majesty of man must always be degraded by the livery of the gods.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

#### AN IMPULSE.

Free as the wind that stirs the crested larch;  
Mad as a hatter, or a hare in March;  
Nor prude, nor pietist;  
Nor yet a moralist;  
A simple humanist  
Am I.  
I've bid to all life's artificial starch  
Good-bye!

—Avon Dale.

## "God and the War."

MR. A. RUSSELL does me the honour of raising a few points of criticism in connection with my recent article under the above title. In his letter, which appeared in this journal for October 21, he calls attention to my statement that "war is only a phase of the natural struggle for existence," and asks how it can be reconciled with the later intimation that "had Buddhism won Europe instead of Christianity war would have ceased long ago." As every student of evolution is aware the natural struggle for existence has undergone many changes, a fact which justifies the inference that war is by no means the final phase of it. It is true that General Friedrich von Bernhardi teaches, in his famous book, *Germany and the Next War*, that the "desire for peace has rendered most civilized nations anæmic, and marks a decay of spirit and political courage," and that, therefore, only "the weary, spiritless, and exhausted ages have played with the dream of perpetual peace." He quotes with approval Schiller's martial lines:—

Man is stunted by peaceful days,  
In idle repose his courage decays.  
Law is the weakling's game,  
Law makes the world the same.  
But in war man's strength is seen,  
War ennobles all that is mean;  
Even the coward belies his name.

Consequently, we are not surprised to find that Bernhardi believes, not only in the right, but also in the duty, to make war. When Germany covets certain territories, she regards war as a legitimate method of securing them. In Great Britain and America, however, there has been a rapidly growing sentiment which looks upon war with unspeakable horror, and condemns it as an evil in itself. I need not say that I heartily share that sentiment, and loathe the very idea of an appeal to physical force. In saying that war is a phase of the natural struggle for existence, all I intended to convey was that a Supreme Being had absolutely nothing to do with it either as punishment or as discipline. It is a phase we ought to have outgrown long ago.

I now come to Mr. Russell's questions, the first of which is: "Does he think that any religion—Buddhism, Christianity, or other—will ever abolish the natural struggle for existence?" I hasten to declare that, in my opinion, the struggle for existence will never be abolished. Struggle is, indeed, a potent tonic of which we all stand in never-ceasing need; but I am equally certain that of this perpetual struggle war is only a phase, destined to be superseded. Under Humanism, as interpreted in modern sociology, it would be an entirely friendly and mutually helpful struggle. Now, between Christianity and early Buddhism there is practically nothing in common. As everyone fairly familiar with its teaching and history is aware, Buddhism is not a supernatural religion at all. It is rather a philosophy of life, a system of ethics, and it would be an accurate definition of it to call it Secularism, or Humanism. The supreme emphasis of the Buddha was upon self-reliance, and he hated war with perfect hatred. King Osoka's Edict, No. xiv., is as follows:—

Piyadasi, the friend of the Devas, values alone the harvest of the next world. For this alone has this inscription been chiselled, that our sons and our grandsons should make no new conquests. Let them not think that conquests by the sword merit the name of conquests. Let them see their ruin, confusion, and violence. True conquests alone are the conquests of *Dharma* (Law).

Christianity, on the contrary, has never prohibited war, but has been directly responsible for an enormous

amount of bloodshed. We are assured, however, that although Christianity has not put an end to war, it has introduced humaner methods of conducting war. This was the contention of Christian leaders, like Sir Robertson Nicoll, four and five years ago; but the present War has taken the ground completely from under their feet, for there never was a war more callously brutal and barbarous. As a matter of fact, what is now being so violently denounced as Prussian militarism is justified by Bernhardt on the ground that it is not at all out of harmony with Christian teaching. It is, indeed, claimed that the teaching of Christ "can never be adduced as an argument against the universal law of struggle, because "there never was a religion which was more combative than Christianity."

Let it be emphasized, then, that in practice Christianity has always encouraged militarism. While Origen was bound to maintain, in his controversy with Celsus, that Christianity was incompatible with military service in a Pagan State, he affirmed that "the prayers of the Christians were more efficacious than the swords of the legions." As Lecky puts it, "a great battle, on the issue of which the fortunes of a people or of a monarch depended, was supposed to be the special occasion of Providential interposition, and the hope of obtaining military success became one of the most frequent motives of conversion" (*History of European Morals*, vol. ii., p. 250). It is well known that Pope after Pope zealously advocated war, the Crusades, in particular, with all their unspeakable horrors, being directly due to their influence.

I am asked, if Christianity encourages militarism, "to point out where, in his teaching, the Founder of Christianity countenances or sanctions international war." Mr. Russell cannot be ignorant of the fact that Christianity encourages and has been responsible for many things which are neither directly nor indirectly sanctioned in the teaching of the Gospel Jesus. A short time prior to his secession to the Anglican Church, the Rev. R. J. Campbell read a paper on Christianity and the War before the Congregational Union, in which he argued that inasmuch as the Church has both permitted and caused numerous wars, we must conclude that in so doing she did not wholly misrepresent her Divine Head; or, in other words, that the Holy Spirit must have so guided her that she did but carry out the will of her Lord on the subject. That was an ingenious subterfuge not at all creditable to a man of God. The truth is that in the Four Gospels there is no expression of opinion on the subject of war. Though Jesus mentions the topic more than once, he utters not one word either for or against it. He declares that his supreme legacy to his disciples is peace, but the peace he promises to give them is not of a social or a political nature, but the peace which he enjoyed himself while at war with the beliefs and practices of his contemporaries. There are among us to-day many conscientious objectors to the War, who decline to enter upon military service on the ground that it would be an act of disloyalty to Christ; but neither in the Gospels nor the Epistles is war, as such, condemned. In Luke xxii. 37, 38, these strange words occur:—

For I say unto you, that this which is written must be fulfilled in me, And he was reckoned with transgressors: for that which concerneth me hath fulfilment. And they said, Lord, behold here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough.

Equally significant is the following passage:—

Think not that I came to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword (Matt. x. 34).

On another occasion (Luke xxii. 36), Jesus advised

the disciple, who had neither purse nor wallet, to sell his cloke and buy a sword.

The conclusion to which I am inevitably brought is, first, that Christianity as a peace-making religion has been a tragic failure, and, secondly, that even in the New Testament war is simply taken for granted and used as an illustration, while in the Sacred Writings of Buddhism war is represented as an evil to be crushed out of existence. Our only hope for the future peace of the world lies in the upward evolution of mankind, which has been so seriously retarded hitherto by the prevalence of superstition. We are looking forward to the reorganization of society on the basis of security, equality, brotherhood, and universal goodwill, when we shall be able to clasp one another's hands and look into one another's eyes as members of a happy family, animated and governed by the royal law of love.

J. T. LLOYD.

### The Tyranny of Theology.

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life, and fuller, than we want.—*Tennyson*.

CHRISTIANS are justified in making the most of their men and women of genius, and Freethinkers do not quarrel with them on that account. For this reason we welcome the publication of a single volume edition of the works of Christina Rossetti, which sets the final seal of honour on a deserved reputation. That such fame will lessen there is not much reason to anticipate, for it has been founded on the slowly formed but sure appreciation of all good critics and lovers of real literature. It is, indeed, noteworthy that one family should have produced two such eminent poets as Christina and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Christina shared with her brother the delight in mediæval colouring and theme, and in the sensuous appeal of verse; but, unlike Dante Gabriel, she had a strong strain of superstition in her character, and she soon lost her vision of a brightly hued and romantic world, and turned her tired eyes to the contemplation of purely religious subjects.

At the first Christina Rossetti's verse exhibited a definite personality. It is, perhaps, her sex which renders her lyrics more bird-like than her brother's verses. It can be nothing but her constant experience of ill-health which made her dwell constantly on the morbid side of religion.

Death, which to Shelley and Swinburne and the Freethought poets seemed own brother to sleep, was to her a more horrific shape, and was a perennial subject for her verse. The constant burden of her muse was the mutability of human affairs. And when to physical ailments were added love disappointments, entirely caused by religious bigotry, there is small difficulty in understanding how Christina Rossetti became a devotional poet; and one of such distinction that only Crashaw, Donne, Vaughan, and Francis Thompson can be held her compeers. And Dr. Donne, be it remembered, mitigated his raptures concerning the Saviour by writing poems on such less sacred and more welcome subjects, as seeing his mistress getting into bed.

Many of Christina Rossetti's poems are very short, and are concerned with trite theological themes. In nothing is her undoubted power so much shown as in the fact that so few are commonplace. Had she not had genius, they might have sunk to the dead level of pious verse, orthodox in purpose, and contemptible in execution. The only trait she has in common with the ordinary hymn-writers is a certain morbidity in dwelling on the idea of immortality and the pathological side of religion.

She disembowelled the Scriptures, and her brother, W. M. Rossetti, said, with justice, that if "all those passages which were directly or indirectly dependent upon what can be found in the Bible" had been taken out of Christina's verse, it "would have been reduced to something approaching a vacuum."

