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Views and Opinions.

Christianity and the League of Nations.

The League of Nations is meeting at Geneva, and on Sunday last the Archbishop of Canterbury preached in the cathedral on the objects of the League. The League, he said, was based on Christian sentiment, and the Christian faith lay at the core of the progressive history of mankind. The Covenant of the League was simply applying the Christian faith to international life. That makes a very good start in any competition for first prize in the art of exaggeration and misstatement, and if one had had to say beforehand what the archbishop would preach one would have written something on these lines, for the game is so old and the statements are so stale. There is nothing that is desirable for the moment, there is nothing that it is dangerous to oppose, which the parson will not find is quite in accordance with Christianity. Neither in its thought nor in its policy does the Church ever achieve originality. If it is faced with enemies, whether theists or Atheists, or others, it simply switches on the lies that have done duty against the one for use against the other. It burns a scientist at one time for heretical teaching, and later joins in a chorus of praise of things for which the earlier man was murdered but which can be no longer opposed with safety. The Christian Church has always lacked the power to live with intellectual honesty, and it has never had the courage to die fighting. It is at once the most cowardly and the most pertinacious of enemies. It hardly ever forgets an enemy, but it never has the courage to face defeat bravely and take the consequences. So long as it can live, the way in which it lives does not trouble its representatives much.

* * *

Preventing War.

The aim of the League, said the Archbishop, is to prevent war. Again, the kind of unctuous statement that one would expect. To prevent war! It has a most excellent sound. Nothing could read better. Only on reflection it strikes one that the prevention of war is what most people and most nations are aiming at. The late German Empire might reasonably claim that its aim was to prevent war. It built up its army, and wished to build up a navy for that pur-

pose. Germany thought that if she could get forces strong enough to prevent anyone attacking her, or opposing her in what she considered her legitimate aims, there could not be war any more. And we fancy that we have heard the claim that the object of our British fleet, so strong that it could defy the world, was that it would prevent war. And France also wishes to have the largest military force in Europe because it will prevent war. And all the little states that the Allies have created, and so helped to bring us back to the conditions of several centuries ago, also want their armies to prevent war. No one really wants war, provided they can get all they think they ought to get without it. And now that the Great War is over we are being urged to go on steadily increasing the number of fighting aeroplanes we possess, because unless we do so we shall not be able to prevent war coming. The trade of the soldier thrives on the prevention of war by these means. And it is just conceivable that if we came to some sort of an agreement not to prevent war in this way, we might never have war at all.

* * *

The Way to Work.

So, on consideration, it may be just possible that the thing that matters is not whether we are out to prevent war, but the way in which we set about doing it. I agree with his Grace that the economic motive may not be enough to prevent war, and I also think that it is not strong enough to keep war in being. The mass of people in every country have fought in wars because they believed it was their duty to do so, because they hated the outsider, or from some notion of the greatness or grandeur of war. And armies are built up during peace time—which is the time during which wars are prepared—because the soldier is held before the people as a very fine fellow, and the life of a soldier a fine life, as our own Government assured us by pictorial poster when the war was over, far superior to the daily life of the mechanic, or the labourer, and, of course, far superior to those humdrum professors who spend their time in scientific research. And it really does not seem a very intelligent policy if, while we are protesting with all our might that we are out to prevent war we yet do precisely those things which make war, sooner or later, inevitable. So it would also seem that if we intelligently wish war to come to an end, merely saying so is not enough. We must set about robbing the idea of war and of a soldier's life of the elements that make war a certainly recurring thing in the lives of nations. And to do that all that is needed is to tell the truth—which is, I admit, making a large demand on an archbishop. We must get well rid of the idea that there is anything noble about the life of a soldier, which is at best a disagreeable evil forced upon the State by the persistence of primitive conditions of thinking and of international communication. We must stop glorifying the soldier during times of peace; we must cease making him the prominent figure that he is at all our civic displays; and while he is with us see that he is dressed soberly, and kept as much in

the background as possible. If the League of Nations could get the various peoples to agree to this, above all, if they would circulate literature in the different countries telling the truth about war and its effect on character, they would very materially aid in making war a thing of the past. For, when all is said and done, we must come back to the position laid down by Paine, and that is that the only way in which we shall ever stop war is by the nations agreeing to put the means of making war out of their reach. It is the will to war that must be killed if peace is to reign.

* * *

War and the Churches.

Said the Archbishop, "Once get the Christian men and women upon earth, west and east, north and south, kneel to God, side by side, stand shoulder to shoulder before men to say what they mean shall happen, or rather shall not happen, and they are irresistible." Well, I do not care whether they kneel before God or not—if they do it only means that they fool themselves into believing that God orders them to do what they have already decided on—but I agree that if all Christians were against war, war would not occur. There are enough of them to have their way in that. But that is a sheer counsel of perfection. If all Christians were honest our prisons would be nearly empty. If all Christians were sober most of the brewers and distillers would have to retire from business. Will Christians ever work together for the abolition of war? They have never done so. It was the Christian Church which made the trade of the soldier a "sacred" one. In the religious wars of the world it sanctified some of the most brutal and blood-thirsty wars that have ever been seen. In the last war the Church, instead of taking up the attitude that it was not its business to inflame the passions of people, or to set them at each other's throats, in both England and Germany vied with the most rabid of war-mongers in exciting the war-fever and keeping it at its full strength. It was the Churches in both countries which did their best to circulate the stories which the governments gave to the people as their daily hymn of hate. It was the Christian leaders of this country who hailed the Treaty of Versailles, with its power to almost ruin the whole of Europe, as the very quintessence of justice. It is the Christian who fills his principal churches with war trophies, much as the Red Indians used to decorate their lodges with scalps. It is the Christian churches that bless battleships and consecrate guns, and which take care that whenever there is a military parade it shall be well to the fore. How on earth is the average Christian to realize that his religion is against war in the face of all he sees and hears? And what is the use of telling him that it is so, if all the time he sees everything being done by the Church that will glorify war and keep it in being? Among all the Christian bodies there has only been one sect that has been constantly against war. That is the Society of Friends. And they have been laughed at by the others; they have never been of any considerable number, and other Christians imprisoned some of them during the last war for daring to carry their principles into practice.

* * *

The Test of Facts.

It is impossible for anyone to take the Archbishop of Canterbury seriously. I do not mean by this that he does not take himself seriously. That may easily be the case. The surest way of imposing upon others is to impose upon oneself first. But if we went to war with one of our late Allies to-morrow and called upon our late enemy for help—and stranger things than that have happened—does anyone doubt but that we should have the same Archbishop preaching the

holiness of the war and using the same terms as descriptive of our present Ally that were used yesterday of our late enemy? In the course of its history the Christian Church has been in opposition to many things. Has it ever found itself in opposition to war? When astronomers tried to give us a rational theory of the stars the Church thundered against them. It burned the lion-hearted Bruno for saying there were more worlds than one. It cursed the geologists, it banned evolution. There is hardly a reform, there is not a single branch of science that has not had to fight the Church for its very existence. When or where has the soldier ever had to fight the Church for the safety of his trade? When has war had to face the same thunder that was faced by science? If the Churches would they could have stopped war long since. The Church did not do it when the whole of Christendom acknowledged the spiritual rule of a single spiritual head. It is less likely to be opposed to it now. The Archbishop says that war will stop when men realize that it is the will of God it should stop. Rubbish! War will stop when men put the gods on one side, and when they are civilized enough to face their difficulties in the spirit of reason, free from the disturbing influence of superstitious beliefs or the distorting ones of primitive tribal passions and prejudices.

* * *

The Way of Peace.

This journal cannot, unfortunately, pretend to exert a great influence on the nation, but such as it does wield it is pleasing to think has from the commencement of the war been on the side of sane and clear thinking. While men like Father Bernard Vaughan were shouting that it was our duty to go on killing Germans, and others high in the Church were singing in the same key, we were urging people to think of the war in terms of the future peace, or we should pay the price of our thoughtlessness. And writing immediately after the publication of the terms of the Versailles Treaty we said that while it was inevitable that it should be a peace of force, what the world needed was the force of peace. We said also that the real peace of the world would only be gained when nations surrendered the power of aggression at the same time that they demanded its surrender from others. And if we cannot do that it is idle to speak of our having peace, we have only an armistice of a little longer duration than is usual. The way to end war is to kill the idea of war. For many who passed through the war its glamour has gone for ever. But there is still the younger generation. It is their education that is important. And in conducting that we must try to make them realize—to use the words of the late Moncure Conway—that "there can arise no important literature, nor art, nor real freedom and happiness among people until they feel their uniform a livery, and see in every battlefield an inglorious arena of human degradation." Clear thinking and brave speaking are to-day, as ever, the world's greatest need. To see things as they are is the indispensable condition of getting them to be as they should be.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The more imperfect a being is the more do its individual parts resemble each other, and the more do these parts resemble the whole. The more perfect the being is the more dissimilar are its parts. In the former case the parts are more or less a repetition of the whole; in the latter case they are totally unlike the whole. The more the parts resemble each other, the less subordination is there of one to the other. Subordination of parts indicates high grade of organization.—Goethe, "Morphology."

Lord Byron.

II.

