

# The FREETHINKER

FOUNDED • 1881

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

*Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper*

VOL. XLIII.—No. 35

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1923

PRICE THREEPENCE

## PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>The Gospel of Pain.—The Editor</i> - - - - -	545
<i>Groundless Claims.—J. T. Lloyd</i> - - - - -	546
<i>The Poet of Humanity.—Minermus</i> - - - - -	547
<i>Some Aspects of Modern Spiritualism.—Vincent J. Hands</i>	548
<i>Canadian Quips and Queries.—Hubert Sheriff</i> - - - - -	549
<i>The Sabbath Breakers.—F. R. C.</i> - - - - -	550
<i>The Devil's Chaplain.—Guy A. Aldred</i> - - - - -	554
<i>A Famous French Classic.—Andrew Millar</i> - - - - -	555
<i>Totemism.—J. M. Wheeler</i> - - - - -	556
<i>Acid Drops, To Correspondents, Sugar Plums, Letters to the Editor, etc.</i>	

## Views and Opinions.

**The Gospel of Pain.**

Historic Christianity has generally prided itself on being a gospel of pain. In this it stood out in sharp contrast to the older religions which it deposed. The Pagan religions taught its votaries that life was a good thing and ought to be a joyous one. That much is instinct in the literature, the sculpture, and the drama of the ancient world. Christianity came in with a different gospel. Life in this world was at best a burden. The world was given over to the Devil, enjoyment was an indication of his control. Man's duty was to mortify the flesh, and as a reward to look forward to a future existence wherein he would lead a life that could appeal only to an emasculated humanity. Christianity did not hold, of course, that pain should be endured and enjoyment shunned without some motive. It believed in deferring happiness until the next world was reached—something like the man who spends nearly all his life saving and amasses a competency by the time he has lost the capacity for spending it. This principle runs right through the history of Christianity. If one glances through a list of the portraits of the Christian saints during the golden age of the Church it is surprising how seldom one comes across a healthy, happy looking face. They are almost to a man grim, careworn, and pain stricken. It is true that the monks of popular imagination are often depicted as jolly, well-conditioned men, with broad faces and well developed stomachs, but it must be remembered that these are the 'orrid examples used to prove that the monks did not always remain true to their vows. And against the popular picture of the monk—resented as a caricature by the Church—there is the Church's own picture of the ideal monk, who if he felt nearly as miserable as he looked must have been miserable indeed. And, above all, there is the picture of the figurehead of Christianity, the Jesus of the New Testament, a man born to sorrow and accustomed to grief, one who is never said to have smiled, but did often weep. Place the picture of the emaciated Christ at the side of the effigies of the Pagan gods, and the difference of the two ideals may be seen at a glance. This difference was well put by the inimitable Heine:—

Suddenly there came gasping towards them (*i.e.*, the Pagan gods) a pale Jew dripping with blood, a

crown of thorns on his head bearing a great cross of wood on his shoulder, and he cast his cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden goblets trembled and fell, and the gods grew dumb and pale and even paler, till they melted into utter mist. Then there were dreary days and the world became grey and gloomy. There were no more happy immortals and Olympus became a hospital, where flayed, roasted, and spitted gods went wearily wandering round, binding their wounds and singing sorrowful songs. Religion no longer offered joy but consolation; it was a woeful, bleeding religion of transgressors.

It was the religion of death against the religion of life, and for a time death conquered.

\* \* \*

### The Sanctification of Solemnity.

Modern Christianity cannot escape its heritage however much some preachers may wish to do so. When does one hear a hearty laugh in a church? And imagine the consternation of the congregation if some degenerate member so far forgot himself! "Thank God!" said a Highland minister in resisting a proposal to introduce the P.S.A. movement into his district, "there has never been a pleasant Sunday afternoon in my church." Laughter, of a mild kind, there may be outside the church door, but it must cease when one enters the "sacred" building. To approach God with a smile would argue undue familiarity. The face must be set and solemn, and if one does not actually feel miserable one must at least look as if one is. It is true that the preacher outside the church may be as easy and as jokeful as the next, but then he is, more or less, speaking in a lay capacity. When he is in church it is more than he dare do to treat his subject in a light or humorous manner. He has the historic manner to keep up, the historic tradition to maintain. And in sober truth it would be a dangerous game if the preacher were to encourage his congregation to look upon the humorous side of things. Imagine the effect on a congregation so educated of being invited to a Harvest Thanksgiving after a particularly bad season. There is on record the reply of one person so invited who declined on the ground that he had no wish to approach the Lord in a spirit of sarcasm. But then he was a Scotsman, and wit is always more or less active with a Scot. And it is curious that it is the Devils in hell that one is told laugh, never the angels in heaven. Popular Christianity has always depicted them playing solos on long trumpets, which are not exactly humorous instruments, or singing hymns which, while full of praise to the Lord, could afford little enjoyment to healthy men and women.

\* \* \*

### Pious Absurdities.

With most things that are trivial upon the surface there is a deeper aspect if one can only get at it, and this is certainly true of Christianity and its glorification of suffering. Pain and suffering are facts of existence, and while the non-Theist may take them as they come and make the best of them, framing his theory of life so that it may harmonize with experience, the Chris-

tian is compelled to square them with preconceived notions. His theory commits him to the belief in the existence of a personal God who has created the world, deliberately endowed it with all its capacities for good and evil, and who governs it for the benefit of mankind. He must therefore try and find a justification for the existence of pain and evil in the world, and he falls back upon a theory of their purificatory character. This is the way in which one well-known preacher states the case :—

There is an ennobling quality in suffering. Pain, trial, bereavement—these are the experiences that write lines of spiritual dignity and strength upon human faces, which deepen and sweeten human hearts, and make life silently serious and purposeful. Note the face that is thinned and scored by years of physical suffering. What a strange nobility it has! Pain's refining chisel has been at work there.

Another tells us :—

There are great tracts of life which cannot be developed except through suffering. How should we bring out sympathy? How should we bring out all the gifts of the gifted and trained nurse, of the devoted medical man, of the strenuously determined sanitary inspector?.....Great catastrophes of Nature—earthquakes, avalanches, storms, some of these things will be, and must be, left that they may develop our international sympathy.

Fatuity is here piled upon fatuity. The old theory of God fighting with the Devil for mastery was intellectually respectable at the side of this absurd apologetic. The notion of a God who deliberately creates all the conditions which make suffering inevitable in order to develop strength against them, so that man may be prepared for existence in a state where pain and suffering does not exist, and therefore has no need to be armed against them, is almost too absurd for serious discussion. Small wonder that preachers do not encourage in their religious ministrations a sense of the ridiculous. It is not a justification of suffering that is offered in these apologies, but a sanctification of the absurd.

\* \* \*

Does Suffering Benefit?

There is nothing more hideously untrue than the statement that there is something ennobling in suffering. No man is better for suffering, though some may be able to stand it without any serious loss. But the normal consequence of suffering is to lower resistance and to deteriorate character. The experience of almost anyone will prove the truth of this. Most have had the sad experience of watching someone afflicted with a lengthy—perhaps incurable—illness, and they will have noticed how the patient becomes almost daily more exacting, more self-centred, with only their own sympathy at the sight of pain keeping alive solicitude for the sufferer. It is ridiculous to imagine that physical disease can make for moral or intellectual strength, and the undermining power of mental disease is one of the commonplaces of medical practice. Or if we turn to sociology we see the same lesson. What is the meaning of the demand for better housing, better care, and better training of the young, if it is not that it is as the growing organism is guarded from the severities of existence that a healthy and reliable character is formed? Some struggle and some effort on the part of the individual is always necessary to development, but between that and suffering there is a very wide and easily distinguishable gap. Here the consequence of suffering is again to brutalize far more than to elevate. With such as survive there may be a certain hardness exhibited, but it is often at the sacrifice of the higher qualities, and that is what any student of evolution would expect to find. For it is by shielding the plant and the animal from the severities of the struggle for existence, and by sur-

rounding it with such conditions as minister to its well-being that the finer specimens of both are brought into existence. Suffering and struggle did not bring the finer specimens of plants or animals into existence, nor does it keep them in being. Left alone there is not a single one of the finer cultivated kinds of plants or animals that would not quickly degenerate. And with altered terms that is true of man. It is the shelter from the struggle which social life gives him that develops his finer qualities, and with its withdrawal he soon loses the qualities which entitle him to be called a civilized being. Finally, if it be not true that suffering ennobles character, then it follows that every step towards a genuine civilization is an advance towards the ultimate demoralization of mankind, and that, as the old Greek remarked, is absurd.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

(To be Continued.)

