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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

—	Page
<i>Religion in Fleet Street.—The Editor</i> - - - -	577
<i>The Lure of Landor.—Mimnermus</i> - - - -	578
<i>The Malta Miasma.—Arthur Hughes</i> - - - -	579
<i>Missionaries in China</i> - - - -	581
<i>The Failure of Christianity.—E. Egerton Stafford</i> -	582
<i>Is Humanity Religion's Performing Dog?—John McCrashan</i> - - - -	585
<i>What Is Man?—Ignotus</i> - - - -	587
<i>An Irate Triumvirate.—Cullwick Perrins</i> - - -	588

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

Views and Opinions.

Religion in Fleet Street.

I HAVE said nothing of late concerning Mr. James Douglas of the *Sunday Express*, not because he is less interesting than he was, but mainly because one tires of a dish, however succulent, if it is served too often. I always read him with interest, because he is so completely representative of a type of modern journalist—the type that is willing to write about anything, mainly because the writer really has nothing to say. And when a man has nothing to say, but has also the capacity for saying it in a couple of columns, he is an asset—to a newspaper. He may be trusted never to offend the great unthinking, and he never wearies those for whom he writes because, as Charles II said of a popular preacher of his day and his congregation, his nonsense suits their nonsense. The rest of Mr. Douglas's followers read him, I suspect, with the same amusement that I do. But not with amusement wholly; for from a serious point of view he illustrates certain mental traits that are, unfortunately, very common, very persistent, and which lie at the root of much of the fallacious reasoning abroad on many important questions. Not many would express these fallacies with quite the same crudeness that does Mr. Douglas, but that makes him the more valuable as an example. He is a splendid specimen of some things that ought not to be.

How Man Began.

In the *Sunday Express* for September 7, Mr. Douglas has some running comments on the Presidential Address delivered by Professor Bower before the British Association. Professor Bower had put forward the thesis that the first form of life was of a vegetable nature, and that the secret of subsequent variations might be found in specific vegetable forms

as a starting point. But for these specific variations subsequent animal life, including human life, would not have been what it has been. To the intelligence of Mr. Douglas, this quite plain, but harmless evolutionary statement becomes this:—

In other words, man as well as other mammals was once a vegetable. He might have developed into a tree, but the Creator breathed life into him to enable him to grow into a Homer, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Newton, A Darwin, an Einstein, or a Bower.

There is a good deal of pulpit jargon here, and in substance it is the kind of thing that in the name of Science, and in the interests of Spiritualism, Sir Oliver Lodge is fond of giving us. But really man never was a vegetable, any more than man was ever an ape or anything but a man. Man was never anything but a man. The difference between man and the lower forms of life from which man is derived is not the difference between a half-inflated balloon and a wholly inflated one, so that we always have the same thing, but in the one instance it flops about the ground, and in the other rises in the air. The difference is that between a chemical product and its constituents. I don't know what kind of a picture Mr. Douglas has of the evolutionary process, but the idea that if God has not breathed harder into some vegetables than he did into others, man might never have existed, or conversely, that probably some primitive forms of vegetable life would never have become animal life because God's wind gave out, is really funny. His article does certainly impress one with the (commercial) value of wind.

* * *

Testimonial for God.

I will return to this point again, but had better finish with Mr. Douglas first. What Mr. Douglas wants is a God, and he thinks he gets him by starting off with a much quoted sentence from the close of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, as to the grandeur of the evolutionary view of life when contrasted with the pinchbeck religious theory of creation. "There is," says Darwin, "grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed into a few forms of life, or only one." It would have been only proper for so honourable a gentleman as Mr. Douglas to have pointed out to his readers that Darwin afterwards publicly expressed his regret at having so far yielded to public prejudice as to have used such a term as Creator, by which, he said, he meant no more than happened from some unknown cause. But that would have done away with part of his evidence that evolution rested upon God. In any case Darwin was not quite so silly as to say that God gave one breath which created vegetables, and another longer and stronger breath that made mammals.

Mr. Douglas' second string is General Smuts. I

don't know whether Mr. Douglas has actually read General Smut's *Holism*, or whether he has only read about it. But I am quite certain he does not understand it. General Smuts, says Mr. Douglas, "ascribes a measure of self-direction to every organism, and self-direction has enabled man to grow out of a vegetable." A quite delightful picture of a man imprisoned in a vegetable and pushing his way through. But if Mr. Douglas will read General Smuts, or get someone to explain it to him, he will see that self-direction is only a form of selectivity, and selectivity is shown by organic matter in virtue of its structural properties. In chemistry we do not speak of selectivity but of affinity, and no chemist would question that there is a point at which it is impossible to distinguish between the "affinity" of chemical elements for each other and the selectivity shown by low organic compounds. "Darwin," says Mr. Douglas, "did not expel the Creator with a pitchfork as our grandfathers and grandmothers believed." Well, he left him with nothing to do, and even regretted having used his name, and the difference between not having a God and having one who does nothing, and is not able to do anything, does not seem very important. And as evolution knows nothing of any beginning, but conceives it as a process of eternal change, there does not seem room for a God who commenced the career of living things by blowing them up. I think our grandfathers and our grandmothers had a far keener sense of logic in this connexion than has many of their grandchildren.

* * *

What to Do With God?

Now let me return to the statement about man having been once a vegetable. I said my interest in Mr. Douglas was that he illustrated in his plainly silly way a fallacy that others express in a more sophisticated manner. Originally the religious belief was that God made animals and vegetable forms exactly as they are. All he endowed them with on their own account was the power of procreation and repetition. That was the religious belief, it was the belief on which the Christian religion rested. But the fixity of things was broken down, first in one direction, then in another, until finally it was recognized that everything was in a state of flux, and that nothing at all was fixed. Evolution became an established fact, an unquestionable fact, at least, by anyone who could question it with any degree of authority.

But this left God out, and somehow or other he must be brought in. Well, it was said, since it is clear that we can't have God in the process, why not have him at the beginning? It is true we know nothing of a beginning, but one can't allow theology to perish because of a trifling difficulty of that kind. So God was pictured as endowing primitive material with a definite capacity for development, and impressing it with a sense of direction to go on in the way that culminated in man. So things went on through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom until it came to man. And the justification of evolution was there—the coming of man. Of course, it was all very silly, and very wasteful. For if God wanted man, there seems no reason why he could not have made man at once and have done with it. But God would never have had the kind of followers he has had if he had acted with a reasonable amount of common sense. To again cite one of the most intelligent of our kings, so far as God and his worshippers are concerned, his nonsense must suit their nonsense.

Then comes the final fallacy. The evolutionary process receives justification because it was framed for the production and the education of man. It is not

said, with Mr. Douglas, that man was once a vegetable. That would be too much for anyone, but Mr. Douglas. But it is said that throughout the evolutionary process man was working his way upward, and it is evolution that has made man what he is. But the man they talk of as being developed through the struggle, the waste, the carnage and the cruelty of the evolutionary process, is man the individual. But man the individual is *not* made better. The individual man of the Stone Age was not made better by the struggles and cruelties of his time. It was the species, the race, that learned and benefited. The individuals suffered and passed away, often in complete ignorance of the fact that their sufferings would make for the greater happiness of others, who would probably be, as ignorant, or almost as ignorant of to whom or to what they were indebted for the happiness they enjoy. You cannot justify the evolutionary process by its final term, because the final term does not exist till the end, and between the end and the beginning there are all the intermediate terms, each of which has the same claim to knowledge and happiness as has the final one. On that issue every theistic apology finally breaks.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The Lure of Landor.

"Open your mouth, and shut your eyes, and see what Zeus shall send you."—Aristophanes.

THACKERAY, in the beginning of his delightful lectures on "The Four Georges," makes affectionate mention of an old friend, whose lengthy life extended back into the eighteenth century. "I often thought," he says, "as I took my kind old friend's hand, how, with it, I held on to the old society." Even such a link with the past was Walter Landor, whose virile writings bridge the gulf between great Freethinkers at the commencement and the end of the nineteenth century.

Shelley, who died whilst the century was yet young, was an enthusiastic admirer of Landor; and Swinburne, who lived through this century's last phase, sat at Landor's feet and found inspiration in his wisdom. How lovingly Swinburne refers to the elder writer:—

"I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend."

Nor was this a mere tribute of personal affection. Landor cast the spell of genius upon all who came near him. Southey, who had so many opportunities of judging, has left a magnificent tribute to his memory. De Quincey, Dickens, Emerson and Charles Lamb have all combined in their various ways to render affectionate tribute to that "deep-mouthed Bœotian," as Byron called him. Browning dedicated his "Luria" to Landor. It is given to few to inspire such love among friends, or fear among enemies. Carlyle, visiting him in old age, found him "stirring company" and "a very dignified old man."

Landor's literary activity extended over seventy years. At heart a poet, he embodied revolutionary aspirations in classic language. He was a literary dramatist of great power, and, above all, he was a critic in the widest sense of that much-abused word. The *Imaginary Conversations*, on which competent judges have bestowed unstinted praise, is his masterpiece. There is nothing like it in a thousand years of English literature. It is a great panorama of his-

toric persons, and ranges from such famous characters as Plato in old-world Greece to the classic scholar Porson; Hannibal to David Hume; Seneca to Robert Southey. Landor has painted their portraits with masterly touches; kings and greater than kings, statesmen and syrens, philosophers and prelates, scholars and scientists. There are men and women of all ages and of all types. Epicurus discusses philosophy in his garden; Montaigne smiles at the worthy Scaliger; Melancthon reproves the austere Calvin.