MACAULAY'S famous Essay on Byron contains at least one true and exceedingly wise sentence which is as follows: "A generation must pass away before it will be possible to form a fair judgment of his books, considered merely as books"; but the celebrated historian and critic *did* form and express a decidedly unfavourable opinion of them seven years after the poet's death. Byron died on April 19, 1824, and Macaulay's article, "Moore's Life of Lord Byron," appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1831. Unfortunately the essayist was hopelessly biased against the poet. In the Essay itself he extols Moore's book, which he had read "with the greatest pleasure," and declares that "the extracts from the journals and correspondence of Lord Byron are in the highest degree valuable, not merely on account of the information which they contain respecting the distinguished man by whom they were written, but on account also of their rare merit as compositions, the letters, at least those which were sent from Italy, being among the best in our language;" but in a letter to his sister Hannah, while actually writing his review, he averred that he liked neither the book nor its hero. Writing in his diary eighteen years later, he thus expressed himself: "I am now near the end of Tom Moore's Life of Byron. It is a sad book. Poor fellow! Yet he was a bad fellow, and horribly affected." Our irresistible inference is that his deep-rooted prejudice against him as a man considerably warped his judgment of Byron as a poet, particularly as that judgment was formed at a time when, according to his own statement, it was impossible to form a fair one. The best he could say about the poetry was "that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language." Though looking at the poet through deeply coloured glasses, Macaulay was yet honest enough to admit that he was a great genius, and that much of his work was destined to live.

Byron's poetic career opened unpromisingly with the publication of *Hours of Idleness*, in 1807, when he was still a schoolboy. The little book contained little of any permanent merit, and some of the poems were extremely bad. After a year's silence the *Edinburgh Review* awoke to the fact that the author was a peer, and being itself at the time the proud organ of Whiggism, it afforded the reviewer unmeasured satisfaction to make a savage attack upon the boyish effusions. How exquisitely delightful it was to lash "George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor" with the scourge of scorn and to poke satirical fun at his worst lines! The object was to annihilate the lordly bard with scorching ridicule; but the effect of the virulent castigation proved radically different from what it had been intended to be. Instead of bidding final farewell to the muse he began to woo her with fiercer passion than ever, and she fully requited his devotion. A year later he had his revenge upon the *Edinburgh Review* in a scathingly satirical poem, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, on the appearance of which people realized that a new literary star of exceptional brilliance had arisen, with which for the future it would be necessary to reckon. In June, 1809, accompanied by his college friend Hobhouse, he left England and travelled for two years, visiting Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, Malta, Albania, Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor, his longest residences being at Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople. This was the most fruitful period in his growth and development, both intellectually and emotionally. It was during these two years that he composed *Hints from Horace* and the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*, which were published in 1812, nearly

a year after his return to England. He had already commenced to make his mark as a politician by his eloquent speeches in the House of Lords; but on the appearance of *Childe Harold* he was suddenly shot to the highest rung in the ladder of fame, rushing past most of the intervening rungs without touching them. As Macaulay says: "At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence." (*Essays*, vol. 2, p. 615). This need not surprise us, for poetry then was at an extremely low ebb. Coleridge was resting on his oars, his poetic gift being, as he described it, "in a state of suspended animation"; another thought that the *Pleasures of Hope* would supply all needs; while Southey and Wordsworth were up in the clouds and paying but slight attention to practical problems. But Byron understood the situation of the world, in all its sorrowful, hopeless aspects, and flung upon it the flashlight of his genius, not by pouring a flood of ridicule upon all the vain conventions then obtaining in all departments of life, but by taking an active part in and describing the intricate struggle in which the world was engaged and showing the way to the glowing sunshine of final victory.

Unfortunately, prior to the appearance of *Childe Harold*, he had made the acquaintance of Thomas Moore, an Irishman of undoubted genius, who now introduced him to London society, in whose coils he became so involved that his poetic gift remained at a standstill for four years. New poems kept coming out, such as *Giaour*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Corsair*, *Lara*, *Siege of Corinth*, and *Parisina*; but not one of them was equal to *Childe Harold*, though each was welcomed with rapturous enthusiasm and added to his popularity. Then in 1816 came the awful crash which turned society, the worshipper, into society, the implacable and cruelly persecuting enemy, and which resulted in his flight from his native land. In reality his unjust condemnation by society did his genius a much greater service than its former admiration. He spent the summer of 1816 in Switzerland, where he composed the third canto of *Childe Harold*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Darkness*, *The Dream*, part of *Manfred*, and other smaller poems. His next residence was at Venice, where he lived from October, 1816, till near the end of 1819. Here again he worked hard and achieved much. He completed *Manfred*, the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, *Beppo*, *Ode to Venice*, part of *Don Juan*, and other poems. Macaulay had to admit that from Venice "he sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of ribaldry, and of bitter disdain," an admission not entirely free from malice, for the words employed are "From his Venician Haram"; but we fail to see how the admission, even in that malicious form, can be true, if the following passage is also accurate:—

He plunged into wild and desperate excesses ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned grey. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together. (*Essays*, vol. 2, p. 619.)

From Venice Byron repaired to Ravenna, where he stayed till the end of October, 1821, less than two years. And yet here, though at the point of death, according to that statement of Macaulay, when he left Venice, in a year and eleven months he produced the most magnificent and perfect of all his works, such as *Don Juan*, *Sardanapalus*, *Heaven and Earth*, *Cain*, *The Prophecy of Dante*, *The Two Foscari*, *Marino Faliero*, *Doge of Venice*, etc. We next find him at Pisa where he resided until September, 1822, where a

new literary project, in the form of a periodical magazine known as *The Liberal* was set on foot, in the first number of which the famous *Vision of Judgment* was published. This poem was "suggested by the composition so entitled by the author of *Wat Tyler*," and occasioned by Southey, the Poet Laureate's disgustingly sycophantic elegy on the death of George III. The poem bristles with wit and humour, and is really quite innocent, but for its appearance the publisher of the *Liberal* was prosecuted and fined £100.

During his exile Byron became once more the most popular of living English poets, not only in England, but on the Continent as well. Ere long, however, the old prejudice against his character revived and militated against his success as a poet. Serious neglect befell him in all directions. Mr. Lawrence Binyon, of the British Museum, tells us that when he was a boy, an aunt of his, who was herself an ardent lover of literature, and to whom he acknowledges deep indebtedness, informed him how one of her servants, a young maid, had asked to borrow a Byron on the preceding Sunday for her afternoon reading. His aunt, a little doubtful whether this particular poet was suitable for Sunday afternoons or good for her maid's morals, asked her if she had read any Byron, and she replied, "Yes, m'am: *Cain*, a *Mystery*, m'am; and it had no ill effects." After that conclusive reply, Mr. Binyon believes the Byron was lent. The aversion to Byron, which was so general a generation or two ago was largely due to the pressure of Puritanism and the unfavourable criticism of Macaulay, Browning, and Swinburne. Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of Literature at Oxford University, assures us, however, that Swinburne really appreciated Byron. He says:—

Swinburne wrote two essays on Byron, and the first was appreciative. Then Byron was overpraised, to Swinburne's annoyance, and he turned on him and rent him. "He was a good man—good at many things—and now he has attained this also: to be at rest." That was not written by a man who had no admiration for Byron.

Mr. Binyon informs us that "after a long period of neglect there are symptoms of a reawakening interest in Byron and his poetry." Not very long ago he listened to a lecture by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch who, after making some obvious reservations, "proclaimed that, at any rate after he left England for ever, Byron became a great man and a great poet." Later still Mr. Binyon heard another eloquent lecture by Professor Grierson, of Edinburgh, in which was expressed a warmer appreciation of Byron, "contrasting his poetry to its advantage with the æsthetic school of Rossetti and his circle, and even claiming for him in some respects a superiority over Shelley." Clearly, therefore, the signs are that the cold indifference of the past is about to be avenged in a rising wave of a more intelligent appreciation than was ever his lot to enjoy during his life-time.

Now a few practical questions arise and clamour for answers, such as: What is the general attitude of Byron's poetry to supernatural beliefs? How is it related to life? Of what practical use is it for us of to-day?

J. T. LLOYD.

In ancient Osirianism, as in modern Christianity, the Godhead is conceived as a Trinity, yet are the three Gods declared to be only one God. In ancient Osirianism, as in modern Christianity, there is a doctrine of Atonement. In Ancient Osirianism, as in modern Christianity, we find the vision of a Last Judgment, and Resurrection of the Body. And finally, in ancient Osirianism, as in modern Christianity, the sanctions of morality are a Lake of Fire and tormenting Demons, on the one hand, and on the other, Eternal Life in the presence of God.—*J. S. Stuart Glennie, "In the Morningland."*

An Eccentric Evangelist.

The kind wise words that fall from years that fall
I hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all.

—Swinburne.

I claim no place in the world of letters; I am, and will
be, alone, as long as I live and after.

—Landor.

It was one of fate's little ironies which imposed on the pagan George Borrow the function of colporteur to the British and Foreign Bible Society. The story of Borrow's introduction to the suave officials of the Society is very characteristic of this remarkable man. Hearing of the chance of work for the Society, the young man tramped from Norwich to London, walking one hundred and twelve miles in twenty-seven hours, and spending less than sixpence on the journey. On arrival he told the astonished secretary that he could translate Manchu, and this was his first work for the Society.