## Groundless Claims.

CHRISTIAN theology is a fabric composed of unverified and unverifiable assumptions, and of nothing else. Theology, as such, deals exclusively with supernatural beings and their alleged activities, and concerning these absolutely no knowledge is obtainable on any terms. And yet, theologians invariably commit the blunder of treating faith and knowledge as synonyms. Preachers, in particular, are never free from this grievous error. The Rev. W. H. Carnegie, M.A., Canon of Westminster Abbey, for example, claims that Christians are in possession of positive knowledge of heavenly things. In a sermon published in the *Christian World Pulpit* for August 23 he declares that the reality of the spiritual world and the possibility of communicating with it were truths known to mankind long before Christ appeared. What Christ did was to reveal "to men a clearer and nobler vision of that world than any they had hitherto attained." According to the reverend gentleman, the Gospel Jesus was the giver of "new and invaluable information as to how they might approach it and enter into it and share its blessedness." He maintains that from the beginning of his self-conscious existence man has been out on the search for God, "the ultimate goal of all spiritual efforts," but that until Christ came, he only managed to get "to the threshold of the Divine Presence." Even Judaism and Greek philosophy had only prepared the best minds for Christ's revelation, and so inadequate had that preparation been that after his resurrection and ascension his followers numbered less than two hundred. The Canon informs us, however, that among these few followers there were exceptional men who "formed the nucleus of the Church, the leaven destined to germinate and spread till the whole of humanity is vitalized."

Now we pass on, under the Canon's leadership, to the Apostle Paul and his Corinthian converts. These converts, we are told, "had passed from the darkness, or the semi-darkness of Heathenism, or Judaism, into the clear daylight."

They found themselves in touch with spiritual realities, and the recipients of spiritual gifts, of a kind and to a degree altogether unprecedented in their previous experience. The whole atmosphere of the Church was thrilling and vibrating with spiritual movement and power.

At this point we are logically forced to inquire whether this eloquent description of Christ's revelation of God, and its vitalizing effect on those who accept it is true or not. Reverting to the Corinthian Christians we have the authority of Paul himself for

saying that in some respects they stood lower in the scale of character than their Pagan neighbours. The Church was the battlefield where angry factions fought one another in Christ's name. Paul was profoundly disappointed with the moral result of his work at Corinth. But why was his mission such a conspicuous failure? Chiefly, no doubt, because the God in Christ whom he had so earnestly preached was merely an object of faith, not at all of knowledge, and in all probability existed alone in the fancy of believers. Paul did not know, nobody knew, that there was a spiritual world beyond the stars, into which all would eventually enter and share its blessedness. Paul did not know, nobody knew, that a Heavenly Father made and ruled the world, or that Jesus Christ had risen from the dead and ascended to heaven as the all-loving Saviour of mankind. The Church was founded upon faith, not knowledge, and it is by faith alone that every Christian walks to this day.

Canon Carnegie thinks most highly of the power and potential efficiency of the Church. He asserts that it "provides a definite, positive, institutional safeguard of a very valuable and far-reaching kind." In his estimation the Church was founded by Christ himself:—

He intended that from the very first they (his disciples) should be organized as members of a Divine society on which they should be largely dependent for spiritual guidance and instruction and nurture. He equipped this society accordingly. He designated its first officers and invested them with far-reaching spiritual prerogatives.....Moreover, he committed to them the guardianship and the administration of certain definite and objective implements of spiritual power, certain external, visible means of spiritual participation.

One would naturally infer from such language that the Church is an ideal institution, and that its members dwelt together in perfect unity, but a mere glance at its history and present condition supplies ample proof that it has never been anything of the kind. The Canon admits that sometimes it has not been true to the character ascribed to it. "Very soon," he says, "spirits which were not of God began to manifest their power in the corporate life of the Church, as well as in the individual life of her individual members, and in some instances to entrench themselves strongly there." This is really inconceivable on the supposition that the reverend gentleman's definition of the nature of the Church is accurate. The Church is a body whose head is Christ, and of necessity the body is controlled by the head. The Church is also called the temple of the Holy Ghost. Surely such an institution could never go astray or entertain spirits which are not of God? Realizing that the fact of the Church's shortcomings and wrong-doing is a stupendous obstacle to the belief in its divinity the Canon is driven to the view that "the Christ of the Gospels is the supreme example of obedience to conscience, of absolute and unconditional conformity to the law of unity," or, in other words, that he is "primarily and essentially a man under authority, a man dominated by the consciousness of One above him, who has a right to say to him Go, or Come, and Do this, or Do that, in terms which cannot be ignored." Christ is thus reduced from a God-man to a man under authority whose supreme duty is obedience to One above him. What becomes of his atoning death on Calvary and his universal Saviourhood? Was it a man who rose from the dead and ascended to heaven to sit on his Father's right hand for ever? Is it a man to whom worship is offered every Sunday in churches and chapels? Was it a mere man of whom it was said, "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not"? More strangely still, was it only a man of whom John wrote: "In the beginning was the

Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.....and the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth"? Once more, was it of a man under authority that the following words could be written: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him"? To Paul and to the orthodox Church in all ages Christ is God manifested in the flesh, a Divine-human person, whose mission on earth was to become a propitiation for human sin and the Saviour of all believers to the end of time. This is a thoroughly Scriptural doctrine and finds a place in all the creeds.

Now, the crucial question is, why has the Church failed to transform the world and even its own members? Why is Christianity the biggest farce ever seen? And the answer is, because there are no realities at the back of Christian beliefs, because God and Christ and the Spiritual World are the offspring of the human brain. This is what renders it so very hard to believe, or to be a Christian. As Browning puts it: "The whole, or chief, of difficulties is belief." Some divines call faith a venture in the dark, while a venerable man of God has repeatedly observed how extremely difficult it is to believe.

Canon Carnegie is radically mistaken when he states that faith in Christ is indispensable as a means of producing excellence of character, for it is a well-known fact many Pagans display the highest nobility of individual and social behaviour, and even in Christian countries there are now millions of unbelievers, multitudes of whom lead most unselfish and beautiful lives. It is not true to say that those who reject Christ question the supremacy of conscience. Conscience is the voice of man at his highest and best. Without a moment's hesitation we contend that the claims made for Christianity are wholly groundless, and history abundantly sustains our contention. J. T. LLOYD.

## The Poet of Humanity.

Sun-treader, life and light be thine for ever!

—Robert Browning.

The drowning of Shelley on that fatal July day in 1822 was, in all probability, the heaviest loss that English literature has ever sustained.

—G. W. Foote.

It is related of Robert Browning that, as a young man, he one day passed a bookstall, and saw a volume advertised as "Shelley's Atheistical Poems, scarce." Badly printed, shamefully mutilated, these discarded blossoms touched young Browning to fresh emotions. This contact with the dead singer was the dawn of a new life to the clever lad. From that time Browning's poetic productions began. This result was not surprising, for Shelley is one of our greatest poets. To him song was natural speech. With a great outlay of labour, special education, and careful selection of circumstances, many have purchased their poetic rights as the chief captain bought the proud name of Roman, but Shelley was poet born. Many of his contemporaries who overshadowed him whilst he was living have almost faded into mere names, but Shelley has a message for generations unborn.

Shelley saw in vision a golden age that is to come. He sang of a time when men "shall not learn war any more," and described them as living harmonious as the stars. He imagined society organized on the basis of freedom, and not tyranny. His contemporaries were perfectly agreed that the poet was a criminal lunatic. Society treated him as an outcast, and fined and imprisoned the men and women who sold the poet's *Queen Mab*. Florence to the living Dante was not more cruelly unjust than Georgian England to the

living Shelley. The young poet was expelled from Oxford University; he was later declared by a Christian judge as unfit to be the guardian of his own children; and it was not until a generation after his death that his rare genius was widely acknowledged. Even at the Centenary celebrations at Horsham, most of the speakers slurred over Shelley's Freethought and Democratic opinions, and emphasized his claims on the attention of the bucolic Sussex county families. Bernard Shaw has told us that he nearly broke up the Shelley Society on the spot by reminding the members that the poet was an Atheist, and not a Sunday-school teacher.

Shelley's subjects were not *Hours of Idleness* nor the love-affairs of *Don Juan*, but the perfectability of human nature. It is the beginning and the end of his poetry. In the splendid rhetoric of *Queen Mab*, in the nobler music of the *Revolt of Islam*, in his incomparable lyrics, in his masterpiece, *Prometheus Unbound*, its expression glows with the solemn inspiration of prophecy. Unlike so many poets, Shelley meant every word that he wrote. Shortly before his untimely death, he said to his friend Trelawny, "I am ninety," meaning he had lived and felt so intensely that he felt far older than his years. Nor was it an idle boast, for he was himself the "Julian" of his own poem:—

Me, who am as a nerve o'er which do creep,  
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth.