How perfectly, too, has Landor caught one of the tricks of priestcraft in the bitterly ironic conversation between the dissolute Louis XIV. and Pere La Chaise, when the monarch confesses the most heinous crimes and the obsequious confessor imposes the most trifling penances. Scene succeeds scene, the artists' hand never faltering. All go to make a wonderful panorama of history, rich as "a dome of many-coloured glass."

For long Landor's work was "caviare to the general." His masterpiece was ignorantly and venomously described as "the adventures of seven volumes, which are seven valleys of dry bones." Such lack of appreciation is the more remarkable because Landor was a rare genius. In nearly every page of his writing there is high thinking and noble eloquence. Indeed, a well-edited selection of his works would be one of the most beautiful books in the English language. Although Landor addressed a small audience while he lived, he knew his worth: "I shall dine late," he said, "but the drawing room will be well-lighted, the guests few and select."

The chief of Landor's other books are *Pericles* and *Aspasia*, and *The Pentameron*. Another work *The Examination of William Shakespeare for Deer-Stealing*, evoked Charles Lamb's happy epigram, that it could only have been written by "the man who did write it, or he of whom it was written." Landor's poetry is not bulky in quantity, for few poets have won such recognition with such a small nosegay of verse. The exquisite lines on "Rose Aylmer" have found their way into many anthologies and many hearts, while the lines on the death of Charles Lamb form an unforgotten tribute to a brother-genius. The single stanza, in his own individual manner, epitomises his life and aims in four lines:—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks and I am ready to depart."

For those who care for art in literature, Landor's writing, in prose and verse alike, is full of delight. Landor has been called a grand old Pagan, and his sympathies were always secular rather than religious. The eternal arrogance of priests always roused his opposition, and he never forgot Milton's advice that "new presbyter is but old priest writ large." There are many shrewd thrusts at Authority in his writings:—

"The State is founded on follies, the Church on sins."

"The mind has within it temples and porticos and palaces and towers."

"Power has been hitherto occupied in no employment but in keeping down wisdom."

"He who brings a bullock into a city for its sustenance is called a butcher; he who reduces the same city to famine is styled a general or a marshal."

"A hired soldier goes off at another man's setting, as ingloriously as a rat-trap."

"After so many have coldly repeated that vice leads to misery, is there no generous man who will proclaim aloud that misery leads to vice?"

"We may be so much in the habit of bowing as at last to be unable to stand upright."

"We are on earth to learn what can be learnt upon earth, and not to speculate on what never can be."

"Is it not wonderful that the words of eternal life should have hitherto produced only eternal litigation?"

One of Landor's "conversations" closes with the significant words: "There is nothing on earth divine besides humanity." That was the keynote of all his writings, from the time when, at college, he was dubbed "a mad Jacobin," until his death, when he had made an imperishable name for himself. Withal, he was a typical Englishman. A Warwickshire man, he was cradled in the same county as Shakespeare, and there was something of the creator of "Coriolanus" in Landor's genius. Carlyle said finely of one of Landor's best literary efforts, published when the old radical was over eighty years of age: "The sound of it is like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians. The unsubduable old Roman." The last years of Landor's life were spent in peace. On reading of Swinburne's visit to the old man shortly before his death, one is reminded of Turner's supreme picture, "The Fighting Temeraire," where the old battleship is being towed to her last berth, and transfused by the last glance of day's expiring glory.

MIMNERMUS.

The Malta Miasma.

"With that they looked upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, 'I see no danger'; Sloth said, 'Yet a little more sleep'; and Presumption said, 'Every vat must stand upon its own bottom.' And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

To judge by the absence of further news in the Daily Press, the public may have lulled itself into the belief that the Malta imbroglio has been disentangled, cleaned, smoothed out, folded up and nicely packed away; that, in short, everything is now "All Sir Garnet." That belief and the truth are as dissimilar as black and white. Any student of Papal history knows that avenging designs, destined sooner or later to take effect, must be afoot; and that could a peep be taken behind the scenes at the secret conclaves of Rome, one would find the whole congregation of reverend conspirators foaming at the mouth like funeral horses, and supplicating their fabulous Triune for divine guidance as to the most efficient manner in which to deliver a blow at Britain's Constitutional solar plexus.

Still, in some respects one cannot justly wholly indict Rome for her actions. The primal qualification of a Freethinker is to be a *free thinker*. If the door has been left open for abuse, the major part of the blame rests surely upon the negligent and the wilful in our midst. Look at some of the facts.

For years, British Governments and English official life have shown an amount of tolerance to Romish pretensions and to Jesuitical subterranean propaganda within the Bureaucracy, altogether beyond reason for a Church which, by law established, is alien to this country, and is no more entitled to official preferential treatment than is, for instance, Mormonism or Shakism. Secularism does not ask for preference without justly reasoned comparisons for the choice, and could not otherwise accept it if offered.

For long generations a chastened Vatican had been obsequious to the might of its Britannic Governmental superiors; but that same littleness of soul now makes the Roman hierarchy—puffed up with a re-acquired temporal sovereignty—despise the tolerance for which they whined, and suddenly supercilious to the vaunted Protestant State that gave it and is still giving it. The scene changes. This erstwhile applauded

"Classic land of liberty" now invites derision as "The land of classic license." And mark well the following:—

On August 8, 1929, the British Government expressed their "heartfelt congratulation" at Italy's recognition of the restoration of the Pope's temporal power. The British Government has now entered into diplomatic relations with the Vatican; and in the Government Report it is stated:—

His Majesty's Government value highly those frank and cordial relations which they have been fortunate enough to establish with the Holy See, and which they wish, if possible, to see maintained and fortified.

Whose is the tongue that dictated that? A flash of time passes; and in Malta those words of goodwill are flung back into the face of the authors; a democracy responsible for the election of its "guardian legislators" becomes an object of scorn, and the British Throne is insulted! The fires of Smithfield flared in vain. Drake is a myth; and Macaulay's "Armada" pæan, beloved of generations of schoolboys, is merely a piece of consummate mockery.

It is not generally known that some years ago Lady Strickland presented to the Roman Catholic Church the sum of £100,000 with which to found a College in Malta. For this beneficence, Lord Strickland some eighteen months ago—representative over-seas of the might (?) of Britain—was refused, in the name of Christ and of the "Queen of Heaven," audience of the Pope; his Imperial authority in Malta has been openly flouted, and attempts since made upon his life. Stands England where she did? Has an inferiority and funk complex seized the brain of the Nation?

It is a reasonable conjecture from all the collated circumstances, that the designation, "Defender of the Faith," is being subtly forced to slither back to its original significance. So far, this occurrence presented to our observation, seems to have escaped the attention it deserves. Criticism, however, at this stage may be premature; but when the commotion is subsided, the causative and contributory ferments within the realm will be surely spotted by the lynx-eye of Secularism. Juggling with the Constitution is a slippery slope, at the end of which is the bar of public supremacy and opinion no matter what may be the station of the artificers.

Meantime, the soul of the people may rot in despair while the questions of Secular Education, the Blasphemy Act repeal, Divorce and Marriage Law Reform, and other urgent social adjustments appear to be merely inter-party Ping-pong with the Lords Spiritual as grinning umpires. The swift enactment into law of these three legislative proposals would be the best answer to the Maltese truculence of the Universal Church of Thuggee for ever with its holy thumb at the throat of every nation. It seems inconceivable that a sane world has ever permitted this Thing to exist.

It is but a few years ago that a "righteously indignant" Press screamed eternal vengeance upon the authors of the singular incident of the "scrap of paper." But that Press, which through its daily and weekly sanctimonious homilies throws a sop to Cerberus while worshipping at the shrine of Circulation and Revenue, is sepulchraly silent upon the actions of a Church which tears up, and has torn up by the ream, her own indited vows with the same facility as she has forged her wretched decretals.

In this year of (dis)grace, 1930, the Church, with a nauseating pretence of abhorrence at the mere thought of divorce, can, and does, fabricate and provide no less than sixteen subterfuges, under the euphemism

of "annulments." Recently a seventeenth has been added. The "Unchangeable Church" changes with every twist of her moral kaleidoscope—for money. Any one of these dishonest shifts or expedients can be "prepared" and promulgated that utterly breaks up, disintegrates and disperses a family; and, in what should be a moral unit in a well-ordered society, the living offsprings, conceived in all connubial honour, become automatically and brutally branded by "Holy Church" as "adulterine bastards"—for money. Thus, under the Ægis of Christ, commingle Spiritual Faith and Filth. But what have these things to do with Malta? Everything. The world is still living within the shadow of an accursed past.

Listen. Under our cruel Separation Laws, upheld by the Church, a yearly average of 15,000 couples are separated in our Courts, and 30,000 human wrecks in consequence hurled into the social maelstrom. There is no calculus of grief and pain. The great majority of these will never return to a common marital life. And who can compute the moral danger to society of this annual army of disappointed and sex-hungry citizens—let loose to corrupt the body and mind of the youth of the nation—to form irregular unions and people the land with illegimates? During the war the Compulsory Military Service Laws revealed a state of affairs that staggered the sociologist and the thoughtful; but the Church held up its hands in hypocritical piety and condemned these victims of the very laws for which it is truly responsible. Can a King of all the Britons view with complacency the prospect of the bastardization of his kingdom? Where can be the pride of kingship over a human farmyard? It is difficult to write or even to think of these things and preserve one's judgment and sober reason.