Borrow went to Russia, and facing great difficulties, translated the New Testament into Manchu-Tartar dialect. Ever a man of resource, there was nothing he was not ready to do, even to setting up type, teaching wooden-headed compositors, buying paper, and hustling leisurely Russian officials. Later he went to Spain on behalf of the Society, and the adventurous career he led in the Peninsula while hawking Bibles in this bigoted Roman Catholic country forms the groundwork of *The Bible in Spain*, one of the most vivacious travel-books ever written. "*Gil Blas* with a touch of John Bunyan," the volume has been called wittily. For the author pays small attention to the soul-saving business of the society which despatched him, and he writes of thieves, murderers, gypsies, bandits, prisons, wars, and other worldly subjects with all the gusto of the author of *Arabia Deserta*, or of Richard Burton. Addressed to the narrow-minded Victorian religious public, it was a stimulating drink to innocent palates. It was the time when pious parents forbade secular books on Sundays, and Augustine Birrell has told us how, as an eager boy, he rejoiced in the old Pagan's writings, the disarming title of which had passed the critics on the hearth.

As may be imagined, the correspondence between the Bible Society officials and Borrow makes delightful reading. For this captious colporteur worshipped at many shrines, from that of the pacifist Jesus Christ to the prize-fighting Tom Sayers. In the letters we see the old Adam peeping out in the evangelist, as Dr. Jekyll changed into Mr. Hyde, and the growing distrust of the officials who saw their brilliant employee boxing the compass, and forgetting the narrow channel they wished him to pursue. At times, indeed, Borrow forgot the pious jargon and business patter of Earl Street, and it all ended in his being recalled and being given no further work.

This strange agent of the Bible Society commenced his literary career in London by writing *The Newgate Calendar*, which bears so close a resemblance to the earlier parts of the Scriptures sold by the Society. Borrow was ever a fighter, even when his Flaming Tinman days were over, and his prejudices extended from popes to parsons. When a respected canon of St. Paul's ventured to criticise *The Bible in Spain*, Borrow sent a stinging note to his publishers, calmly stating that the canon was an ass, and that he ought to mind his little business in his ugly cathedral.

Borrow had a passion for adventure, and a love of language. Whilst an articled clerk to a petty Norwich solicitor, he translated a volume of ballads from the Danish. Later, at Petrograd, he published his *Targum: Translations from Thirty Languages*. Nor was this all, for in the course of his travels in France, Germany, Russia, and Eastern Europe, he learned languages as he went. With the exceptions of Richard

Burton and Lucien Bonaparte he was probably the most enthusiastic linguist. During a few years of wandering he made translations in a score of languages, and he even produced a Turkish version of *Bluebeard*, and rendered a number of Danish, Russian, and Welsh tales into English.

For the last fifty years of his life he lived between Oulton Broad, Norfolk, and London. His famous books, *Lavengro*, *The Romany Rye*, and *Wild Wales*, were all written amid the quiet of the Norfolk Broads, and his peace was only broken by fierce paper warfare with publishers, critics, and other unpleasant people, who aroused the old lion's wrath. Borrow was always angry at the lack of public appreciation; but his fame has grown since he died at Oulton, and the town of Norwich honoured itself in purchasing Borrow's house as a memento of a truly remarkable man.

Nature mixed George Borrow in a moment of magnificence. Only those who have realized for themselves the limitations of a pen in portraying life can appreciate to the full the wonder of Borrow's achievement, his potent genius, his keen insight. A little aloof, a little inscrutable, he will ever remain, but remarkable because of his fitness as a man. A son of Nature, he loved all men and women who were unconventional. In gypsies and vagrants he recognized the true sons and daughters of "the great mother who mixes all our bloods." Listen to his exquisitely phrased Pagan glorification of existence:—

Life is sweet, brother. There's night and day, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die?

MIMNERMUS.

Religious Psychology.

II.

(Continued from page 572.)

THOSE who most discredit the absence of passion in the genetic study of religious psychology are to be found chiefly among the old school of psychologists who have emotional resistance to a Freudian delving into the subconscious—the same resistances which they manifest toward a psychogenetic study of religious experiences. Perhaps the likeness of these manifestations of resistance is due to an identity of their origin.

In this connection I wish to emphasize that from my viewpoint no one is adequately qualified for a psychogenetic study of religious experiences or the varying interpretations of these unless he have the two following qualifications, namely: First, there must be that large acquaintance with the mental and emotional mechanisms which is characteristic of psychoanalytical investigations. Especially important is the knowledge of such of one's own erotic impulses as are usually working below the surface of consciousness; secondly, there must be that relatively complete self-knowledge which results in a state approaching complete shamelessness both in regard to the whole and to every part of our personal eroticism and any possible relation of this or any other aspect or element or determinant thereof, which may be incorporated into the personal religious experience. One is adequately qualified for a psychogenetic study of religions, only when one has attained a sufficiently detached view of all the known and unknown operations of the personal impulses, so as to enable one to discuss them, even publicly, without the least emotional disturbance. That is to say one must have the same scientific calmness toward the whole of one's sexuality and be able to discuss it publicly with the same im-

personality and shamelessness that usually accompanies a discussion of mathematics. It is only then that one can discuss the psychogenetics of religion in the true scientific spirit.

In spite of an obvious bias toward Christian mysticism, even those who have outgrown the more primitive attitude toward religion will agree with the spirit, if not with the letter, of the following quotation from Professor Coe:—

The [religious] experiences have the same scientific standing as any other experience. They are neither priestly functions nor the imaginings of enthusiasts, but facts of observation. As such they may serve as data for a science of religion or of theology. A truly scientific [study of] theology is just as possible as a scientific philology.

And again:—

If it takes years of strenuous labour to become a competent judge of diseases, or of Chaucer, or of the dative case in Latin, of how much value are our guesses and fads in theology? Facts of experience are relatively abiding, while explanations are shifting. (*Religious Experience and the Scientific Movement*, pp. 49-15-51.)

Obviously the data of religious psychology are: (1) The varied facts of religious emotions in action, and as recorded by the mystics of the past. (2) The varied self-interpretations of these experiences. Obviously the most intelligent of mystics can never give us more than an efficient description of what it is that they experience. If the mystic's interpretation of his experience is taken as itself a solution or as being conclusive, then there can be no psychologic problems to investigate or to discuss. Furthermore, if we achieve the problem-attitude toward mystical experience one cannot accept as final the mystic's self-interpretation. The mystic's interpretation of his experience is as much a part of the data of religious psychology as the experience itself. These self-interpretations are no more final than the confessions of witches or wizards, nor than the self diagnosis of the insane. These self interpretations are an important and essential part of the problem to be investigated. In giving expression to their experiences these religious persons have used various symbolisms and various languages. In primitive man they found expression in the crude idols, altars, sacrifices, and ceremonies, so largely founded in phallic worship. Later came word-symbols and more abstract ideas and creeds. The cruder physical manifestations of sex as objects of worship were giving way to the spiritualization of the inseparably related psychic aspect of sex-ecstasy. This may come about whenever the processes of psychologic dissociation compel a splitting of consciousness at the imaginary line which separates the physical from the psychologic aspects of sex. So, through the interpretation of these, perhaps, came primitive metaphysics, and innumerable theologies, all of which were intellectualizations of the varied necessities of the autonomic system. So much of tentative generalization is, I think, warranted by my past studies of the subject and by psychoanalytic disclosures.

After a wider contact with and understanding of nature's forces, it became necessary for more persons to reformulate the metaphysical and theologic speculations in order to insure a greater conformity with the result of advancing scientific research. Thus each inspired and infallible utterance becomes in its turn the fable, or myth, or the forgotten phantasy of the past. Theology and mysticism recede as our understanding of nature grows, provided that understanding is used as a corrective in the rationalization of our more primitive intellectualizations. "Facts of experience are relatively abiding, while explanations are shifting."

Perhaps some day we may be able to classify these explanations according to an evolutionary concept of the psyche. Perhaps also we may achieve such an explanation as will place religious experiences on the same footing as nature's physical forces. Then we will limit ourselves to the study of the law of its behaviour. When in addition to this we have outgrown our fears, and the consequent need for neutralizers, it is possible that we may even eliminate all religious or supernatural interpretations. But that result will be only incidental to such psychologic investigations. Then also we may achieve such an understanding of the genesis and determinants of our temperamental predispositions, and these determinants and their psychologic products will be seen in an evolutionary setting. Thus we may achieve a stage of development which will accelerate the decay of all those desires and mental processes which have heretofore produced metaphysics and theologies. Whether or not this is the goal to be aimed at, the matter to be studied and understood is the actual experiences of those "who know because they feel and who are firmly convinced because strongly agitated."

It seems probable that temperaments determine our approach, our predisposition and, measurably, the result of our study of religious phenomena, as of all other matters. Obviously Professor Coe, who finds "his own soul's desire mingling with that of the suppliant," is predetermined to interpret any given religious experience very differently than I (with my "strangely perverted nature") will interpret them. Thus it becomes obvious that we will never reach a substantial agreement upon the real import of religious experience until and unless we have an equally thorough understanding of the temperaments of the interpreting mystics or psychologists. This then means that a psychologic study of the religious experience will ultimately include a scientific understanding of human nature as it expresses itself in the psychologic observer and in religious exercises. This means that we must study the genetics, determinants and evolution of temperament as supplying the probable elements of unification in human nature. Thus we may hope to acquire a general standard by which to classify individual predispositions. Not having arrived at that stage in the development of religious psychology, we are each of us groping in our own little tunnel, seeking the light.

At its best this means that we have just as much need for understanding the psychologic imperative of the psychologist of religions as of the mystical interpreter of his own religious experience. Persons of Professor Coe's temperament will be tempted to use their scientific skill as psychologists to bolster up many popular religious preconceptions. Their psychologic insight will be coloured in the same way and by the same method as is the interpretation of religious experience by the experiencer. It all becomes more thoroughly a matter of time, place, and circumstance. This means that, more than Billy Sunday, Professor Coe will seek to rationalize theology into a greater relative conformity with what is known of nature and her ways.

