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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

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Acid Drops, To Correspondents, Sugar Plums, Letters to the Editor, etc.

Views and Opinions.

The Kingdom of Cant.

OVER three hundred Bishops and Archbishops are this week gathered together in London. They are here from all parts of the world, men who enjoy the unique privilege of having been selected by God Almighty from the other seventeen hundred millions of humans for the posts they hold.

Three hundred Bishops have travelled from all parts of the world to take part in what is virtually a Trades Congress, for apart from the phrasing, the real business of the gathering will be to consider ways and means of conserving the interests of members of the Union, and how to increase trade.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

At Bournemouth another International Conference has just concluded—this time the Congregationalists. The Chairman here was the Rev. J. D. Jones, and like the Archbishop of Canterbury, he begged the members of his Trades Union to face the situation with courage.

* * *

Evading the Issue.

But when one has congratulated Mr. Jones on his boldness, one has to confess his resemblance to another parson, who advised his hearers that whenever they came across a religious difficulty, such as he was then dealing with, they should not evade it, but look it boldly in the face; and, he added, "having come to such a difficulty, and having looked it boldly in the face, we will pass on."

statement that modern science is coming back to God, with, of course, the inevitable statement that Professor Eddington "frankly declares his belief in God." But if God means anything of value to religion, Professor Eddington has no more belief in a God than I have. To address an abstraction or a mathematical formula in terms of personality is not what is, religiously, meant by God. But nowadays Christian preachers are ready to accept anything that they may hand to a number of followers who bring even less intelligence to the question of religion than they do themselves.

Meanwhile, and as usual, the real criticism of the belief in God is left absolutely untouched. For the really conclusive demolition of the idea of God is found in the fact that we know that it is nothing more than an elaborated illusion. When we have knowledge from all parts of the world proving that the idea of God roots itself in the illusions of primitive humanity, what is the good of talking about God and the moral sense, or the universal belief in God, or the persistence of certain scientists in using a name which no longer means what it did mean and what it ought to mean? Mr. Jones shows no inclination whatever to come to grips with the facts. It is made worse by his complaint that those whom he is anxious to convert do not come to listen to his apologetics. The fault is entirely his. I think I can guarantee him a hall full of unbelievers to listen to his apologetics—provided he will give them the opportunity of talking back. Or conversely, I would provide him with a hall full of unbelievers to listen to a lecture from him, if he would provide his own chapel for a Freethinker to come and place his apologetics before a body of believers. For the time being, and until something like this is done, such statements are mere cant.

* * *

God Save Sunday!

Another sample from the kingdom of cant. The Town Council of Crewe has decided to close the children's paddling pool on Sundays, because the people living near are disturbed by the laughter of the children. Well, a people who are disturbed by the laughter of children ought to be segregated in some part where only Presbyterians of the deepest dye are permitted to visit. Of course the objection is not an honest one. The real reason for the prevention of children laughing in the paddling pool is that it is a desecration of the Sabbath. "Suffer little children to come unto me," say the Sabbatarians of Crewe—but God help them if they laugh on Sunday! What a people! What a religion! And what a place to live in must Crewe be!

Shoeburyness is a far more advanced place than Crewe, since there they have actually gone to the revolutionary length of permitting Sunday entertainments on the beach. But there are limits, and complaints have been made to the Council that some of the performers have been making up their faces as niggers. That is serious. So long as the faces were in their natural state the "Unco guid" might solace themselves with the belief that the entertainment was of a serious character. But black faces! That is quite another matter. Black faces at an entertainment are associated with comic songs, and laughter, and jokes, and look at the trouble there will be to get children into Sunday School if there is a chance of laughing at the niggers on the sands. Besides, did not Our Lord say "Thou canst not by taking thought make one hair black or white," and here they are taking thought and changing the colour of their faces—endangering the safety of the Sabbath at Shoeburyness. The wicked Council after solemnly

discussing the subject decided that black faces and the Sabbath were not incongruous, and the concerts will continue.

* * *

Religion and Youth.

A prevalent piece of cant just now is that concerning religion and youth. It is quite obvious that the youth of the present age is less religious than the youth of the past one. A serious student of sociology, with a bent for speaking the truth, would take this for granted, and set about deciding upon the cause. Our knowledge of man and the world is more exact, youth is less tied to the past than the elders are, and in all directions the call of life in all its phases is more insistent and away from religion. Examination along these lines would probably do good. But what we have is men such as Mr. Shaw Desmond writing that youth is "blindly, pathetically seeking religion," that religion must be based on the English idea of fair play, and that youth is only in revolt against organized religion. That is the common cant of the journalist, who does not care to ride against organized religion too boldly. Of course, one can see young men and women pathetically seeking for religion—provided one looks for it and means to find it. It belongs to the same order as the journalistic discovery when the King is dangerously ill that the soul of all England is sunk in gloom, or that the nation is torn with anxiety when a Princess is about to perform the unique feat of bringing a baby into the world. And what strength has religion apart from organized religion? After all the work of Churches is to put religious beliefs into definite forms, and so soon as people really believe in religion, the inevitable next step is to form some sort of a religious organization to express definitely what they believe. When religion is strong, organized religion is strong. The talk that people all believe in religion but do not believe in organized religion, is like saying that we all believe in honesty but no one will practice it. It is sheer cant.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

Christian Logic.

God's elements attacked St. Paul's,
 God's rain did beat upon its walls,
 God's winds upon its dome did blow,
 God's earth subsided down below;
 Till it was plain to Christian men
 That God would wreck the work of Wren.
 So forty thousand people sent
 Their cash to foil the Lord's intent;
 Whilst architects and engineers
 And labourers, for seventeen years,
 Staked human energy and skill
 To war with God Almighty's will.
 At last the arduous task was done;
 The news went round, "God's lost! Man's won!"
 Whereat the general joy was great,
 And someone said, "Let's celebrate!"
 A fine procession then was formed;
 By crowds the City's streets were swarmed.
 The King and Queen was there, of course,
 And Labour Ministers in force,
 And Mayors and Aldermen galore,
 And parsons, ever to the fore,
 And people who subscribed the money,
 And (looking out-of-place and funny,
 According to the Fleet Street hacks)
 The workmen in their Sunday blacks.
 So on, towards St. Paul's, they hied,
 But their behaviour, once inside,
 To say the least was rather odd—
 Believe me, they gave thanks to God!

P.V.M.

The Sceptic's Sacrifice.

"Our reformers knock off the head from Jupiter; thunderbolt and sceptre stand."—*Landor*.

"The genius that can stand alone
As the minority of one,
Or with the faithful few be found
Working and waiting till the rest come round."
Gerald Massey.

SOME years ago, Mr. Lloyd George, turning aside from the pettiness of purely party politics, related to an astonished audience some of the drawbacks of a political career. He spoke, among other things, of the calumnies to which a politician was exposed, and, in characteristic fashion, exposed, for a few moments, the seamy side of politics. After describing some of the burdens of a statesman's lot, he went on:—

Tradesmen have their worries and anxieties, but suppose that in addition to their ordinary troubles they found a constant mob of detractors outside their doors, some doing it for hate and others for hire, yelling into every customer's ears as they entered their shop: "Don't go there, whatever you do. You will be robbed and cheated at every turn if you do business with those fellows. They are all thieves, rogues, and liars." The whole time you are attending to your customers you have to dodge bricks, clods, and worse, hurled at your head. Most men would rather give up business than endure this, if they had to break stones for a living.

There is some truth in this frank avowal, but if there is sacrifice in the case of a prominent and popular politician, what is to be said in the case of the leaders of a really unpopular movement, to whom sacrifice is a science and denial an art? Freethought is a wider and nobler evangel than a merely political one. It has its roots in intellectual necessity, and, deeper still, in ethical rights. It is based on the psychological law of human development, only apprehended by a few choice spirits for ages, but latterly taking on a new significance and fresh urgency. Perpetually reaffirmed from generation to generation by unnumbered examples of unselfish martyrdom from the days of Hypatia to those of Ferrer, it is to-day changing the direction and character of the ideas of the civilized world.

The Freethought leaders are the most potent of all forces of progress. No other men are discussed so widely as these pioneers of progress, but magnificent as is their life work, the men are greater. Hissed at by the superior people, cursed and stoned by the crowd, they have many trials to submit to. Perhaps the hardest which can be mentioned is that of seeing charlatans ride by in their motors; or, in other words, to mark the success of humbug, whilst they find that intellectual honesty means eating the bitter bread of banishment.

Yet good and true men have had to submit to this scurvy treatment. Richard Carlile endured nearly ten years' imprisonment for championing free speech. Charles Southwell was aged prematurely by his strenuous fight for freedom. Charles Bradlaugh suffered defeat after defeat for sixteen years in a series of battles Homeric in their intensity, and his dying ear never caught the echo of his final triumph. Francisco Ferrer, fronting the rifles of his enemies, had to find his triumph in his own heart. George Foote had to listen to the mocking voice of the Papist judge telling him he had devoted his great talents to the service of Satan. Yet, in their hours of apparent failure, these men had triumphed. They were martyrs who missed the palm, but not the pains of martyrdom, heroes without the laurels, and con-

querors without jubilation. When a politician carries on a campaign against the power and privileges of aristocracy, he encounters, necessarily, the resistance of a portion of the community, whereas a Freethought leader, directing his force against 40,000 priests, and their hundreds of thousands of satellites, has to bear the brunt of an enormously greater opposition. No enmity is more relentless, or more venomous than religious hatred. The abuse directed against the leading politicians is but comedians' back-chat compared with the assault and battery made upon the reputation of a Freethought leader. The politician has, at least, the support of many of the newspapers of the country, but a leading Freethinker is certain to be insulted by Liberal, Conservative, and Labour papers alike. And the periodical press yelp in the same crazy chorus.