Starting her poetical career as the one woman member of the Pre-Raphaelite enthusiasts, she, naturally, showed the effect of that romantic spirit in her first mature poem, "Goblin Market," and in the less extravagant "Prince's Progress," both of which have all the glow and rich tints of Dante Rossetti's and William Morris's early works. The meditative and introspective sonnets of even her later years have something in common with this early artistic impulse. But what a change was there! It is impossible not to deplore the narrowing down and petrifying of Christina Rossetti's poetic interest. Here was a woman of warm blood and a passionate sense of beauty, who, with better health and satisfied affections, might have interpreted the joy of life. Instead, she turned with morbid pleasure to the contemplation of the sickly delights of a barren religiosity. She was a paradox, an anomaly; a Puritan among Anglo-Catholics; a nun outside the walls of the great lying Church. Necessarily preoccupied, as she was, with attenuated religious emotions, her melodies with difficulty escape monotony. And yet, again and again, Nature will out, and the old, half-forgotten romantic instinct asserts itself. The truth is, she was not a sacred, but a secular poet. Her religious bias forced her sympathies into wrong channels. To the real world she became indifferent. With actual life, its questionings, its humours, its perplexities, its despairs, its hopes, its loves, there is no sympathy in her poetry. Beyond the walls of her residence her tired eyes saw but a mad world rushing to perdition. Her idea of wisdom is to withdraw from the tumult into an inner shrine of pious meditation, disturbed only by feminine anxiety for the fate of the Christian Church.

Her piety was essentially of the womanly, prayerful, submissive kind, so attractive to priests of all ages and all countries. It asks no questions, it is posed by no problems. It only kneels in adoring awe, and gives money and service freely.

Naturally, her picture of "the world" is grim and forbidding:—

Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy,  
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.

And she fears lest her feet "cloven too, take hold on hell." This view of life blinds her eyes. When she notices the beauties of Nature, it is always through a religious haze. She could not rise to the art of Coleridge's—

Hidden brook,  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Or to the magic of Meredith's—

Hear the heart of wildness beat  
Like a centaur's hoof on sward.

Nor could she utter the brave defiance of Emily Bronte:—

No coward soul is mine.

But she has a haunting music all her own:—

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me,  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree;  
Be the grass green above me,  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And, if thou wilt, remember,  
And, if thou wilt, forget.

This, however, is an exception. Usually, her emotions were regulated and refined by ascetic priestly traditions,

and this places her at a great disadvantage among singers of free utterance. At the worst, she is never crude, extravagant, or commonplace. She challenges comparison with the greatest of her sex. Mrs. Browning is the inevitable foil of Christina Rossetti, and the two suggest each other by the mere force of contrast. The author of *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, *Casa Guidi Windows*, and *The Cry of the Children* is the very antipodes of the woman who gave us the shy, devotional *New Poems*. There is none, of course, of Mrs. Browning's fluency in Miss Rossetti's work, but the sister-poet lacks the splendid humanity of the other. Christina Rossetti, despite her lyric gifts, hardly stands the comparison. How should she? A delicate spinster, she held the Christian superstition in the most absolute and most literal manner. Shadow, not light, was her nourishment, and her music was a delicate undertone. We long for something individual. Like the dying farm labourer, we like something concrete. His friends tried to solace him with the golden joys of heaven. He raised himself for a last word, "'Tis all very well for thee; but give I the "Pig and Whistle." His mortality, like that of most of us, was unequal to raptures "too severe." Christina Rossetti's life-work is, in its way, an impeachment of orthodoxy. In spite of its beautiful language, it explains nothing, and adds nothing to human knowledge, but leaves the world in the meshes of devilry, darkness, and despair.

MIMNERMUS.

## The Story of the Sugar Industry.

### III.

(Continued from p. 668.)

THE modern discovery that two liquids of different densities when separated by a membrane, undergo the process of diffusion has had important bearings on the development of the sugar industry. When liquids diffuse through a membranous partition the lighter liquid passes into the heavier, while the denser diffuses into the less dense. When the denser liquid holds in solution a mixture of crystallizable and uncrystallizable constituents, the crystallizable ingredients will diffuse readily into the lighter liquid, while the uncrystallizable matters scarcely diffuse at all. This constitutes the remarkable phenomenon known as osmosis.

Those substances in solution which diffuse easily are termed crystalloids, while those that diffuse languidly or not at all are called colloids. Therefore, when a membrane separates a quantity of beetroot or sugar-cane juice containing crystallizable sugar mixed with gelatinous and other colloidal substances from the water lying on the other side of a membrane, the sugar solution which is crystalline, diffuses into the water, while the latter diffuses into the sugar juice until the liquids are of equal density. "If," we are told,

the water containing the sugar were then drawn off and fresh water substituted the diffusion would recommence, and this process might be continued until the whole of the sugar had passed away in the form of a nearly pure solution, while the impurities would remain alone in the solution which was originally sugar juice. The membrane may be animal or vegetable—parchment paper, for instance, answers the purpose.

Now, the walls of plant cells form a natural diffusion medium, and the sugar contents of the beet or cane are immured within the cells. By the above outlined process of diffusion it was ascertained that sugar juice might be very conveniently extracted, especially in the case of the beet. With the cane the diffusion method is still in the course of development.

After the sugar juice from the cane has been pressed

out by rollers a small quantity of lime is added to it, and the juice is then raised to the boiling point to secure the coagulation of its albuminous constituents. The liquid is then skimmed, after which it is conducted into a vacuum pan and boiled under reduced pressure until it becomes sufficiently concentrated to cool into a crystalline mass. The treacle is then separated from the sugar. At this stage the sugar is brown in colour. To obtain white sugar the raw material is dissolved in water, and the syrup left to slowly percolate through a bed of bone-charcoal some 30 or 40 feet thick. This bone layer absorbs the colouring matter, and a white syrup runs through. When run into a frame a solid crystalline sugar loaf will be produced.

With the beet the roots are thinly sliced, and the slices are plunged into a series of vessels containing hot water, and, as a result of diffusion, a strong solution is obtained. This solution is ultimately drawn off, purified, and the clarified solution is concentrated in vacuum pans. In the sugar refiner's art the vacuum pan is important. For when the juice is overheated it suffers severely, and it is therefore essential to boil the sugar at a low temperature. In an ordinary vessel a solution of sugar must be heated above the boiling point of water (212 deg. F.) before it boils. In a partial vacuum, however, the solution boils violently at 160 deg. F., while it boils at a still lower temperature in a more perfect vacuum.

Some who are qualified to speak entertain the theory that the day is rapidly dawning when the inferior by-products of the refinery will be very substantially reduced. A larger and larger percentage of high quality sugar is anticipated with a material lessening in the quantity of exhausted molasses. Geerligs, the famous expert, holds this opinion, and few are better able to gauge the possibilities of recent departures in sugar manufacture.

In Jamaica, Demerara, and other places celebrated for their rum, the molasses is despatched to the distillery and manufactured into a stimulant, which, when taken in moderation, is an excellent drink. In other cane sugar regions the disposal of molasses is a more difficult task. It finds a market in some of the beet-sugar countries with the ordinary distillery, while in Germany it is sent to special refineries which actually evolve sugar from it by chemical agencies. But in several countries molasses is at a discount. Mixed with the pith of the sugar cane, molasses forms a nourishing cattle food, but where the syrup cannot otherwise be disposed of, it serves as fuel, or is utilized as a manure for the land.

The old sugar loaf lingered until the 'eighties of the past century, but it has now disappeared from England. The lengthy, laborious, and expensive processes essential to its production have been superseded by the highly efficient and economical methods which provide us with our cube sugar. The name of Eugen Langen must ever be identified with this reform, for he was the pioneer in the revolution which furnished cheap, clean, and conveniently cut sugar. As an English expert says:—

To see Langen's beetroot sugar factory at Elsdorf turning out fine cube sugar straight from the beetroot juice was a real treat to anyone who appreciates the pleasure of seeing things well done; everything clean, everything tidy and handy, no mess on the floors, and a complete chemical control of all the operators. He used to describe every sugar refinery devoid of these virtues as a Schweinerei—pigsty.

The world's cane sugar crop for the season 1908-9 totalled 7,664,631 tons, and of this aggregate over seven million tons were grown in Asia and America. In later years marked progress has occurred in Louisiana despite the disadvantage of occasional frosts, but the cane

industry is there treated by the United States authorities as a youthful undertaking, and its products enter the home markets duty free. Porto Rico, a tropical island with a splendid soil, enjoys the same paternal favours as Louisiana, and its planters pursue a progressive system of culture. Since their absorption by the States the Sandwich Islands have made extraordinary progress. While under Spanish rule in 1857, the output of these islands was a beggarly 313 tons of sugar, and their production increased very slowly. But, in 1898, when the isles were annexed to America, the crop was over a quarter of a million tons, a total now considerably more than doubled.

Were the Cuban sugar producers to find their Burbank their prospects would be bright indeed. Prior to the insurrection in Cuba that island's output approached 1,000,000 tons annually, but its internal troubles nearly ruined the industry. With more settled conditions and a guaranteed market for her supplies, Cuba is rapidly rising to the premier position among cane-growing communities. At present there is a race for supremacy between the West Indian island and the Dutch pearl of the Orient, the beautiful land of Java. Cuba is busily promoting her transit improvements to link up plantation with factory and factory with port.