While still a boy at Eton he protested against "fagging" and bullying, a thing that required no little courage. As a man, his income was spent on the poor, on assisting men of genius, and on propaganda. To help the needy, and to relieve the sick seemed to him a necessary duty, which he carried out cheerfully. He inquired personally into the circumstances of his charities, visited the sick in their homes, and kept a list of the poor people he helped. At Marlow he suffered from acute ophthalmia, contracted while visiting the afflicted lace-makers in their cottages. So practical was he that he attended a London hospital to acquire medical knowledge that should prove of service. When his friend, Captain Medwin, was ill for six weeks, Shelley was by his bedside the whole time, tending him like a nurse. Without a murmur, without boasting, this heir to one of the richest men in England illustrated by his own conduct those humanistic principles to which he had devoted his genius. Byron, who was not a visionary, but a man-of-the-world, acknowledged Shelley to be the best and purest-minded man he had ever met. Trelawny, who knew Shelley very intimately in his last years of life, admitted that the Atheist poet "loved everything better than himself." Yet, simply because Shelley was a Freethinker, Christians insinuate that the great poet was a bad and vicious man. Thus they cast libellous dust in the eyes of the ignorant and unthinking public, and incapacitate them from seeing the real facts of the case. Incidentally, they seek to discredit the great cause to which Shelley dedicated his life.

Dead at twenty-nine years of age, posterity has but the outcome of Shelley's younger years; and the assurance of something greater and finer was stopped by the tragedy of his untimely end. What Shelley might have become we cannot conceive; but in his short life he proved himself one of the glories of a thousand years of his country's literature. He also devoted his life to hastening the day when the world will be one country, and to do good the only religion. Such a union of precept and practice is rare. Not only did Shelley learn in suffering what he taught in song, but, looking beyond the tumult and the shouting of his own time, his muse voiced in no uncertain sound what Shakespeare finely calls "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

MIMNERMUS.

## Some Aspects of Modern Spiritualism.

I regard Theosophy, Christian Science, and Spiritualism not (with all respect to some of my friends) as lamentable reactions, but as vague, fantastic, and, on the whole, convenient modes of transition for certain types of mind, from the Church creeds into a more open country.....The situation, entirely hopeful, is necessarily confused.

—F. J. Gould.

THE great revival that the modern Spiritualist movement experienced as a result of the war would appear to be at an end, and despite the assurances of many leading Spiritualists (on the authority of spirit friends beyond the veil) that it was only the *beginning* of a revelation destined to sweep across the civilized world and revitalize the old creeds, it is now evident that it was merely one of those periodic revivals—due in this instance to the abnormal times through which we passed—so familiar to the student of comparative religions. The present time is therefore opportune for an enquiry into the meaning and significance of a movement which claims the adherence of so many representative thinkers in all walks of life. Long before Spiritualism had its rise, the labours of the eighteenth century deists, Paine and Voltaire, had done much to weaken the authority of the Churches and a healthy reaction had set in against the soul-blighting doctrine of hell-fire; the scientific renaissance of the nineteenth century weakened their authority still more and gave a great impetus to heretical movements. The idea of a *physical* resurrection became untenable for the majority of liberal minded religionists who experienced a feeling of uneasiness at the uncertain character of the Church's teaching concerning the hereafter, and a feeling akin to terror at the teachings of science which was beginning to declare, in no uncertain voice, that man was mortal.

The time was ripe therefore for such a doctrine as that of Spiritualism. On the one hand it calmed the fears of those who, revolting against the hell-fire of Christianity, yet clung to the doctrine of life after death, and on the other hand it offered its "evidences" to those who were becoming dissatisfied with the dogmas of orthodoxy. Slowly, and in the face of that persecution that seems to be always the lot of the would-be reformer, the sect grew; the advocacy of noted men such as Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes forced it to the front, and to-day its followers number tens of thousands—in fact it is in a fair way to becoming fashionable.

Like Mr. F. J. Gould, I do not regard the Spiritualist movement as a "lamentable reaction." It is true that it might well become so by fostering an atmosphere of boundless credulity. But so far as it is a conscious reaction against priestly authority, and so far as it insists on each one working out his own salvation and relying on his own judgment it is distinctly a force for good—whilst affording "convenient modes of transition for certain types of mind, from the Church creeds into a more open country." It is unfortunately true that few people go from orthodoxy to complete heresy in one stride; but by insisting (as Freethinkers have always done) that if we *do* survive death it is because it is a fact inherent in our nature and by giving an apparently more rational and benevolent view of life after death than the old "hell or a harp" doctrine Spiritualism affords an easy and consoling way out of an impossible position.

In a recent issue of *The Two Worlds*, the editor, Mr. E. W. Oaten, in reviewing the present position of Spiritualism, said: "Spiritualism, in its 'religious' attitude is an improved and improving movement. In its philosophical aspect, however, progress is by no means so satisfactory.....and we question very much

whether the presentation of Spiritualism is as wide or as large to-day as it was forty years ago." After referring to the investigations of Professors Geley and Richet in France, Mr. Oaten adds, "We can but deplore that the scientific lead which this country held in the days of Crookes and others has been lost, and one of the reasons has been the neglect of the scientific aspect of the subject by our societies." Now this is a state of affairs that any intelligent student of life would have foreseen. So long as Spiritualism was a small, despised and persecuted body, it was virile and keen. It had to establish its claims, if it could, in the face of public obloquy, and so only attracted the better type of character. (For this reason I hope Freethought will never become fashionable—but I doubt if there is much need to fear that!) But so soon as it gets popular and attracts Tom, Dick, and Harry, away goes the cautiousness and keenness of the old pioneer investigators (many of whom were Materialists all the time) and in comes the credulity of the crowd. Mr. Oaten laments the fact that the scientific aspect of the subject is being neglected without apparently seeing the cause, viz., that the average Spiritualist is not only without scientific ability to fit him for the task, but is not genuinely interested in scientific research at all. As Mr. Chapman Cohen says in *The Other Side of Death*: "The Spiritualist aims at proving that we live after death.....anything that does not prove this is for him quite useless. He is not concerned with proving that there exist unknown forces in Nature, or that man, as man, possesses unexpected capacities." From this it will be seen that the average Spiritualist has no genuine love of scientific research *in itself*, and the result is the boundless credulity of a Conan Doyle with his belief in "fairies" and mystic "elementals" which at thousands of years distance can punish the impious curiosity of Lord Carnarvon by causing his death through a mosquito bite! One wonders what the older generation of Spiritualists would have thought of him, and of the morbid imaginings of the Rev. Vale Owen.

But there are other reasons why Spiritualism is becoming more religious and less "scientific." It is attracting the religious types whilst leaving the scientists for the most part quite cold. In my judgment, modern scholarship is making such inroads into the old creeds that in their feverish attempts to find a basis for old doctrines in modern knowledge they will be driven more and more into the arms of such cults as Theosophy and Spiritualism, which professes to give them what they want. It is for this reason that I attach more importance to the new-old doctrines than most Freethinkers think they warrant.

As a keen observer Mr. Oaten has doubtless noticed not only that Spiritualism is more "religious" but that it is getting definitely *Christianized*—again as the intelligent student would have foreseen. Not only is there a strong and growing element of "Christian Spiritualists" (who, ignoring the Higher Criticism, accept the Bible whole-hog and endeavour to give it a "spiritual" interpretation) but the whole movement is playing to the Christian gallery because it knows that it is only from organized religion that it can hope to get converts in any numbers. This is seen in the suggestion of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that the Churches should have the power to issue registration certificates to the genuine mediums. Whether the Churches will swallow the bait or not depends on the extent of their extremity.

To Freethinkers this attempt to identify Spiritualism with organized religion is satisfactory. We know where we are and can afford to view the threatened alliance with far greater equanimity than the previous attempts to turn the British Association into a glorified society for psychical research. Ultimately the great

enemy of progress will be the Roman Catholic Church, and it is as well in the meantime that we should know friend from foe, for if there is anything other than a strong and militant Freethought capable of vanquishing the arch-enemy Superstition, history has not yet revealed it.

VINCENT J. HANDS.

### Canadian Quips and Queries.

"Europeans Robbed by Chinese Pirates," runs a recent headline in a local paper. It looks like a case of the biter bit. The Chinese have been robbed by European pirates ever since the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus battered down the door to China in the name of Opium and Christ.