Yet the men against whom thousands of pulpits fulminate abuse will have their reward in the coming time. Thanks to their courage and devotion, heterodoxy is no longer the danger it was to the citizen. Through the religious prejudices of our time they have knocked an opening large enough for heretics to pass through in some degree of safety, and, in very many directions, our lives are easier because of their disinterested life-work.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and there are manifest signs of a recrudescence of religious bigotry. The Roman Pontiff has reclaimed temporal power, and the first fruits of this pantomime revival of medievalism is seen in Papist machinations in Malta. In the new Irish Free State six English (and Protestant) newspapers have been banned already. In our own country the proposed raising of the school-age has been side-tracked by priests of all sects, whose livelihood is bound up with popular ignorance. There was never a time when it was more clearly the duty and interest of Freethinkers to resist the encroachments of Priestcraft. It is for Freethinkers to stop this march towards medievalism. To-day the situation is ominous. Let tomorrow find it becoming less so, and those who do their duty will be judged worthy successors of those past leaders, who, in the dark days of peril, thrilled mankind, and raised with swords the form of trampled Liberty.

MIMNERMUS.

The God of Scientists.

A FEW days after Sir Arthur Keith had delivered his famous address at Leeds, in 1927, the Bishop of Ripon blossomed forth with the suggestion that science should take a ten-years' holiday. Since then there has been a quickening in the efforts of scientists tumbling over one another to explain that, rightly understood, science is quite compatible with religion, and is in fact its greatest ally. The palatableness of this idea has made for its wide acceptance, so much so that the other day a professor said that Science was the best expression of Christianity ever made.

This idea has been fostered, we think, chiefly in three ways: (a) by criticizing Materialism (criticism mostly irrelevant, however, to the New Materialism); (b) by emphasizing (and not infrequently inventing) the "altruistic" teaching of Jesus; and (c) by the deification of abstractions, and of the universe itself.

It is the latter point to which we wish here to draw attention. The game is, of course, not new, even among scientists. It was played by Bruno and Haeckel, both of whom had something in common with Spinoza. And in selecting a few recent illustra-

tions we invite readers to observe a definite "back-to-Spinoza" trend in scientists' conception of God.

This is generalizing, but it holds good for probably the majority of popular contemporary philosopher-scientists.

Einstein's God is that of Spinoza—"the All," or "the all-embracing Substance" or unity. (cf. *Freethinker*, May 29, 1929.) And in giving his conception of God, Spinoza accompanied it with an explicit repudiation of its connexion with the Christian God.

Prof. J. S. Huxley's God is "the universe grasped as an idea" (*Essays of a Biologist*). He elsewhere declares himself as "not merely Agnostic," but "avowedly disbelieving in a personal God." Huxley rejects also the *deus ex machina* of philosophies, and other such "dummy Gods," as he calls them. (cf. *Religion Without Revelation*.) But can his own be anything more substantial?

We have had "Force X" from A. M. Low, (an expression of ignorance, not an affirmation of Deity), and now along comes Maeterlinck, a student of science, with "The Universe"—"that we might just as well call God" (*The Magic of the Stars*, 1930.) Even Sir Arthur Keith is affected. In a recent article in *The Forum* (United States), he says, "Whether we are laymen or scientists we must postulate a lord of the universe—give him what shape we will."

Religious sentiment, however, comes out stronger in Lodge and Eddington. The former gives his God as "our highest conception of reality," and acknowledges that "God" is a term which has undergone evolution. (*Phantom Walls*.) Sir Oliver, like Homer of old, sees man as "craving" for a superior Being. He makes an instance of a cat begging to a man to open a door for it. In such a way, according to Prof. Lodge, man looks up to his God. We quote this as the type of analogy one must expect from an eminent scientist. It ought to be fairly plain to everybody except dunderheads—and possibly a few expert physicists—that the cat only begs because the man enters its field of vision as a material being. To keep a consistent analogy the professor should produce a God who can at least walk and talk with us, let alone answer our pleas.

Eddington is inclined to mysticism—his prototype here is Kepler—and in *The Nature of the Physical World* he suggests God as the Noumenon [*i.e.*, the substratum of existence] and endows it with personality—thereby departing from Spinoza.

Principal Lloyd Morgan's God has wavered from an impersonal First Cause to a Directive Activity. In *Mind at the Crossways* (1929) he allows that God cannot be proved, but for the purpose of a "dramatic explanation" of Nature he arbitrarily (avowedly so) posits a "Divine Agency."

A strange God has floated across to us from Germany in *Die Grundlagen der Religiösen Philosophie*. The author (Ziehen) says the existence of a personal transcendental God cannot be maintained. He finds the alleged proofs extremely unconvincing, and also criticizes the philosophical modifications. He finds the facts of evil a stumbling block in themselves. The mystical conception suffers from lack of ascertainable content, and the same applies to Spinoza's. Kant's is also untenable. Nor is he disposed to deify humanity à la Comte. The anthropomorphic error is to him as glaring in Positivism as in orthodoxy.

He then gives us a God who is simply "the totality of laws." If you are inclined to quibble he says laws are just as holy as the traditional "God" has been. He also stoutly upholds the right of philosophy to alter the meanings of words. On that prin-

ciple we should accept his God as "the totality of laws," but would prefer to call it the totality of laws.

No one can accuse Prof. Whitehead of not trying to define his God; he has given us a score at least—all different. In *Science and the Modern World* he is "the ground for concrete actuality," and the "ultimate limitation"; and the worship of him is the "flight after the unattainable." In *Religion in the Making* (1929) God "must include within himself a synthesis of the total universe," and he is "the binding element in the world." And in *Process and Reality* (1929), a statement of Whitehead's philosophical position, God is back again to "the Principle of Concretion," among many other abstractions which mean a lot—to Whitehead. In the last-mentioned book we are given a God "who creates the world," and who is also "created by the world" at the same time. In many respects Whitehead is close to Spinoza.

A final example—at the risk of being thought tedious—is from America's leading physicist, Dr. Millikan, who has produced a book that will have a similar effect in U.S.A. to that of Eddington in this country. Millikan's book is a song of Science (*Science and the New Civilization*, 1930). Science must take no holiday. Science must forge ahead, and educate its scientists to scientific thinking; "there is no other remedy."

So far, so good, but the rest of the book leads one to the opinion that perhaps Dr. Millikan himself would be suitable material to start on. Science, he says, has delivered us from theology, and must get us "out of the jungle" in the world of ideas (touching on the questions of Industrialism and Pacifism). Science alone can solve the Malthusian problem; and above all, it must purify religion. In this way we are to conceive "the God of Science," who is "the spirit of rational order and of orderly development, the integrating factor in the world of atoms and of ether and of duties and of intelligence." [This quotation, by the way, is his refutation of Materialism, which, following Haldane, an anti-Materialist, he has confused with Fatalism.]

He identifies God with "the Universe," and with "Nature, or a God, whichever term you prefer." The old God is gone, and the new is "of law and order," and again, God is "the unifying principle of the universe." Millikan also criticizes eighteenth century Materialism, and: talks about the "amazing insight of Jesus," in refraining from making credal statements, but on the whole his book will do Christianity no good.

* * *

From all this two points arise of importance to the Atheist.

(1) He must emphasize that deifications like the foregoing (and there are others) give no support whatever to the Christian Jehovah-type of God. In this he is helped by consistent Christians, who will not have *Principles of Concretion* at any price, and utterly refuse to go down on their knees and worship the Universal Synthesis. What they require, and what their religion offers them, is a God who can take sides, that is, interfere; a God who can answer prayer, punish and reward, and make bargains with his propitiators. Even Prof. Clement Webb, who is inclined, as a student of philosophy, to accept the Absolute, says, "If God is not the Absolute then nonsense is made of religion."

(2) An explanation must be given why scientists indulge in these deifications. The easiest way is to say that men of science wish to keep in favour with the multitude, and we are not denying that this is possibly more frequently the case than is supposed.

The scientist may himself be unconscious of this; on the other hand, he may be like Sir Arthur Keith, who is quite straightforward about the matter in the *Forum*, and acknowledges a desire to be in good favour.

Or the scientist may retain the ideas formed in the impressionable period of childhood. The most immovable prejudices are usually those formed at the maternal knee. The small child is reluctant to let go of Santa Claus as a reality. The grown-up child clings with still greater tenacity to the bigger fairy tales of God and Satan, Heaven and Hell, and the last to go is that of God. Freud attributes this to what he calls a universal father-complex.