In consequence of the European beet sugar bounties and other adverse circumstances, the British West Indies were heavily handicapped, so much so, that in some old sugar centres, the cane was abandoned. Now that beet sugar is no longer unfairly fostered, these famous sugar colonies are returning to cane production. India is a great sugar region, but, owing to various detrimental factors, that wonderful peninsula lags sadly in the rear. In Australia the sugar industry flourishes in North Queensland. The primitive methods of last century have been supplanted by modern scientific processes; the Australians have composed their labour difficulties in their own way, and the cane is assisted by preferential treatment in the colonial markets. Mauritius was much esteemed for its splendid sugar, but the people failed to move with the times. Falling places told against the colony, and the country was smitten with a disease which exterminated its cattle, thus depriving it of its only beasts of burden. To make matters worse a most disastrous cyclone swept over Mauritius. Fortunately the Colonial Office helped the colonists to build light railways to carry the crops previously drawn by the cattle to the mills. Prices improved; the old-fashioned factories were replaced by modern buildings. Labour is still a serious problem, and cyclones may occur at any time, but otherwise prospects of complete recovery are very good.

The Philippine Islands are being encouraged by their American masters in the cane planter's art. It was decided to admit 300,000 tons of sugar yearly from the Philippines into the United States free of duty, but the Senate stipulated that this favoured sugar must be produced in the factories already in existence in the islands, which are mainly the property of the native population. But a coach and six will almost certainly be driven through this safeguard by the eager and enterprising American capitalists.

T. F. PALMER.

(To be concluded.)

It is beautiful that Force should have Right for a master, that Progress should have Courage as a leader, that Intelligence should have Honour as a sovereign, that Conscience should have Duty as a despot, that Civilization should have Liberty as a queen, and that the servant of Ignorance should be the Light.—Victor Hugo.

## The Need for Definition.

THE essential condition of Freethought is clearness. Conversely, a fruitful cause of muddled thought, and therefore of superstition and surrender to dogmatism, is the use of words without a clear conception of their meaning. Many a contradiction in terms passes muster as good mental currency, simply because the terms are left so vague as to leave the contradiction unperceived. Freethinkers will do well, when engaged in controversy, to insist on their opponents defining in advance every term they use, the meaning of which is not too obvious to juggle with; and, of course, they should be ready to do the same with their own. I propose in this article to advance a few such definitions, and to illustrate their utility in controversy, especially in the stock controversies as to "God, freedom and immortality."

1. *Body or Matter.* Anything which, under any conditions whatever, can cause sensation.

Nuttall's Dictionary gives, for "matter," "that which occupies space, and is perceptible to the senses"—a definition which has the drawback of saying too much. It is better to leave "space" out of the definition. One thing is quite certain, namely, that the ordinary man means by "matter" something objective, and not (as Berkeleyans allege) a mere "idea" of his own. When we say that the sun contains a given quantity of matter at a high temperature, we do not mean that the sun contains a given quantity of "ideas" at a high temperature—which is meaningless. I prefer, therefore, to define matter simply as above, emphasizing its objective character (as the cause of sensation) and leaving open the question of the nature of space.

The bearing of this definition on "spirit" phenomena is obvious. Nothing perceived by the senses can be evidence of anything immaterial, except by a chain of reasoning, the onus of establishing which, rests with those who uphold that conclusion.

2. *Mind or soul.* Anything capable of consciousness. I can find no other definition of these terms which gives a clear notion of what is intended. Nor have I ever met with anyone who could give an intelligible account of the distinction between "mind" and "soul." It will be well, for practical purposes, to treat them as synonymous, and thereby effectively "dish" at once the clerical profession, who would import into the word "soul" an indefinable, emotional significance which serves no purpose but to assist their theological jugglery, and the Spiritualists, who make free use of such a word as "psychical," trusting to the ignorance of the public, or else ignorant themselves of the fact that it means simply "mental" and nothing more.

The definition of "mind" and "soul" given above disposes, firstly, of the alleged incompatibility between the attributes of mind and matter. No reason can be shown why mind, or that which is capable of consciousness, should be necessarily immaterial, or incapable under any conditions of affecting the senses; and no argument, therefore, can be admitted which begins by assuming this.

Secondly, our definitions of mind and matter have a certain bearing on that much-used expression, "a disembodied spirit." A soul without a body would mean something capable of consciousness, yet deprived of sight, touch, hearing, and every other avenue of sensation, and unable therefore to be conscious even of itself, since we distinguish ourselves from our surroundings only through our bodies! It is difficult to think that those who uphold the existence of disembodied spirits fully realize what they are out to maintain. As a matter of fact, nearly every reference to the "spirit

world" in literature, from the Bible to the latest work of Sir Oliver Lodge, implies physical organization in the "spirits"—implies sight, hearing, touch, and susceptibility to pleasure and pain of distinctly physical sorts: a sure sign, that however much people may speak and write of "disincarnate" beings, they are totally unable to *think* of them. Once admit, however, that these alleged beings have any sort of body, and they become subject-matter for the zoologist. We want to know what they look like, how they are organized, how they subsist, how they move and communicate. The writers of the Bible at least vouchsafe some information on these points; but the modern Spiritualist is regrettably evasive!

3. *Freedom.* Absence of compulsion by a given agency, or by any agency whatever.

As this definition indicates, "freedom" is a word used either relatively or absolutely. Its use in common speech is invariably relative. A free man, as distinct from a slave, is one exempt from the relation of ownership by another. We also call a bachelor or spinster "free," as being exempt from the tie of matrimony. Freethought means thought emancipated from the obligation to accept dogmas on authority. All these are cases of the relative use of the word, and present no difficulty. And if the term "free will" were used equally in a relative sense to denote acts which were directly due to causes within, and not outside, the mind of the doer, there would be no dispute as to its legitimacy; though there would remain a class of acts "on the borderline" of freedom, such as acts done in delirium, mania, or intoxication, which would be as impossible to classify as the colour of a dirty collar. This is not, however, the sense in which the advocates of "free will" use the term. They mean to imply the existence of acts of volition which have no cause at all, and which could have been different without any difference in their antecedents. This is what "free will" means in the strict sense; and perhaps the best comment on it is that its own advocates do not uphold it, except when actually engaged in controversy. Whenever it is asked *why* so-and-so did this when he might have done that, it is implied that the act must have had a determining cause. Whenever we remark that a certain act "shows what the man's made of," or that it is "what you would expect of him," or "not what you would expect," we take for granted that it is the necessary outcome of elements in his nature, suspected or unsuspected by us. The sole motive for the advocacy of "free will" will be found to be an idea that it is practically desirable to uphold the doctrine in the interests of morality—a consideration totally irrelevant to scientific or philosophic truth. The fuller discussion of this would take too long for me to venture on it here, and I must rest content with having stated the issue.

4. *God.* A supposed superhuman mind or minds, exercising immense, if not infinite, power over the universe, possessing ideal moral attributes, and therefore claiming the worship and obedience of mankind.

The definition of this term is the most thorny, and also the most important, preliminary problem of any discussion on religion. The definition I have given would not by any means cover all the notions of god-head which have been put forward by man, from the writers of cuneiform tablets to Mr. Wells; but I defy anyone to frame a definition which would do this. Down to the time of Plato, at any rate, moral perfection was no essential part of the attributes of deity; and in modern times, from Spinoza on, there has been a tendency in philosophic circles to whittle down the idea of God to little more than that of an underlying unity pervading phenomena. Apart from this last tendency, which has

little or no popular vogue (and is not meant to have any), the definition I have given covers pretty well the ideas of God prevalent in civilized countries since the rise of Christianity.

The first thing to do with any disputant who upholds the existence of God is to pin him down to a statement as to whether he believes his God to be almighty or not. Generally he will decide in the affirmative. He can then be impaled on the horns of the historic dilemma as to the compatibility of divine omnipotence with divine perfection, which every Freethinker worth his salt will know how to press home. If he elects for a God of limited power (and, therefore, a God who is *not* the creator of the universe, and *not* supreme over it), it lies with him to show reasons for believing in such a being. He will probably attempt to get away from the difficulty with a reference to conscience, or to man's ideas of truth, beauty, and goodness. If he tries this, it will be time gently but firmly to remind him that he set out to prove, not the existence of these things, but the existence of God, as above defined, and that the shortest distance to a point is not to describe a circle round it, but to go straight at it!

I hope hereby to have illustrated with sufficient brevity the great use in controversy of framing definitions and insisting on their being adhered to. In practice, it will be found that religious apologists are one of three kinds. Either they are dogmatists who do not try to think freely, and who resent your trying, in which case argument with them is waste of time; or they are people who have not defined their terms, and are consequently the slaves of words, in which case a course of definition will do them no harm; or they are Freethinkers at heart, who, for reasons best known to themselves, use words in an esoteric sense, and not in that which plain people appreciate. In this case it is the duty of Freethinkers who prefer plain speaking to see to it that the issue is not confused by such equivocation.

ROBERT ARCH.