In a recent editorial, the *Living Church*, the organ of the high church party in the United States, declares that too many Christians take their religion for granted. Apparently even among what Mr. B. J. Hendrick calls "the assiduous idolators of stratified dogma" light does occasionally penetrate.

Belief in a Judgment "Day" still holds a time honoured place in the Christian Creed. Now mathematics may be, like reason, a device of the Devil for ensnaring men's souls into hell, but it seems to me that if one quadrillion people present themselves before the Lord and each one takes only half an hour to give an account of his "manifold sins and wickedness," that "day" will last 57,077,625,570,776,255,707,762,557,077 years. The faithful will get impatient.

The Pope has revived the custom of giving the Golden Rose to the sovereign who performs the most pious deeds for the Church. Students of history will recollect that it was given to Charles IX for certain "pious" deeds performed in France in the year of grace, 1572.

In the United States alone, the doctrine of purgatory brings to the Roman Catholic Church the sum of \$47,000,000 (£9,500,000) a year. The Standard Oil Company will lose its reputation as the biggest dividend producer in the world.

Mr. Bryan thinks that when he draws a large audience to hear an anti-evolution lecture, he proves that Darwin was wrong. He doesn't. He merely proves that Barnum was right.

*Question:* What is the difference between a theologian and a mirror?

*Answer:* A mirror reflects without speaking, and a theologian speaks without reflecting.

The ignorance of the Salvation Army in historical matters is amazing. In a copy of the local *War Cry*, under heading, "Heathen Darkness," we are informed that "witchcraft and magic, with all their attendant horrors, still hold millions in a thrall that only the Gospel of the God of love, and a redeeming Saviour can break." One could do worse than present the writer of that passage with a copy of Lecky's *History of Rationalism*.

The *Church Times* is never tired of bewailing the terrible effects of Protestantism and Rationalism in Europe. Spain is a country in which Protestantism and Rationalism have never made any headway, but it is not likely that even the *Church Times* would have the temerity to hold up Spain as the model nation of Europe. That paper

would probably agree with Swinburne that Spain is the country that—

Made accurst the name of Man, and thrice accurséd  
The name of God.

To the modern Christian, Emerson's *Address to Divinity Students*, delivered in 1838, seems harmless enough, but just after it was delivered there was a furious outcry against his "infidelity," "pantheism," and "atheism." Even the Unitarians of that time were horrified at his departure from the beaten track. Apparently the orthodox Unitarianism of 1838, which was held in holy horror by the orthodox orthodoxy of that time, was more orthodox than is the orthodox orthodoxy of to-day. If that is the case how orthodox will the orthodox orthodoxy of 2023 be? And how unorthodox will the unorthodox unorthodoxy of to-day be then?

HUBERT SHERIFF.

Toronto, Canada.

### The Sabbath Breakers.

FROM sinful Sabbath-breaking towns  
I wandered over grassy downs,  
In sweeter air for one day.  
But lo! a lark sang overhead.  
"How dare you sing," I sternly said,  
"Your week-day song on Sunday?"  
That wicked lark made no reply,  
But went on singing in the sky.

I left the shameless bird with groans  
And met a stream o'er mossy stones  
A hurried journey taking.  
What! travelling on Sunday? Oh!  
I held my hands up. "Don't you know  
That you are Sabbath breaking?"  
That stream vouchsafed no word to me  
But travelled on to reach the sea.

I watched a bee for half an hour  
Imbibing from a gilliflower.  
And, "Can't you wait till Monday?"  
I cried, "You might exist I think  
Without demanding Sabbath drink  
And desecrating Sunday."  
He buzzed—I could have sworn he laughed—  
And took another hearty draught.

A wind among the blossoms blew  
Its fertilizing work to do,  
And, though I could not view it,  
I stopped, and thus the wind addressed,  
"Unmindful of the Day of Rest,  
You work. Why do you do it?"  
The wind swooped swiftly like a witch,  
And blew my hat into a ditch!

I stood and watched with furrowed brow  
A whistling man who milked a cow;  
It made my day a bleak day.  
The lambs were sporting, gay and brisk,  
And I enquired, "How dare you frisk  
As though it were a week-day?"  
I waited, but no answer came.  
They went on frisking just the same!

At smiling Nature then I glared,  
Demanding how on earth she dared  
Permit this sad disorder.  
But as I turned and left the place  
I fancied that on Nature's face  
The smile was growing broader.  
For Nature—'tis her heathen way—  
Does not observe the Sabbath Day!

F. R. C.

Reprinted.

### Acid Drops.

The *Devon and Exeter Gazette* reports a case of stealing by a boy of fifteen which was tried before the Kingston Bench. The boy was bound over, and the Chairman took occasion to say that the lad was "a product of the present educational system of giving no definite religious instruction in schools." That is the kind of comment that only an essentially ignorant man could make since the slightest effort at thinking would show him that stealing did not originate with the Education Act of 1870, to which Colonel Hepworth appears to attribute this particular evil. And if a comparison were made between boys who have been brought up in Church and Council Schools, we venture to say that the cases of theft committed by each would be about equal. And we are also certain that if Colonel Hepworth will take the trouble to study the facts he will find that there is less stealing with boys to-day than there was when the clergy lorded it over the schools. The pitiable silliness of a man who imagines that children cannot be brought up without having a number of religious dogmas taught them is almost laughable. Such a man is quite unfit for the position he holds.

Colonel Hepworth's comment is worth noting for another reason. It is on the basis of such irresponsible slanders as these that the feeling against Freethought is built. Old ladies—of both sexes—read such statements; they are copied in papers that are always on the look out for a "spicy" paragraph, quite irrespective of its truth or justice, and as those who read them are mostly ill-informed on the matter, there is built up against Freethought the strong prejudice that exists. Of Colonel Hepworth and his kind we might say with absolute truth that if he had not had a religious upbringing he might have shown a greater care in seeing that what he said was true, and also have developed a sense of moral responsibility that would have prevented his using a public position to make foolish and slanderous statements.

The Rev. Edmund Harrison Saulez was sentenced at Brentford to one month's imprisonment in the second division for defrauding hotel keepers. There was no lack of definite religious instruction in his case. In St. Paul's Cathedral there is a notice "Beware of Pickpockets." It would seem as though definite religious instruction cannot always keep people from stealing—even in church.

In a religious periodical the Bible is referred to as "The Book which Builds Churches." The same claim could be made for a cheque-book.

A new film bears the title, "My Friend, the Devil." This should receive the whole-hearted patronage of the clergy of all denominations.

The starving clergy! The Dean of Bristol has been on holiday in the Austrian Tyrol. The Rev. E. L. Bevan has been appointed first Bishop of the new See of Swansea, with an appropriate salary.

Freethinkers who say that the Church does not move with the times are all wrong. In Canterbury Cathedral there is a machine turned by a handle that produces tickets to those who wish to be taken round by a guide. It is none of our business to advise the Church how to prolong its existence, but this is one of the sane factors to bring the cathedral down to a footing of historic value only, which of course is the only value it possesses for Freethinkers who listen to the pathetic comedy supplied by the guide. "Here is the tomb of Archbishop Sudbury who invented the Poll Tax and was beheaded by Wat Tyler." This Archbishop received it in the neck in the days when deeds followed words, and when words carried

a meaning, and when, as now, archbishops were no friends of the asses on whom they ride.

There are many war memorials in Canterbury inside and outside the Cathedral. Christianity knows how to hunt with the hell-dogs of war, and run with the poor hinds of poverty. We should have thought that homes for heroes would be the finest memorials for the dead—but this is, of course, only bringing common-sense to bear on the subject, and who could open one's mouth in this way to the dressed up flummery associated with the cathedral. If an ordinary man were to sit on his trilby hat, flatten it out, and then wear it, he would be laughed at, but—

Chars-à-bancs, motors, and heavy road traffic are destroying the old world charm (we believe we have this cliché correct) of Canterbury. The bones of the Martyr are gradually taking a back seat to Canterbury Lamb. Strange, but true, people live on both, but security of tenure is not now guaranteed on the former.

Major Douglas, whose name has now become associated with a radical treatment of those evils on which the Labour Party flourish, has crossed swords with the Lord Bishop of Manchester. In a letter addressed to this reverend gentleman he very pertinently remarks, "Can you be surprised that the idea is so prevalent, that the Church of England, while full of vague expressions of benevolence to the general population, is opposed to any concrete embodiment of them?" Ecclesiastical pretexts shiver to bits against the hard facts of the world, and a loaf of bread in the house is worth more than a sermon in church.