But the Atheist will not rest satisfied with such explanations alone, nor will he systematically offer them for every case. Another line of inquiry is a consideration of "religious sentiment" (*i.e.*, sentiment turned into certain channels). In *First Principles*, Spencer discussed "the evolution of religious feeling." We have seen it at work in the Religion of Humanity—the worship of dead men; we have read of the elevation of the Olympian heroes; we know the reaction of nuns to the figure of Jesus; we have reports of the deification of the elements by savage tribes, and of the quality of a young Hindu's affection for his beloved. We know also that the brain of the savage and that of the scientist function identically. The feeling-state of the scientist, of the mathematician, raised to sentimentality, is comparable with the frenzy of the religious ecstatic. The longer the scientist concentrates his attention on the subject of his study the more fascinating is it apt to become. The result is a religious, or semi-religious, inclination towards the Cosmos, which is sometimes even conceived to be an object for worship.

Morley's definition of religion comes to mind—"Our feelings about the highest forces that govern human destiny." G. H. TAYLOR.

"Who Moved the Stone?"

(Concluded from page 422.)

II.

MR. MORISON, on his own showing, seems to have believed very little when he started his investigations into the Resurrection Story. Of course, "for the person of Jesus Christ Himself," he had "a deep and even reverent regard." He was hurt very much at "a coarse word with regard to Him," so naturally, he must have believed himself to be the very best investigator possible to pursue the question. He found, for example, that the Gospel writers "devoted much space" to the last seven days of the life of Jesus, "and in the main (they) were strikingly in agreement." Any man who can write seriously a sentence like the last, I submit, puts himself out of court altogether. I assert here that of any supposed historical incident in the world's history it would be impossible to find so many silly contradictions as we find in the four gospels. They are packed to the limit with inconsistencies of the most glaring kind. In nearly every instance which can be tested, you can find one Gospel completely contradicting another or all the others. Some of the most devout and thorough believing Christians who have written of the Resurrection, have given up the narratives in despair—like Dean Alford, for example—and yet Mr. Morison can write as I have shown. Not only that, he constantly tests one set of words which Jesus is supposed to have uttered with another like

them, and then turns triumphantly round and says "there you are—what have you to say to that?" For example, Jesus is repeatedly—in Mark three times—made to say that he was going up to Jerusalem where quite dreadful things would happen to him, he would be killed, but he would rise again in three days. Then when he was charged the witness against him said Jesus said, "I will destroy this temple . . . and in three days I will build another." So the synoptics. But in John, says Mr. Morison, Jesus said: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up, but he spake of the temple of his body." And the one thing which impressed him so profoundly was that the words "three days" are found in them all. What this means, says Mr. Morison, is "He said, in effect: 'If you kill me I will rise again from the grave.' I see no escape from the logic of that conclusion." And so as Jesus actually said he would rise again in three days, and the witnesses against him said he said something which really meant that, therefore "this singular and almost unbelievable thing seems to me to be very nearly beyond the possibility of doubt." And that is how proof of the Resurrection is beautifully and logically built up.

As for the Saviour himself, Mr. Morison brushes aside the inference of the friends of Jesus, that perhaps their famous brother was not quite there. "There is no trace," he says, "of those characteristics which are the hall-mark of the unstable mind . . . He was a great hater of shams and hypocrisies and futile boasts." And this kind of thing is written of the gentle Jesus who actually said, "Behold, a greater than Solomon is here," and "All who came before me are thieves and robbers!" And if you are out for "historic truth," then you are bound to find it in the story of the woman taken in adultery. No hint is given by the learned Mr. Morison that this story is not found at all in the oldest Greek MSS. of the New Testament, that it is undoubtedly a late addition by somebody quite as unknown as "John." Nor does he explain why it is the Jews were so ready to stone the lady to death when, in the case of Jesus himself they actually said, "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." Perhaps his answer would be that the Jews (whom throughout his book he shows he hates) were allowed to kill ladies taken in adultery, but not gentlemen taken in blasphemy. In the adultery story you have "a glimpse of the real Jesus of History." Wonderful! But will anybody tell me what is the precise difference between the Morison method of getting "real history," and the well known method of the most illiterate Salvation Army captain or Christian Evidence lecturer?

Mr. Morison is also particularly well informed not only of Jerusalem and its stairs and dark crowded streets and tumultuous crowds and scheming priests, but he knows exactly what they thought about this dreadful being in their midst, this Jesus, King of the Jews, Messiah of Messiahs, etc. "Personally," he tells us with that burst of charming frankness, which is necessary to show that what he personally thinks is a weighty contribution to a difficult subject, "I cannot avoid feeling that, in all their dealings with Jesus, these men were apprehensive of something happening which they did not care to define." How Mr. Morison arrives at this he then goes on to explain, and it need hardly be said his method is quite simple. You take certain statements in the Gospel which suits your case. If it isn't in the Big Four, then you can go to one of the "unorthodox" ones, say "St." Peter. You analyse it and then show by your analysis that what you personally think, is in the analysis. In this way you get a "historic fact," which is both "important and illuminating." And

now and then you make it much clearer by adding little bits of your own as thus:—

“Suppose that the understanding which the priests had with Judas was this: ‘We intend to take Him on Thursday night. Remain with Him until you are absolutely sure of His movements, and then come quickly and tell us. We will do the rest: It is obvious that a plot of this kind implies that all needful preparations for so important an event would have been made . . .’”

And so on, *ad lib.* But “did things take this course? Most assuredly they did not.” And, again, so on, *ad lib.* And by this time, Mr. Morison has got you to this state of things:—

“If anyone will sit down in the twilight of some quiet evening and read through this section of the narrative (the Judas Section) and reflect upon it as he goes, he will find it all amazingly true to life.”

And right throughout his book Mr. Morison repeats the same kind of thing and imagines he is proving the truth of the Resurrection. As a piece of unconscious humour it would be hard to beat. For myself I can only say the more I read the narratives, the less I believed them, till at last, I am quite convinced they are all “fairy” stories with, in some cases, underlying symbolism of a silly kind. There is not, of course, any proof whatever that the “crucifixion” ever took place, much less the “trial” or the “Judas” episode. Surely Mr. J. M. Robertson’s masterly analysis in *Jesus and Judas* has given the quietus to the whole absurd story? Let Mr. Morison try and shake Mr. Robertson before taking up the Gospel narratives and trying to show they are “Gospel” truths or “sober history.”

But when any writer bolsters his case up with quotations from the Gospels as “sheer historic truth,” it seems hopeless to argue with him. Mr. Morison takes up the famous last chapter of Mark from the Authorized Version and quotes it in full. This, he tells us, “is the incomparable original fragment which has come down to us . . . It is impossible to read this passage impartially and with an open mind (*sic*) without being impressed, and impressed favourably by its straightforward and objective character. It is singularly frank, open and direct . . . It is primitive in character and nails the original version of the episode as it were, to the mast,” and so on. It is strange that I can’t see anything in the marvellous narrative of all this. I never was “favourably impressed” by a yarn which is obviously written to boost up a nonsensical fable. Moreover, it is no use, in any historical enquiry, to be hypnotized by good writing. *Gulliver’s Travels* are not true just because Swift knew how to write. The translators of our Authorized Version certainly made a remarkable piece of archaic literature, written in a style eminently suited for religious believers. The original Greek may have been “frank, open and direct.” I don’t know, nor does anyone else, how it appeared to those who read it just after it was written. But a literal word translation doesn’t seem to have quite the qualities Mr. Morison finds in the narrative.

As thus:—

Of the Sabbath, the Mary the Magdalene and Mary the of-the-Jacobus and Salome buy spices that coming they-sh’d-be-rubbing him and very morning to-the-one-of-the Sabbaths they-are-coming on the memorial-vault of-up-rising of-the sun and they said toward selves any shall-be-from-rolling to-us the stone out of-the door . . .

But it is really too tedious to transcribe any more. To claim a thing is true because it *looks* true in our Authorized Version, is so hopelessly childish that I

feel we have devoted too much space already to a work written in support of an out-of-date superstition with arguments which, when examined, simply mean that the Biblical narratives are true because they are true.

There is not a word in the book which shows the author has even an elementary acquaintance with ordinary Biblical criticism. Every statement in the Gospels he uses is a “fact.” The “fact” is a “true fact” of great “historical” importance, and it eventually turns out to be “sheer historic truth.” In fact, I have never read a book so crammed with “facts.”

Finally, “if there be one thing in the New Testament which threatens to emerge unchallenged from the present religious and intellectual turmoil, it is the real and objective character of the Appearances.” That the “Appearances” emerge “unchallenged” is a “fact,” I simply haven’t got the energy to deal with. It shows how hopeless it is to deal with anyone who is prepared to swallow—like Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc—any silly story so long as it is vouched for by the Roman Catholic Church.

The New Testament is simply a conglomeration of writings chosen from a large number, without any stronger reason perhaps than literary taste. The four Gospels are never mentioned by name before the year 150 A.D., and the early Church believed in many others as being quite as holy. There is not a scrap of proof that any of the events mentioned ever took place, and no profane contemporary history ever mentions either Jesus or his band of precious Apostles. The rise of Christianity is explainable on perfectly natural grounds, just as the rise of Christian Science or Mormonism. It will take many centuries, perhaps, before all peoples will see that Messiahs, whether called Kings of the Jews or not are just as mythical as fairies. But the steady progress of science and therefore Secularism, is inevitable. And no book ever written, least of all such a pious and credulous one like *Who Moved the Stone?* can stop the belief that this world and only this world is the world that matters to humanity.

H. CUTNER.

The Tiger.