In Malta we have some thousands of the Military, Navy and Air Forces on duty. If a service man wishes to marry a Maltese he has to swear that the children shall not be brought up in the Protestant Religion of the State under which he serves; that the parties shall not afterwards present themselves for a further marriage ceremony in a Protestant Church, and that if they are married only in such a Church they are regarded as living in sin and their children pronounced illegitimate. Can you beat that for "tolerance"? It happens under the Union Jack—proudly fluttering in the Mediterranean breeze.

Malta is the writing on the wall for both the British Throne and British Democracy if they have the perspicacity to see it and to understand it, the wisdom and courage to crush the venomous priestly toad, and to care not for the Triple jewel that is in its head. The Vatican recognizes no reciprocal obligation or *quid pro quo* for any monarchical favours or political advantages bestowed upon her; or for communal or civic goodwill; or for any acts of grace, forbearance or friendly disposition, or for even manifestations of affection from her own votaries when "necessity," which to her "knows no law" calls for a volte-face. The Rock of St. Peter must stand inviolate. As well might one attempt to dispute with a gore-bespattered, bloody-mouthed tigress as to the dietetic advantages of vegetarianism. *She knows.*

No Party System, or strategy, or tactics is invulnerable against a great conception and a great chief. The spirit of the leaders of Freethought of the past still lives; and the world-forces of Secularism are today coalescing beyond any power of arrestation. Let that fatal truth ring in your ears, O Church of shabby splendours! In that fact lies the real hope of humanity. It should be a trumpet-call to the legions of International Freethinkers to sink their racial, political and personal differences and close their ranks to meet the shock of the coming impact presaged by the Malta experiment.

Secularism shall deal with "Holy Church." It is the only way. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.*

ARTHUR HUGHES.

Missionaries in China.

IF people say that in Shanghai there are more heathens, more sinners, more concubines than anywhere else in the world, there are also more missionaries. Before going to China I cannot remember having seen a missionary. Of course I had met some of the millionaire soul-savers of Honolulu; but somehow the opulent Castles and the Youngs and the Bishops of that town never seemed to me to be of true missionary calibre. The first hero of the true line I encountered in China made a vastly different impression on me.

It was in the lobby of the Navy Y.M.C.A. I was waiting to greet an old gob whose acquaintance I had made in Hawaii. Suddenly there appeared before me a man wearing a shiny alpaca coat, baggy trousers and dusty shoes. Under his arm was a bundle of tracts, which he was distributing among the sailors. In his eyes there was the gleam of one who has found God, and the fact that they were badly crossed somewhat enhanced their zealous effect. It is said, indeed, that because of this infirmity the rev. gentleman has been particularly successful as an evangelist, for every time he gazes down upon an auditor and asks him if he will stand up for Jehovah, two men rise from their seats. He addressed himself to me as follows:—

"My friend, excuse me for this intrusion, but may I ask if you know your Saviour?"

They really talk like that! Although he spoke like a caricature, he was obviously serious and I replied in the same spirit, confessing that my religious education had been neglected.

"You are a traveller?" Yes. He hurried on.

"So are we all, all travellers on the great road of life. And all of us need a companion, a Jesus Christ. He has helped me; He has helped millions of others; He can help you if you will acknowledge His presence. Jesus is living in us always—" And so on. Through all the bathos he continued, as subtle as a popgun.

After reciting his piece, the missionary handed me a tract, which contained, "in simplest language possible, the good news of salvation from sin through the Son of God, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." More than 5,000,000 such tracts are distributed each year by Protestant missions in China, most of them paid for by Americans at home, who fancy that they are thereby accomplishing a splendid good. But the actual speed of proselytization in the country may be judged by the fact that after more than a century of effort, the net result to-day is but 700,000 communicants claimed by Protestant Christian crusaders. That many of these are rice Christians—professing the faith with the hope of snapping up an occasional square meal—no one doubts. But even regarding them all as *bona fide* converts, at this rate of progress we may hope to see China a Protestant Christian nation some 500 centuries hence!

Of the 4,000 Protestant missionaries in China to-day about 700 live in Shanghai. The foreign business man sees little of most of them, or of their work. Cross-eyed Larson, the disciple who approached me in the Navy Y, is the only one I have seen bothering about the future of his own backsliding nationals, and he confines his effort largely to sailors and soldiers. But he is an independent, attached to no church. He preaches the Lord's will on gratuities from friends in America.

The most exciting of recent events in Shanghai evangelical circles was the arrival of one, Edward Carter, a coloured brother. He was a great favourite with Chinese who could not afford the price of admission to a foreign cinema. Of him I read in the latest China Christian Year-Book:—

Edward Carter, African by descent, uninvited but apparently providentially sent, arrived in Shanghai. His first meetings were held in Martyr's Memorial Hall: for the first week under missionary auspices, but for the second week under those of the Y.M.C.A. The hall was well filled each afternoon. A number professed conversion and a few were healed in answer to prayer and anointing with oil. Mr. Carter was a comedian before his conversion, earning \$275 per week; hence he was well skilled in interesting his audience. This skill he now consecrates to the Lord's service.

I read further how Brother Carter's evangelical drive so impressed his white colleagues that he was invited to make appearances at Nanking, Yu Yao and Ningpo. He scored his greatest success at Ningpo, where:—

Five days ran into ten and 3,000 persons were reported to have been affected. The Presbyterian Church, which seats 1,000 people, was too small to accommodate the audience. Women walked long distances on their bound feet, only to find no seating room.

Brother Carter could not speak nor write Chinese, but that was a minor handicap. Through music, the universal language, he first roused his audience to a receptive frame of mind. And then:—

What was new in his meetings was the emphasis laid on singing by himself and the congregation. Although the meetings were for the Chinese, most of whom knew but little English, the singing was in English. Mr. Carter was fortunate in having his addresses translated by a very sympathetic interpreter. At least once the interpreter was a woman; in every case a Chinese. Mr. Carter's prayers for the sick and anointing with oil in evangelistic meetings was a rather unusual feature.

The missionary who wrote that account for home consumption knew quite well that it was not Brother Carter's rib-ticklers, nor his anointings with oil, nor his "message" that attracted his audience. It was his dark skin. To the Chinese a black man is full of mystery. He is good joss in Taoism. He will draw a crowd wherever he goes.

Shanghai recently has been visited by several other evangelists. The Rev. Joseph Flacks, a converted Jew, came with the burning ambition of "reviving all the churches and then evangelizing non-Christians." He exhausted himself in the revivals, and "all attempts to reach non-Christians proved unavailing." Professor Kuramada, a convert from Tokio, acquitted himself with greater honour, being responsible for about seventy of his countrymen accepting and serving Christ. Last Autumn one Leland Wang conducted a series of revivals in which he exhorted several thousand attentive orientals to heed the call of their Lord. They listened patiently, kept their seats, and accepted the free literature and the free food, but there were no converts.

Many of the missionaries in Shanghai may be found in the six-story Missions Building, headquarters of the amalgamated Christian holy men in China. Their duties range from those of treasurers handling large sums annually, to the job of stamping Bibles and tracts with indelible mission heraldry. Among them are some wealthy hierarchs, rivaling the exploiters who looted the Hawaiians while confounding them with the wonder of "salvation from sin through the Son of God, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Cluttered with unnecessary servants, their

homes are expensively furnished and from them they travel back and forth in imported motor cars. They enjoy membership in the American Club and the Columbia Country Club; they smoke large cigars and grow to resemble them in girth and mentality. They have made their money in Shanghai real estate. They provide elaborate and fashionable weddings for their daughters and furnish them with rich dowries, insuring marriage with the Best Families.

All the while, a few hundred miles to the northwest, 20,000,000 Chinese are waiting to be "delivered"—not *via* the glorious pathway of our Lord—the Taoist promise of a Jade City is to them more alluring than the Christian Heaven; what they seek is rescue from starvation. They plead only for a meagre cup of millet a day.

Hard to put down in even the most devout American breast is the acquisitive instinct. Far in the interior you will find missionaries who have built for themselves houses in every respect modern, usually the most substantial in their communities. Throughout China the average missionary has three or four minions at his bidding, his table is set with the best that the land provides, his children—and he propagates more rapidly than the Chinese—are sent abroad to college.

But the future of Christian endeavour does not appear too roscate. Hostility against the foreign dominions shows such a bristling face that all but a few of the outposts have been deserted. The brethren are running for the coast towns and treaty ports as fast as their legs will carry them. The government at present is too weak-kneed openly to declare against Christianity, although the Kuomintang itself is virulent in its denunciations of "Christian imperialism." The Nationalists have gone so far as to forbid compulsory religious instruction in mission schools; they have threatened to withdraw registration privileges from the Shanghai Baptist College and Gin-ling University (Nanking) because this order has been ignored. In Christian schools, numerous student strikes, organized by communists and the Kuomintang, have greatly interfered with proselyting. As Christian propaganda the Kuomintang has banned such films as "Ben Hur" and "The Ten Commandments."

From the "American Mercury."

THE "INHUMAN" SCIENTIFIC MIND.