## Acid Drops.

We have had the Angels of Mons legends exploited by various people, but Mr. Bottomley is evidently convinced that this legend didn't exhaust the gullability of the more ignorant section of the British public. And, writing in the *Sunday Pictorial*, in between hints as to what he said to Haig and Haig said to him, he proceeds to tell his readers all about the miracle of the Virgin of Albert. This is the way Mr. Bottomley writes:—

Now come with me to Albert Cathedral, and be prepared for an even more wonderful "freak." How it haunts me! And how grateful I shall be to you very clever and learned men, who understand these matters, if you will kindly explain it all to me! Towering above the cathedral was a big square steeple. Surmounting the steeple was a magnificent figure, in carved and gilded wood, of the Madonna and Child—it was one of the great sights of France.....That steeple formed a fine target for the enemy guns, and it was badly hit. Great, gaping wounds show you its interior; huge stones are suspended by the iron "braces" which once held them in position. Just below the base of that figure of the Madonna there had been a direct hit by a shell. The place was pointed out to me by an officer who was in the battle. "Our eyes instinctively turned to the Madonna," he said; "the beautiful thing trembled and then suddenly bent over at right angles to the steeple. We held our breath and waited for the crash—but it never came, as you see." And, sure enough, there is the Madonna still, leaning over the old desolated town, with the holy infant in her arms. Many shells have burst round her since she fell, but none has touched her. It is the most impressive spectacle that human eye ever looked upon.....

Again, I know I shall be told it was mere "coincidence." .....Well, perhaps you are right. But the fact remains that the faithful, patient folk of Arras and of Albert will never believe any other theory than that in the zenith of the Devil's

triumph God raised His hand to shield from harm the sacred emblems which the souls of men and women for two thousand years have endowed with the sanctity of the story of the birth of His son—at Whose shrine they have worshipped and found comfort, and Whose stately presence still amongst them helps them to believe that deep down in all this tragedy of blood and tears there may yet be some divine purpose which it is not for them, they think, to question or to understand.

We might be moved to tears by Mr. Bottomley's pathos (or bathos) were it not that we happen to know the truth of this miracle of the Virgin. If Mr. Bottomley has really been to Albert, and if the officer spoke to him as above, then we can only say that Mr. Bottomley failed to use his eyes, and the British officer was simply "pulling his leg." *There is no miracle whatever about the present position of the statue.* And the explanation is a prosaic one. We go further and say that the Germans would be very pleased if the statue stood in its original position. We do not care to say more at present, but we challenge Mr. Bottomley to tell his readers the truth on this point. The confidant of Haig, and the guide of the Government must know the truth on this matter.

"God has called us by name," says a German officer. So have other people; but the names are quite unprintable.

The suggestion at a London Military Tribunal that the manufacture of women's hats is not of national importance roused the ire of some editors, who, probably, remembered the millinery advertisers. One editor interviewed a lady, who said, pointedly, "What are we to do on Sundays? Are we not to go to church?"

An evening paper has been protesting against the payment of £10,000 a year to two judges. The Bench of Bishops absorbs a very large sum of money annually, but pious editors never think of protesting.

The Bishop of London has been trying to gloss the parsons' share in the War. He says that fifty-nine chaplains have been killed and seventy wounded, "so we are taking our part in the thickest of the battle." The Bishop did not add that there are about 25,000 Church of England clergy, and that the Army chaplains are non-combatants, and receive officers' pay. Nor did he say anything concerning the special exemption from military service of all ministers of religion. Most parsons prefer to read of "the thickest of the battle" in the security of their own homes.

"The City needs cheering up in this fourth year of the War," says this delightful Bishop of London. The emptiness of the City Churches shows that the cup that cheers is not the communion cup.

A bequest of £1,700 to George Muller's Orphanage, Bristol, reminds us that the founder of that Christian institution was born in Prussia, and he boasted that it was supported by voluntary contributions given in answer to prayer. Yet the dear, truthful, clergy will insist that all Prussians are Atheists.

"Get down as low as possible," advises Sir Francis Lloyd. The lowest thing we know is the Christian Evidence Society.

The War is not hastening the promised revival of religion. Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S., writing in the *Sunday Times*, says "the consolations of religion are not felt as they might or ought to be." It is as well, for one of the consolations of religion is that so many people go to Hades.

Rev. P. J. Kelly, Vicar of Collingham, who left home recently, ostensibly to join the R. G. A., has been unfrocked by his Bishop for immorality. He left a wife and six children at the rectory, and a young woman, a nurse, left the village at the same time as the vicar. The *Eastern Daily Press* of October 19 reports the conviction of John Kells, aged 15½, for an offence against a girl of eleven. The rector

said the lad was a member of the Sunday-school and the church choir. There is no moral—for Christians—in either of these cases.

The dear *Daily News* has been airing the perplexity of a "London minister," presumably a Nonconformist, concerning the copyright of the Bible, and says that the copyright being the property of the Syndics of the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge is a "monopoly," and a little like "profiteering." The plain fact is that, by Act of Parliament, the printing of the Bible is entrusted to the University Presses to ensure accuracy of the text. If any publisher could print an edition of the Bible, the text would soon become inexact, and the Christian fold would be, if possible, still more full of malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

It is fashionable to sneer at the educational value of lectures, but Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., tells a different story. He says that he went to work so young that he had no schooling, but received his education at the corners of factories and workshops, and by listening to lecturers.

"All the English history that I know," says Sir R. Baden-Powell, "was learnt from the cinema." This suggests filmy eyed innocence.

What quaint ideas are circulated by the pious press. The *Daily News* recently printed a letter stating that "the main qualifications for a parson seem to be the ability to live on love and air." This is beautiful nonsense. Thirty-nine ecclesiastics of the Established Church share £180,700 annually, whilst the leading Nonconformist ministers follow in the footsteps of the Carpenter of Nazareth with salaries equal to those of Cabinet Ministers.

The *Divine Valley News* of a recent date contains an interesting letter from a Conscientious Objector on his prison experience. Dealing with the warders he says:—

Now we come to the warders. What shall we say of them? I know how I feel about them. But then, in Philosophy, I'm a Determinist. I believe that man does what he must, and, after all, a warder is a man, however much he may resemble a beast. It is his misfortune to be what he is, as it is mine to be what I am, therefore, let us be lenient. Warders are drawn from two sources—the Highlands in Scotland, the Army in England. When they want a batch of warders for Scottish prisons a party is sent to the Highlands to lasso a number of Highland ghillies and bring them to the Lowlands, where they are taught how to put on trousers and open and shut doors, and then their training is complete! In England they are recruited from the Army—discharged men who have been unable to find work as billiard-markers, etc. Both classes possess the same qualifications—the fewness of their ideas! The one has been driving sheep for years, the other has been driven like sheep. Both are susceptible to that prison disease "systematus," and generally "take" with the first inoculation. When I pray at nights I sometimes wonder who I shall mention first—the prisoner or the warder. Both have a good case for a first call. Both are prisoners, only the warder dines outside; but for this privilege he pays a heavy price—he's a life-sentence man.

We gather from the article that the writer is not an avowed Freethinker, and his remarks on religion in prison are, for that reason the more interesting:—

We have another strange specimen in prison—the Prison Chaplain. No friend of "Charlie's," but equally humorous. What he has done to be kept there I don't know, and what he does that he should be kept there I also don't know. The first one who came to console me in my sorrow had a breath that was sufficient to put a man "on the fuddle" for a month. We didn't agree, somehow, and he, being a Biblical man, acted on Paul's advice—*i.e.*, if you cannot love your enemies, avoid them. He never came back again. I remember a funny little incident happening in church one day. In church you sit apart, and a warder sits on an elevated chair, built at the end of every second seat. He watches while we pray. You must open your Bible whether you can read or not. Well, this day a little Englishman was sitting with his Bible closed. Mr. Warder got his eye on him. "Open your Bible," he cried. "I can't read," replied Mr. Cockney. "It

disna' matter, a damn, open your Bible." Then we all prayed.

Is not England the land of the open Bible?

"Stanley converted Mutesa [King of Uganda died 1884] to Christianity, which he professed for a time; he actually ordered the Christian Sabbath to be kept throughout the land, and not only promised Stanley that he would build churches throughout his kingdom, but he asked him to go back to England and send missionaries out to Uganda. The missionaries were sent, and they were welcomed by Mutesa. But their quarrels and disputes disgusted him so much that he asked both parties to return to Europe and decide which was the true religion, and said that when they had settled the problem amongst themselves, they could come back and tell him."—*By the Waters of Africa*, 1917, by Norma Lorimer, a lady-traveller. She cites Dr. J. W. Gregory.

A picture was published in an illustrated daily paper showing the students at Birmingham University marching to church, and the procession was headed by Sir Oliver Lodge in full robes. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why the editor styled Sir Oliver "a distinguished scientist."

Dr. Horton's *Autobiography* throws considerable light on clerical methods. He once determined to preach in support of a crusade against the music-halls. "Then it occurred to me," he says, "that I had never been to a music-hall." So he went once, and preached his sermon. Judging by their remarks, that is how most parsons treat social matters.

At Hascombe, Surrey, the local Wesleyans have a room, over a public-house, where harvest festival was celebrated. Those aloft sang "Come, ye thankful people, come," while down below the worshippers of Bacchus emptied tankards.

The clergy like to mix a little business with their philanthropy. A South London parson, who opened his church hall for shelter from air-raids, conducted short services with prayers and hymns.

The Rev. Bernard Snell, President of the Congregational Union, quoted Lord Morley in his presidential address. The words are worth repeating, "The pulpit is a belt which has slipped off the driving wheel of the world."

The Bishop of Birmingham says our boys at the Front can do without haloes. Of course they can. The muscular curates of military age have so much more need of that sacred ornament.