One with a "strangely perverted" nature like my own will perhaps tend to "pervert" religion as a whole, or work to have humanity outgrow the desire—the emotional need—for it. However, psychologists of the temperament of Professor Coe, and especially those who must give even more of emotional value to their mystical interpretation, must strenuously resist everything which might tend to make mankind outgrow the religious stage of development. Some will, no doubt, ascribe my attitude to the machinations of Satan, and my method may be dubbed "malicious animal magnetism." From my viewpoint, I am only defending a different group of avertive and acquisi-

tive necessities of the automatic system than those which control Professor Coe. From another point of view, it remains to be determined which of us is functioning at the higher level of evolution in desire and in mental processes, and which of us is doing most to accelerate intellectual and spiritual evolution in others.

THEODORE SCHROEDER.

Truthseeker (New York).

(To be Concluded.)

"The World."

I AM not at all certain that I ought to enlarge upon personal preferences—mere illiterate prejudices perhaps—but, after all, literary criticism may be ultimately analysed as mere personal likes and dislikes. Religion perpetuates itself, because many people have a taste for it. Freethought is leavening the lump, because a growing number of people discover a taste for that—the latter, perhaps, bitter in the mouth, but sweet and wholesome in the belly, and wisely observed, at enmity with every base desire, a very "good taste" indeed.

We have been told to admire great things, and some of us, obeying too readily, have lost our subjective selves in objective admiration, which is had alike for subject and object. But to proceed with the subject in hand:

My Shakespeare superstition, for instance, is finding a rival in that modern, foreign, but universal writer, Leopardi. No wonder a man like his translator, James Thomson (B.V.), found in him an object of worship; one whom to discover to the world no toil was too exacting and severe. As a matter of literary and philosophic taste the writings of Leopardi are to it what pure, cool, crystal water is to the thirsty palate. All his life this Italian classic suffered infinitely, endured intensely, and worked prodigiously. As a poet we are told he is next to Dante. As a philosopher he is to me the *ne plus ultra* of simplicity and beauty, just, accurate, profound. He did not attack religion. He ignored it; or if he referred to it, it was in words of praise. Unlike the mighty Voltaire he praised it without (religious) purpose and without malice, but with the most shattering simplicity. The way to kill Christianity is to turn its guns upon itself, as Leopardi has naively done in a simple "Thought" of his. Christ is still a mighty engine in the world, not for good we say. Let us, in the words of Leopardi, turn that engine upon the world it has professed to save. What parson had ever the wit or the wisdom to write or speak like this man!—

Jesus Christ was the first who distinctly impeached before men that praiser and teacher of all the false virtues, that detractor and persecutor of all the true; that adversary of every truly great quality in man; that derider of every lofty sentiment, if sincerely held, and of every sweet affection if it be really heart felt; that slave of the strong, tyrant of the weak, hater of the unhappy; that personification of evil, I mean, which Christ called *the world*, a name which it has retained in all civilized languages up to the present time. I do not believe that this comprehensive term, which is so expressive as applied to the present condition of mankind, and which is never likely to fall out of use, had ever before been used by any religious teacher. Nor do I think the idea is to be found in any of the works of the pagan philosophers. Perhaps before the time of Christ villainy and fraud had not yet arrived at their crowning point, and civilization was still at some distance from that stage wherein it becomes almost a synonym of corruption.

Such, in brief, is civilized man: I mean he is such as he was described by Christ, and as I have above delineated him. It is true that reason and imagination do not discover him, that books and teachers do

not make him known to us, and that nature repudiates him as fabulous; experience of life alone compels us to accept him as real. And it is to be noted that this idea of mankind in general realizes itself in every detail in countless individuals.

What grace of form, what consecutive force of argument, what turning of the tables is here! We do not need to agree that Jesus was the first, or the only person to use the epithet, or that it might not be otherwise applied. The great fact here is that the applied meaning especially fits the case, and forms an irresistible synthetic condemnation of *the world* as it is. It is simple, profound and crushing, and in one paragraph dismisses all the mountainous pretensions of a muddle-headed, mercenary, or arrogant priesthood.

But, ah, these may exclaim, thus Christ himself stands the test! Thus, also, we reply, does the pagan Leopardi, who did not profess to be divine.

A. MILLAR.

Acid Drops.

It is good to see ourselves as others see us, even if the "others" is only the Rev. Frank Ballard. In a booklet on the "Mystery of Pain" Mr. Ballard refers to Mr. Cohen's *Theism or Atheism?* as continuing "the mixture of dogmatism, abuse, and invective, for which the *Freethinker* is, alas! only too well known." That is very severe, and our only consolation is that Mr. Ballard does not give his readers samples of this same abuse and invective. Perhaps he thinks it unnecessary, perhaps it would stain his virgin pages. So he leaves readers with the assurance that while "specimens of its rough speech and false statements cannot be printed here in *extenso*, but they might be culled from every page." Now we rather wish that instead of calling the *Freethinker* by this name Mr. Ballard had said that the *Freethinker* was obscene or indecent. Then we should certainly have had to print a larger number of copies for some weeks in order to supply his Christian readers who would have been searching for what they had been told they would find. But they are not likely to buy the *Freethinker* for specimens of dogmatism, abuse, and invective—at least, not while there are so many Christian papers about.

Still, we feel we ought to make allowances for Mr. Ballard. He must be a much disappointed man. Some years ago at one of the Methodist conferences it was solemnly announced that Mr. Ballard was going to devote himself to the task of crushing unbelief in this country. Ever since Mr. Ballard has been going about the country exposing unbelief—always taking care that no representative unbeliever was present to answer him—and ever since he has been out on the job of infidel slaying Christianity has gone from bad to worse. That is not Mr. Ballard's fault, of course. He blew the trumpets, and if the walls of Jericho did not fall the responsibility was not his. It was the fault of the Lord in whom he trusted.

Mr. Ballard does not give samples of the coarseness, etc., from the *Freethinker*, but he does give several passages from Mr. Cohen's *Theism*, which he says is written by "the keenest of them all," but is "the latest and most abusive production" attacking theism. Here they are—the summary of a lengthy argument, of course:—

The correct picture of Nature—if we must picture an intelligence behind it—would be that of an intelligence aiming at killing all, and only failing in its purpose because the natural endowment of some placed them beyond its power.....

Throughout the whole of Nature there is never the slightest indication that forces operate with the least reference to what we are accustomed to consider the higher interests of the race.....

An almighty intelligence designs a process to produce a perfect animal through the sufferings of other animals. It takes thousands and thousands of generations to complete the process, and meantime every year is bringing the whole plan nearer to extinction. Divine wisdom! Anything nearer to complete stupidity and futility it would be impossible to conceive.

It is obviously much easier to call such statements abusive than it is to reply to them. But it seems quite clear that Mr. Ballard has not managed to grasp the very elementary evolutionary truth that the whole activity of natural selection depends upon elimination. It is only by elimination—that is by killing off a certain number that fall below a given standard—that the "higher" type is created. Where there is no elimination there is no development. Mr. Ballard would have been well-advised to have kept to the assurance of the work being full of abuse without printing what he considered specimens. We may deal with his treatment of the *Mystery of Pain* later.

"Desirable advowson, good rectory, beautiful church, country, net income £460." This is advertised under the "Bargain Sales" in a daily paper. These advertisements appear frequently, and it affords an insight into the public attitude to the Establishment that they are taken quite as a matter of course. We are a practical people, and those to whom the guardianship of this country's spiritual welfare has been confided by Providence—and Parliament—are by no means the least practical among us.

We learn from recently published lists that the Bishop of Manchester has presented the Rev. S. C. Carpenter to the living of Bolton, worth £1,100 and residence. The Rev. Canon Devereux has been presented to the living of Kegworth—£800 and a house. The Woking Church is worth £600 and residence. There is something at least frank in the way these details are published. Perhaps they are meant to disarm suspicion. But they do remind one of an estate agent's or auctioneer's "exceptional chances" and "going concerns."

Trust in the Lord! but presumably, it is better to trust in an alarm bell. At any rate, the Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine's, Preston, has had an electric alarm bell attached to the church offertory box. Anyone touching the box sets an alarm bell going, and a woman was caught a few days ago and charged with stealing 4s. from the church. So a policeman takes the place of the Lord at the Church of St. Augustine's, and we have no doubt is much more effective.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* (June 17) contains an article, "Vanishing Aborigines," in which the writer states that the Australian blacks are rapidly dying out. They are themselves solving the "native problem" by "quietly moving out of our way into the beyond." On the same page are references to the annual report for 1922 of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to the Sydney City Mission, and the new memorial chapel in St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn, which is to be dedicated on Armistice Day. When one reflects seriously on the effect of Christian civilization on the Australian aborigines—who do not stand alone—and then reads of the commemoration of the ghastly blood-carnival which Christian Europe has just passed through, it is like gazing on the picture of a skull and cross-bones painted in black on a crimson background. And our newspapers are already warning us that the next war will be still more frightful. "Poison gas, poison acids, high explosives, and incendiary bombs will be raining from the air." This is the prospect before us, according to Admiral Mark Kerr's recent letter in the *Times*.