THE Tiger has no surplus fat;
He is a lean and hungry cat,
That has to stalk his prey.
His jaws are hot; his whiskers fierce;
His amber eyes the jungle pierce:
I hope he will not come my way.

The Tiger loves a juicy man;
He loves him more if first he ran
And screamed to God in fear.
He likes to hear the bitter cry
That humans make before they die;
It fills his savage heart with cheer.

But what are we to think of that
Strange Being who has made this cat,
This beautiful feline?
Priests talk about the “love of God”;
A love like this is very odd—
So odd, it cannot be divine.

BAYARD SIMMONS.

Watch over yourself. Be your own accuser, then your judge; ask yourself grace sometimes, and if there is need, impose upon yourself some pain.—*Seneca.*

The Puzzle of Conscience.

I REMEMBER many years ago hearing a man say his conscience was his God—that which enabled him to know right from wrong. At the first superficial glance this seemed fairly plausible, and I could not argue the point, not having then dipped into evolution.

However, it came as a surprise to me the other day to read in a South African paper an article by a clergyman on the "Puzzle of Conscience," in which this old theory of the voice of God was trotted out again, and I at once wrote a reply to it, which needless to say was not published.

The growth of the conscience is just as natural as the growth of the faculty of music or art. To the 100 per cent evolutionist, there is far less puzzle about this than to the man who is all his life looking for a supernatural something behind every phenomenon in the universe: to the man for whom the theory of evolution begins and ends with the mere suggestion that man is descended from the monkeys, and who takes care not to carry his thoughts any further.

No one ever disposed of the gigantic Puzzle so easily and in so few words as Huxley, who, by the way, has been described by the great Chesterton as the biggest evolutionist of the Darwinian lot. He treats it as follows:—

"Every step of forward progress brings man into closer relations with his fellows, and increases the importance of the pleasures and pains derived from sympathy. We judge the acts of others by our own sympathy, and we judge our own acts by the sympathies of others, every day and all day long, from childhood upward until associations as indissoluble as those of language are formed between certain acts and the feelings of approbation or disapprobation. It becomes impossible to imagine some acts without disapprobation, and others without approbation of the actor, whether he be oneself or anybody else. We come to think in an acquired dialect of morals. An artificial personality, the 'Man within,' as Adam Smith calls conscience, is built up beside the natural personality. He is the watchman of society, charged to restrain the anti-social tendencies of the natural man within the limits required by the social welfare."

Now where does the "Voice of God" come in? The moral sense, or conscience, is here seen to be the "ethical man," which grows up beside the "natural man." By the natural man is meant the monkey, although this in itself implies a certain amount of insult to the monkey. We may talk of men having the morals of monkeys, but monkeys have very fair morals as compared with thousands of men.

All wild animals have one great defect which arises out of the struggle for existence in which they are bound by the environment. They work, after a certain point, on the principle of every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. If they had not done so for all these aeons of time, they would have dropped out of it: if they did not do so still they would drop out of it now. This struggle in which they are engaged is due to the pressure on the means of subsistence brought about by unlimited multiplication, which is a real piece of cruelty on the part of nature. In addition to the fight for food they also fight for sex, which is good for the race eugenically. They cannot, however, increase their means of subsistence, whereas man can, and consequently man has breathing time to think out systems of morals for the further benefit of the race, which the monkeys have neither the time nor the capacity to do. Man has not got very far yet, but he is beginning to see some of the way.

The brute morality only extends as yet to the protection of its young, a prime necessity, the absence of which would spell extinction to the species that neglected it; and the combination of the many against a common foe. Man has these two propensities instinctive in him, and a great many more besides, and therefore, fundamentally his conscience is the same as that of the monkeys, differing only in degree, the last point being the one that the religious man is determined not to see.

The problem really comes down in the end to one of selfishness and unselfishness. But none of these things has anything to do with the voice of God; they are purely natural, and under the given conditions would come about whether we believe in God or in evolution. When we are ignorant of evolution we put up the plausible theory of the Voice of God, which is not at all easy to prove against the utilitarian theory of the value of an ethical sense, which it is apparent must have gained ascendancy for common sense reasons under the given conditions of life.

Right and wrong, after all, are very simple things when traced back to their origin, and the claims of conscience to be the natural outcome of the evolutionary process are therefore much stronger than those which attribute it to any mysterious supernatural cause.

Y.C.

Acid Drops.

The other day the *Daily Express* gave a good illustration of the reliability of the popular yellow press. On July 2 it published a note calling attention to a "death trap" on the Kingston Road, and suggested that something should be done about it. On July 3 it announced that "within a few hours" the Ministry of Transport telephoned that the work would be put in hand at once. The impression to be produced was that the Ministry of Transport had read the *Express*, and had obeyed instructions, with the promise that the work should be done at once. Therefore, buy the *Daily Express*.

But in the paper for July 3 there is the simple announcement that the Ministry "has been in consultation with the Surrey County Council, and the question of taking immediate steps . . . is now under discussion." So that the steps taken had nothing whatever to do with the *Daily Express* announcement, for the steps had already been taken; the suggested improvement of the *Daily Express* is not announced as having been adopted, and the special telephonic message from the Ministry to the *Express*, announcing that its orders would be obeyed turns out to be no more than the usual official notice, issued, we expect, as a consequence of complaints having been made. The impudence of the whole thing is that the *Express* heads its reprint of the Ministry's official notice "Prompt Response to *Daily Express* Demand." What will the very truthful and pious James Douglas think of it? Still we have no doubt that this piece of bunkum will go down well with the bulk of the *Express* readers.

Liverpool is to have another cathedral. The new one is to be Roman Catholic and built according to modern ideas of architecture. When built it will supply the public with antique ideas in a modern setting. This seem rather incongruous. But what is one more incongruity to a religion which is full of incongruities!

An instrument called a Kata-thermometer, or Comfort Meter, has been invented for indicating the efficiency of ventilating systems in houses and hospitals. It couldn't be used in the Christian Hell, for discomfort is God's speciality there. But it might be useful in Heaven, to keep the temperature right for naked souls in eternal ecstasy.

To combat an invasion of destructive locusts in a certain district of Morocco, two million pounds' weight of poison was despatched for killing the pests. Divine wisdom sent the locusts, and human intelligence has to checkmate it or suffer. A very odd world is this, when you listen to the Christian account of its Divine Creator and benevolent Father, and note the things that happen here.

The police, we learn, are willing to accept any aid. We are glad, however, to note that they can find no use for the offers of help made by our Spiritualists and crystal-gazers. On the other hand, they still fancy that

the Bible in a court of law is an aid to truth and justice. The folly of the practical minded is a wonderful thing.

We have to indict the clergy for not praying hard enough or not at all for seasonable weather last winter. This omission resulted in a mild winter. The consequence of a mild winter can be seen this summer in the shape of a vast horde of insect pests, plaguing man and destroying the things he lives on. This is very unsatisfactory. If 40,000 priests of God cannot do their job properly and be useful to mankind they had better be pensioned off.

A reader of a daily paper exclaims: "Cannot something be done to protect decent, clean-minded people against the foul fanaticism of our evil thinking Puritans?" This reader, who is a sun-bather, probably doesn't know that the Puritans he dislikes so much get their foul fanaticism from the English Bible, pure and undefiled.

Looking down the items of the "educational policy," of the Primitive Methodist Conference, one notes that our primitive friends are anxious to secure "adequate" Bible teaching in the State Schools. They also want improved syllabuses for such instruction, and they intend "to take steps to secure improved religious instruction based on the Bible in all the schools of the country." We gather that they are willing to relinquish control of Free Church schools, but as compensation they intend to strive their utmost to gain greater control of the religious instruction in all the State schools. For education they don't care a tinker's cuss. What they are really concerned about is that the State schools shall manufacture clients for the Churches.

The Rev. Alexander McCrea, of Belfast, says the Churches are anxious to lead the young people captive for Christ. But the old evangelistic method of revival missions, he says, has lost its appeal for youth. And this is admitted by modern clergymen. Mr. McCrea has been looking for the reasons for this. First, thirty years of compulsory education has abolished illiterates. There is also an amazing increase in young persons attending secondary schools and universities. Thirdly, the modern axiom of educational method is rather to quicken the intellect into self reliant curiosity than to dope it into stupor with dogmatic statements, to train the mind to face life rather than to furnish it with a stock of indisputable conclusions. Those are Mr. McCrea's own words. A fourth reason he gives is the change over from the traditional view of the Bible and dogma to the scientific notion of development. And the theory of evolution is being taught everywhere in the nations schools. He gives other reasons. But these are sufficient to go on with. We congratulate Mr. McCrea on realizing that it is the spread of knowledge, and the improved value of education, which make converting the young to religion so difficult in these days.

Of the re-opening ceremony of St. Paul's Cathedral, the *Methodist Times* says:—

The lengthy procession of the bishops, the passing down the aisle of the bishop, the dean, the canons, the clergy, and the choir to receive the King and Queen, and the Royal procession to seats facing the choir, were models of ecclesiastical staging.

There is a suspicion of a sneer in this, if one takes the last two words to mean "ecclesiastical stagecraft." That's what it really was, and meant to impress adolescent types of adult minds. But it appears that our contemporary did not really object to the funny show. For it expresses disappointment that "the opportunity was not taken to acknowledge all the religious life of the nation." In other words, Free Church parsons ought to have been permitted official recognition at St. Paul's. These Free Churchmen object to State patronage of any particular Church and the privileges that accompany the patronage. But they are very anxious to share the privileges when ever possible. Their so-called stand for a principle boils down, after all, to common, everyday jealousy.