An attempt is being made to introduce more definite religious teaching into the elementary schools in Wales. The initial programme is a religious service each day, to consist of a Welsh hymn, the Lord's Prayer, a reading from the Bible, and an English hymn. More, we presume, is to follow if this aim is accomplished. The scheme is supported, it is said, by leading Nonconformists as well as Churchmen. We hope that Freethinkers and other reformers in Wales will keep their eyes on this new move. The work of education is being taken very seriously in Wales just now, and it would be a pity to allow this energy to be turned into the wrong channels.

An article in a monthly review by a clergyman bears the alluring title, "Our Sons Have Shown Us God." It is hard to discover what is meant in the dimness of a rhetorical twilight; but the sons of the British Empire patronise a varied selection of gods, ranging from Mumbo Jumbo to the Man of Sorrows.

An article in a daily paper bore the quaint title, "The Soldier with Nothing to Do." It sounds as if it referred to the Church or Salvation Armies.

An article appeared in a daily newspaper with the title of "The Great Unpaid Profession." It did not refer to the clergy.



## To Correspondents.

### C. Cohen's Lecture Engagements.

October 28, London; November 4, Abertillery; November 18, Birmingham; November 25, Nuneaton.

J. T. LLOYD'S LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.—November 18, Manchester; November 11, Glasgow; November 12, Falkirk.

E. BRACE (West Africa).—The history of the War seems against your position. War itself is an act of reprisal, and the whole progress of this War has shown that there is an ascending—or descending—scale of "frightfulness." Germany uses gas, and we are forced to follow suit in self-protection. We blockade Germany, and Germany retorts by declaring a blockade of England with submarines. Gas is followed by jets of flame and burning oil, etc. Whatever may be said for reprisals, it is clear they do not make for less brutal methods of warfare.

MR. W. MANN is anxious to obtain copies of the Reports of the Seybert Commission on Spiritualism published in Philadelphia. The Reports are out of print, but some of our readers may be able to help. If any possessing copies do not wish to sell, perhaps they would not mind loaning the Reports. Address this office.

F. LONSDALE.—No notice reached us. It would have appeared had it done so.

H. ELLIOT.—We sincerely hope that you will more than equal your past twenty years' reading of the *Freethinker*.

E. R.—We are very grateful indeed for all that our readers are doing all over the country to secure new readers. The results of their efforts are both encouraging and helpful.

A. LESTER.—We much regret to hear of the death—in action—of F. Lester. Please accept our sincere condolence.

G. GARRETT.—Thanks for good wishes. If each does their share, the burden will be practically imperceptible.

C. G. CROOKE.—We were not aware of what you state, but will bear the matter in mind. So far as we are concerned, we should certainly check any such disposition.

W. R.—Please call. We are always pleased to see those interested in the Cause. Time is never wasted in that direction.

HUGH DEVLIN.—The journal you name is no longer in existence.

E. BUTLER.—The omission is very obvious. Will deal with it next week.

W. P. JACOB.—All slaveholders were compensated by the British Government when the slaves were liberated in Jamaica. We cannot say at the moment whether the Church Missionary Society then held slaves there. It is certain that Christians did.

We offer our apologies to many correspondents whose letters are obliged to stand over until next week. We have also to refrain from noticing quite a number of interesting newspaper cuttings to hand. These will, in most cases, be dealt with in our next issue.

*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 full notice as possible.*

*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.

We do not care to let October pass without an "In Memoriam" note on the death of our late editor and leader, G. W. Foote. His death, two years ago, robbed the Freethought world of a fearless and uncompromising fighter, and we have the best of reasons for knowing in what great appreciation his work was held. Had he chosen any other walk in life—either politics or literature—his success would have been assured. It is our gain and, ultimately, the world's gain that he preferred a task which, while it meant a smaller measure of public recognition, meant also a concentration of energy on a work the importance of which

cannot well be over-estimated. Thirty-five years' editorship of this journal, with twenty-five years' presidency of the N. S. S., represents a record of which any man might feel proud. G. W. Foote was content to be known only as a soldier in the service of humanity. In that war of human liberation his zeal never flagged. He wielded a sword to the end, and when the weapon fell from his grasp, the world of Freethought freely recognized that it had lost one of its most brilliant champions. The recognition of his qualities and services by a larger public belongs to history and the future.

We hope London readers will make a special note of the Interim Conference held in London to-day, afternoon and evening. Full particulars will be found in another column. Mr. Cohen takes the chair at both meetings.

The winter programme at Manchester opened well with two lectures by Mr. Cohen on Sunday last. Both meetings were good, and the audience enthusiastic. The Secretary, Mr. Black, occupied the chair on both occasions, and made a very pressing appeal for new members. We were glad to learn that this resulted in a number of membership forms being duly filled up and handed in. A very pleasing feature of the meetings was the large number of ladies present. It was good to know that there was a very brisk sale of literature. Altogether a gratifying day.

Next week (Sunday, November 4) Mr. Cohen lectures in Abertillery. There will be two meetings, afternoon and evening, and we expect there will be the usual gathering of friends from the surrounding districts.

We have received the following from a correspondent known to us many years ago in England:—

The first meeting of the "Society of Freethinkers of the Caucasus" to take place in Baku was held on August 30 last (September 12), the audience numbering over three hundred. M. Ooshakoff, of Tiflis, was the speaker, and dwelt at length on the trend of modern Freethought in religious matters and the objects of the Society. Referring to the abuses prevalent among the clergy under the late inglorious reign and the attitude of the Church towards all reform, the lecturer invited his audience to welcome the law of July 14, which guarantees absolute freedom of conscience, and to avail themselves of the new institutions of civil marriage and divorce. He also appealed to them to lend their assistance towards bringing about an early dissolution between the Church and the State. Notwithstanding the decidedly heated character of the discussion which followed the lecture, and in which two priests of the orthodox Church took part, there was no disorder, and the meeting dispersed at midnight, many of the audience collecting in knots outside the building to discuss points that had arisen in the course of the debate. The Society has appointed a permanent secretary at Baku for the enrolment of members.

The Secretary of the Swansea Branch of the N. S. S. wishes to make a special appeal to all Freethinkers in the locality for assistance in conducting their winter campaign. The Committee is full of enthusiasm, and we hope that this will not be damped by any lack of ardour on the part of those who are desirous of seeing the work go forward. There are all the elements in Swansea for the creation of a really strong Society, and we sincerely trust that this will not be prevented by even an apparent lukewarmness on the part of Freethinkers. The Secretary is Mr. B. Dupree, 12 Short Street, Swansea.

Will Freethinkers in Southampton and neighbourhood who are desirous of forming a Branch of the N. S. S. please communicate with Mr. A. A. Wildman, 100 Clovelly Road, Southampton? We are informed that the address of the local *Freethinker* newsagent is Messrs. Woodger & Son, St. Mary's, Southampton.

We are glad to learn that the Birmingham experiment in the Repertory Theatre is proceeding well. Mr. Clifford Williams had a good, and improved, audience on Sunday last, and there is every prospect of the course being continued throughout the winter. Mr. Willis is the next lecturer, and we hope the meeting will mark a still further advance.

## "Freethinker" Sustentation Fund.

### Seventh List of Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged, £304 1s. 4d. Harold Elliott, 5s. Per F. Lonsdale—D. Watt, 2s. 6d.; J. Harrison, 3s. 6d.; F. Lonsdale, 2s. 6d.; M. Parker, 2s. 6d.; A. Little, 3s.; Mr. Harley, 2s.; Mr. Learmont, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Falconer, 1s.; Mrs. F. Lonsdale, 2s. 6d.; Total, £1 2s. 6d. A. J. Fincken, £5. A. Laing, £5 5s. F. H. H., 5s. Rogers George, 3s. In appreciation of Mr. Lloyd's Swansea Lectures, £1 1s. Bob and Dossie Polworth, 5s. E. C., per A. Millar, 10s. J. Burrell, 2s. 6d. C. T. Barker, 10s. W. J. Young, 5s. Miss A. M. Baker, £2. Mr. and Mrs. G. Garrett, 5s. T. Walker, 3s. 3d. Sapper Cornock, 6d. Corpl. A. L. Smith, 7s. 4d. C. F. Simpson, £1. C. W. Marshall, 10s. Per Miss Vance—W. T. White, 4s.; H. Spence, 5s. Total, £323 8s. 5d.

Correction—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rosetti, 10s., in our acknowledgments for October 13, should have read 4s.; and W. W. Braddock, 7s. 6d., in last week's list, should have read a few members of the Battersea Branch, N. S. S., 7s. 6d., per W. W. Braddock.

## God and Gold.

It is hard to estimate the vast sum of human misery caused by the superstitious belief in God as a necessary factor in Nature and in gold as a necessary factor in that easy exchange of goods and services which makes civilized life possible. Not only so, but many intelligent men who have emancipated themselves from the God superstition still go in bondage to the great Gold Fetish, as Mr. Arthur Kitson so well calls it in his last book, *Trade Fallacies*.