It is a curious fact that the scientific mind and the activities of the reasoning faculty are so frequently written down as "inhuman." Actually, this "cold" power of abstraction, this "inhuman" reason, is the one emergent property which the human species possesses, while our warm "human" emotions we share with the brutes. There can be no reasonable doubt that other mammals are subject to the same kinds of passions, feel the same sorts of emotions, as we ourselves. . . . But the capacity to subtract eleven from twenty-four, to grasp that the earth is round and the sun ninety million miles away, to understand general statements such as that Honesty is the Best policy; to attach any meaning to abstract terms such as Space or Truth—this is all distinctively and exclusively human.—*The Science of Life*, by H. G. Wells, J. Huxley and G. P. Wells.

Power is not happiness. Security and peace are more to be desired than a name at which nations tremble.

Godwin.

The concealment of truth is the only indecorum known to science.—*Westermarck.*

The Failure of Christianity.

ONE of the most remarkable things in connexion with the history of Christianity is the fact that every now and then thousands of Christians discover that Christian teaching is very much in the wrong and Christianity in practical life is very largely a failure. This takes place in spite of the fact of Christianity being claimed as a divine revelation.

The failure and the error in teaching are not candidly and openly admitted in the sense of acknowledging that it is time Christianity was given up as being inadequate to the demands of modern life. This aspect of the situation is set aside or covered up by talk of "re-adjustment," and the need for a new "orientation" in order to bring the everlasting and essential gospel of Christianity into line with the newly discovered aspects of truth. As if an everlasting revelation could ever be altered. Consequently, we are faced with the spectacle of numerous men and women still professing to be Christians, in the sense of believing that Christianity is the true religion sent direct from God Almighty, and yet setting themselves to alter its teachings and make them fit in with their own ideas of what Christianity ought to be. They throw overboard whatever doctrines fail to fit in with their own sentiments and grate against their own sensitive intellectual development, while they retain whatever fits in with their ideas of modern religious requirements, and add all sorts of theories that have nothing to do with Christianity as it has previously been understood. The Atheist who candidly rejects the whole of the Christian teachings and thinks out his own theory of the universe, as an honest man, is vilified. The modern Christian, whose teachings in many things would send an early Christian mad from fright, is in the eyes of himself and co-religionist a noble product of the Gospel of Christianity. Thus the game goes on, and somehow, in some form or other, Christianity which ought long ago to have become a relic of human thought, is kept going as if it were the same old body of doctrine from its early days up to the present time. Survivals of its early teachings are mingled with modern non-Christian theories, and we are treated to the farce that God is unfolding his real and only truth before the eyes of men.

No attempt is made to grasp the fact that if there is a divine revelation which has been delivered once and for all for the salvation of man, it must be true for all time. It cannot be altered by a body of bishops numbering 307, or by half a dozen theologians who have taken upon themselves to enlighten their own God as to what he should say to mankind.

One cannot say too emphatically that if a revelation of the way to heaven is to be a *real* revelation it must be complete, certain, and final. A so-called revelation, which, as the theologians would say, unfolds and expands with the development of the human mind, is of less certainty than the findings of the human mind in science and philosophy. Nobody knows what the revelation really is, and consequently different sections of Christians each claim to have the one and only; and there is no magic wand by which the right one can be disclosed.

It would be very difficult to estimate the number of times thousands of Christians have made the discovery that Christianity is wrong, or that God in his ignorance needs to be put right with regard to Christianity, but the number must be very high.

Quite recently, after about sixty years of many trials and tribulations, much prayerful and no doubt tearful, thinking, it was realized that millions of

Christians had been praying in the wrong way. It was ultimately decided that the right way should be adopted, but, as the light of Christian teaching shone none too brightly in that direction it was found expedient in the interests of the Church to retain the old way of prayer as well.

Up to date, we have just had three hundred and seven Anglican bishops debating in secret as to how they should put Christianity right. They have not said it is seriously wrong, in so many words, but it must be wrong if they are going to rectify it. Why there should be just 307 bishops, and why they should all be Anglican, if Christianity is really God's religion, is a puzzle that no one seems able to answer. One suspects that no God has any say in the matter. It is after all just a Church of England business meeting, held for the purpose of finding out how best to keep the old firm going, in the face of modern competition, scientific and otherwise.

If it were candidly admitted by the Lambeth Conference that the Church of England is nothing but a body of people who are trying to find a working religious interpretation of the universe, by ordinary human methods, the situation would not be so serious. This, however, is not the case. It is still claimed that the Church of England is Christian, and that Christianity is of divine origin. Yet in spite of this, a conference of three hundred and seven bishops has sat in secret trying to decide what the future teaching of Christianity is to be.

There should be no need of this performance if Christianity is the true religion, sent to reveal the way of life to all mankind. The bishops need only to go on teaching the true gospel until the end of their days, but if this is pointed out, and attention is drawn to the impudence of holding a conference in order to rectify God's teaching, what is the result? We are, as hinted above, treated to eyewash about a "new orientation" to truth being required, or about the development of modern intelligence having made possible a further glorious unfolding of the mysteries of divine revelation.

We are not told frankly that the teachings of Christianity are not suited to the mental requirements of an intelligent member of modern society, and that religion cannot be squared with the findings of science. No; the story is quite otherwise.

According to the *News-Chronicle* (August 15, 1930) the Lambeth Conference Encyclical says: "There is much in the scientific and philosophic thinking which provides a climate more favourable to faith in God than has existed for generations."

This is not true; because the more science develops and the more philosophy becomes clear and comprehensive in its unification of our knowledge of the universe, the less and less does the chance of verifying Christianity become.

Unfortunately it is almost impossible for us to get the bishops to realize that Christianity has failed as a revelation if it has to be put right at various times; and consequently we have presented to us such misleading statements as those about re-adjustment to modern conditions, and science creating a favourable atmosphere for religion.

E. EGERTON STAFFORD.

(To be concluded.)

Nothing is more to me than myself.—*Max Stirner.*

Justice is the sum of all moral duty.—*Godwin.*

Acid Drops.

There is nothing like cheek. A band of forty-five Cambridge students suffering from some of the obscure pangs of adolescence and burning to capture the world for Christ has invaded Bradford. They had the impudence to apply for permission to visit the schools and address the children. The Education Committee properly declined to give permission for any such display. We should like to know exactly what the Bishop of Bradford has had to do with this move.

A "modern young Christian journalist" has been asked by a religious weekly to explain why it is difficult to capture the younger generation for the Church. He leads off thus:—

What is wrong with the Church, then, that such a large proportion of young men and women turn from it? We may blame the cinema and the motor-cycle for the loss of the merely shallow. But when it comes to the intelligent and enthusiastic folk, I fear we must seek the faults nearer home.

After this, he sets out the various thing with which modern youth is dissatisfied in regard to the Church. Youth, he says, wants a "share in the councils of the Church. The hymns are, many of them, out of touch with the spirit of the age. The modes of worship want revising; and so on. But we can tell this young Christian journalist that the things he mentions are not the real reasons why the intelligent portion of youth stays outside; such things are merely the excuses by which the young people dodge making the confession that they no longer believe in the religion taught by the Church. The modern young people may be candid nowadays. But while they have many Christian friends, and perhaps a Christian employer, they think it unwise to express their belief in religion. That sort of candour is too dangerous.

Sir Harry Lauder says that God "called" him to his work as an entertainer. That may be true, but we have an idea that Sir Harry had something to do with fixing the price he was to be paid.

Our contributor, Mr. J. M. Stuart Young, sends a copy of a letter from a native teacher attached to a Roman Catholic Church in Onitsha, Nigeria, in which the writer says he is not able to pay a particular debt because it is a rule that no teacher be paid his salary until he has carried twenty loads of sand to be used in the construction of a new church that is being built. That is one method of enforced labour, in the name of Christ and him crucified, and a method that is not usually noted in reports of missions.

We fancy that supporters of these foreign missions would open their eyes if they knew the extent to which many of the missionaries, and missions, engage in trading and planting. Very little on this head is said, because to do so means powerful religious opposition, and white men abroad, particularly those engaged in planting and trading are often less ready to expose religious methods abroad than they are at home.

Newspapers must be filled somehow or other and the special correspondent of the *News-Chronicle* does his bit—bless him. He reports a sermon by Pastor Werner Kasser delivered amid the eternal snows of Jungfranjoeh at a height of over 11,000 feet. We should be most interested to learn how many feet over 11,000 the height actually was—merely for the sake of precision, but the report makes good reading with the thermometer at 90 degrees. The pastor preached from the 12th Chapter of St. Luke on the winds:—

When ye see a cloud rise out of the West, straightway ye say: "There cometh a shower."

Now this sermon may explain the storm on Friday night that deprived nearly everyone of sleep in the village of London, and the altitude (for which see above) may have given the pastor a better chance of getting a hearing. All the same, as they say in the country, there is a difference between scratching and tearing oneself to pieces.

The *Passing Show* is Job's comforter to the parsons. An ingenious method out of their troubles is suggested in the following piece of good advice:—

A parson complains of the great number of pennies in his Sunday collections. Perhaps this will lead to the local bank doing something to remedy this serious shortage of halfpennies.

There is nothing like help in a good cause.

Men, declares a Wesleyan journal, "have an incurable tendency to idealize the past, and there is nothing like the study of history for the correction of depression." Following our friend's lead, we may say: Some men have a tendency to idealize the Church and the Christian religion; but there is nothing like an impartial study of the history of the Christian Church and religion in practice throughout the ages for the dispelling of that illusion.

On the authority of a young Welsh Methodist, we learn that youth is not against the "spiritual truths of Christianity," but against the "false substitutes" which is so often presented to youth. Well, we don't quite see how the young people can judge which are which. If the parsons, who claim to be divinely inspired, haven't been able to discriminate the one from the other all these hundreds of years, how can uninspired youth do so now?