Dr. Margaret Lowenfold, an honorary director of a children's clinic, warns parents to be careful about what they tell their children at bed-time. She condemns the teaching of such Christian prayers as: "Keep me safe till morning light; guard me while I sleep." Such phrases, she declares, suggest to the child that there are lurking terrors so much more awful than the chances of day, and that special petitions have to be made to God to protect the child from them. The child also takes it as a matter of course that bogeys and like terrors from a terrible unseen world do exist at night. It may be added that it is quite in keeping with the Christian religion to instil such fears by night or day. The child's alleged instinct for religion has to be encouraged, and it has to be taught to appreciate the loving protection of God the Father. This can be done only by creating fear of the unseen. Fear is the foundation of Christian love of God. What Dr. Margaret Lowenfold really ought to do is to warn parents against teaching the child any Christian ideas at all.

The Rev. J. T. Hodgson says:—

Recent exploration and excavation in Babylon and Egypt, in South America and Africa, where experts have come upon ruined cities which tell of vast and vanished civilizations, all show how art, science and religion reached unknown heights. All of them are eloquent of religion. Whatever else man may have been—cruel, tyrannous, vindictive—he was, in a way, spiritual. He had a vivid sense of his relation to the Unseen.

This is why he was, so often, cruel, tyrannous and vindictive. He was anxious to be like his God.

Apropos of the Malta dispute with the Vatican, the Rev. S. Horton says that the "Roman Catholic Church was always intolerant when strong." This is true, but it is not the kettle that should reproach the pot for being black.

The British and Foreign Bible Society advertises that it needs an increased income. Well, the old proverb says that fools and their money are easily parted. And on that hypothesis, there seems no reason why the Bible Society's pious wish shouldn't be realized.

The Rev. C. H. Hulbert is annoyed because large numbers of men who served in the war do not attend a church, and ignore the parson. He doesn't say this in so many words. Instead, he asserts: "Millions who came back from the war lost their morals." This slander is merely a disguise for his real grievance.

A newspaper photo shows mixed bathing in full swing at the Serpentine. The bathers all look happy. The reason is probably that the evil thoughts which torture the Puritan doesn't trouble them at all. A revival of religion would, of course, alter this. That is why it is so urgently needed.

It is intended to set up a worthy monument to the work of Sir Patrick Manson, the physician who made vast regions in the Tropics healthier for natives and white men. What Sir Patrick did was to interfere with the Divine Plan which concerned itself with killing off hundreds of thousands of human beings by means of tropical diseases. Daringly to challenge and frustrate Divine Power is a deed well worthy of commemoration.

Speaking of broadcasting, *Radio Times* says:—

Here is, in process of development, an education of the best kind; by not abusing its privilege of supplying the public with unprejudiced facts from which to gauge the truth for itself, broadcasting cannot help but build a better informed society.

The B.B.C. is a little too self-righteous for our liking. What about its practice of pushing the *prejudiced* facts of the Christian religion before the public, and not allowing contrary criticism to appear? We should be pleased if *Radio Times* would explain how the public can "gauge the truth for itself" of the Christian religion, while the case against it is strictly prohibited expression? But perhaps it is regarded as undesirable that there should be "a better informed society" where the Christian religion is concerned.

DEATH OF EDITH M. VANCE.

FREETHINKERS in all parts of the country will learn with the deepest regret of the death of Miss E. M. Vance, on July 7. Her health had for some time been getting steadily worse, but with her remarkable vitality she managed to maintain a varying struggle against an accumulation of ailments before which many would long since have succumbed. But her vital strength was very marked, and the courage with which she faced everything striking. The cremation will take place at Golder's Green at twelve o'clock on Friday, July 11. Mr. Cohen will conduct the service.

Miss Vance's connexion with the Freethought movement covers just over half a century, and for thirty-five years of that time she held the post of General Secretary of the National Secular Society, she also held the office of Secretary to the Secular Society, Limited from the time of its foundation until her retirement. She was keenly interested in all reforms, very often an active participant, and in some instances a pioneer. But her keenest and abiding interest was that of Freethought. To her work as Secretary she brought an energy that was almost inexhaustible, and a resourcefulness in surmounting difficulties that was beyond praise. Just over seventy at her death, she had spent about fifty years of her life in the world of Freethought, and had lived long enough to see many of the ideas which in her early years were regarded as daring innovations become generally accepted.

The loss of her sight, about nineteen years ago, was a very heavy blow to a woman with her active interest in affairs, but the courage with which she faced it was remarkable. She kept both hands and brain busy, and so minimised the force of the blow that had been dealt her. To the affliction of blindness were added other complaints, but she persisted in carrying out her duties, which until three years ago were discharged faithfully and with ability. To a woman in her condition all this would have been impossible, but for the devoted friendship of Miss Kough, who year after year served her tirelessly to the end. Without such loving kindness Miss Vance would have been indeed helpless, and only those behind the scenes could appreciate all that so devoted a friendship meant and involved.

Miss Vance was a woman who made many friends, and it was a compliment to her character that so many—men and women—came to her for help and advice. In this latter direction she was often victimised, but she felt that it was better to give help where it was not deserved than to run the risk of refusing where it was.

During the later period of her life she spent several years on the St. Pancras Board of Guardians, but even there she never lost an opportunity of doing what could be done to promote Freethought principles. It was her earliest love and it was her last. Many whose names are better known have done far less than she to spread Freethought among the people of this country.

C.C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FREETHINKER ENDOWMENT TRUST.—C. H. Gronn, 5s.

C. H. GRONN.—Afraid we have not the time to go into the silly mysteries of the Pyramid prophets. Argument is nearly useless against that class of crank.

J. E. E. ELLIOTT.—There is no unquestionable evidence for the historical existence of the Jesus of the New Testament. But you confuse two distinct questions: (1) The existence of some actual person around whom the Christian Mythology has been draped, and (2) the existence of the New Testament Jesus Christ, who is quite clearly mythical. The latter person is the only one of any consequence to Christians.

M. WILSON.—Thanks for booklet. Copies of the paper are being sent.

S. HAMMOND.—Pleased you find *The Foundations of Religion* so interesting. We would suggest you take Mr. Cohen's *Four Lectures* (1s.) as giving a good outline of the Freethought position. Or there is the larger work, *The Grammar of Freethought*.

G. BRIGHT.—You do well in keeping up the protest to the B.B.C. against the forcing of so much religion upon the people.

A. RADLEY.—Unquestionably the Roman Catholic Church exercises a great deal of influence over the general press. The Roman Church plays the same underhand game of intolerance that is played by the Christian Scientists.

The "Freethinker" is supplied to the trade on sale or return. Any difficulty in securing copies should be at once reported to this office.

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

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

When the services of the National Secular Society in connexion with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. R. H. Rosettl, giving as long notice as possible.

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

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

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.

All Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "The Pioneer Press," and crossed "Midland Bank, Ltd., Clerkenwell Branch."

Lecture notices must reach 61 Farringdon Street, London E.C.4, by the first post on Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

The "Freethinker" will be forwarded direct from the publishing office at the following rates (Home and Abroad):—One year, 15/-; half year, 7/6; three months, 3/9.

Sugar Plums.

Congratulations to Councillor George Hall, of Manchester. For a long time we have been advising all those who are tired of the petty tyranny exercised by Sabbatarians to ignore the regulations and go ahead. In many cases the prevention of Sunday games and Sunday entertainments has not even the justification of being desired by the majority. It is the carrying out of the will of a noisy, but well organized religious minority. So we are glad to see that on Sunday last Mr. Hall went to one of the Manchester parks, and in the presence of a huge crowd actually started playing cricket. He was unable to finish the game owing to the people

crowding over the pitch, but as he was chaired by the crowd, and the park officials felt powerless to interfere, it is evident that what he did met with the approval of those present. Mr. Hall announces that he will resume play to-day, July 13. Once more, congratulations! Nothing is more remarkable than the sheep-like manner with which most people submit to an "order" to-day. Officials never had so easy a time as they have at present. It is time that equanimity was disturbed a little.

Now that the Education Bill has followed so many others to—whatever place discarded Government Bills go, we suggest that believers in Secular Education all over the country put in a little useful work. They could withdraw from religious instruction any children they have attending either elementary or secondary schools, they could circulate literature on the subject—particularly the reprint of the Prime Minister's speech on behalf of Secular Education, and they could see that the subject was discussed wherever and whenever possible. The Roman Catholic Church leaders in this country has resolved to bring pressure on the Government to get their demands conceded, and unless those on the other side are active the Government, which appears to be without any guiding principle on the matter will give way.

In response to our request for information regarding the experience of parents who have withdrawn their children from religious instruction we received many letters, but not nearly so many as we should like to have received. Above all, we want information where any child has suffered inconvenience or "persecution" on this account. We need hardly say that all communications will be treated confidently unless writers particularly desire otherwise. We shall write on the subject so soon as we think our replies cover a sufficiently large area. Meanwhile we invite all interested to write.

We note two good letters in a recent issue of *The Miner*, each criticizing Christianity, from the pens of Mr. T. Brighton, senr. and junr. As the latter is only fifteen years of age we congratulate both father and son.