Two cardinals, twenty bishops, and thousands of pilgrims assembled at Lisieux, Normandy, to witness the canonisation of a new saint, otherwise the late Mdle. Therese Martin, the author of a popular devotional work. Among those present were Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia. They had charming weather for the excursion.

A contemporary, dealing with the subject of clergymen joining the theatrical profession, asks: "How many clergymen are actors?" This should cause a broad smile throughout the ranks of the clergy.

When conducting the service at Mattingley Parish Church, the Vicar, the Rev. J. C. Oates, was told that the vicarage was afire. Volunteer villagers put out the blaze before much damage was done, but what would have happened had the absentee villagers all been at church at the time?

Those of us who have come to see that brother-love is not one of the virtues proclaimed and practised by the Jesus of the Gospels, whatever our Christian Socialists may say to the contrary, will not be surprised to hear from a correspondent of the *Jewish Chronicle* that a certain Colonel Stanics, of the Rumanian Army, has just published a paper entitled *Awakening Christendom*. The policy of the paper, we are told, is as follows:—

(1) All Jews must be killed and all Moslems baptized, otherwise there is no hope for Christendom. (2) The law under which it is permissible to adopt Rumanian names must be repealed, so that Jews and other foreigners should be immediately recognisable by their names. (3) The law under which the Jews have obtained their emancipation must be repealed. (4) Jewish schools and synagogues must be burnt down and covered over with the earth, so that not a vestige of them shall remain. (5) All books of the Talmud and Jewish prayer books must be taken from the Jews, because it is from these books that they learn all their lies. (6) All Jews must be prohibited, under penalty of death, from obtaining any form of educa-

tion, as only in this way will it be possible to bring them under subjection.

Can we need any clearer proof that wherever there is faith there also is persecution?

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been on holiday in Scotland, and many of the higher ecclesiastics are on the Continent. Truly, the way of the Cross is hard.

Bishop James Cannon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, who has been on a visit to this country, says that London night life is second only to that of Paris. The reverend gentleman appears to have been enjoying himself.

"The old English Sabbath is dead, as far as London is concerned," says the *Outlook*. "That was the effect of the London County Council decision in favour of games, and we cannot pretend to regret it." But London is not England, and the country parson is not much of a hustler.

The appalling fact that in 1922, 60,000 children in this country alone died before reaching the age of one year, is a criticism of the Benevolent Design Argument so popular with Christian Evidence lecturers.

Scopolamin, a new drug under whose influence it is claimed it is impossible to tell anything but the truth, should be specially useful to the clergy, and also to Christian Evidence lecturers.

Kneeling by the bedside in an attitude of prayer, George Russell, of Newport, Mon., was found dead. No solemn warning attaches to this incident.

The Bishop of Gloucester accuses a great part of intellectual Europe of having been, for thirty or forty years, untrue or disloyal to Christianity; but the right reverend gentleman ignores the fact that you cannot be untrue or disloyal to that in the truth of which you do not and cannot believe. Intellectual Europe is turning its back upon Christianity simply because it has come to regard it as false, as utterly unworthy of support, as the breeder of injuries rather than benefits to the human race. To believe in it would mean to be untrue or disloyal to one's own nature.

We notice from the papers that the Psychological Research Society is once more going strong. Almost invariably the long-suffering spirits whom they have evoked from circumbient eternity have lost the vigorous intelligence they had when dwellers in our sublunary sphere; or, for some reason or other, they are not inclined to talk. They are contemptuous or sulky or simply dull; oppressed no doubt by the stupendous prospect of everlasting idleness. When what they have to tell us is not silly, it is the dullest of common-places, and the common-places of life are only acceptable when they are freshly and characteristically phrased.

But it is quite possible that the poor ghosts are not really such dull dogs as the psychical researchers make them out to be. It may be that they enjoy a joke as much as we do, and if they were only approached by disinterested and intelligent mediums they might be prevailed upon to enlighten our ignorance and improve our taste. The unfortunate thing is that we who are intelligent and sceptical have no chance of getting through to them. If only Mr. J. M. Robertson could ring up William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, and have a talk with him about the composite authorship of the plays we should begin to see where we are, more especially if afterwards he managed to get through to Marlowe, Greene,

and Chapman for confirmation or disproof. There are infinite possibilities in this simple method of inquiry if used, of course, with due caution and scepticism, for the ghost would be pretty sure to take pleasure in fooling the impertinent and over credulous.

The Anglican Bishop of Persia, Dr. J. Linton, has circulated a request for prayers on behalf of his wife, who has been taken seriously ill. We can quite understand the Bishop's anxiety over his wife's illness, but the circular is a little puzzling. Does the Bishop think the Lord will not take notice of him praying? Or does he believe that the Lord will not act unless he receives an assurance from a majority in the diocese that they desire Mrs. Linton to get better? Or does he think that if a lot of people pray to the Lord he will cure Mrs. Linton and do as they wish to stop them bothering him? This praying business is most perplexing. In cases of sickness it is most unreliable, and we suggest that Dr. Linton calls in a doctor and trusts to him.

Because Mr. Lloyd George suited the action to the word at the Welsh Choral Festival, the *Daily Mail* declares that he made himself conspicuous by *going out* of the hall in the middle of the solemn chorus, "In tears of grief, dear Lord, we leave Thee." The words sound rather silly, and the sense of them is marked by that touch of sanctimoniousness which is such a near neighbour to drivel. Our sympathies would be with the ex-Premier if he could give us a good reason for being *found in* a place where they sing the above words.

Dr. Archibald Fleming is a well-known Scottish divine who is the minister of St. Columba's, Pont Street, London. In a recent sermon he says that "humanity is groaning under a common burden of hate and suspicion and strife," and that the Christian Church "possesses the formula for the removal of that crushing burden from the conscience and destiny of mankind." Like all his brethren Dr. Fleming ignores the fact that the Church has been in the world for nineteen centuries, and that throughout that long period it has been utterly unable, not only to remove the frightful burden, but even to prevent the development of those conditions under which it becomes not only possible, but inevitable.

Dr. Fleming forgets another ugly fact, namely, that the Church itself has in all ages shared to the full the world's burden of hate and suspicion and strife. The Church has never been the dwelling place of peace and good-will. It has never set the world a good example. Brotherly love is a virtue of the sweetness of which in daily experience it has rarely tasted. During most of its history it has been the scene of heated controversy, deadly strife, and joy-killing party-warfare. And yet, knowing all this, its ministers have the audacity to describe it as the only institution capable of putting the world right.

There is nothing in the world so unutterably absurd as Christian optimism. The Rev. J. Marshall Robertson, M.A., tells the *Christian World* readers that worry is unpleasant and unprofitable, which is perfectly true; but he also says that there is no reason whatever for discouragement. "We think of Europe to-day," he goes on, "and get discouraged and depressed. No wonder!" But we needn't, for God is looking after Europe, and ere long Europe will be a credit to him. "After all Europe is God's problem, and for that problem he has his plan." How delightful, how inspiring! But since when has Europe been God's problem? If at all, since Europe began to be. If so, all we can say is that God is not a success at solving problems.

Mr. Robertson, however, gives his whole case for God and his plan clean away when he adds that for the solu-

tion of the European problem "each one of us should do his own bit of work to the very best of his ability." After all, God is only a sleeping partner in the business of solving the world's problems. He does absolutely nothing, but gets all the glory for what is done by others.

We have again and again protested against the vulgar and invariably contemptuous familiarity of writers who persist in referring to the author of the *Age of Reason* as "Tom Paine." Thomas Paine may have been "Tom Paine" to his relations and intimate friends, but for us he is Thomas Paine, and we have always made and always shall make it our business to teach the elements of good manners to people who choose this way of implying that they entertain a vulgar disrespect for his character and achievements. There are times, of course, when we are not disinclined to allow this undue familiarity to pass as a mere slip of the pen. We excuse it, although we cannot pardon it in Mr. H. N. Brailsford, who is frankly sympathetic with and openly appreciative of the libertarian ideas and ideals of Thomas Paine. It is unfortunate that he should have set an example of this sort of disrespectful familiarity.

An hysterical preacher asks, "If Jesus never did live, how can any man believe in Christianity to the exclusion of other religions?" Then he makes this astounding admission: "In this event, there have been greater religious and better men." How naively is the case for the truth of Christianity here unwittingly given away. If the Gospel Jesus never lived Christianity is as false as any Pagan religion. Our preacher believes in the historicity of Jesus in order to be able to accept Christianity as the only true and infallible religion. The absolutely inescapable fact, however, is that the Gospel Jesus belongs to the same category as the forty or fifty God-men or Saviour-Gods of which the Pagan world boasted from time to time, and the differences between him and them is purely nominal or non-essential.