That the Christian religion gives a squint to the human brain should be self-evident to intelligent people, after listening to the Rev. C. L. Tudor, of Northampton, who says:—

People who are doing their utmost to bring about cheaper divorces are veritable devils.

The blessed consolation vouchsafed by the Christian religion to the unhappily married is that they must learn to bear their unhappiness with Christian fortitude and resignation. What the unhappily married must understand is that it is frightfully sinful to seek disunion, after the good Lord has, once for all, joined them unhappily together.

Librarians declare that more books are being read. This is good, up to a point. There would, however, be greater cause for satisfaction if one knew that books were being selected more discriminately, and more books were being read more critically and intelligently. But to expect this of the new reading public is perhaps to expect rather too much. It should be remembered that State education doesn't set out to provide instruction in the real art of reading. If otherwise were the case, the present publications of the syndicated Press would be less "popular."

News comes to hand of a man who saved a dog from drowning and was rewarded by the dog with a bite. According to Christian theory, no good deed ever goes unrewarded. But in case the bitten benefactor should be inclined to question the truth of the theory, we mention that it rests entirely with the Lord as to the form the reward shall take. There is, of course, a possibility of the bite being explained in another way. The Lord desired that his reward should be as fully deserved as possible.

Someone has asked: Has thinking anything to do with the brain? The question appears to be a sigh from the heart of one who has grown tired with reading many sermons and religious journals.

Stoke Newington now has a bye-law against the loud-speaker nuisance. By an oversight, it does not apply also to the Salvation Army loud-speaker nuisance. England being a Christian country, any sort of nuisance can be committed in the name of Jesus. In theory, the Christian believes in a Sunday of peace and quiet. In practice, his church-bells, Salvation bands, and howling street-corner preachers make Sunday the very reverse of peaceful, the Christian always has had difficulty in making his practice coincide with his theory.

Mr. Kennedy Williamson, in a religious journal, suggests that:—

What we call character is made up of a myriad of small verdicts, choices not merely between the good and the bad, but also between the good and the best.

Assuming this to be so, we think Mr. Williamson goes astray when he implies that the Christian religion gives a man's character a bias towards "the best." What that religion really does is to prevent men acquiring a rational sense of values. For evidence of this, one may appeal to Christian history. To any impartial student, the evil wrought by the "good" men of the Christian Churches, the truly pious, under the influence of their religion, is simply appalling. The assumption that Christian character is the acme of perfection is merely an egoistic Christian delusion.

The Anglican Bishops' Report excited a weekly paper into supplying the following piece of eloquence:—

The Report is a very cheering sign of progress, showing that the shackles of narrow beliefs and ancient error are being discarded, and that the truth is making the Churches free, and leading to a new Land of Promise.

While jumping for joy, our contemporary should not lose sight of the fact that the Christian world would have been better off to-day, if only God had not permitted "narrow beliefs and ancient error" to persist for hundreds of years. Then, again, if the bishops really have acquired some new truth, undoubtedly it was inspired by modern scientific knowledge and thought. This being the case, sensible people will in future prefer to gather new truth at first hand from the scientist. They will not only get it sooner, but get it without its being partially discoloured by having passed through the shackled minds of Christian bishops.

Mr. James Ogden, President of a Sunday school organization, declares that "the greatest charm of the Sunday schools is the glorious fact that every teacher is a volunteer, gladly giving time, talents and service for the Maker they love." We fail to see any special merit in that, since the Sunday school teacher hopes to receive from his God special consideration and favours for his labour, either in this world or in another. On the other hand, the Freethought propagandist is more deserving of commendation. Unlike the Sunday school teacher, he devotes time, talents and service to his cause with no hope of a reward, save that of inward satisfaction at having relieved human minds from irrational fears and hopes.

Writing about the "revolt of youth," the Rev. Ernest Braham says that:—

There has been no more significant movement throughout the world than the rising of youth to a sense of its own power and rights, as well as its profound dissatisfaction with the systems of practice and thought which are respected by their elders.

One thing is certain, this new movement has not received its inspiration from the religion of Jesus or from the Churches. For, as the parsons admit, a large proportion of youth is outside the Churches' influence. We think we can rightly say that the inspiration of the new movement is derived largely from the writings of men of an older generation who have come under the influence of Freethought.

National Secular Society.

THE FUNDS of the National Secular Society are now legally controlled by Trust Deed, and those who wish to benefit the Society by gift or bequest may do so with complete confidence that any money so received will be properly administered and expended.

The following form of bequest is sufficient for anyone who desires to benefit the Society by will:—

I hereby give and bequeath (*Here insert particulars of legacy*), free of all death duties to the Trustees of the National Secular Society for all or any of the purposes of the Trust Deed of the said Society, and I direct that a receipt signed by two of the trustees of the said Society shall be a good discharge to my executors for the said legacy.

Any information concerning the Trust Deed and its administration may be had on application.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. G. BARTRAM.—Your lecture notice did not reach us until Wednesday. Too late to be of use.
- F. J. GODSON.—Neither strict Buddhism, nor strict Confucianism has any teaching concerning Gods, but some modern forms appear to be mixed up with all sorts of superstitions. Atheism has nothing to say about the "origin of everything." Such an expression is quite meaningless. We venture to refer you to Mr. Cohen's *Atheism or Theism*, in which the whole subject is discussed at length.
- S. LANG.—We send the *Freethinker* to quite a number of public libraries without making any charge whatsoever.
- H. ELLIOT.—We note that *The Protestant Alliance Magazine* has changed its name to *The Reformer*. It is not likely to trace its line through Bradlaugh's *National Reformer*. Nor do we think it is likely to earn the right to so honourable a pedigree.
- H. MATHIE.—We should not like to say what are the relations between Freethinking employers and Freethinking employees. It would vary with the individuals. It would be like discussing the relations between Presbyterians and the weather.

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. Rosetti, 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.

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.

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

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

Sugar Plums.

We beg to call the attention of readers in South Wales to the debate that will take place on Friday, September 19, in the Gwyn Hall, Neath, between Mr. Cohen and the Rev. D. Richards on "Is the Christian Conception of God Reasonable?" The chair will be taken at 7.30. Mr. Richards is well known locally, we believe he is a parliamentary candidate for the constituency, and is said to be a good speaker and debater. So much the better. Prices of admission are 1s. and 6d. These may be obtained at the doors, or from Mr. K. E. Skinner, 7 Leonard Street, Neath.

Mr. Cohen's opponent in the debate at the Queen's Hall, on Sunday, October 12, is Mr. Barbanell, one of the best known lecturers on Spiritualism, and a Vice-President of the Spiritualist National Union. We are promised a good discussion. Mr. Barbanell has quite a good reputation on the platform, and the audience will thus have a chance of hearing the best that can be said on behalf of survival, and said in the best way.

Another debate in which Mr. Cohen is engaged in the near future will be one with Canon Elliot, at Bolton, on November 17, in the Spinner's Hall. The subject will be "Will Secularism Benefit Humanity?" With these debates added to Mr. Cohen's usual lectures and writings he looks like having a busy autumn.

There is great deal about Mr. Cohen in this column, but in the circumstances this is unavoidable. So we must gain call attention to the series of four lectures on "God and Man," which he will deliver in Liverpool on September 28, October 5, 19 and 26. The first lecture will be given in the Picton Hall, the remaining three in the Transport Hall, 41 Islington. There will be reserved seats at 1s., with course tickets at 3s. 6d. We hope local friends will do what they can to make these meetings well known.

From a notice in the *Lancashire Daily Post*, we see that an individual who announced himself as the President of the National Secular Society, the second in ninety years, and who was referred to by a female companion as "the Doctor," made his appearance in Preston Market place. The man is, of course, an imposter, and if he is the one whom we think, we advise Freethinkers all over the country to be careful in giving him their support.

We are asked to announce that a marble casket to the memory of T. J. Thurlow, has been placed by his family in the Columbarium in the City of London Cemetery, Ilford. The casket bears the inscription, "I have Chosen the Truth." Something more distinctive might have been chosen, but probably some objection would have been raised by the Cemetery authorities. We may have more to say on the powers of the Cemetery Committee on this head later, but as the matter in which the Secular Society is concerned is under discussion, we prefer to wait awhile before speaking.

We are asked to announce that the East Lancashire Rationalist Association will begin its winter course of lectures on Sunday afternoon, September 28, at 2.30, at 28 Bridge Street, Burnley, and to ask those interested to help make the lectures and discussion successful.

We note in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* an article on "Street Orators of long ago," by our old friend, J. G. Bartram. There must be few people on Tyneside now alive better qualified to write on that topic than is Mr. Bartram. Unfortunately we understand that certain parts of the article have been deleted. Probably there would be rather too much Freethought in it.

Is Humanity Religion's Performing Dog?

THE power to create new truths, and to enrich the resources of universal thought, is the highest function of the individual. Accordingly, in asking and answering the above question, as to whether or not humanity is really, in its present phase, Religion's performing dog. I am attacking the whole poisonously parsonical idea that God is a sort of absolutist Yardstick of the universe; and I am creating, instead, the new truth that the universe is a sort of sponge, which absorbs and expresses man like a sort of living water: whilst man, in turn, is a sort of equally living sponge which absorbs sensation, and so achieves his own retreat and re-emerges from the most secret parts of the universe.