The Bradford Branch will have the services of Mr. G. Whitehead during the next fortnight. Meetings will be held from the 13th until the 18th, at the Motor Park, New Bank Street, at 7.30 p.m. After that meetings will be held around Bradford, for details see Lecture Notice column. The Bradford Branch can be relied upon for energy and good organization.

A correspondent writes:—

I see a note in your last issue about the "Liga Laica" in Spain. If Mr. Lupton takes an interest in Spanish affairs, would he be good enough to tell me if there is any Freethought paper now being circulated, following the lines of *El Molin*? I used to subscribe to that journal, until the death of that grand old Man José Nakens.

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to give the required information.

Owing to want of space several communications are crowded out of the present issue.

Obituary.

EMILY BROOME.

At the City of London Crematorium, Manor Park, E., on Monday, July 7, the remains of Mrs. Emily Broome were cremated. Death took place in hospital after a long illness. Although not a member of the N.S.S. she was a life-long Freethinker, and in a quiet, modest way did her bit for the Cause. Seventy years of age at death, she lived to see the steady weakening of the enemy on one side, and the steady growth of Freethought on the other. To the remaining members of the family we offer sincere sympathy in their loss. A Secular address was read by Mr. R. H. Rosetti.

The New Exodus.

FREETHOUGHT in England lacks a constructive programme. Negative criticism of the pseudo-Christian and other churches, however brilliantly done, fails to move the imagination of the great mass of the British people; for the perfectly simple reason that the English mentality, in the bulk, responds only to the dynamism of pictures—requires and indeed insists upon a programme, and is relatively anaesthetic to merely-written or spoken words.

For instance, what is the secret of the fascination exerted by the Bible, for so many years, over the emotions of the British masses? It all condenses down into two words—the programme and the pictures. First of all, there is the graphic portrait of a whole Judaic people stuck in the Egyptian mud, together with some brief account of how they got there, and then there is the programme—the Promised Land and what came of it; the whole business set off with a regular National Gallery of assorted Solomons, Arabs, Jeremiahs and Davids; to say nothing at all of the Jesus-Gallery of Apostles—real village characters, these—and with some fine Apocalyptic cursing done by the old Squire of Patmos at the end. How, I ask, could such a book fail to make a vast impression upon the imagination of the British mob? It is the sheer dynamism which lies there. The pictorial dynamism embedded in the characters of Joseph and Beth Sheba, Saul and Absalom—this it is which so mightily stirs the psychic muscles of the English; and Freethought in Britain, until it equips itself with better pictures and a more fascinating programme of action, may win the day indeed in the high domain of intellect, but the great masses of the people will never notice that Freethought has won, whilst the pseudo-Christian Churches have lost the fight.

Picture is the be-all and the end-all of effective public debate. For example, Jung, the well-known Swiss psychologist, says that "the naive European likes to think of Americans as being a very active, business-like and astonishingly efficient people, concentrated upon a single goal—the Yellow God—and a bit handicapped by being on the borderline of the insane." There you have a perfect picture. A whole vast herd of 120,000,000 Americans, for the European is condensed by that vision of the Yellow God-head and its frantic worship in the United States. When Freethought learns to apply that Jung-method to its work in stirring up the sleeping-imagination of England, something really will occur. People whose whole existence is one long dead and damnable perspective of repression, long for paths of escape. Freethought must create and organize those paths. The bogus Christian Church, for more than a thousand years, has contrived to live simply by the provision of so much religious coloratura—pictorial and senuous paths of release, in a word, down which the human imagination has wistfully wandered; knowing itself to be swindled in the end, but still in search of a Promised Land.

There is a dance that is done in Africa, says Jung, called the *n'goma*. It is the typical Negroid dance—all loose-jointed rhythm, with theatrical rocking and jumping and swinging of shoulders and hips. Obviously, the negroes have become the real cultural core of the neomoid American nation. In African dance-melody, to be brief, no matter how much they may protest and lie, the American masses have found a path of release—a way out of the horrors of life in New England; where, as Jung says, the solemnity of a great virtue, or something like that, hangs in the air; and some excellent Freethinking fold in Old England, who similarly suffer from a sort

of crippled incapacity for laughter, would do well to think of Australia as another Africa—a place of escape from the dreadful British life of smug repression; always provided, of course, that all existing Australian institutions are first blown into mid-air.

"English people, when visiting Roman Catholic Churches in Italy," says Jacque Vontade, "always place themselves on the defensive against something, and that something is the fascination of the idol. Reared upon the secular study of the Bible," he says, "the memory of the English, which is the storehouse of forgotten ages, preserves for them the image of those detestable gods of clay and bronze, of wood and stone, with whom the God of Israel, the one God, waged war. Thus is their hearts and minds every concrete representation of the Deity falls foul of a very old instinct of hatred—the hatred of the thousand gods of the East. That hatred will live as long as a religious sense lasts in them," he concludes—"or as long as England lasts."

Portrait again! If the thousand-godded East be as powerful as all that, and if the word "superstition" means, roughly speaking, the fear of the adversary, then the whole trouble with Freethought, for the ordinary man, is that the idea slips through his mental fingers. He is not given, so far as I am aware, any concrete National Gallery of character-portraits to lay hold of. Freethought has no Davids, no Christs, no Jonahs and no whales; and so, for the very reason that his mental fingers do wish to lay hold of some tangible portrait or Person, and grasp it firmly, the ordinary man in the end is driven back to the wretched Christian Bethel and its Holy Ghosts, however pale.

Too much grease about the magnificent destiny of the British Empire maketh the heart sick. For the magnificence of that destiny clots together, for the benefit of the very few, in the most outrageous fashion; and only the other day the British Government, in England, found itself constrained to speak sternly to the Government of Victoria; an Australian State, where many British settlers have been lured by false promises—such promises growing in that air like Jonah's gourd, and the quantity of mirage being positively grand. Taking this handful of English settlers in the Victorian wilderness as a picture of the general futility of Imperial migration-methods, I ask the Freethinkers of England why they do not plan a gigantic Exodus—a national uprising that would snatch the political control of Australia out of the hands of these local Philistines? Why must the stupidly "religious" people have a monopoly of the business of deciding the future of all Englishmen?

I urge them to do it. Only to-day, in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, there is an exceeding bitter editorial cry because one, Norman Lindsay, a very well-known Australian artist, has dared to write and to publish a novel, exposing the hideousness of life in our artificially, miserable, religion-rotten Australian country towns.

Observe the lofty tone. When swindled and defrauded Englishmen, enticed by fake promises, have sold up their homes in England, and have settled in or near these wretched, religion-cursed, dull and stupid-minded little towns in the interior of Australia. That is fine. The *Sydney Morning Leprosy* is delighted to see these "sturdy sons of England take up the flag of Empire, and establish their homes upon our broad Australian lands." But when, presently, these robbed and bankrupt, isolated British settlers begin to cry out, denouncing the State Government which has so plausibly lied to them and swindled them, that is the very devil. "Australia in England," the *Morning Leprosy* sadly moans, "will

begin to get a bad name." But when, finally, a really competent and authoritative Australian artist and writer, like Mr. Norman Lindsay, paints the whole real picture of our land-locked, religion-rotten infamy, and hangs it up in England, where any man may see, then that is a horror and a blasphemy. Lindsay is no better than a German Liebknecht, "working for a traitor's wages—and we know what we think of them."

The real definition of a traitor, therefore, is an unpleasant person who tells the truth. It is sheer "literary matricide." The *Sydney Morning Herald* insists for the best-known Australian artist of this generation to paint a simple word-picture describing life as it really exists in our Christ-maddened country towns. There, where crazy church-spires stick up, at every corner, and where the Salvation Army brays, with plaintive earnestness, inside its humble tabernacle—there "a distinguished Australian artist" has dared to write a book. And because he did not lie about our monstrous villages, he is a "traitor" and accurst. He "turns out a satire of what is not worth satirizing—life in the typical small town, the Australian *Main Street*. One Victorian legislator has already asked his Government whether the volume cannot be vetoed!"

Honestly, I ask the judicious Freethinkers of England, are these people, who lay down the law for Australia and the British Empire, Philistines or not? Are they fit, in short, to be knocked upon the head, or not? It is more than twenty years since I have either seen or spoken to Mr. Norman Lindsay; but as an Australian, born in Victoria myself, where Mr. Norman Lindsay was also born, I hold up this specimen Australian newspaper—by far the most influential daily organ published in this country—and I insist that the land which maintains such a monstrous journalistic machinery of suppression and repression is ripe for a mass-invasion by the people of England, and that such an Exodus must start.

Freethinkers in Great Britain and out of it may study this portrait of the real Australia at their leisure. All the best lands within this Commonwealth are held sacred to sheep. British settlers, when they come, are given the wretched residue—inferior soils where even a sheep cannot live. As for the *Sydney Morning Leprosy's* boasted "capital cities" of Australia—Sydney and Brisbane, Hobart, Adelaide, Perth and Melbourne—the truth is, alas, that these places, for all their mere arithmetical size, are more dreadfully broken-down and decayed and religion-rotten than are the satirized Redheaps, and other worn-out mining villages of the interior. Sydney itself, with a population of 1,500,000 people, remains at the core a miserable Georgian hamlet of the period of the corrupt and cynical Walpole. In the whole round world, there is not one spot where "respectable" and ultra-pious journalism reeks with such a Sodom-breath.