The parrots of that low water mark of civilization, the Salvation Army, have gone one better than Pastor Russell. In Southend, this body of blood and fire brothers and sisters announce, "Millions now living are dead." We agree, for no intelligent and living body of thoughtful people would tolerate their abominable noise; their proper place is a special island where they could rattle back to barbarism at their own sweet will instead of being a clog on true progress, and a survival of the savage among what few benefits the thoughtful have bequeathed to the living. Near to the establishment bearing this announcement, the close observer may see a native son of the soil with the sole of his boot tied on the upper with string. The drum thumpers might do worse than make a start with boot-soles.

The Rev. E. Priestley Swain, in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey and published in the *Guardian* of August 17, calls attention to the vast superiority of the Church to the world. The Church believes in self-suppression, self-depreciation, humility, simplicity, while the world believes in self-advertisement, self-assertion, arrogance, display, and blowing its own trumpet. Mr. Swain is labouring under a fatal hallucination. The Church is the most self-assertive institution in the world. It never does anything but blow its own trumpet. It looks down with debasing pity or withering contempt upon all non-Christian people. Self-assertion is the real key-note of Mr. Swain's own sermon. He indulges in a subtle process of blowing his own trumpet.

The Rev. T. A. Lacey closes a characteristic article in the same number of the *Guardian* by expressing his opinion that "the Christian Church will have to be content with the standing of a tolerated, perhaps even respected, minority." We contend, on the contrary, that what awaits the Church, in a more or less remote future, is total annihilation.



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.

G. E. QUIRK.—The dress and functions of the clergy of the Church of England are regulated by the Ecclesiastical Canons and other regulations, but the forms used to go back much earlier than any of these. Many of them are direct survivals from ancient Egypt, and these can be traced to a still earlier period.

W. C. ELERDEN.—Thanks for cutting. Colonel Hepworth's remark that stealing was due to a lack of religious instruction in schools is a mixture of ignorance and impertinence. It is a pity that men who show no better appreciation of the nature of the social forces at work are permitted to act as administrators of justice.

SEARCHLIGHT.—Jottings to hand. Your note on Sir George Cory's speech is extremely interesting, but rather too lengthy—considering the subject matter—for use in this paper. Other items are being used.

H. BLACK.—The *Freethinker* is on sale in bookshops in various parts of Australia. There is nothing to prevent any news-agent getting a supply, either direct, or through Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, our agents for overseas.

A. W. COLEMAN.—Received with thanks, and shall appear as early as possible.

R. SMEDLEY.—We have neither the space nor the time to deal with the matter this week, but the subject will keep.

J. BRESE.—We have dealt with the question of religion in Russia, and like yourself we should like to have full information from some trustworthy and impartial person. It is quite certain that the religious and general Press lie very justly on the subject as one would expect. Will take the first opportunity of recurring to the subject.

WANT of space compels us to hold over letters from "O. D." replying to Mr. Mann, and also a letter dealing with Mr. Summer's criticism of the League of Nations till next week.

A. MARSON.—We deeply regret to hear of the death of your husband whom we knew as a very earnest and sincere *Freethinker*. Letters have been forwarded. Please accept our sincere sympathy in your bereavement.

F. VOISEY.—We should like to print many things that we are not able to carry through under present circumstances. But some of these may come later, and we shall bear your suggestion in mind.

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.

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

When the services of the National Secular Society in connection with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the Secretary Miss E. M. Vance, giving as long notice as possible.

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

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

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

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 at the following rates (Home and Abroad):—  
One year 15.; half year, 7. 6d.; three months, 3s. 9d.

People are naturally timid of making a public parade of anything of which they are afraid or of which they are over-fond. That is why in England it is impossible to get a frank discussion of the sex question. People are afraid of giving themselves away.—Peter Simple.

Sugar Plums.

In reply to several letters we have received asking whether there will be a reprint of the articles "About the Holy Bible," by Colonel Ingersoll, we desire to say that this will be done and the pamphlet will be issued as soon as possible. It will be published at one penny, so there will be an opportunity for friends to take quantities for distribution. This essay has never before appeared in pamphlet form, and in our opinion will do as much excellent work as the same author's world famous "Mistakes of Moses." We are expecting a large circulation for it.

We understand that some time ago a medium succeeded in getting through to someone whom he believed to be Shakespeare; but, of course, he could not be absolutely certain that the operator of the spiritual telephonic exchange had called the right person. The ghost he spoke to might have been the witty and ironical Tom Nashe. Whoever it was, he would not say that the plebeian Stratford player was the creator of Hamlet and Macbeth; but on the other hand he was vastly amused at the suggestion that the plays were written by Oxford or Derby or Rutland or Bacon, jocularly remarking that the lawyers, schoolmasters and gallant officers who seem to have taken Elizabethan letters under their protection were really not looking high enough. He hinted at royalty; Elizabeth for the plays up to 1603, and the Scottish Solomon for later work. We commend this valuable suggestion to those of our friends who have an insatiable appetite for conundrums, and a congenital inaptitude for pure literature.

The poor ghosts are not perhaps as dull as they appear to be, as witness some remarks made by the spirit of the late Oscar Wilde to an enterprising medium. He was asked what object he had in talking to a world that had treated him very scurvily, and replied:—

To let the world know that Oscar Wilde is not dead. My thoughts live on in the hearts of all those who, in the gross age, can hear the flute voice of beauty calling on the hills, or mark where the white feet brush the dews from the cowslips in the morning. Now the mere mention of the world gives me pain. I was always one of those for whom the visible world existed. I worshipped at the shrine of things seen. To think what is going on in the world is terrible to me. Being dead is the most boring experience in life. That is, if one excepts being married or dining with a schoolmaster. Do you doubt my identity? I am not surprised, as sometimes I doubt it myself. I have always admired the Society of Psychical Research. They are the most magnificent doubters in the world. They are never happy till they have explained away their spectres. I have sometimes thought of founding an academy of celestial doubters. No one under sixty would be admitted, and we should call ourselves the Society of Supernatural Shades. Fortunately there are no facts here; on earth we could scarcely escape them. Their dead carcasses were strewn everywhere on the rose path of life. One could not pick up a newspaper without learning something useful. In it were some sordid statistics of crime, or disgusting detail relating to the consumption of pork, or we were told with a precision that was perfectly appalling what time the moon decided to be jealous and eclipse the sun.

Obviously the medium, a Mrs. Travers Smith, was more used to ghostly drivel than ghostly wit, and thought perhaps that she might be the victim of a spiritual hoax. She therefore asked Wilde to give proof of his identity. We trust she was satisfied with her answer which was this:—

I do not wish to visualize my medium as an old spinster nosing into the other world, in the hope that she may find salvation for herself when Providence removes her from this sphere. I rather like to think of her as a creature who has a certain feeling for those who strive from twilight to reach the upper air. I am infinitely amused by the remarks you all make. You seem to think that I am gratified by your approval and your smiles, which mean that, in spite of all his crimes he had a certain value. I have value as each and all of you have, and I am none the worse for having drunk the dregs as well as the best of the vintage.

Apart from one or two passages which exhibit Wilde in a state of mawdling humility, we do get something of his intelligent persiflage. What we should have preferred would have been some more of those wonderful parables with which he used to delight his French friends, Stephen Mallarmé and others; apologues which he invented in order to discredit the slave-morality of Christianity by contrasting it with the joyous and libertarian morality of Paganism. It is precisely the Pagan in Wilde that disturbs the smug serenity of a puritan philistine like the editor of *Cassell's Weekly*.

Last week Mr. Whitehead had a very successful time at Birmingham. The meetings were large, attentive, and interested. Some questions were asked, but little opposition was offered. Mr. Whitehead made an excellent impression upon his hearers, and there was a fair sale of literature. On Monday last Mr. Whitehead started his week's mission at Swansea. We trust we shall be able to report a success there. There is no reason why we should not.

On September 17 Mr. Whitehead is due at Plymouth, but he will take in Bristol on the way. There are quite a number of old members and *Freethinker* readers in Bristol and district and we trust that many of these will do what they can to assist Mr. Whitehead in his week's campaign. It will help if some of these friends will write at once to headquarters giving the general secretary any suggestions they may have to offer, or saying in what way they are prepared to help. If they wish to write Mr. Whitehead direct they may address him c/o G.P.O., Bristol.

We are sorry to see that the *Daily Herald* is again in financial trouble, and is threatened with a stoppage. The loss during the past year has amounted to some £75,000. We can sympathize with a paper that is championing heretical views, whether they be religious or otherwise. They represent a point of view which whether right or wrong help to keep the community mentally healthy. Probably some way may be found to save the paper. But our struggles during the past eight years have made us appreciate the nature of the effort that one has to make to keep a journal afloat.