Yet these two false beliefs, so potent for social harm, have many points of similarity, a consideration of which will help to clear the mental atmosphere, and thus lead to a higher stage of civilization than the present sordid scramble for wealth-without-work, and the unnatural solace of an impossible heaven beyond the sky for the inevitable dissatisfaction which is the lot of rich and poor alike. As T. L. M'Cready so finely says:—

Man learns to conquer the universe; to produce wealth with ever-diminishing effort, to harness Nature's forces and make them do his bidding. But, like Dead Sea apples, his wealth turns to ashes in his mouth and yields him no satisfaction. For with wealth comes poverty, hand in hand, making the vast majority of the workers to toil in hopeless misery and the few thousands of idle millionaires to stagnate in a slough of unearned luxury.

Day by day, this spectre of undeserved and unnecessary Poverty grows and swells, repulsive, threatening, terrifying our souls. We must dig down into the roots of things and find its cause, and digging thus we lay bare superstition after superstition.

You will observe that the high priests of God—the Popes and Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops—all reside in fine mansions, well supplied by the workers with every kind of comfort and luxury. And the high priests of Gold—the cosmopolitan financiers, banking magnates, and cunning Stock Exchange manipulators—also reside in their palatial mansions in Park Lane and Fifth Avenue. Not one of these men has rendered any useful service to the workers in exchange for the unearned wealth at their command, and yet so profound is the public ignorance of finance that they are regarded as the very pillars of society.

Again, consider the places devoted to the worship of these two great fetishes, God and Gold. Every civilized

country is studded with great cathedrals and churches adorned with costly carvings and painted windows, where an ornate service is carried on to placate a God so incomprehensible that not one of those who profess to believe in his existence can give a reasonable definition of him, or point to a single instance of his interference with the well-known laws of Nature.

And the Gold Fetish is also honoured with magnificent buildings—palatial Banks and Stock Exchanges; while a vast amount of labour is constantly expended on extracting him from the bowels of the earth in distant lands, carrying him carefully to the great commercial centres, and again consigning him to the earth in some great Bank; yet not one of his worshippers can tell you in what way he is of the slightest use in exchanging goods and services, or why he should be produced at all, save for a few trifling purposes of decoration.

Just as the religious devotee is led by an acolyte into a shrine to gaze with awe at some picture of his useless God, whom he fondly imagines to be the very pivot of the natural universe, so is the economic devotee led into the vault of a bank to gaze at the blocks of useless bullion, which he imagines to be the very pivot of the commercial universe.

Furthermore, just as many books have been written to expound the nature and function of the useless God, so also have many been written about Gold and its imaginary powers.

Again, the high priests of the useless God make huge claims on the workers for their services to them in placating the useless God, and thus enabling them to obtain admission to an impossible heaven; while the high priests of the useless Gold pile up mountains of ever-increasing spurious claims on the workers for their services in enabling them to exchange their goods and services.

Furthermore, as the high priests of Gold have tried to prevent sceptics in the divinity of their fetish from putting their ideas of a currency, based on the productive power of the workers, into actual practice, by their Bank Charter Acts and Legal Tender Laws, on the specious plea of saving their bodies from robbery, so also have the high priests of God tried to prevent sceptics from preaching and practising their views by their Blasphemy Laws, on the specious plea of saving their souls from everlasting torment.

Again, the high priests of God teach their deluded victims that eternal happiness is only obtainable by abstinence from all the natural pleasures of this life, and through the vicarious suffering and labour of the Man of Cavalry; while the high priests of Gold maintain that the pleasures of an everlasting unearned income are a fair reward for abstinence, and obtainable through the vicarious suffering and labour of the men of the mines and factories. And it will be observed that this lauded abstinence is not practised by the high priests of either fetish themselves; the luxurious lives of the millionaires and their friends, the dignitaries of the Church, being somewhat notorious. As the monks and nuns were denied the wholesome gratification of their appetites, so are the rank and file of the army of Gold denied decent marriage at the proper age, and the streets in consequence swarm with prostitutes, driven there by the cunning and greed of the high priests of Gold.

Now, to anybody who has emancipated himself from the baneful belief in the Gold Fetish, it is manifest that banking is nothing more than the bookkeeping of commerce, and that the money now in use, to wit, cheques and currency notes, are simply claims to wealth, conveying credit from hand to hand. From this it is obvious that no exchange is completed until the money received by the creditor is converted into the goods or services

he may require, or passed on by him in liquidation of some debt he owes. In short, the principle that goods and services are always exchanged for other goods—and services of equal value, remains as true now as in the old days of barter, the money nexus not altering it in the least.

Applying this principle to the many exchanges necessitated by this great War, it at once becomes apparent that all the persons engaged in it, *i.e.*, the actual fighters and all those who are supplying them with everything they want, are being paid from day to day in the goods and services they are receiving daily in exchange for their services. To make my meaning clear, consider the position in the old days before the invention of money, which is merely a contrivance for avoiding the great loss of time and labour involved by barter. When a nation was attacked, most of the able-bodied men were withdrawn from their usual productive work in order to fight against the foe, while the rest of their co-workers, including many of the women, had not only to work ever so much harder in order to supply the fighters with everything they required, and also to support themselves and the children, and other helpless people. The only war debts that could then have existed were pensions for disabled fighters or indemnities exacted by a victorious foe, which were paid in kind.

This should be precisely the position with us to-day, the money nexus not altering it in any essential respect. But instead of our gallant fighters returning home to a well-earned rest after their arduous exertions in the field, and the enjoyment of ample pensions by such as have been disabled, they will find themselves confronted with the preposterous claims of a few thousand idle millionaires who have rendered them no service and contributed no goods for the War. So high are these claims already that Mr. A. D. Hall, the Permanent secretary of the Board of Agriculture, said the other day: "We have to recognize that the mere claims of the debt which will weigh upon the nation mean that every working man and woman will have to put in about a quarter of the working day in paying off that debt." And this spurious debt and interest charges are rising rapidly all the time, so that they will probably be double their present size before the War is over, which means that every working man and woman will have to surrender one-half of their hard-earned wages to meet these preposterous claims!

On page 169 of *Trade Fallacies*, Mr. Arthur Kitson says:—

The future victims of this frenzied finance will regard this war loan as the greatest monument to British financial lunacy that has ever been raised!.....The Government have contracted to pay first a bonus of 5 per cent. and second an annuity of 5 per cent. to every subscriber for contributing towards a sum of credit which the Government already controlled, and which could have been made effective by the mere stroke of a pen.

Of course, the Government could have paid all its creditors (sailors, soldiers, and contractors) with currency notes or cheques drawn against the vast credit of the Empire, which includes and far exceeds the credit of all the banks against which the cheques of subscribers to the War Loan are drawn. But instead of doing this simple and obvious thing, the Government has exchanged its own superior credit for the inferior credit of the banks, and paid both a 5 per cent. bonus and annuity for this accommodation.

You see, the high priests of the great Gold Fetish were consulted by the Government, and asserted that no money was sound unless based on him, notwithstanding the patent fact that he had miserably failed at

the first breath of war. The small investors will make no profits out of the War Loan, because their taxes will far exceed the interest they receive, and they have been brought into this scheme as mere "camouflage" for the operations of the cosmopolitan financiers, who are quite able to prevent the super-tax from being raised highly enough to stop them from raking in millions of unearned wealth.

If it be asked how it is that every other nation has adopted the same plan of financing the War, I answer that they are all under the spell of the great Gold Fetish, whose high priests care nothing for patriotism, and regard the workers of the world as mere pawns in their great game for attaining power and wealth. Not one of these nations has yet started a State Bank, basing its paper credit-instruments on the productive power of its workers, save only the Australian Commonwealth. All financial questions are blindly submitted to the high priests of the Gold Fetish, who are thus enabled to cause contractions and expansions of the currency, which involve the ruin of thousands of honest merchants and manufacturers, but always add to their own power and vast unearned wealth.

Now, what is the shortest and safest way out of this financial morass? Convert the present Post Office Savings Bank into a fully equipped State Bank on the lines of the Australian Commonwealth's State Bank; then call in all War scrip, and credit its owners with its value. This will put a stop to all further payments of interest. Finance all further operations by means of cheques drawn against the abounding credit of the Empire as registered at the State Bank. Increase the super-tax, so that the idle millionaires shall be forced to contribute handsomely to the hard-earned pensions of the disabled fighters who have so bravely and ungrudgingly sacrificed their youth and health and limbs in defence of us all.

Both God and Gold have had their power for evil rudely shocked by this great War, their utter uselessness having been demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt. The stern necessities of war have in a few years taught lessons which, if properly driven home, may compensate humanity for the vast misery it has undergone.

G. O. WARREN (Major).

## New Testament Legends for Young Readers.

### VI.—THE TEMPEST.

THIRTEEN men in a small wooden ship on the Galilean lake. There was tax-man, Levi, and there was fisherman Andrew; another was Peter the pilot. The Twelve Apostles were wide awake; the thirteenth man, Jesus, master of the Jinn, fell asleep. He slept even when a tempest arose and howled, and a thousand thunders roared.

"Master, master, we perish!" shrieked the Twelve.

Jesus woke, lifted his hands, spoke in a stern voice to winds and waves, and there was a great calm.

"Have you no faith in me?" he asked. "Why should you fear?"

They looked at one another, and whispered,

"Wonderful! What sort of man is this? He orders the blasts and the waters, and they obey him!"