For instance, I am writing this article in gaol. Now, a prison may very well be defined as one of the most "secret parts" of our own particular social universe. Yet I am here, myself, like a veritable living water, because an Australian Federal judge has found me to be guilty of contempt of Court, and because he thinks, apparently, that a certain period of seclusion within the walls of this stony sponge, miscalled a State Penitentiary, will induce me, by some externally compulsory act of will, to squeeze out, for his judicial dignity's benefit, certain facts which the spongoid cells of my brain, once more, contain.

Of course, he very much mistakes his man. But since I am in prison to-day, and am indeed likely to remain here for some considerable time, it occurs to me, as I look up or down the long perspective from gaol to judge, and from judge, again, to the holy parson's fictitious Moloch of a God, that it is a good idea to-day to examine humanity in the concrete, and to find out if it be true, as I say that it is true, that the Christian half or lesser fraction of mankind, is merely Jehovah's performing dog.

In the first place, what is man? Why, man is a world-using animal. And what is the real world? Of course, it is a world where we can exercise the functions of our will. The parsonical Christians, then, seeing all evil to consist in the individual functioning of the will, divide up this universe of reality into a sort of three-storey edifice, the top floor of which is heaven. Whilst the middle floor is our present phase of human life; the basement, as I need scarcely add, being the allegedly awesome territory of hell.

What then is heaven? Why heaven, it would appear to me, is the place where there are no barriers or effective obstacles whatever to the instantaneous assertion, and discharge of the volitional functions of the parsonical or the priestly will. It is a sort of vacuum, in brief, where an abstract but enormous sponge, called God, instantly and completely absorbs every drop of volition discharged by the Pope's, priest's, or parson's will.

What, therefore, is earth, or this current mesodynamic existence of ours? Why, earth, equally, of course, is the place where millions of malignant super-devils, such as you and I, automatically refuse to act as individual social sponges or excheting-places for the depositing of the Pope's or parson's will. In a word, we bona fide living and thinking beings claim the right to absorb and to re-express such volition charges or sensations as appear to be most agreeable and experimentally convenient to us. We are bad conductors of the holy electricity. We say, in effect, alike to the Pope and the Protestant

parson: "Sir, your amusing fiction of a vast spongoid receptacle of your Papal or your priestly will, upstairs, is a fiction and nothing more. It has been very ingenious of you, of course, to divide up this universe into a sort of three-floor boarding-house, with your purely supposititious super-sponge of volition-receiving God—on the top floor; and it has been still more ingenious, upon your part, to train so large a share of humanity to run upstairs, and to put its paws to its nose like a performing dog; but your syllogism, upon the whole, is a very bad one, and the analysis of your own continuum gives nothing but a bad-tempered boarding-house-keeper's explanation of your basement theory of a Purgatory, or hell."

What, then, is hell? Why, hell is the place, according to the Papal and the Christo-Protestant lay-out of the universe, where all those bad, wicked, obtuse persons are thrust who, upon this earth, by their thoughts, deeds, wishes or spoken words, frustrate and defeat the complete discharge of the Pope's and parson's will. The good, meek, entirely humble Christians, upon the other hand, are the "good conductors" of the priestly current of pulpit-electricity. We are the bad, bold, base Freethinkers, Atheists, *et al*, who by our contumacious attitude bring about an abrupt short-circuit of the holy electricity. Therefore, we are damned. Therefore, hell is indeed the proper and the only place for us. Just as the wretched "slavery," for instance, is thrust by the typical boarding-house-keeper into the lowest depths of the basement, so does the priestly and the Papal wrath condemn all those who "sin," or disbelieve, to a prolonged exposure, underground, to the heat of the purgatorial fires.

The Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury, it, of course, follows, are simply a pair of very smug and very respectable religious boarding-house-keepers; chiefly remarkable for the antiquity of their ideas upon hygiene, and for the length and pertinacity of their tongue's eternal clack. Now, that reminds me. About four or five miles away from this State Penitentiary, at a place beside the sea called Coogee, there lives a friend of mine named Dennis Lees. And Mr. Dennis Lees, as anyone may imagine, is a very amiable and very-pious old sporting Irishman. Furthermore, Mr. Lees owns a rough-haired sheep-dog named Bluey.

Now, what are the points about Bluey? Why, they are essentially these. Namely, that Bluey has been so carefully trained, by Mr. Lees, from the first days of his puphood, and has so completely responded in the obedience of his humble doghood, to the spirit and to the practical method of that training, that he has actually ceased to be a genuine dog; and has become, as it were, a mere process of the Leesian will; spending his whole existence in waiting for orders, and quite unable, of his own accord, to run about or bark or play.

For instance, there is a little park at Coogee, beside the sea, where Mr. Lees and I, under normal conditions, very often sit. Now there are many rustic tables, seats, etc., available in this pleasant little park for the use of pic-nic parties. But Bluey the sheep-dog never runs about therein, nor even moves one inch from his owner and trainer's side, except at the word of command. If, for example, Mr. Dennis Lees takes out his pipe and quietly observes: "Bluey, will you please go over to that third seat, and stop there and say your prayers," Bluey departs like a flash. Up go his paws upon the back of the seat. Down goes his nose, in the entirely typical cringing Christian attitude, between his paws. *And Bluey, the dog, will stop there like that, in the holy performance of such trick of prayer, mark you, until*

such time as Mr. Dennis Lees tells Bluey that prayers are over.

There we have the complete psychological map of the dog-mentality of the holy Christian. Our English-speaking churches, the world over, are filled with countless hosts of two-legged, obediently sub-human Blueys. They have learnt, one and all, in the period of their own comparative pup-hood, to put their noses between their paws, and to go through a solemn hocus-pocus of alleged prayer, at the word of command. The so-called infidel or follower of Mahomet, therefore, is entirely right when he thinks and speaks of all Christians, collectively, as dogs. For they *are* dogs—trained dogs, every one of them—at the core. Nor that the follower of Mahomet is necessarily any better. For he, too, similarly goes through a set of trainer's tricks, whenever he kneels in prayer, with his magic carpet spread towards the east.

Now, a dog-minded, utterly docile humanity is a very dangerous thing. In Malta, at present day, the dog-like, trained Maltese, at the Papal word of command, are going through their Bluey tricks. In Ireland, substantially, it is the same. In the United States of America, again, hundreds of thousands of infuriated Protestant dogs are being trained, week by week, to tear hundreds of thousands of other Roman Catholic dogs to pieces, at the word of command from Senator Thomas Heflin and his fellow Alabaman dog-trainer, Mr. James D. Vance, editor of the Washington, D.C., *Fellowship Forum*.

I mean sub-human dogs, of course. I mean two-legged things with long, pious, Christianity-blasted faces, who have just about as much intelligence as Mr. Dennis Lees' sheep-dog, and who cannot play, or be happy, or do anything else at all on earth, except at the Pope's or parson's word of command. Of such, almost exclusively, is the mental stuff of "Christian" America. Of such, almost exclusively, is the stuff of "Christian" Australia and of "Christian" England. Just one everlasting wildness of performing dogs. And the Latin group of nations, if anything, are worse. The Germanic peoples most certainly are. Only the Russians, or some of them, at all events, have contrived to throw off the dirty and mentally and volitionally so-debasing role of being God's performing dogs; and the self-same rehumanized Russians, of course, are automatically cursed by the Pope and by the Arch-imbicile of Canterbury, and—for the heinous crime of ceasing to fold their paws around their noses—are being sent down to hell's basement, this side of death, in heaps.

A. M. Dennis Lees, you will observe, acts upon the mentality of a trained dog, like Bluey, after the manner of a sponge. He has completely absorbed, within himself, the psychic waters of the dog's volition. When *he* gives out one word of command, the dog can move. But not until then. It is pathetic and most significant, psychically, for the future welfare or the ill-fare of the equally enslaved Christian race, in my experience, to see that dog with his tongue out and his eyes shining, inert at the side of his owner, waiting for Mr. Lees to wind up and discharge his poor dog's will with a word of command.

Christians, *per se*, of whatever persuasion, are all in the same inert, eye-shining posture. They are all trained dogs, in human form, that require a Mr. Lees to wind them up and to pull the trigger of their collective will. The Pope of Rome, therefore, equally with the Arch-succubus of York or his fellow pestilence of Canterbury, is simply a sponge which holds in its secret recesses so many million drops of absorbed and collected human will. It is this very process of absorption and collection, of course, which

"converts" the Christian into a humble, order-taking dog, devoid of will. And that, again, and equally, of course, is the real reason why so much stress is laid, in the New Testament, upon the accursed alleged virtues—they are really the world's worst vices—called "poorness of spirit," "meekness," being "humble," etc., as described by Jesus, in his so-called Sermon on the Mount.

Crucifixion was by no means too great a punishment of such a psycho-pathological sermon as that. The Jews, as a people, did well, in their day, to repudiate all responsibility for such a Judean Hamlet. Nobody, in all history, has ever been able to sponge, successfully, upon the Jews, and to deprive them of their own vitality and self-confidence as a race. Never, anywhere that I am aware of, has the Hebrew race been willing to function before a Pope, with a three-storey God in heaven, as a sort of volitionless performing dog. But Englishmen and Irishmen, and Australians and Americans, by the million, are submitting to that infamy at the present hour. They possess no power to make new truths. Sponged upon; squeezed-out and defrauded of their own individualistic vitality, as from the days of their youth—here, in this fact, may we discern the real reason why Western capitalistic civilization, as a whole, is sick unto death, dog-faced, volitionless and broken; whilst that of free and Atheistical Russia, upon the other hand, so steadily waxes in strength and power.