The *Catholic Herald* (September 2) says that "a well-known Bible society" offered to present a copy of the Bible to every delegate attending the recent convention of the Universal Negro Improvement Association. The offer was declined and the society notified that the copies of the Scriptures might be distributed among the white population in those parts of the country where racial prejudices prevailed. This was a neat reply and at the same time a pointed comment on the influence of the "inspired" volume.

At Peterborough recently the parson engaged to solemnize a wedding failed to appear. After trying four

vicarages a substitute was found. Just after he had begun with the ceremony two of the other clergymen came on the scene, and just before he finished the missing original arrived breathless and explained that he had waited at the wrong church. A new "comedy of errors" could be written up from the details. But who pocketed the fees?

The Prince of Wales has been belauding the Salvation Army and its work. He says that "the great tradition left behind by General William Booth is being fully maintained." All this is quite in keeping with the rules of the game as it is played. There is an old saying, "You know Hercules by his foot," and no doubt the prince hopes to be king some day "by the grace of God." The other day we heard a story of the original Booth which is worth reproducing. He approached a wealthy member of the mercantile community and asked for a donation. The latter was somewhat impressed at first and seemed ready to bite. Then the General thought the moment ripe for his master-stroke: "Remember, sir, every ten shillings means a soul saved." "In that case," replied Mr. Plutocrat, "I can't subscribe; there aren't half enough souls damned as it is."

There died the other day the Rev. H. W. Watkins, Archdeacon of Durham. We do not know that he was remarkable for anything particular during his life, but evidently, from the newspaper report, there was one thing which led him to believe that he had not lived in vain. It appears that King Edward, when Prince of Wales, once took shelter in his house during the rain. Of course he sat down during his stay, and, says the paper, the chair was ever afterwards his "most treasured possession." The story leaves one wondering at the type of mind that could treasure up a chair because a prince sat in it. It does help one to understand why such huge sums are paid by men to get titles, and it drives home the fact of the almost incurable snobbishness of human nature. We suppose that on Sundays the worthy Archdeacon would preach that all men were equal before God and persuade himself that he believed it.

The quality of the thinking that goes to fill the columns of the daily press may be gauged from the appearance later of several leading articles on the decline of the middle class, and the multiplication of what is called the "lower class." The general trend of these articles is that as the lower classes have a larger birth-rate than the middle class something must be done to encourage a larger birth-rate with the latter. Lower, middle, and upper, are accepted as settled biological distinctions, implying a difference of stock. But there is really not the slightest evidence that there is any biological difference between the classes. The children of the lower classes, if taken when very young and transplanted into the conditions of the middle classes would show no difference from them. And the same is true if the experiment is tried the other way round. There are good and bad strains, but this has nothing whatever to do with the economic and political conditions which determine the class position of a person. The corrective for the multiplication of undesirable characters in society is not setting one class against another in a breeding competition, as though we were dealing with rabbits, but the removal of conditions that demoralize those born amid them.

Why, asks the *Church Times*, with the story of the marriage of Cana before her does Miss Maude Royden speak of the drinking of alcohol as wrong? The answer is that Miss Royden is only doing what nearly all preachers do. When a certain practice or teaching is not fashionable the teachings of Jesus are interpreted so as to suit current requirements. Otherwise we should not have Christians rejecting the idea of casting out devils, or clamouring for battleships or fighting aircraft, or refusing to take no thought for the morrow. They are all at it, the *Church Times* included. And the moral of the situation is that one cannot run a savage religion with a civilized people and still remain intellectually clean.

Someone writes to the *Church Times* of September 1 suggesting that there should be—in connection with the belief in clerical celibacy—established an Anglo-Catholic Order of Merit for Women. There should be two classes. Dames of the Order—women who have actually refused to marry a priest. Companions of the Order—those who would refuse if they had the opportunity. We are left puzzled. What is the real qualification for the distinction? Can it be intended as a tribute to the common-sense of the women who so act? We have not a very exalted idea of priests, but we should hardly have thought that a woman who declined to marry one of them deserved a reward. Some clergymen are quite decent fellows and would make quite tolerable husbands. And the suggestion appears in a religious paper! Call you that backing of your friends?

One of the religious papers is concerned over the destruction of old churches and pleads for the preservation of an old wooden church in the county of Essex. We read the article with a considerable degree of sympathy. We are rather fond of rambling over old churches, and think that as mere examples of architecture they should be preserved. And if preserved they could be put to uses other than that of illustrating the history of architecture. Nothing would be more instructive than to have in this country a museum, or museums, of the history of religion with the exhibits arranged in true evolutionary order. And no better building could be utilized for this purpose than a church. A church which contained effigies of clergymen, beginning with the savage medicine man and running right up to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with representatives of the gods from the earliest times, accompanied by all the ritualistic dresses and paraphernalia of religion would be immensely instructive, and would leave as little doubt of the blood relationship of the whole as is left in the mind of a student concerning the blood relationship of man to the rest of the animal world after he has studied the evolutionary sequence. The preservation of churches from this point of view is as important as is the skull of prehistoric man when discovered. Things are understood as they are only when we know what they have been.

Lord Edward Cecil writes in a recent issue of the *Sunday Pictorial* on "Reasons for the Empty Pew." He says it is no use pretending the Churches have not failed, they have. "The mere fact that most of the churches are becoming emptier and emptier, as the older and middle-aged people die off, and the rising generation of youth obstinately refuse to fill the vacant places, coupled with the fact that several of the churches are ceasing to be financially self-supporting, proves that the failure of the churches is beyond dispute." For a cure, Lord Edward thinks the Church must adapt itself to the age—which means that the Church must drop a lot that it has formerly sworn by, and take up with something for which the people have a stronger taste. There is nothing in the practice. The Church has always dropped a teaching when it was no longer safe to hold it. And the people have hitherto been sufficiently silly to be taken in by the dodge. Whether they will continue so remains to be seen.

But after being frank, Lord Edward shows that he has sufficient of the ancient faith in him to become slanderous when he is dealing with people he does not like. Thus—

The Pagans and Atheists and the people of no morality and no sense of responsibility, either for their own lives or for other people's are a source of danger in the long run to the whole fabric of civilized life. It is not therefore desirable that the churches should be allowed to fail.

The bracketing of Atheists with people of no morality and no sense of responsibility is one of those pieces of blackguardism that come quite naturally to a Christian when he is dealing with unbelievers. And when that is a consequence of belief in Christianity one can hope that as people become sufficiently civilized to throw that religion overboard, they may also develop sufficient decency to recognize that slander is not a very convincing weapon, even when wielded by a member of one of the most notorious of the upper-class parasites of Britain.

To Correspondents.

Those subscribers who receive their copy of the "Freethinker" in a GREEN WRAPPER will please take it that the renewal of their subscription is due. They will also oblige, if they do not want us to continue sending the paper, by notifying us to that effect.

T. F. ELLIOTT.—We remember quite well that the columns of the *Daily Mail* were opened to a discussion on Socialism, but never for Freethought. We do not accuse the Northcliffe Press of practising this policy because certain opinions clashed with the convictions of its leaders. On the contrary, we were never able to see that it had any opinions at all. It was a question of selling, of "giving the public what it wants." And that policy is a wholly bad one. It has done more to demoralize the Press than anything else, and it has succeeded only too well.

J. HARNETT.—Pleased you found that advertisement so successful.

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

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

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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.

The "Freethinker" will be forwarded direct from the publishing office to any part of the world, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—

The United Kingdom.—One year, 17s. 6d.; half year, 8s. 9d.; three months, 4s. 6d.

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Sugar Plums.

Next Sunday, September 17, Mr. Cohen will visit Leeds. The Branch has secured a new meeting place, and Mr. Cohen has promised to give the opening lectures. In the afternoon his subject will be "Freethought and Social Progress," and in the evening "Some Delusions about a Future Life." We have no further particulars about the meetings at present, but they will appear in our next week's issue. This visit is a few weeks in advance of Mr. Cohen's usual autumn lectures. He will commence these with Swansea on October 1.

We see from a number of cuttings that have reached us that Mr. J. Fothergill, of South Shields is conducting a steady propaganda in the northern daily and weekly papers, and in this way is managing to bring Freethought under the notice of many who would not otherwise know very much about it. We should like to see more of our friends follow the same line. Where it is possible too much attention cannot be paid to the Press. It is the main organ of information for large numbers of people, and that is one reason why we feel so strongly the matter of its degradation in the interests of pure commercialism. We congratulate Mr. Fothergill on his pertinacity.

From one of our readers, Mr. W. A. Adamson, comes the following:—

I hope that you are not under the impression that you are fairly treated by the so-called bookstalls at the stations. I paid quite recently a visit to London, and had occasion to wait for a train to Norwich at the Liverpool Street Station. I did not have my copy of the *Freethinker* with me, as I knew that it would be safely laid aside for me at my home here. This is not my point, I merely introduce it to adorn by tale, I went up to Messrs. W. H. Smith's stall and asked for a copy of the *Freethinker*. I also repeated the same request at their stall at Fenchurch Street Station. In both cases I was abruptly told that they did not stock such a publication. Of course, I was a stranger and was not buying any other of their trash that they sell on all occasions.

I sell newspapers but I have no inquiries for the *Freethinker*, though I would have no hesitation in selling it if there was a demand for it.

May I ask you to send someone round to the London bookstalls incognito to test this state of affairs from time to time? I always make it a point to ask for the *Freethinker* every time I am at any of the big stations. I am invariably told that they do not stock it. May I also urge you to impress upon your readers the absolute necessity to make a similar request every time that any one of them is at any of the big stations, as I consider them to be the real offenders with respect to the sale of the *Freethinker*?