Where are the proofs? Well, the proofs are these. Two months ago, there died in New South Wales, a coal-owning multi-millionaire named John Brown. For more than twelve months before his death, a tremendous industrial struggle, over John Brown's proposals for the reduction of coal-miners' wages, had raged. Yet John Brown, with a testamentary gift of a million pounds, was able, before his death, to shut the mouth of Sir Adrian Knox, Chief Justice of Australia, and to prevent him from adjudicating upon this coal-issue at all. Worse still, as soon as John Brown the millionaire was actually dead, the Chief Justice of Australia betrayed his trust to the nation; stepped down from the High Court Bench to claim his reward—or bribe—of £1,000,000; and the Sydney

Morning Leprosy; the newspaper which reproves Australian artists and writers so savagely, for daring to tell the truth about anything; maintains, upon that ghastly question, a silence which would have filled the soul of Sir Robert Walpole, two centuries ago, with a strange and sinister glee.

JOHN MCCRASHAN.

Australia.

In My Looking Glass.

I FIND that a certain amount of misconception exists in the minds of some Freethinkers, relative to the provisions and operation of the Local Government Act of 1929, it being thought that certain sections of this measure constitute an attack upon the principle of civil marriage at present in operation in this country. Such doubts and fears can be traced directly to the operations of the "Stunt Press," whose one object is sensational copy rather than anything of real news value.

It has been reported in some papers that this Act dispenses with the stigma of Poor Law administration under which civil marriage has lain since its inception, and a cry of "No more workhouse marriages" has been raised. It is this which has caused the fear that our system of civil marriage is in danger, and it is in this, as in so many other matters of national importance, that sections of the Press have told but half the truth, thereby causing an effect worse than a deliberate lie.

In order to clear the air, it may be as well to explain the system of Registry Office procedure. It was formerly the duty of the Guardians of the Poor to provide and maintain, somewhere within the area of their Union, a District Registry Office for the conduct of registration business relating to births, marriages and deaths, and for the reception of all completed Registers of these three events which were compiled within the boundaries of the Registration District, the area of which usually coincided with that of the Poor Law Union. Should this duty have been neglected by the Board of Guardians, or should there have been a refusal on their part, the Treasury would, upon the application of the Registrar-General, have caused an office to have been provided at a cost not exceeding £300, and have made an order on the Guardians for repayment.

The official in charge of such a District Registry Office is the Superintendent Registrar, and used usually to combine that status with that of Clerk to the Guardians and, in view of the latter appointment, a District Registry Office was often found to be within the buildings which were the property of and administered by the local Board of Guardians. Where the Superintendent Registrar and Clerk to the Guardians was a local solicitor, he found room in his own offices, if approved by the Registrar-General, and the Board of Guardians paid him a rental for the use of that portion of his offices so used.

It was in these premises that the civil marriages were conducted, and in most cases, are still conducted, for the changes which have occurred, and to which so much attention has been drawn have, in the main, been changes in nomenclature only, and have no significance whatsoever to the parties contracting marriage or those performing it.

With the passing of the Local Government Act of 1929, all Boards of Guardians were abolished, and the duties which they performed devolved upon County Councils and County Borough Councils, each of which, in turn, delegated these duties to a Public Assistance Committee of the Council. This Committee

consists of members of the Council and a certain number of co-opted members. In many cases the Council members of the Committee are those who had also been Guardians in the past, whilst the majority of the co-opted members are recruited from the non-Council members of the Board of Guardians, so that we find the old Board functioning as before, but with a changed title—the only difference. The property which the electorate possessed under the administration of the Board of Guardians, the electorate still possesses under the administration of the Council, and the office of the Board of Guardians is now the office of the Public Assistance Committee of the County or County Borough Council.

With the passing of the Board of Guardians went the necessity for a Clerk to that body, but, even as it had need of buildings, the Public Assistance Committee requires an official to look after its interests, so that all over the country Clerks to Boards of Guardians have become Public Assistance Officers, and—have still remained Superintendent Registrars.

The sum total of it all, then, is that marriages no longer take place in the office of the Board of Guardians but in the office of the Public Assistance Committee—or in the same place as before, and the responsible official, whilst still being Superintendent Registrar, is not now Clerk to the Guardians, but Public Assistance Officer—or in the same post as he has always occupied.

Names have altered, but people and things remain the same in this case, and it does seem a pity that an attempt should have been made to mislead public opinion unless, of course, the misleading was caused by the ignorance of the reporter who wrote up the subject. This latter condition is so part of the make-up of the English Press to-day, that one must take the charitable view and think that it applies in this instance.

A PLAIN MAN.

Modern Russian History.

M. MAXIM GORKI is sixty-two and laggard fame is now making up lee way in his career. How many books, novels, or articles he has to his name is difficult to estimate, but all of his writings have a virile stamp that render them memorable and dynamic. Carlyle, in one of his commands to the literary world, said, "Be men before attempting to be writers." Walter Bagehot, one of our most sound English writers, wrote, "The only chance in literature, as in life, is to be yourself. If you try to be more, you will be less." In the writings of Maxim Gorki, that come to us in translation, there is the clarity and sincerity that pay homage to the giants of the past, who are a negation of Ecclesiastes that all is vanity. His life, as we know it, has not been strewn with roses, and in his work it is not difficult to see that he has remained true to himself. His strength in narrative is undoubted, and the world to him is neither the saints' vale of woe nor the epicure's garden of pleasure.

To the student who has shut his ears to the clamour of newspapers in the market place, and has finished allowing the muddy feet of the stupid to trample on his feelings, there are even some modern books that demand attention as a natural right. "What can you teach me?" asks Goethe, and he supplies the warning in the following words; "I have guesses enough of my own; if a man write a book, let him set down only what he knows." A careful reading of Maxim Gorki's latest work, *Bystander** preceded by a study of his former books, confirms that the author came on the earth to grow. It contains enough worldly wisdom, if applied, to make the planet habitable; but the age of miracles is past, and all good men have reason to congratulate

* Jonathan Cape, Thirty Bedford Square, London, 10s. 6d. net.

themselves if their efforts have encouraged people to think.

The novel before us, historical in tune, philosophical in content, and interesting even for its plentiful dialogue, covers the period in Russian life, as Gorki knew it, from the assassination of Alexander II in 1881 to the last Czar. Holding no brief for Russia, but with the knowledge that Western Europe has no monopoly of Nietzsche's *Just Men*, or even second-rate men, one should remember that people of the vast country is hardly five centuries removed from an invasion by barbarians. It is nearly fourteen hundred years ago since Europe had a similar experience. Nor need the European sniff superciliously; he is presented with the fact that his superior civilization gives him, in five years, in England alone, a death roll of some 23,000 people by street traffic. In addition, there is for one year in industry 2,684 killed and 444,570 injured. So that, with provisional sympathy, the impartial may be fitted to survey the narrative without wanting to join a league, or sign on for a crusade.

The reader has not far to go in the book before a striking truth in aphorism meets the eye. The story revolves round a character "Clim," whose first years of desperate struggle for liberty and culture on the part of those few people who manfully and defencelessly placed themselves "twixt the hammer and the anvil." "Those who fight for truth," said Ibsen, "should not wear their best trousers," and, after all, what does it matter what the name of the country happens to be? The conditions may vary, but the hatred of the spread of knowledge and a fair share of liberty is confined to no one country. Siberia was the cure-all for political opinions, that by comparison might be classified as mild radicalism. Even "Krilof" (1768-1844) had to use the fable for his own political views, and in the first chapters of *Bystander*, the ferment of ideas, political, religious, anti-religious and social, can be sensed in the comings and goings of characters sketched with the fidelity of our own Hardy.

Clim's father, unlike some, was sympathetic towards his son. "Keep on being curious—it is a useful thing," he said, when Clim demanded to know the meaning of misanthrope, radical, atheist, and he accompanied his advice with a caress. When Clim wanted to know what a hypothesis was, he was told that it was a little dog they hunt truth with. An explanation, shattering in its truth, but as good as any to explain people on earth was that they were an accidental phenomenon. Weird figures float on the immense landscape of this book. An apostle of Tolstoi acts the part of Isaiah; another disputant thinks that salvation for the peasant is to be found in cheese-dairying and bee-keeping. "Back to the land" is greeted with the words, "Old Stuff, we tried it. We burned our fingers." Against the crudity of the Tolstoian's astronomy one character cites Elammarion; Clim saw many sides of truth. Tomilin, a voluminous talker, holds forth:—

"In the world of ideas it is necessary to distinguish two classes; those persons who seek, and those who hide themselves. For the first it is necessary to find an exact path to truth, no matter where it leads, even though into an abyss, to the destruction of the seeker. The second desire only to hide themselves and their fear of life, their ignorance of its mysteries—to hide in a convenient idea. A Tolstoian is a comic type, but he, in quite a finished manner, furnishes us with an illustration of people who hide themselves."