When they landed on the lake side, a poor lunatic, all naked, rushed out from a place of dead men's graves, and yelled, as if a whole regiment of jinn were scream-

<sup>1</sup> The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

—Milton's "Lycidas," lines 109-111.

ing inside him. Broken chains dangled from his wrists and ankles.

"Out of him, out!" cried Jesus to the jinn.

"No, no," groaned the demons from inside the lunatic, "send us not to our Pit!<sup>1</sup> We would prefer to dwell in the swine yonder."

"Into the vile pigs, then," ordered Jesus, pointing to a herd of many swine which fed on the slope of the hill.

Then there was a sound of tempest! The swine—animals hated by Jews—felt the jinn inside them, rushed with a storm of grunts and squeals down the rocky descent, and plunged headlong into the lake. The swine-keepers fled in terror. As to the jinn, no doubt they returned, all wet and wretched, to their home in the Abyss, or Pit. Meanwhile the lunatic had borrowed garments from bystanders, and sat at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.

"I will follow you, master," said the man.

"No," replied Jesus. "Go and tell the folk of your city what I have done for you."

And this he did; and, in many a street, crowds gathered round him, and listened, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, as he told the story of the devils that had once made him more like a pig than a human being.

The next tempest was one of grief and tears.

A young girl lay dying. Her father, a chief officer in a synagogue, had knelt at the feet of Jesus, begging help. At once, followed by a chattering crowd, the Wonder-worker set out for the officer's house.

All of a sudden, Jesus halted.

"Who touched me?" he cried.

Peter and others replied that, in the hurrying, many people could not help jostling him. But a woman, shy and trembling, seeing the Wonder-worker's eye fixed on her, came forward, made a deep salaam, and said—

"Sir, I touched just the edge of your robe; and forthwith I felt healed of a sad trouble in my blood which I had suffered twelve years; and not a doctor in the place could do me the least good."

"Daughter, go in peace," said Jesus, gently; and then he hastened, the dying girl's father keeping close to his side.

A man ran to meet them.

"All is over," he exclaimed. "The child is dead."

The Wonder-worker made no pause. He reached the house, where women, sitting on the floor, were raising the Keening-cry of "O way-lee, O way-lee, hoi ah-ee, ah-ee, ah-ee!"

"The girl is only asleep," said Jesus, and he sent out of the sick-chamber the howling women and the crowd, all except the child's parents, and Peter the pilot, and the fishermen, James and John.

"Maid, arise!"

As the Wonder-worker uttered these words, the girl sat up.

"Give her something to eat," said Jesus, "and do not go gossiping about what happened."

Shortly afterwards the Master of Jinn called his Twelve Apostles together.

"You are now my delegates," said he. "Go into villages and towns, and do as I have done. Preach the Kingdom of God. Heal the sick. Drive out demons. Take no baggage, no food, no wallets, no walking-sticks, no money, no extra clothes. Go simply as you are. If people won't welcome you, don't quarrel or scold; just walk away, and shake off the dust from your feet to show them you have quit their place, their presence, and their soil."

The Twelve—all humble fellows, not one of them

being a scholar, or a rabbi, or a high-class man—started out, full of zeal and faith; and you can imagine the noise, and mobbing, and astonishment that ensued in the hamlets, farm-yards, village streets, and city market-places, wherever the Wonder-worker's delegates travelled.

Some weeks or months later, one by one, the Apostles wandered back—Peter of the Keys, fisherman John, Judas Iscariot (he that loved silver shekels), and the rest, with their reports about crowds of listeners, and jinn conquered, and diseases cured.

"Now, come and rest," said the Master.

But there was no rest, even in the quiet countryside to which he led them, for a multitude followed, wanting to hear Jesus preach, wanting to have their wounds and pains healed; and so the day wore on towards sunset.

"Send the folk away," said his disciples, "for twilight will soon be here."

"Let them sup first," he answered.

"All we have for supper is five loaves and two fishes."

"Go and divide the people into fifties, and make them sit down on the grass," he ordered.

Then the Wonder-worker looked up to heaven, and said a holy spell over the loaves and fishes, and began handing portions quickly—bread and fish, bread and fish—to the Apostles, and they ran in and out among the seated people.

When the feast was ended, and the five thousand mouths were satisfied, the Twelve Apostles picked up twelve basket-loads of pieces left. Meanwhile, the people, talking and exclaiming, trudged homewards by the light of the moon.

"What do the folk say about me?" he asked his twelve friends.

"Some think you are John the Baptist come back from the tomb; some say you are Elijah, the prophet of Yahweh, who rode in the fire-car."

"And what do you say?"

"You are the Good One, the Christ; the man on whose head God has dropped the holy oil,"<sup>1</sup> cried Peter.

"Say nought of Christ to the people," he replied. "And now mark my words—I shall be a martyr soon; I shall be killed by the priests and Pharisees of Jerusalem; and for three days I shall lie dead, and then I shall rise up. And you who follow me will have a bitter path to travel. You must bear the Cross."

The cross was the tree of death. Many a slave had been nailed to a wooden cross by his Roman masters, and so died a lingering death; for none could withstand the power of Rome, and the Roman legions, and the Roman eagles.

About a week later, the Christ of the Cross, followed by three of his Cross-bearers,—Peter, James, John,—climbed a mountain, and he kneeled down under the stars, and prayed. As he kneeled, his face shone like the sun, his garments glittered and sparkled. At his right hand stood a shining man,—Moses, the prophet of Yahweh, the Fire and Storm God; on his left, the shining man, Elijah, the rider in the Fire-chariot of heaven.

The three apostles had fallen asleep. When they awoke, they heard the three shining ones talk of Jerusalem, the Cross, and Death.

"Master," cried Peter, dazzled by the glittering scene, "it is good for us to be here. Let us build three booths, one for you, one for Moses, one for Elijah!"

<sup>1</sup> The French word *Chrétien* (Christian) even to-day points back to the Greek word *Chrestos* (kind, gracious). Perhaps the early Christians had both ideas in mind—the Good Man *Chrestos* and the Chosen Anointed Man *Christos*.

<sup>1</sup> *Abussos*==abyss.

A cloud floated over their heads, and a voice came from the cloud,—

"This is my beloved son; hear him!"

Then Moses, Elijah, cloud, and all the glory vanished.

A few days later, the twelve apostles had high words and arguments over the question as to which was the greatest? Was it Peter? Was it John? Was it Judas Iscariot? Was it Matthew? And so on.

Jesus called a little child, and the small boy approached, shy and simple.

"This wee lad," said he, "is the least person standing here. But whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Love the least, and be ready to take the least rank. He that is least among you, the same shall be great."

\* \* \* \*

The Roman poet Virgil tells the tale of Æneas sailing with his fleet of wooden ships (the prows were brass) across the Mediterranean Sea. Some day he would land in Italy, and take possession, and his children's children would be the Roman people, and their power would build up the Empire of Rome.

But the goddess Juno hated Æneas, and resolved to wreck his fleet. She persuaded the King of the Winds to send some terrible blasts over the waters. Thunder and lightning added their horrors, and poor Æneas thought the hour of death had come.

The god Neptune, however, was his friend. Hearing the noise of the tempest, old Neptune, three-pointed trident in hand, raised his head above the billows, and shouted to the King of the Winds to recall his unruly servants. The king obeyed; the winds ceased; and there was a great calm; and Æneas was able to sail in peace to the coast of Africa; and in due time (that was after many years) he reached Italy.<sup>1</sup>

The Gospel made Jesus as great a wonder-worker as Neptune.

The Romans also had a story of the shining king, Romulus, who was really the son of the god Mars. Once he was but a humble shepherd, but he became a leader of men, and a king, and builder of the city of Rome. On his death, he was carried by his father up to heaven in a chariot of fire; and soon after that, he was seen by a Roman elder on earth, looking beautiful and shining.

"I am now a god," said the shining Romulus to the elder; "tell the Romans to worship me as their Founder, and let them call me Quirinus."

F. J. GOULD.

## Barristers and Bishops.

THE great and enlightened and generous-minded British public have their weaknesses. One of them is their belief that they enjoy self government. Whatever else they enjoy, they certainly do not enjoy *that*. And we may depend upon it that the reactionaries will take advantage of the demoralizing and disintegrating effects of war to keep the great British public and self-government still further apart. It is the policy of these reactionaries to keep the great British public wholesomely afraid of—bogeys. But it is still more their policy—and interest—to blind such sections of the said B.P. as are disposed to listen to suggestions for change, *as to who their rulers actually are*. It is thus impossible for the said B.P. to spot their masters; for each and every one whom they take to be such clamours fervently, "Nay, friend, I am but thy servant." Meantime the *ruled* live on bread and margarine—sometimes bread alone (of sorts)—and weak tea; and these unctuous "servants" retain their money-bags and well-stocked cellars, and they do furnish their fair boards with toothsome delicacies.

<sup>1</sup> The *Æneid*, book i.

After much pondering, I have arrived at the conclusion that the agitators have been banging the wrong knockers and pulling the wrong bells. They may as soon as possible—and it cannot be too soon—cease grouching about kings and the expense of them, about office-seeking parties out of power and axe-grinding parties in power, about circumlocution offices and red tape, and barnacles and speculators. These, my friends, are but effects—excrescences, superstructures. The root causes—the vital sap, the fount and foundation of these things—are to be found in the power you accord to *the Barrister and the Bishop*.