We very much appreciate Mr. Adamson's letter and the interest he shows, but we are under no delusion as to the extent of the boycott that is being carried on. It is for that reason we are always asking the help of our readers to overcome it. And there is more reason than usual at this time why our friends should give of the best. We overcame the difficulties of the war, thanks to their help, but we find the tremendous depression in trade more troublesome still, from a financial point of view. And we are all the time fighting against having to ask for any further financial help. Whether we can avoid doing that time will show. As usual, we are doing what we can in this direction by going without. More than our work we cannot give. None of our readers can at present force booksellers to show the *Freethinker*, but if there were a sufficient number of readers to take in the paper and worry their booksellers, even the boycott might be to some extent overcome.

Mr. George Whitehead is undertaking, on behalf of the N.S.S., a week's campaign in Leeds. He will lecture in Victoria Square this evening (September 10) at 7, and at the same hour every evening during the week. Questions and discussion are invited.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Corrigan had two fine meetings at Peckham Rye on Sunday last. Mr. Moss took the chair on both occasions, and it is good to know that under his chairmanship the large crowd was perfectly orderly. There were many questions following both lectures. We have not had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Corrigan lecture, but we have heard enough from others to wish that he was busier on our platform than he is at present.

THE HOUSE ON THE WEALD.

Yes, all we love is doomed to swift decay,
 And every loving heart both aches and bleeds
 As years roll on, and age to age succeeds,
 And fortune's smiles successive dupes betray;
 Yet when we speak of races swept away,
 We tell their tale in vain, for no man heeds
 The woe that mingled with their weal, or reads
 His fate foreshadowed in their evil day.
 The wheel of fortune swept thy Mascalls down,
 And brought thy Newtons up, who in their turn
 Displayed their sable Lion of renown
 Upon thy casements; yet could not discern
 What fortune had in store for them—her frown.
 So now they own but ashes and an urn.

—Thomas Herbert Noyes.

Darwinism in the Light of To-Day.

ALTHOUGH our leading scientists are evolutionists to a man, and even some advanced churchmen, like Canon Barnes, publicly profess their belief in the descent of man from lower animal forms, there is still a very strong opposition, based upon religious sentiment, being waged against the evolutionary view. In America, where the gap between the scientists and the people seems to be very wide indeed, we have the spectacle of the State Legislature of Kentucky recently discussing a Bill to make it a criminal offence to teach the doctrine of evolution in any school or university of that state, and after a hot debate, it was defeated by only one vote. And further, we find a former candidate for the presidency of the United States, Mr. William J. Bryan declaring:—

Unless you believe that God prepared the big fish to swallow Jonah, and then in three days spoke to the fish and caused him to vomit up the prophet on dry land, you must disbelieve in all other miracles.

Just as our great-grandfathers did.

In our own country the campaign is industriously carried on by a small but energetic group of literary men like Mr. Chesterton who has just found rest in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Hilaire Belloc (also a Roman Catholic), with Mr. Bernard Shaw (unattached), who opposes all science and scientists on principle, for what reason is not very clear, for he believes neither in Christianity nor the Bible. Our kept Press suffers them gladly and gives prominence to their tirades against Darwinism. They have the run of the Press through their literary ability, and their influence is wide felt. On the other hand the fear of the effect upon the circulation prevents an equal publicity being given to the supporters of Darwinism, therefore many of the public who are not conversant with modern science, think there must be "something in it" when they read these diatribes against the evolution of man.

In the August number of *The Nineteenth Century*, Sir Arthur Keith (Hunterian professor at the Royal College of Surgeons), the distinguished anatomist and anthropologist, has an article entitled "Darwinism at the Dusk or at the Dawn?" in which he considers the position of Darwinism to-day. He begins by observing that the vigorous campaign which is being carried on in the Press and the pulpit is shaking public belief in the truth of Darwin's discoveries. The opponents of Darwin say that he was not the discoverer of evolution. True, but then Darwin never claimed that he was, and, as Prof. Keith observes, the difference between Darwin and his predecessors was that when they brought their case to court it was dismissed for want of evidence. But when Darwin produced his case in 1859, "the evidence he brought forward was so full and cogent that the trial had to go on. It was Charles Darwin who made evolution a 'going concern.' In the later decades of the nineteenth century he succeeded in completely altering the outlook of every inquiring mind." There is all the difference between Darwin and his predecessors that there is between the many people who theorized about the possibility of flying and the actual accomplishment of flight by the Wright brothers.

It is, of course, possible that Darwin may have founded his theory of man's origin on false observations, or drawn conclusions from his assemblage of facts which cannot now be upheld. In order to test this Prof. Keith has re-read the *Descent of Man* critically as if a new edition were to be prepared in the light of the discoveries of recent years, with the result, to use his own words: "I find that scarcely an altera-

tion is required in any of his statements of fact." And further observes:—

Nothing, then, has gone wrong with the data on which Darwin based his theory of man's origin. In a new edition of the *Descent of Man* the text would stand almost unaltered, but there would be required such a host of supplementary footnotes as would treble the size of the book. The publication of Darwin's theory redoubled the zest of human anatomists; they have ransacked the human body, brain and mind time after time in search of facts to prove or disprove the truth of Darwin's theory. The further the search goes, the more firmly based does the theory become.

All the facts of embryology, unknown in Darwin's time, give their support to evolution. All the changes taking place in the human embryo during the first months of development, and thought to be peculiar to man, have, upon further investigation, been shown to occur in the embryo of those animals which structurally most resemble man.

The early critics of Darwin demanded the production of the "missing link," says Prof. Keith:—

He had in 1874 only one poor fossil human skull to put forward as a witness—the calvaria found in the cave at Neanderthal, near Dusseldorf, in Germany. Even this specimen was proclaimed by Virchow to be a mere freak—a result of disease. To-day we have a series of "missing links" dug from the more recent strata of the earth wherein has been kept a record of man's pre-history. It is now conclusively proved that Virchow was wrong and that Huxley and Darwin were right.

We well remember how the verdict of Virchow—then the greatest authority upon the subject—was hurled at us, from pulpit and Press, as definitely disposing of Darwin and his abominable theory.

With all this accumulation of evidence in favour of Darwin, how comes it, asks Prof. Keith, that the impression has spread abroad that Darwin's theory has collapsed? And he answers it is due to a wrong interpretation given by the public to the arguments and discussions which arise among the scientists themselves over almost every new discovery. For instance, Dr. H. F. Osborn, the expert head of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, published an account of a molar tooth, in which he came to the conclusion that it belonged to a new genus of extinct humanity, which he named *Hesperopithecus*; but Dr. Smith Woodward, Keeper of Geology in the British Museum, also an expert in these matters, declares his opinion that it is the tooth of a pliocene bear. Prof. Elliot Smith, of the University of London, sides with Dr. Osborn and declares for its human origin. Prof. Keith says:—

Anyone listening to the advocates for the prosecution and defence finds such sharp contradictions between them that he believes neither and expects the jury to bring in a verdict against evolution. The visitor forgets, or is ignorant of the fact, that in this case Osborn, Smith Woodward, and Elliot Smith, are all strenuous supporters of Darwin's theory. The case which is being tried is not the truth of Darwin's theory, but whether a certain tooth is that of an extinct man or an extinct bear.....Time and additional evidence will settle whether *Hesperopithecus* is a man or a bear. Whatever the final verdict may be, Darwinism stands firmly, as before, but not the tradition of a special creation.

Another instance cited by Prof. Keith is that of Dr. Wood Jones, who has attempted to trace man's lineage, not from anthropoid apes, but very much further back to a stage now represented by the curious Bornean animal, *Tarsius Spectrum*. Prof. Keith says:—

The problem thus raised by Prof. Wood Jones was fully discussed at the Zoological Society in 1919 by the leading experts in this country, and a verdict was given against him and in favour of the older and

Darwinian view. Yet I saw in a newspaper the other day, over a clergyman's signature, this statement: "Did not Dr. Wood Jones, professor of anatomy in the University of London, deny Darwinism in a lecture delivered early in 1918?"

Prof. Wood Jones, as is the case with every living anatomist, is an evolutionist—a believer in the origin of man from a lower and older primate type. He did not seek to deny, but only to modify in one respect, the theory put forward by Darwin. No one knew better than Darwin, or stated more plainly, that his theory would have to be modified or even replaced as knowledge accumulated. But not any man of science has proposed to readopt the Mosaic account as a solution of the difficult problems with which he is confronted.

Prof. Keith gives his personal testimony as to the practical value of Darwinism in his own work. He says:—

For all who are investigating the problems of living matter Darwinism enters into their daily work. They depend on it, trust it as implicitly as a navigator does his Admiralty charts. This is particularly the case with professional students of the human body who, as is the case with the writer, have to discover and to impart knowledge to generations of medical students.

Prof. Keith gives several illustrations in point, and declares:—

Darwin's theory is an engine of discovery; it guides men to observation of new facts. For the brain surgeon Darwin's teaching is not a theory, but a basis of practice. He has found by experience that knowledge gained from a study of the brain of anthropoid apes can be directly applied when operating on the brain of a child or of a man.

Whatever may be the view of Darwin's theory in popular imagination, there can be no doubt of the strength with which it has become established in the minds of men who are adding yearly to our knowledge of the structure and function of the human body.