In one of the numberless and cryptic arguments, the reader may learn that the intelligentsia of Russia interested themselves out of boredom. And in the midst of this endless conflict of ideas, Clim subjects himself to drastic self-analysis. At one point in his life, he concludes that it is possible to hear wise words even from unpleasant people. A truism, neatly stated, may remind the thoughtful reader of his own experience, his own odyssey in a world that has yet never had a purpose and held on to it for any length of time. "Some people are very fond of imparting bad news," says Clim's mother. This may be obliquely explained by the thousands of living and dead theologians in all countries, who have cumbered the earth and taken a peculiar joy in rubbing man's nose in his depravity. That man was

on all fours in the mud of ignorance was a fact; that the theologian should straddle across his back and try to keep him there is another.

If the reader, having overcome his initial awe of the tonnage of new books, new authors, limitless first editions, bugles blaring by decayed writers who have written themselves out, and are reduced to the level of street corner gossips—if the reader, I repeat, has seen all this and smiled after having eaten his share of literary chaff, is prepared to take on something substantial, let him or her, obtain *Bystander* by one means or another. Gorki has something to tell us. Not, perhaps, in the dazzling and tiresomely clever manner of our moderns does he discourse, but with the simplicity of one who knows his own ground, deals fearlessly with all subjects, and, perhaps, greatest virtue of all, will bear re-reading. C-DE-B.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

FREETHOUGHT AND YOUTH.

SIR,—While thanking your reviewer for his appreciative remarks, I feel that at the time of writing he was not fully cognisant of the underlying purpose of the *World of Youth Series* in general, and of my book, *Temple Bells*, in particular.

Our aim in launching the Series was not to preach Rationalism to the children of Rationalists, or to provide manuals of Freethinking for budding sceptics, but to do something for the younger generation along the lines travelled so successfully and for so long by the Christian Church. Hence it is that I have not stated in so many words that many of the generally-accepted details of Jesus' life have been questioned by critics, although at the very outset I have carefully used the phrase "so the story runs" on more than one occasion.

Then with regard to the Jews, I suggest it is somewhat unreasonable to expect to find a mention of Maimonides or the medieval Kabbalists in a ten-page sketch of the Jewish religion primarily intended for boys and girls in their teens. What I have endeavoured to do is to write, primarily for young people, a thoroughly impartial account of the chief religions of the world, in the hope that once the child realizes that the religion taught in church and Sunday school is but one of many, and that there are other faiths of greater antiquity and extent, then the ground will be prepared for information of a more advanced and radical character.

E. ROYSTON PIKE.

[Mr. Pike appears to have missed the point. The point made was that a book written for youth, by a Freethinker, should lead a young person, say, of ten or twelve years of age, in the direction of Freethought, and to say that the Jewish religion was kept "pure and whole" is misleading, and a repetition of an interested superstition. We hardly think that to tell boys and girls there are religions other than Christianity will strike them as being information of a very startling character.—Ed.]

DISESTABLISHMENT.

SIR,—I have observed that in recent issues of your paper there have been many complaints about the present Labour Government being too cowardly to repeal the Blasphemy Laws. I have also read in your paper that successive Governments have refrained from tackling the subject of Divorce Law Reform through fear of offending certain religious influences. Similarly in other matters, as e.g., education, birth control, propaganda, broadcasting, etc., it has often been pointed out how various religious influences prevent things being done which Freethinkers would like done. Yet in the issue of the *Freethinker* for May 25, 1930, there is an article by Mimmermus, in which, *inter alia*, he states: "The clergy of the State Church seem to imagine that disestablishment would mean merely the severance of the political relationship between the Government and the Anglican Church. . . . If so, they are basking in a fool's paradise. Disestablishment would be accompanied by disendowment, for it is ridiculous that this Anglican Church should be allowed to walk off with national property to the value of nearly two hundred millions

sterling." I respectfully submit on the contrary that it is Mimnermus himself who is "basking in a fool's paradise," if he for a moment imagines that the political influence of the Anglican Church would not be far too strong to prevent anything like real disendowment. Many ridiculous things happen in politics.

NEMO.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH AND GOD.

SIR,—I enclose quotations from Sir Arthur Keith's *Darwinism and What it Implies* for the benefit of those who demur at your statement that "Sir Arthur is clearly an Atheist:—

I have spoken of "life as a web on the loom of time." Who, then, is in charge of the loom? Who is the weaver? As far as biologists can perceive the loom works automatically; the threads spin themselves. The forces can be perceived and measured. (p. 29.)

In our investigations we studiously refuse to believe that osteoblasts possess powers or qualities which are beyond the reach of our reason. We have never had occasion to make any discrimination between "planner" and "doer," as Dr. Paley thought necessary to achieve that kind of result known as design. (p. 43.)

Surely these are not the utterances of a Theist?

EDWARD HENRY.

On a Certain Canonisation.

A DOUBLE SONNET OF INDIGNATION.

I.

FOUR hundred years ago a maiden saint
Gasped forth her stainless soul amid fierce flame;
Her slayers wrought a deed that still must taint
The stream of England's story, and defame
Those priestly miscreants who, willing, lent
Their hands for hire to this most murderous deed—
Yet, now, from Rome a message strange is sent:
Within their gilt pantheon they concede—
This very priesthood's priests—a lofty niche
To her. In life those holy judges shewed
The Maid to be a death-deserving witch,
And for God's glory her dread doom bestowed—
Why, now, her gracious memory besmirch?
Lift up Lucrezia Borgia, O pure church!

II.

Does Popedom perpetrate a joke, that this
Shaft from the Devil's sheaf of pleasantries
Stings the wide world to bitter mirth?—or is
The old church mumbling with a senile wheeze
Quaint nonsense in her dotage? From the dead
Dust of the shameful past again arise
The fumes of those foul faggots, from this red
Page of Man's piteous history—on our eyes
Flashes a dread indictment 'gainst our sires,
And 'gainst this church-infallible that bent
The knee to Moloch 'neath her soaring spires,
And made Hell's dome of God's glad firmament—
Seek not, O Rome, to glory in this shame
That links for ever thine with England's name!

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LONDON.

INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1): 11.0, C. Delisle Burns, M.A., D.Lit.—"New Types of Personality."

OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand): 3.15, Mr. B. A. LeMaine—"Christianity and the Truth."

FINSBURY PARK BRANCH N.S.S.—11.15, Mr. B. A. LeMaine—"The Old and the New." The *Freethinker* can be obtained from Mr. R. H. Page, 15 Blackstock Road, Finsbury Park.

FULHAM AND CHELSEA BRANCH N.S.S. (corner of Shorrols Road, North End Road): Saturday, 7.30—Various speakers.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Regent's Park, near the Fountain): 6.0, Mr. L. Ebury—A Lecture.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S.—Sunday, 12.0, Wren Road, Camberwell Green, Mr. F. P. Corrigan; Clapham Road, 7.0, Mr. J. Payne; Wednesday, Rushcroft Road, 8.0, Mr. L. Ebury; Friday, Liverpool Street, Camberwell Gate, 8.0, Mr. F. P. Corrigan.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park): 12.30, Mr. James Hart and Mr. A. D. McLaren; 3.15, Messrs. E. Betts and C. E. Wood; 6.30, Messrs. A. H. Hyatt, B. A. LeMaine and F. C. Saphin. Every Wednesday, at 7.30, Messrs. C. F. Wood and J. Hart; every Thursday, at 7.30, Messrs. E. C. Saphin and Charles Tuson; every Friday, at 7.30, Mr. B. A. LeMaine and Mr. A. D. McLaren. The *Freethinker* can be obtained after our meetings outside the Park, in Bayswater Road.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith): 3.15, Messrs. Charles Tuson and W. P. Campbell-Everden.

WEST HAM BRANCH.—Outing to Hampton Court, meet Bow Road (Underground) 9.15 a.m. prompt for only train at specially reduced fare 2s. 1d. return. Lunch to be carried, tea arranged at the Court and Palace Gate restaurant, Hampton Court. All Freethinkers and friends welcomed.

COUNTRY.

OUTDOOR.

BRADFORD BRANCH N.S.S.—Mr. G. Whitehead will lecture at the Motor Park, New Bank Street, from the 13th until the 18th at 7.30 p.m.

CLITHEROE.—Sunday, July 13, at 7.30, Mr. J. Clayton.

GLASGOW BRANCH N.S.S.—Ramble to the "Whangie." Train leaves Queen Street for Milngavie at 11.50 prompt.

GREAT HARWOOD.—Monday, July 14, at 8.0, Mr. J. Clayton.

HARLE SYKE.—Wednesday, July 16, at 7.30, Mr. J. Clayton.

LIVERPOOL (Merseyside) Branch N.S.S. (corner of High Park Street and Park Road): Thursday, July 17 at 8.0, Messrs. A. Jackson, D. Robinson and J. V. Shortt. Current *Freethinkers* will be on sale.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE BRANCH N.S.S. (Town Moor, near North Road entrance): 7.0, Messrs. Keast and Brighton. Literature will be on sale.

WADDINGTON.—Sunday, July 13, at 3.30, Mr. J. Clayton.

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

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

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The Trust may be benefited by donations of cash, or shares already held, or by bequests. All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of this journal, and may be sent to either the Editor, or to the Secretary of the Trust, Mr. H. Jessop, Hollyshaw, Whitkirk, Nr. Leeds. Any further information concerning the Trust will be supplied on application.

There is no need to say more about the *Freethinker* itself, than that its invaluable service to the Freethought Cause is recognized and acknowledged by all. It is the mouthpiece of militant Freethought in this country, and places its columns, without charge, at the service of the Movement.

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