JOHN MCCRASHAN.

State Penitentiary,
Long Bay, Sydney, Australia.

What Is Man?

WHEN this question was propounded to an old Scottish farmer he replied: "Man is a machine for turning dung into oatmeal and oatmeal into dung." Man's own assumed and pompous superiority has had disastrous results. In the past he believed that as husband, father or head man of his tribe or clan, he was in each capacity invested with Divine Authority. How often he has exercised that assumed authority in an arbitrary tyrannical greedy and cruel spirit is well attested by history.

There have been individual human males in all ages who practised a simplicity, humility and tenderness which were wholly repugnant to the acquisitive "lords of creation," who hugged their sense of dominion over other beings to their hearts and did with these other beings as they chose. So the weak and submissive became slaves to do the dirty work while their lords lolled in luxury. How could these lords in their swollen pride ever regard their slaves as their brethren? And the beasts of the field and the birds of the air were more inferior still.

The innocent pleasures of nature became insufficient for these lords, who—full of the blood lust and blasé—invented new artificial pleasures for themselves. When they were not burning, robbing and murdering, they took childish satisfaction in fancy dress parades and fancy nick-names called "titles," which still survive in plenty and are revered by the unthinking. For had not God ordained it all? God put you in your corner and me in mine. *He* gave our overlords their castles and cattle and broadacres, and allotted to us swineherds the hovels of clay and straw.

"Well to do" human beings are in the mass bumptious snobs. Their carriage and posturings at State and fashionable functions are enough to make a cat laugh. To-day, as of yore, the disinterested preachers of brotherhood are stoned—if not literally, then persecuted by social ostracism and exclusion. They are put down as visionaries and dreamers—slightly touched you know. And the attendant priests of the great men wink at one another as they pass by.

Francis of Assisi, saddened and repelled by man's cruelty and selfishness, made friends with the birds. Ah, here are beings capable of giving and receiving simple

joys! No blatant conceit and posing with them! No rival mutual admiration societies (who glare at one another) among the cheerful birds! Their presence is delightful; their movements graceful their sounds melodious! Gain their friendship and you have attained Elysium.

Man by his brutality falls to be classed with the wolf, tiger and shark. Strange that he derives satisfaction from shooting grouse and partridges and in chasing and torturing stags. What is Man?

IGNOTUS.

An Irate Triumvirate
or
Ku-Klux-Klan-Klosely-Kloseted.

MEANDERING the other afternoon in a Monastery Garden, Garden, musing upon Her Von Wedderkop's Baedeker, in which he warns the Continental visitor not to consider London life uninteresting merely because it lacks Petordenbumbum (fireworks), my thoughts were suddenly arrested by the sound of mens' voices. The topic was obviously not one to be dealt with in soft whisperings. They were not cooing like doves. Approaching as near as possible without attracting attention, I sheltered myself behind a tree and listened attentively. There were three of them—two in clerical garb: This is what I heard:—

"Repeat that—fellow."

"I repeat—When you are right you are *very* right!"

(1st Voice)—"And you?"

(2nd Voice)—"When I'm right, I'm right by principle."

(1st Voice)—"But you say you're indifferent to the question of the elimination of criminals and lunatics."

(2nd Voice)—"I leave fools and criminals to the creator. You want me to believe that Science is given to man in order to preserve Culture, and then you rave against Voronoff."

(1st Voice)—"Voronoff—a *filthy* fellow."

(2nd Voice)—"He advocates the application of Science to the rejuvenation of human derelicts."

(1st Voice)—"And should I be polite to one who would graft to me the skin of a baooon?"

(2nd Voice)—"There is no need."

(1st Voice)—"Explain yourself—fellow."

(Ghostly Voice heard from the rear)—"Ha! ha!—still holding the flaming torch of discord aloft. Chiefs of a sect—Will ye for ever aspire to be chiefs of a party?"

(The Three Voices in unison)—"Voltaire!—'tis he!—'tis he!"

(1st Voice)—"From the depths of Tarsus—
For what of evil doth he roam
From his red and gloomy home?"

(Ghost)—"Aha!—still one or two men of letters, prime ministers of their little kingdom."

(Voice from individual in non-clerical garb)—"Avaunt lost soul!—wilt thou still be performing gambades with both feet in hell?"

(Three Voices in unison) "He's gone!"

(1st Voice)—"Now then fellow—tell me —"

(3rd Voice interrupting)—"My *dear* dean—we *must* exercise forbearance in these discussions. Permit me to remind this fellow that we are very closely related to the anthropoid ape. Darwin has placed that fact beyond dispute. Do you hear that—fellow."

(2nd Voice)—"Your voice, my lord, *compels* me—your presence almost *convinc*es me. May I ask if you have read what Belloc has written about it."

(3rd Voice ignoring question)—"We must not lose sight of this fact, my dear dean."

(1st Voice)—"I don't lose sight of it, but the body of

a man—a man of culture—is more beautifully designed than is that of a monkey."

(2nd Voice)—"There's nothing the matter with the human body, dean—the *matter's with the soul.*"

(Ghostly Voice)—"Aha!—still some he woman presiding in her decline, and revealing the dawn of intellect."

(1st Voice)—"Back to your master instant flee
And tell him, not to him but *me*
Shall fall the imperial trident of the sea."

(3rd Voice)—My *dear* dean—your Greek is a bit foetid if I may say so without giving offence. Virgil never wrote that—I know age plays havoc with the memory—and seventy years—you understand me, my dear dean. You heard what this fellow who despises Science said about *matter being with the soul*. You, my dear dean, are an authority on the soul—what do you say to that? Don't you see the urgent need for a Scientific Religion?"

(1st Voice)—"I think the less you say about Science the better. Whenever you open your mouth about Science you—well say your little toes—nothing offensive my dear bishop—but that erperiment of yours was a bit putrid. Let me advise you to look up Father Rickaby."

(3rd Voice)—"But it's absolutely contrary to Science—mere magic—and you will do me a favour, my dear dean, if you will tell me in plainer language what you mean?"

(1st Voice)—"Well, my dear Bishop—If a person *says* a thing does him good, you can't prove by chemistry or psychology that it *doesn't*, as long as he persists in saying it *does.*"

(Ghost)—"Well put, dean—you can't gain an advantage disputing with an enthusiast."

(2nd Voice)—"Don't fall out on my account. My lord bishop is closely connected with Darwin and the monkey theory—you, my dear dean—making every allowance for the foetid atmosphere which you cast round Virgil—know your Plato. Shake hands and leave me out. I'll let you both stew in your own juice."

3rd Voice)—"But surely, my dear dean, you believe in Evolution?"

(1st Voice)—"I do—but not in yours."

(2nd Voice)—"May I speak my mind to you two?—I will!—I consider his lordship knows as little about Evolution as he does about Transsubstantiation."

(3rd Voice)—"You see, dean, what contumely you have brought upon me."

(1st Voice)—"I see the mess your science has got us *all* into."

(3rd Voice)—"But we cannot remain silent in the face of facts."

(1st Voice)—"Silence is golden—especially in this matter. A scientific discovery goes through *three* stages. It is first scouted as absurd—then it becomes antiscrptural—finally it is found to be old and familiar. Do you hear that, fellow?"

(2nd Voice)—"I am obliged to—but you've forgotten the *fourth* stage."

(1st Voice)—"Fourth Stage?—indeed—and what is the fourth stage, pray?"

(2nd Voice)—"When it's found to be untrue."

(1st Voice)—"Ignorant fellow—you're nothing but a Jesuit in disguise."

(2nd Voice)—"And you a Pagan Roman of the Senate House. As for you, bishop—you're a Nordic Hindoo—a Pagan Teuton of the swamps and fens."

(Ghost)—Aha!—Foetid Greek—Putrid Science—A Jesuit Priest—A Nordic Hindoo and a Pagan Teuton."

(2nd Voice)—“To Hell with the three of you.”
 (3rd Voice)—“Sir—I’m a Modern—entirely opposed to Tradition.”
 (2nd Voice)—“And your philosophy, Manichee.”
 (1st Voice)—“Leave him to me, my dear dean. I’ll settle him. Fellow!—you are a Natural Idolator.”
 (2nd Voice)—“And you an unnatural one, for when you find your idol is not an idol, you show your wisdom by calling yourself a fool.”
 (3rd Voice)—“Fools eh? We are Evolutionary Progressives.”
 (1st Voice)—“Speak for yourself, my dear bishop—speak for yourself.”
 (2nd Voice)—“Evolutionary Progressives—and your progress that of a traveller in a desert who has lost his compass and torn up his chart—and then sits down to try and put it together again.”
 (3rd Voice)—“That sounds clever; but tell the dean where the Garden of Eden is—if you know.”
 (2nd Voice)—“That is clever—damned clever. No doubt you’d ask a Buddhist when he was last a donkey? If the Garden of Eden isn’t where Wells says it is—tell me—is he a liar? And now I’ll ask you one. Did John sign Magna Charta on an island up Thames—and was it Eel Pie Island?”
 (3rd Voice)—“What a ridiculous question. A school boy would answer it.”
 (2nd Voice)—“Well suppose he’d signed it at home after a hearty supper of lampreys, with no troublesome barons round to prod him with their swords—”
 (Ghost)—“And the bishops and popes tearing to pieces the land where each wished to rule, while they regarded the people as animals below men.”
 (2nd Voice)—“To hell—thou spawn of the devil—let me put my question—(To bishop) Would that have given a death blow to Democracy? Answer me that my lord!”
 (Sexton rushes up)—“My Lord—you’ve a funeral at 3 o’clock, and it only wants five minutes. (Exit Dean, Bishop and Sexton).
 (Ghost)—“Ta-ta—don’t be long. I’ve booked seats for the three of you.”