## The Devil's Chaplain.

(Continued from page 538.)

### CHAPTER FOUR.—IMPRISONMENT AND AFTER.

OAKHAM GAOL was a very small prison, and Robert Taylor made good use of the solitude by producing a good weekly letter for the *Lion*, which Richard Carlile had established on his behalf. Taylor also wrote his *Syntagma* on the evidences of Christianity, in reply to Dr. Smith. This was published in 1828 and contended that *such* a person as Jesus Christ never existed, and that the earliest Christians meant the words to be nothing more than a personification of that principle, be it what it may, which would benefit mankind the most in the passage through life. A year later, February 19, 1829, he finished his *Diegesis*, an historical work, containing a mine of information, valuable even to-day, and showing that the Christian religion had its origin in the phenomena of the heavens, of the wonders and signs of which its so-called historical characters were but personifications. This masterpiece of criticism, the detail and arrangement of which must have employed many solitary hours, was dedicated to the Master, Fellows, and Tutors, of his old college at Cambridge, in interesting remembrance of the high sense that learned body were pleased to express of his successful studies.

Soon after completing the *Diegesis* Taylor was released. He returned to London and officiated at the adult school held in the large room of Carlile's house at 62 Fleet Street, and at the Universalists' Chapel in

Windmill Street, Finsbury Square. Three months later, with Richard Carlile, he entered on an Infidel Mission through the North of England. This mission lasted four months, the following towns being visited: Cambridge, Wisbech, Stamford, Nottingham, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Bolton, Stockport, Liverpool, Wigan, Blackburn, Bury, Hyde and Huddersfield. At Cambridge, Mr. Smith, printer and lodging-house keeper, was prosecuted for lodging the infidel missionaries, whilst at Leeds the interference of the Mayor prevented their holding any discussion in the fine music-hall they had hired. During its stay in Manchester, this mission converted Eliza Sharples, afterwards Richard Carlile's second wife.

On the return to London, Carlile and Taylor took over the Rotunda, the one-time famous music-hall in the Blackfriar's Road, and planned to open it as a Freethought Coliseum. This they did on May 30, 1830. Here, Robert Taylor, robed in full canonicals, delivered his famous attacks on orthodoxy, which were published under the title of "The Devil's Pulpit," in parody of the *nick-name* Taylor had received from Henry Hunt.

In January, 1831, Carlile, who fearlessly championed the cause of the poor, was prosecuted for sedition for an address he published to the agricultural labourers who were on strike. On July 4 following, Robert Taylor was indicted for blasphemy at the instance of the Vice Society.

The indictment, which was served on Mr. Taylor from the Surrey Sessions on April 11, was made up of six counts, the first three of which consisted of garbled extracts from a sermon upon "The Crucifixion of Christ," delivered on the previous Good Friday, April 1, while the fourth, fifth, and sixth, were nothing more nor less than mutilated sentences culled from another discourse, entitled, "The Cup of Salvation," delivered upon Easter Sunday, April 3. In these discourses the awful mystery of the Creator of this world suffering on the bitter Cross of Calvary, and Almighty God being arraigned as a felon at the bar of Pontius Pilate, were dealt with; and the consecutive tissue of absurdity which imagination must necessarily attach to the idea of the possessor of immortality being tried for his life, the author of nature suffering, the immortal God expiring, the everlasting and great I AM ceasing to be, the eternal no more, the living God dead, were dilated upon, a sense of pleasure being expressed at the idea of radical reform having taken place in the kingdom of heaven, and that the provisional government had devolved itself into the hands of the venerable old republican, Lieutenant-General Beelzebub. The lecturer also adduced evidence to show that, in being styled the Devil's Chaplain and the Bishop of Hell, he was merely bearing "the reproach of the Cross."

When the case came before the Sessions, it was tried before the chairman and a common jury, and Taylor was sentenced to two years' imprisonment as an ordinary felon, and ordered to find £200 in gold as a fine, and a surety for good behaviour in a further sum of £1,000. Taylor made a magnificent defence, but the prosecution carried the day with the argument that no ill-will was felt against the defendant as an individual, nor was there any desire to suppress the free and uncontrolled discussion of any opinions whatever. They had, however, to shield the asserted truth of their doctrines from observation, and protect the *superior merit* of their religious instruction from *blasphemous questioning*. In this respect the *irreverent* defendant was an intolerable nuisance, and in the interests of the spiritual welfare of the community it was essential that he should be suppressed. GUY A. ALDRED.

(To be Concluded.)

## A Famous French Classic.

If thou art worn, and hard beset  
 With troubles that thou wouldst forget,  
 If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
 Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—Longfellow.

OR thou may'st be in the more piteous case of having no troubles at all—horn idle, satiated, fed up, etc., yet full of vague unrest, feeling the truth of those other lines:—

Absence of occupation is not rest;  
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

OR you may be only a little tristful on a damp and sunless Sunday, suffering from inertia, a lazy disposition in the bones, tired of monotonous and commonplace surroundings, loathing at last the cynical and superficial "tripe and onions" of the Sunday papers, feeding, but never nourished on the chaff and husks of the swineherd, and like the prodigal son crying out at last, "I will arise and go to my father!" Thus the innate nobility of the soul survives; thus man is haunted by his better self; thus conscience and native, natural taste keep whispering to the last (amid the garbage and refuse and the crumbling ruins of life) if only death persuades. Your whole being crieth out, "My soul abhorreth this light bread." You may, as I did, have an inspiration. You say: "I will be more careless still; go to—! I will read a book, one of the best in my collection." As for me, I went to bed with *Gil Blas*, and was soon happy and chuckling with that satirical rogue, Le Sage, at the success of whose masterpiece it is said even Voltaire was jealous and sought to decry the work that all Paris was reading with delight. What a wicked city! What a contumacious author! And so for once I failed to respond to the call of the "woods and hills" of my Bonnie Scotland and took a more romantic flight back to the seventeenth century and the happy vagabondage of Sunny Spain. What a commentary on life, then and now, there and here, what a feast of fun and philosophy in the magic pages of *Gil Blas*! extravagance, gross caricature, biting criticism, mordant wit, all are here, dished up in the most appetising manner, mainly for our own delight, but wholesomely exposing in the process all the weakness of human nature, all the fantastic vices of society. Here, as a writer says, are found "subtle and poignant satire, profound knowledge of human nature, wit and grace. Le Sage's style is original and delightful, graceful, facile, simple, rapid. No translation can do it justice, yet the book is admirable in every tongue." Reading these profound yet sparkling pages the half-boiled author, politician, priest, philosopher, etc., cannot fail to note how rare and how remote is real excellence—which, if he be a small man with a large conceit, may detract a little from his pleasure in reading the book; but, in humbling him a little it may leave him a better man; able at last to stand up and know what his greatest greatness is, which finding at last, he may "work at it, believe, live, be free." It has been said, the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. We prefer to say, the fear of genius is the beginning of taste—and that is not a small matter! Thackeray had a word for the simple-minded when he said: "Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things." To conclude this reflection: The reader of those greater works may find that the true heaven of authorship (of life and culture) is much more distant and difficult than the Christian heaven, and the saner, surer reward of all the greater, more heroic souls. Nor

is genius always Carlyle's infinite capacity for taking pains. Here also many are called and few are chosen, the harvest is plentiful but the labourers are few. Nature, in her blind, inexorable, freakish processes, has made it easy for some, impossible for the many, hath foreordained only a few to everlasting life, in which she seems as meagre and partial as the Christian's God; still, let the average man make the most of the talent he has, conserve it, nourish it, live, work, hope; he never knows, he may have drawn a prize-packet in the lottery of existence. At the very least he may have that infinite capacity for enjoyment in the pages of a great book.

The robber captain excuses himself to *Gil Blas* in this fashion:—

"No, my lad, everyone likes to prey upon his fellows: it is a universal principle, though variously exerted. Conquerors (for example) seize upon the territories of their neighbours; people of quality borrow without any intention of repaying; bankers, treasure, exchange brokers, clerks, and all kinds of merchants, great and small, are not a whit more conscientious. As for the lawyers, I need not mention them; everybody knows what they are. I must own, however, that they are somewhat more humane than we; for we often put innocent people to death, and they sometimes save the lives of the guilty."