Did not Dickens realize something of this truth when he depicted "Bar" and "Bishop" like courtiers hanging round Merdle, the financier, in *Little Dorrit*? In a spirit of love for the "Terewth" brethren, let us inquire.

How could privilege or vested interest live for an hour without Barristers and Bishops? They are the pillars of the Temple of Property, whose "duty" is to restrain the Samson of Democracy. Oh, we know the various labels of the various political parties; we have listened to the soul-moving, lachrymose pathos of these philanthropists and well-wishers of humanity! We have been there. But we are sick at heart because our hopes have been so long deferred. There seems, after all, to be so little *dynamic* in talk, that one feels one could do with a little less of it. It would be interesting to see some eloquence translated into action.

Now, consider what, after all, are the chief *tools* of Barrister and Bishop. Surely they are their *tongues*. What they *write* is negligible. What they *make* is imperceptible. But by the tongues of themselves and their satellites, they can do mighty things. In the British House of Commons alone there are nearly two hundred barristers, to ensure—in the masses outside—a proper veneration for the Law. Ah, and the great bulk of the remainder of our M.P.'s are good boys, who would never have the temerity to contradict a bishop! Why, in the twentieth century, these noble, holy, divinely ordained bishops sit (without election) on every piece of legislation proposed for the governance of the British Empire—even for that part thereof called Scotland, which professes to repudiate bishops! A strange world, i' faith!

You picture the successful barrister emerging from Court. How the client and solicitor hang on his every word! But the barrister who has reached the Bench is more powerful than any king. His only restraints are imposed by the laws which he and his brethren agree to enact. What a happy convenience for all concerned! And you picture him and My Lord Bishop dining at another Merdle's to-night, each with his tongue in his cheek, and honey on that tongue. Concentrate on *them*, you pioneers; concentrate on *them*, the props of privilege—Barrister and Bishop!

IGNOTUS.

## A Surrey Vale.

I KNOW a vale by man forgot,  
'Tis Beauty's perfect home;  
The hand of man hath marred it not,  
There would I gladly roam.

Far from this hell of noise and strife;  
These prison walls of fate;  
The God of Beauty reigneth there—  
The God of Love—not Hate.

I'll build a home for thee my love,  
Within a mossy dell;  
And we will live in Eden there,  
And bid the world farewell.

P. A.

## National Secular Society.

INTERIM CONFERENCE, TO BE HELD AT CHANDOS HALL, MAIDEN LANE, CHARING CROSS, ON SUNDAY, OCT. 28.

The Conference will sit at 2.30 prompt for the discussion of the Agenda, already in the hands of the Secretaries of the Branches and the Delegates. At the conclusion of the formal business, the meeting will be thrown open for the discussion of papers on "Why Our Reformed Educational System Should Promote Patriotism," by Mr. A. Eagar, and "Free-thought and the Family," by Mr. T. F. Palmer.

All members of the Society are entitled to speak and vote. Admission to the Afternoon Session, as usual, will be by production of the card of membership. Individual members should be particularly interested in this gathering.

The Evening Public Meeting will commence at 6.30, and is open to all London Freethinkers. The subject for discussion will be "The Position of the Freethought Movement, Now and After the War."

The best possible arrangement will be made for a plain tea on the premises, between the meetings, provided that notification reaches the N. S. S. office not later than 4 p.m. on Friday. The office Telephone number is City 41. This stipulation will be strictly adhered to in consequence of the difficulty in obtaining provisions.

The premises at Chandos Hall include a proportionately commodious and sound basement. Air-raiders may accept the intimation that not being invited, no welcome will be extended to them!

E. M. VANCE, *General Secretary.*

## Correspondence.

## SAINTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—The verse in question (*Freethinker*, Sept. 23) is a variation of a rhyme in a book of doggerel verses by Professor Marshall Hall, Professor of Music at the Melbourne University and President of the Conservatoire of Music. My memory gives it:—

King David and King Solomon  
Lived merry, merry lives,  
With their many, many lady friends,  
And their many, many wives;  
But, when Old Age came o'er them,  
With its many, many qualms,  
The Younger wrote the Proverbs,  
And the Elder wrote the Psalms.

A heresy hunt was started by the local Calvin, a certain Dr. Rentoul, Presbyterian, who claimed that the Professor was an Atheist, a free-lover, and a general corrupter of youth, and cited this thin booklet of "pomes" as proof.

In the legal wrangle which ensued a great lot of money was, I doubt not, raked in by the counsel on each side, and in the end the Professor had to accept notice at the end of two more years, when the contract under which he held one of his posts came to an end. I believe he is a still in his University chair.

The only other rhyme of interest in the book was, perhaps, the one that chiefly wrangled in the Presbyterians hide. It ran:—

Some think this and some think that,  
According as they're lean or fat.  
Those that cannot think at all,  
Theologians we call.

Mr. Joseph Symes published a series of articles pouring scorn on the heresy hunters, and Prof. Marshall Hall was sufficiently courageous to pay him one or two visits, to thank him for his support.

This happened about 1899 when I was on the staff of the paper.

Somewhere in France.

LUCIFER.

## 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.

## INDOOR.

N. S. S. INTERIM CONFERENCE (Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane): 2.30, Discussion; 6.30, Public Meeting.

MR. A. D. HOWELL SMITH'S DISCUSSION CLASS (N. S. S. Office, 62 Farringdon Street): Thursday, Nov. 1, at 7.30.

## OUTDOOR.

HYDE PARK: 11.30, Messrs. Shaller and Saphin; 3.15, Messrs. Kells, Swasey, and Dales.

## COUNTRY.

## INDOOR.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE BRANCH N. S. S. (Collingwood Hall, 12A Clayton Street): 3, Members' Meeting.

SWANSEA AND DISTRICT BRANCH N. S. S. (Dockers' Hall, "Elysium," High Street): J. H. Edwards, 3, "A Labourer's Philosophy"; 7, "Shelley: Atheist, Socialist, Poet."

## GOD AND THE AIR-RAID.

## The Massacre of the Innocents.

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COMFORTABLE APARTMENTS, 4½ miles from Leicester.—Widow, without family, with spare rooms, with gas, can receive visitors for week-ends or longer. Moderate charges.—MRS. W. PALMER, King Street, Enderby, near Leicester.

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## Population Question and Birth-Control.

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MALTHUSIAN LEAGUE,  
QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

## REPRISAL LEAFLET.—No. 1.

THE *Times* announces that their article, entitled "The Ferment of Revolution," is to be issued as a pamphlet. In reply to that capitalist attack upon Co-operation and Trade Unionism, the *National Weekly* is reprinting in a leaflet the Notes of "Trade Unionist" from the issue of Oct. 6th, correcting the misstatements of the *Times* Correspondent.—Send 9d. in 1d. stamps to the MANAGER, *National Weekly*, Imperial House, Kingsway, W.C. 2, and a hundred copies will be sent you post free for distribution.

## Where to Obtain the "Freethinker."

The following is not a complete list of newsagents who supply the "Freethinker," and we shall be obliged for other addresses for publication. The "Freethinker" may be obtained on order from any newsagent or railway bookstall.

## London.

- E.—E. T. Pendrill, 26 Bushfield Street, Bishopsgate, M. Papier, 86 Commercial Street. B. Ruderman, 71 Hanbury Street, Spitalfields. J. Knight & Co., 3 Ripple Road, Barking. Messrs. Duncumb & Sons, 287 High Street, Stratford.
- E.C.—W. S. Dexter, 6, Byward St. Rose & Co., 133 Clerkenwell Rd. Mr. Siveridge, 88 Fenchurch St. J. J. Jaques, 191 Old St.
- N.—C. Walker & Son, 84 Grove Rd., Holloway. Mr. Keogh, Seven Sisters Rd. (near Finsbury Park). Mr. West, New Rd., Lower Edmonton. T. Perry, 17 Fore St., Edmonton. H. Hampton, 80 Holloway Rd. E. S. Smith, 7 Turnpike Lane, Hornsey.
- N.W.—W. I. Tarbart, 316 Kentish Town Road. W. Lloyd, 5 Falkland Road, Kentish Town.
- S.E.—J. H. Killick, 1 Tyler Street, East Greenwich. Mr. Clayton, High Street, Woodside, South Norwood. W. T. Andrews, 35 Meetinghouse Lane, Peckham. B. Dean, Southwark Bridge.
- S.W.—R. Offer, 58 Kenyon Street, Fulham. A. Toleman, 54 Battersea Rise. A. Green, 29 Felsham Road, Putney. F. Locke, 500 Fulham Road. F. Lucas, 683 Fulham Road.
- W.—Mr. Fox, 154 King St., Hammersmith. Mr. Harvey, 1 Becklow Rd., Shepherds Bush. Mr. Baker, Northfield Avenue, West Ealing. Thomas Dunbar, 82, Seaford Rd., West Ealing.
- W.C.—J. Bull, 24 Grays Inn Road.

## Country.

- Aberdeenshire.—J. Grieg, 16 Marischol Street, Peterhead.
- Askam-in-Furness.—Mr. J. Gill, The Pharmacy, Duke St.
- Barrow-in-Furness.—J. Jowett, 56 Forshaw Street. E. L. Jowett, 84 Dalton Road.
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