CULLWICK PERRINS.

Moon Magic.

Mist on the moon and the midnight hour :
 An elf creeps out from the slumbering flow’r :
 Creeps to the ring on the starlit lawn—
 Fairy and fay and leprechaun!

I steal downstairs to the mystic bow’r :
 Mist on the moon and the midnight hour :
 Sit by the roots of the dreaming oak
 To watch the dance of the Fairy Folk!

Nurse says I dream when at morn I tell
 Of the wild things done in the Fairy Dell :
 Mist on the moon and the midnight hour :
 All the strange sweet spell of their elfin pow’r!

They will speak some night, and perhaps let be
 A fairy myself by the old oak tree :
 Learn the dreamy dance of their mystic dow’r :
 Mist on the moon and the midnight hour!

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

Quitsha, Nigeria.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “FREETHINKER.”

“INSIDE THE ROMAN CHURCH.”

SIR,—The last paragraph in Mr. J. W. Poynter’s letter, “Inside the Roman Church,” is of some consequence; it touches upon a phase to which a little more consideration might well be given.

It is frequently remarked that Freethinkers, or rather, Atheists, are inclined to over-dogmatism, and guilty of—to put it mildly—that transgression of good sense of which they complain in practising Christians. This is doubtless the result of over-zeal, but the excess should be carefully guarded against. Science may be invincible, but sensibility and emotion still hold an important place in one’s outlook on life. The Church knows full well the value of the emotional appeal. Where there is room for divergence of opinion, the tone of discussion is preferable to that of dogmatism. Therein lies the peculiar and insuperable strength of Secularism. Let the Church stick to its dogmatic boomerang; it serves our cause.

Mr. J. W. Poynter states he “cannot forget.” One must respect the honesty of that confession. It is doubtful whether anybody who has been inoculated with the poison of Christian teaching, particularly in his or her childhood or adolescent period, can entirely forget. Such people need one’s sympathy and the strengthening cheer of loyal comradeship and friendship in their laudable endeavour to be true to self and to shake off the mental incubus imposed upon them, as in Mr. Poynter’s case, by the Great, Lying Make-believe Church.

This only serves to show—as so many appendant injuries in a former communicant’s life do show—the supreme importance of the necessity for Secular Education. From one generation only of school-children under Secular Education would merge, almost *en bloc*, the completely Secular State. The Church would fade out from sheer inanition—an ugly memory.

ARTHUR HUGHES.

MALTA AND THE POPE.

SIR,—The whole *raison d’être* of Mr. Boyd Freeman’s “interference” in his matter is that he is afraid that in the conflict of loyalties the Maltese will still choose the religious rather than the political, in spite of the pains he has taken, in your columns and elsewhere, to show what “abject chattels” they would be to do so. As Lord Strickland invited an enquiry by the Pope, that authority can hardly be said to have “interfered” in the matter without using a freedom of thought and language which even the readers of the *Freethinker* will feel verges upon the irresponsible. The affair of Father Micallef shows that Lord Strickland will tolerate interference only when it is his own.

I have been asked, “. . . what tribunal passed sentence of banishment on Father Micallef?—did he quit Malta?” The reports in the Press suggest that the sentence was passed by the Franciscan order, and that Father Micallef has quitted either Malta or the order. Mr. Boyd Freeman, however, untiringly reminds us of his special knowledge on these matters, and should be much better able to answer his own question. I feel sure that you, Sir, would also welcome any further information on such an interesting subject as Roman discipline.

ROBERT H. CORRICK.

RELIGION AND THE CHILD.

SIR,—In your issue dated August 24, 1930, your correspondent, Mr. J. Almond, just touches a little point that I should like to emphasize. I allowed my children to receive religious instruction partly for the same reasons as Mr. Almond, and partly because my own knowledge of the Bible, and non-conformity, has been useful since I became an Atheist. Though I say it myself, I was a fairly good Bible student, and now when a Christian tackles me, raising scripture as the basis of their argument, I can reply by using scripture also, much to their undoing.

A good politician knows his opponent's case as well as his own. So, while things are as they are perhaps if the child gets religion in school and the common sense of his Freethinking parents in the home, he ought to make a good Freethinker. It seems to be turning out so in the case of my own boy who is now nearly sixteen. Still, I would like to hear other Freethinkers views on that point.

W. L. DRIVER.

Society News.

WE have this week lectured at Wheatley Lane, Padiham and Accrington. The firstnamed place is a hard nut to crack; our listeners stand so far away, but they are listening and some time will gather more courage. The other two lectures drew good crowds, and we had a most attentive hearing with questions and some discussion. We ought to have debated with a parson at Accrington, but the rev. gentleman was unable to come owing to dental trouble. The debate will probably take place during the winter at the Hall of the Accrington Debating Class.

J.C.

MR. GEORGE WHITEHEAD commenced the Manchester lectures with a good meeting at Alexandra Park, and was received by a good muster of members and an absence of that accrimonious opposition which has attended previous meetings on this pitch. A new pitch was opened in Platt Fields on the Sunday afternoon, and a very successful meeting resulted. A big crowd rewarded our efforts on Sunday evening in Stevenson Square, the questions all being of a sympathetic description. The meetings for the rest of the week were held in Salford, and were up to the usual standard except on one evening, when we had to complete with a loud speaker at a rival meeting. In Salford, the Catholics are strongly represented and were in evidence at question time, but apart from an occasional epithet they refrained from being unpleasant.

G.W.

GREAT progress is being made at our meetings, in Hyde Park and Ravenscourt Park, where lectures are given seven times weekly.

These meetings will be continued throughout the winter whenever the weather is favourable.

We are pleased to announce that from Sunday, October 5, 1930, our indoor meetings will be held at the Conway Hall, ending on March 29, 1931.

A first class list of lectures and lecturers have been prepared, and some debates. Many thanks are due to our voluntary workers, who have assisted during the summer—Messrs. C. Tuson, A. D. McLaren, E. C. Saphin, A. H. Hyatt, H. J. Savory, and F. Shaller.

Our indoor meetings will be announced in the *Freethinker* weekly.—B. A. LeM.

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LONDON.

OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand): 3.15—Mr. B. A. Le Maine.

FINSBURY PARK BRANCH N.S.S.—11.15, Mr. L. Ebury—A Lecture.

FULHAM AND CHELSEA BRANCH N.S.S. (corner of Shorrols Road, North End Road): Saturdays, at 7.30. Wednesdays, at 7.30, Effie Road, opposite Walham Green Station. Various Speakers.

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

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Arlington Road, Park Street, Camden Town): Every Thursday evening, at 8.0, Mr. L. Ebury.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S.—Sun., 7.30, Stonehouse St., Clapham Road, Mr. Pane; Wednesday, at 8.0, at Rushcroft Road, Brixton, Mr. L. Ebury; Friday, at 8.0, at Liverpool Street, Camberwell Gate, Mr. Pane.

WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S. (outside Municipal College, Romford Road, Stratford, E.): 7.0, Mr. E. C. Saphin—A Lecture.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park): 12.0, Mr. B. A. Le Maine; 3.30, Messrs. A. D. McLaren and B. A. Le Maine; 6.30, Messrs. C. Tuson, E. C. Saphin, H. J. Savory and A. H. Hyatt. Every Wednesday, at 7.30, Messrs. C. Tuson and J. J. Darby; every Thursday, at 7.30, Messrs. W. C. Aley and E. C. Saphin; every Friday, at 7.30, Messrs. A. D. McLaren and B. A. Le Maine. The *Freethinker* can be obtained outside the Park Gates, Bayswater Road, during and after the meetings.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith, W.): 3.15, Messrs. C. Tuson, and A. Hearne.

INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1): 11.0, John A. Hobson, M.A.—“God and Mammon.”

COUNTRY.

OUTDOOR.

CLITHEROE.—Sunday, September 14, at 6.30, Mr. J. Clayton—A Lecture.

GREAT HARWOOD.—Monday, September 15, at 8.0—Mr. J. Clayton—A Lecture.

LIVERPOOL (Merseyside) BRANCH N.S.S.—Monday, September 15, at 8, Messrs. A. Jackson and D. Robinson at Beaumont Street; Tuesday, September 16, at 8.0, Messrs. D. Robinson, P. Sherwin and C. Thompson, at Edge Hill Lamp; Thursday, September 18, at 8.0, Messrs. A. Jackson and J. V. Shortt, at corner of High Park Street and Park Road. Current *Freethinkers* and reserved seat tickets for Mr. Chapman Cohen's course of lectures will be on sale at all meetings.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE BRANCH N.S.S. (Town Moor, near North Road entrance): 7.0, Mr. T. Brighton and J. C. Keast—A Lecture.

WADDINGTON.—Sunday, September 14, at 3.30, Mr. J. Clayton—A Lecture.

WORSTHORNE.—Tuesday, September 16, at 7.30, Mr. J. Clayton—A Lecture.

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butions 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 con-
cerning the Trust will be supplied on application.

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itself, than that its invaluable service to the Free-
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