Prof. Keith concludes his article with these words:—

Recent discoveries, far from overthrowing Darwinism, serve to strengthen it. Thus it will be seen that, in the judgment of those best qualified to pass an opinion on the theory put forward in *The Descent of Man*, Darwinism, far from being at the Dusk, is only at the Dawn.

And there is no man in the world better qualified to give a verdict upon this subject than Prof. Keith.

W. MANN.

Witchcraft in Europe.

II.

(Concluded from page 573.)

DURING the unsettled times which followed the Reformation, when men's minds were troubled by abstruse theological problems, and their worst passions aroused by religious wars, frenzied witch hatred rose to a climax. Assembled in solemn synod, the College of Aberdeen, in 1603, enjoined every minister to take two of the elders of the parish, and to make "a subtle and privy inquisition," and to question all the parishioners, upon oath, as to their knowledge of witches. Boxes were placed in the churches for the purpose of receiving the accusations. When a woman fell under suspicion, the minister denounced her from the pulpit, and exhorted the parishioners to give evidence against her.

Were the evidence insufficient for the condemnation of the wretched woman, a confession was wrung from her, if need be, by the most horrible tortures.

If the witch was obdurate, the first, and it was said the most effectual, method of obtaining confes-

sion was by what was termed "waking her." An iron bridle or hoop was bound across her face with four prongs, which were thrust into her mouth. It was fastened behind to the wall by a chain, in such a manner that the victim was unable to lie down; and in this position she was sometimes kept for several days, while men were constantly with her to prevent her from closing her eyes for a moment in sleep. Partly in order to effect this object, and partly to discover the insensible mark which was the sure sign of a witch, long pins were thrust into her body. At the same time, as it was a saying in Scotland that a witch would never confess while she could drink, excessive thirst was often added to her tortures. Some prisoners have been waked for five nights; one, it is said, even for nine.

The physical and mental suffering of such a process was sufficient to overcome the resolution of many, and to distract the understanding of not a few. But other and perhaps worse tortures were in reserve. The three principal that were habitually applied, were the pennywinkis, the boots, and the caschielawis. The first was a kind of thumb-screw; the second was a frame in which the leg was inserted, and in which it was broken by wedges, driven in by a hammer; the third was also an iron frame for the leg, which was from time to time heated over a brazier. Fire-matches were sometimes applied to the body of the victim. We read in a contemporary legal register, of one man who was kept for forty-eight hours in "vehement torture" in the caschielawis; and of another who remained in the same frightful machine for eleven days and eleven nights, whose legs were broken daily for fourteen days in the boots, and who was so scourged that the whole skin was torn from his body. This was, it is true, censured as an extreme case, but it was only an excessive application of the common torture. (Lecky, *Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe.*)

In England the efforts of James I to root out witchcraft were outdone by the zealous Puritans under the Commonwealth. Professional witchfinders travelled the country, discovering witches by various methods. There were three tests for ascertaining whether an accused person were a witch or not. The first was the trial by swimming. The wretched old woman was seized, and her clothing searched for pins, since it was thought that the presence of a single pin about her person would destroy the efficacy of the trial. Then a rope was fastened about her waist, and her thumbs and great toes tied together, and she was wrapped in a large sheet, and flung into a river or pool, through which she was dragged by the rope. If she sank and was drowned, she was innocent, and her death by drowning was a regrettable incident in the campaign against the Evil One and his followers. If she floated—and many did, partly from the strain upon the rope, and partly from the fact that a helpless body so bound would certainly float if laid carefully upon the surface of the water—she was guilty, whereupon she was dragged forth and burned or hanged.

The accused was condemned on the principle of King James, who, in treating of this mode of trial, lays down that, as witches have renounced their baptism, so it is just that the element through which the holy rite is enforced should reject them.

The second method of trial was by pricking. The accused was stripped, and pins thrust into her body. Everyone knew that there were spots on a witch's body insensible to feeling, and unable to bleed. Accordingly to find such a witch-mark on the person of the beldame was to prove beyond cavil that she was a witch. The third method was trial by weighing. The accused was weighed against the church Bible, and went free if she weighed it down. This form of trial was rarely used, and then, generally only when the other methods had proved inconclusive. Thus, in 1707, an old woman near Bedford was accused of witchcraft. The trial by swimming was indecisive,

for though she floated her head was under water. Thrice she was dragged through the River Ouse, and still her real character remained in doubt. Many cried out for hanging or drowning, but at last it was resolved to try her by weighing. Accordingly she was "weighed against a church Bible of twelve pounds jockey weight, and as she was considerably preponderant, was dismissed with honour."

The most famous, or rather infamous of the race of witchfinders was Matthew Hopkins. Beginning his career at Manningtree, in Essex, during an epidemic of witch-hunting, he travelled through East Anglia and Huntingdon, searching out witches. His favourite method of trial was by pricking; but he did not hesitate to use more drastic measures when he encountered some obdurate wretch who would not easily confess her wickedness. He was responsible for the deaths of some hundreds of alleged witches, during the three years that he practised his evil trade; and at length even his credulous public began to sicken of him. A number of gentlemen seized him, tried him as a sycophant of Satan, and proved him guilty by the trial of swimming. Thereafter they hanged him. Hopkins had many imitators; who were probably, for the most part, callous scoundrels who plied their trade merely because they received a fee of £1 for every witch they discovered.

After the Restoration the belief in witchcraft declined among educated people, although there were still able writers who defended it. The last official execution on a charge of witchcraft took place in England in 1716 (long after that there were frequent cases of lynching by the mob). In Scotland the last trial and execution took place in 1722; in Spain, the Inquisition burned a woman at Seville in 1781, while the secular courts condemned a girl to decapitation in 1782; in Germany an execution took place at Posen in 1793; and in South America and Mexico witch-burning appears to have lasted until the second half of the nineteenth century, the last instance occurring in Peru in 1888.

W. H. MORRIS.

MOTHER CHURCH.

Mother Church, O most merciless Mother!

Proud Parent of libels and lies,
Whose delight has been ever to smother
All babes who dared open their eyes;
We proclaim thee a downright delusion,
A Phantom, a fiction, a snare,
A promoter of fraud and confusion,
As false as thy features are fair.

Thou hast lived upon lies and illusion,
And fattened on falsehood and fraud,
Ever ready to levy large dues on
The dupes who would dine at thy board!
Thou hast traded on tricks and tradition,
Made market of souls to thy shame,
While the millions, with lamb-like submission,
Obeyed the prestige of thy Name!.....

Let her perish and part with her plunder—
The hoards of her ill-gotten gains—
She will perish! the voice of the thunder
Already peals over the plains;
Lo! the cloud, like a hand, has arisen,
It's coming up out of the sea,
The storm winds are loosed from their prison
And flapping their pinions with glee!

—Thomas Herbert Noyes.

Grave and Gay.

It is often said that faith may remove difficulties. It is forgotten that it may also create them. The difficulties that make the religious fear and tremble would never have existed but for faith. The fear of offending God under which men have led hours, or years, of torment would never have been but for the faith that created God. The theological conundrums which have set individuals and nations by the ears such as the means by which man may be reconciled to God, the way in which the facts of experience may be reconciled with the existence of a good and wise deity, would never have been but for faith. Faith creates far more difficulties than it does away with, causes far more troubles than it allays. And the moral of the situation is that faith, like everything else if it is to be useful, must be based upon reality. Living on a non-existent capital is as certain to bring trouble in the world of ideas as it is in the world of everyday finance. Sooner or later settlement day comes round, and then —?

The savage does not discover gods, he creates them. Civilized man neither discovers nor creates gods—he buries them.

The question of whether Jesus fed a multitude of people with a handful of loaves and a few fishes is entirely a question of size. If these articles of diet were large enough he might have fed a million.

It is a calumny upon wealthy Christians to say that they ever desire to leave large fortunes behind them when they die. They would much rather take their fortunes with them if they could.

The fable of the monk Telemachus jumping into the arena and ending the gladiatorial fights at the cost of his own life is the only story of a monk who gave his life for a wholly human purpose. And throughout Christendom there has been no monument raised to him. He was not even made a saint.

Theologians often fancy they have demonstrated the possibility of thought without a brain when all they have accomplished is to prove that there may be a brain without thought.

From time to time one finds the world busily discussing whether the present generation is better or worse than the last. Usually, the last one is given the benefit, mainly because the discussion is conducted by elderly men who were trained in the past, and who do not like the new and the unaccustomed. Recently Dean Inge, who has made himself the reputation of a thinker on a not too great capital, decided that the present generation is far inferior to the Victorian era. What Dean Inge left out of sight is the consideration that a generation must be judged, not merely by what it is considered by itself, but also by the way in which its teachings affect future generations. The present generation is the outcome of the Victorian era, and if it is so poor at its side, it may surely plead that if it had had a better parentage it would certainly have been different, and presumably better.

No man can be indicted for libelling a nation, nor can one be legally charged with libelling the whole human race. If the latter were possible an action would certainly be taken against those who assert that man is a reasoning animal.

It is a doubtful compliment to pay to a nation to say that it is a fruitful coloniser. Most colonies have been very largely established through discontent at home, either with government, as in the case of the settlement of large bodies of people in America, or through religious persecution, or through pressure of bad times which force people to seek a subsistence elsewhere. A people who are over-ready to fly abroad are likely to have little to hold them at home.

PETER SIMPLE.

Writers and Readers.

THERE are two stages in human life when the organism is peculiarly liable to attacks of religious or emotional enthusiasm. One of these is that period of adolescence which has lately attracted the attention of psychologists here and in America, the other is the much later period when the organism is on the verge of old age, when the source of sexual and general vitality is beginning to run dry. In youth, I suppose, there are very few of us who manage to escape some form of emotional infection. But in most cases the virus is either weak, or the culture-medium unsuitable. Usually we make a rapid recovery, and live henceforth a life of average, undistinguished, intellectual sanity. With richer and more complicated natures, especially those in which there is a taint of physical disease, the emotional infection, at the adolescent stage, is more radical, and infinitely more powerful for evil. We have an example of this profound emotional disturbance in Rousseau, who, with all his intellectual emancipation, never succeeded in getting the poison out of his system. We know that he was never tired preaching tolerance in matters of religion, and yet he advocated exile for those who did not believe in God, and hanging for those who, after declaring their belief in God, acted as if they did not believe. We know that he could rise to the heights of emotional lyricism in praise of the love of humanity and of social righteousness, and at the same time shirk all the responsibilities of fatherhood.

In Shelley we have another example. Although some of my friends are pleased to claim him as an Atheist, I cannot see that he ever succeeded in controlling his emotions by his reason. We have heard a good deal lately from all sides about his gospel of love, charity, sympathy and other virtues; but no one seems to have thought it worth while to point out that his exalted love of humanity did not prevent him from brutally deserting his wife and child, running away with the first woman that appealed more strongly to his hypersensitive sexual impulses, and afterwards protesting with falsetto violence when an English court of justice decided that a man who had abandoned his family and driven his wife to self-murder was not exactly the fittest guardian for young children. Such was the outcome of a dose of the religion of love upon a temperament rendered unstable alike by congenital disease and the Godwinian theory of unlimited individualism.

A new book I have just been reading has brought out for me very clearly the moral deterioration produced by religion. It is the *Autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoi* (Hogarth Press, 4s. net). It shows that the man of genius is often a very uncomfortable person to live with, especially if he is an irritable idealist and sentimentalist. We get too few of these sidelights on genius, but when a woman does put her case before the unbiased reader there is some possibility of a reasoned judgment. We found that Carlyle became more real for us after his wife had let in on him the dry and cold light of reason, and dissipated the damp mists of German morality in which the irritable Scottish prophet longed to make himself uncomfortable. It is also not unlikely that we should have had fewer hymns of praise to Shelley from belletristic and other triflers if his first wife, instead of throwing herself into the Serpentine had jotted down her impressions of the inferno of married life with a sexually vagrant man of genius.

The greatest of Russian novelists, we notice, escaped the infection of religion in early manhood. His energies were directed by the circumstances of his aristocratic birth and education into the normal channels of sport, military life, and pursuit of women. He lived a life of sensation controlled to a certain extent by the exactions of his creative ideals. At the age of thirty he marries a beautiful girl of eighteen after a brief engagement of ten days. In his diary he writes that he has made up his mind to shoot himself if she does not accept him. He is as violent and headlong in love as he is in other matters. His wife is his equal in social position, refined, amiable, and as intelli-

gent as a reasonable man could expect. She manages his household, entertains his friends, copies and re-copies his manuscripts, reads his proofs, bears to him thirteen or fourteen children. With the manifold responsibilities of a large estate, a continually growing family, and a creative genius for a husband, we may be certain that she had too much on her hands to permit her to indulge in the idle vagaries of religion. It is no wonder that she suffered later from nervous prostration, while it seems to me impudently absurd to suggest, as some critics do, that her trouble was congenital insanity. Indeed if there was a trace of insanity on her side, there was enough and to spare on that of her husband.

The trouble came about in this way: When Tolstoi's astonishing vigour of artistic creation showed signs of giving out with the approach of the climacteric there were obvious symptoms of the mental alienation often associated with that change of life. One of these symptoms is a turning away from those things and persons the patient has loved most. In his great creative period Tolstoi was an enthusiastic lover of literature, music, and art; but these have now no meaning for him, or they are looked upon as positively harmful, mere sensual stimulants. Music especially he came to regard as a sort of handmaid to lubricity. Instead of accepting the fact of the inevitable narrowing for him of the stream of vitality, he makes a virtue of asceticism forced upon him by old age. Like Wilde he preaches humility and renunciation, rejoicing in what he regards as a voluntary stepping aside from the common way of life. In his creative period he was an orthodox Christian; now he turns not to materialistic Freethought, which might have saved him, but to a fanciful reconstruction of what he takes to be the genuine religion of Jesus.

His method like that of every other reconciler of the inconsistent teachings of the Gospels is just to accept what commends itself to his reason and feeling, and uncritically to reject those passages that fall short of the ideals of modern rational and emotional ethics. In this way, of course, it is possible to make an organic unity out of any rich collection of moral teachings however mixed they may be. To this reinterpretation of Christianity he brought what remained of his incomparable gift of language, of parable, of metaphor, and his compelling persuasiveness drew all those who were dissatisfied with institutional religion and even won a measure of admiration from those who held aloof from religion. But although religion set up in Tolstoi a form of activity in harmony with his diminished vitality and was for him a source of consolation, it did not bring peace to his household. It set the husband against the wife, and the children against the mother. The countess was a nervous wreck from repeated child-bearing, and her manifold cares found relief not in religion, but in music, which for her husband, was damning proof of her sexual degeneration, her intellectual inferiority. Her insanity was shown by her love of Beethoven and Turguenief, his insanity by his scornful depreciation of what he would have called *les mauvais maitres*, Shakespeare and Wagner.

When domestic calamities came upon him the temper of this founder of a new religion is shown by violent outbursts. He shuts himself up in his room, goes off to the cities, or threatens to take his life. He believes that his wife is his greatest enemy, and is unwise enough to make a number of friends who do their best to strengthen his insane prejudice. He holds that what we want is to get back to nature, the simple life, and to that end works in the fields with the peasants, and in the evening come home and makes himself objectionable to his family. "At one time," the countess tells us, "he thought about taking a Russian peasant woman, a worker on the land, and secretly going away with the peasants to start a new life." One day he took a sack on his shoulder and went off when his wife was about to be confined. But he came back, this apostle of sweetness and light, in a fit of ill-temper, as gloomy and discontented as when he went away. His wife says:—

Nobody and nothing could satisfy Leo Nikolaevich or put his mind at rest....It was as though his inner eye

was turned only to evil and suffering, as though all that was joyful, beautiful, and good had disappeared. I do not know how to live with such views. I was alarmed, frightened, grieved. But with nine children I could not, like a weathercock, turn in the ever changing direction of my husband's spiritual going away.

This hell upon earth for the woman was not a brief episode, it went on for years and ended at last by Tolstoi's going away without a word and finally dying with the intimate friends who, with religion, were responsible for this lamentable breakdown of family happiness. Religion is responsible for some curious transformations. In John Donne it turned a sensualist into a saint. Tolstoi it converted from a decent country gentleman into a boor, and when I find him making his daughter the confident of his charges against her mother, I do not think I am far wrong if I say that it also made him a brute.

GEORGE UNDERWOOD.

INSEPARABLE.

When thou and I are dead, my dear,
The earth above us lain;
When we no more in autumn hear
The fall of leaves and rain,
Or round the snow-enshrouded year
The midnight winds complain;

When we no more in green mid-spring,
Its sights and sounds may mind—
The warm wet leaves set quivering
With touches of the wind,
The birds at morn, and birds that sing
When day is left behind;

When, over all, the moonlight lies,
Intensely bright and still;
When some meandering brooklet sighs
At parting from its hill,
And scents from voiceless gardens rise,
The peaceful air to fill;

When we no more through summer light
The deep dim woods discern,
Nor hear the nightingales at night,
In vehement singing, yearn
To stars and moon, that dumb and bright,
In nightly vigil burn;

When smiles and hopes and joys and fears
And words that lovers say,
And sighs of love and passionate tears
Are lost to us, for aye—
What thing of all our love appears,
In cold and coffin'd clay?

When all their kisses, sweet and close,
Our lips shall quite forget;
When, where the day upon us rose,
The day shall rise and set,
While we for love's sublime repose,
Shall have not one regret—

Oh, this true comfort is, I think,
That, be death near or far,
When we have crossed the fatal brink
And found nor moon nor star,
We know not, when in death we sink,
The lifeless things we are.

Yet one thought is, I deem, more kind,
That when we sleep so well,
On memories that we leave behind
When kindred souls shall dwell,
My name to thine in words they'll bind
Of love inseparable.

—Philip Bourke Marston.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

LONDON:

INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (South Place, Moorgate Street, E.C.2): 11, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Some Recent Critics of England."

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OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand) 6.15, Mr. Corrigan, A Lecture.

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PECKHAM RYE.—11.15, Mr. F. P. Corrigan, A Lecture; 7.15, Mr. F. Shaller, A Lecture.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Brockwell Park): 3.15 and 6, Mr. Rosetti lectures.

THE TRIANGLE, PECKHAM.—Wednesday, September 13, 7.45, Mr. F. P. Corrigan, A Lecture.

WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S. (Corner Technical Institute, Romford Road, Stratford, E.): 7, Mr. E. Burke, A Lecture.

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

PLYMOUTH BRANCH N.S.S. (Plymouth Chambers): Monday, September 11, at 7.30 p.m., Branch Meeting.

SOUTH SHIELDS BRANCH N.S.S. (12 Straker Terrace, Tyne Dock): 6.30, Lecture Arrangements, 7, Mr. J. Hamer, "Coral Reefs."

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