So the captain of the thieves apologizes for his profession, and with the same logical sophistry, were they as honest, so might some more "honourable" men apologize for theirs. Indeed there is hardly a crime in the calendar but will find its eloquent advocate in the human breast concerned. If the numerous affairs of gallantry in the book are by some deemed "salacious"—as some impure purists have considered the *Decameron* of Boccaccio—let it comfort the shuddering moralist to know that the author detests vice and crime as much as he, but would cure it in a more sensible way—by making it ridiculous. The book is Shakespearian in breadth and depth of philosophy, and merely holds the mirror up to Nature where all may see themselves, perhaps cure themselves. The book was written to amuse—and to satisfy the artist and the critic in its creator—but greatest truths are uttered in its jestings. All didactics aside, however, the reader will find in the pages of *Gil Blas* a variety and charm, a restful yet inspiring atmosphere, a high-class entertainment, a picturesque world of princes and peasants, lords and commoners, rogues and vagabonds, queens and courtesans of the world and the stage, strolling players, simpletons and sharpers, and here and there an honest man! If he has read the book before, so much the better; if long before, the better still, for then, like returning to the richer scenes of his happier youth, he will have the added interest of old association—that dear green mould that clings about the garden of memory, which we are so loth to scrape away with the muck-rake of our cruder modernity. Surviving to over eighty Le Sage was induced to add a later volume to his masterpiece, but, like his own *Archbishop of Granada*, he had written too long; the form remained, but the creative spirit was gone. Whimsical to the last, he concludes his great book thus:—

.....And to crown my felicity heaven has blessed me with two children whom I piously believe to be my own, and whose education shall be the amusement of my old age.

ANDREW MILLAR.

It would not be worth while to live for seventy years if all the wisdom of this world were but folly in the sight of God.—Goethe.

## Totemism.

Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die. —Tennyson.

Crestolatry is as nearly a form of devotion as  
Christolatry. —Gerald Massey.

FETISHISM, spreading into numerous systems of organised idolatry, develops in connection with ancestor, animal, and plant worship into the curious system known as totemism. The name is derived from an Ojibway word, and though first used in connection with the clan system of American Indian tribes, its equivalent, or traces thereof, has been found in all parts of the world. Most are aware that these tribes are known by the names and signs of such beasts as bears, wolves, elks, beavers, tortoises, snakes, crows, carp, tobacco plant, etc. Among the totems in Africa are beasts, like the elephant; birds, as the tufted crane, among Kaffirs; reptiles, as the crocodile, among Bechuanas; and an insect, as among the Hottentots, who regard the *mantis religiosa* as a divinity. Totemism still prevails among the Australian aborigines, in Siberia, and among the non-Aryan Indians; and traces are found in every land. Totemism has been of immense importance in the development of the religious and social life of the race.

A totem may be described as a tribal fetish, or a symbol which calls to mind one's own tribe. It is not the adoption of an ancestral charm so much as the animal or object in which the ancestral spirit is supposed to reside. Pondering what has become of the dead, the savage concludes that they are transformed into some other form of life. Totems are distinguished from fetishes by being not an isolated object but an entire class, generally a species of animal, sometimes of plants, more rarely a class of inanimated natural objects, very rarely a class of artificial objects. Starcke suggests that the custom of carving the owner's "medicine" or protective spirit on his house may have transformed its personal character into that of an hereditary totem. Doubtless it acted as a continual reminder. Mr. Frazer says totems are of three kinds: (1) The clan totem, common to the whole clan and passing by inheritance from generation to generation; (2) the sex totem, common either to all the males, or to all the females, of a tribe, to the exclusion of the other sex; (3) the individual totem, belonging to a single individual and not passing to his descendants. This classification gives, I fancy, the reverse order of development.

The individual totem, sometimes distinct from the tribal totem, is a development of fetishism. It is usually an animal which the worshipper, at the fasting of initiation, has dreamt that he is transformed into, or with whom his own life is bound up, and whose sign he may tattoo on himself as his mark, his reminder, his memorial and his medicine.

An important development is that of sex totems, as amongst the Kurnai, all the men are emu wrens, and all the women superb warblers. These were their mythical ancestors. If the men killed an emu wren they were attacked by the women, if the women killed a superb warbler, they were assailed by the men. They were their kindred. That the men took the emu wren, shows they practised the nobly ridiculous *convade*, for the male bird minds the eggs. Every emu, every wren, reminded the savage of his paternal duties. No wonder these birds were sacred. No wonder to smooth down the back hair, as a bird its feathers, and "touch the bump" of philoprogenitiveness was a religious rite. No wonder toilet and feathers were sacred. Man's best lessons have not come from book learning, but from Nature study.

These totems evidently arose at a time when ideas

of kinship were vague, and animals, plants and men were believed to be animated by a common life which could be transferred from one to the other. In Mr. Hartland's *Science of Fairy Tales* and *Legends of Perseus* will be found numerous stories illustrating this from folk-lore. Carver tells of an Indian who tamed a rattlesnake and treated it like a deity, calling it his great father and carrying it with him in a box. In Russia the Domovy is called a snake, and this house-snake brings good things to the master who treats it well. Russian peasants fancy it a happy omen if a snake takes up its quarters in the house. In parts of Africa young girls were dedicated to the serpent and tattooed with its marks. When nubile they are taken to the fetish cave or temple, and told they will find serpents who will marry them in the name of the great serpent. It is an early plan of securing a mate under the influence of fear.

Myths of descent from union with animals are common. Indians of Queen Charlotte Island say they are descended from crows. They besmear themselves with black to preserve the tradition. Quiches had a legend that mankind descended from a woman and a dog, who—sly dog—could transform himself into a handsome youth. Apaches relate that a bear went into the palace of Montezuma, stole one of his daughters, and had children by her. They will not eat bears' meat. The Yakuts of Siberia address the bear as their "beloved uncle." This title represents the matriarchal phase, the brother of the mother being known, but the father unknown. They worship bears, and place on trees for them offerings of horse hair, symbolic of their most valued possession.

The Kamchadals worshipped the whales that could overturn their boats, and the bears and wolves of whom they stood in fear. The beasts they thought could understand their language, and therefore they abstained from calling them by their names when they met them, but propitiated them with certain appointed formulas (Tylor, ii, 230).

All this may seem very strange, but readers of Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* may remember that as a boy he supposed that wild beasts were inhabited by evil spirits. The Stiens of Cambodia ask pardon of the beast they kill, and offer sacrifices to its spirit. Ritual identical with this is found among the Aimos of Japan and the Ostyaks of Russia. When the hunter eats the beast and wears its skin, he fancies himself under the protection of the animal's spirit. He reasons out nothing but supposes everything. Nay, in his stage of development his supposition is the one most reasonable to him. We see resemblance before differences, and indeed the resemblance of man and animal is greater than their diversity.

Most early deities were zoomorphic, before man's increasing intellectuality anthropomorphised them and relegated the animal to the position of the head or limbs of the god, and then to the still more subordinate one of being simply the companion or symbol. "As men emerge from savagery the tendency to anthropomorphise or humanise their divinities gains strength" (G. B., i, 360). All their ideas are so tinged with zoolatry that the assignment of animals to the rôle of deities or of victims is the most natural thing in the world. Belief is not limited to the idea that the animal is sacred, but its life can be transferred, and the medicine man or magician can turn a man into a wolf, and *vice versa*. Traces are found in civilized religions as in the legend of Dionysos turning Tyrrhene pirates into porpoises and Jesus turning devils into the bodies of pigs. Belief in were-wolves, and the French *Loup-garou*, or man-wolf, is not yet extinct in Europe. In Norway it is a popular belief that the Finns can at will assume the shape of bears. Zuni would torture a dog and tear it limb from limb if captured from an

enemy, on the ground that the dog was of a hostile tribe. The Melanesians say their god Quat made men of red clay. At first he made the men and pigs just alike, but his brothers remonstrated with him, so he beat down the pigs on all fours and made men walk upright. The Egyptians took the scarab beetle as a type of the transformer, because supposed androgynous, laying its eggs in dung, which, buried in the sand, burst again into life. In the court of the temple at Hierapolis, the sacred animals such as bulls, horses, bears, eagles, etc., were kept; in an adjoining pond were the sacred fish, some of which were tame and of great size. The fish *puttin* is sacred among the Dyaks of Borneo. On no account will they eat it, because they would be eating their relations, for they are descended from the lady whose first and last form was a *puttin*. The totem system, says Mr. Hartland, is manifest in the case of the Phœnician, or Babylonian goddess Derceto, who was represented as woman to the waist and thence downward fish. She was believed to have been a woman, the mother of Semiramis, and to have thrown herself in despair into a lake. Her worshippers abstained from eating fish; though fish were offered to her in sacrifice, and golden fish suspended in her temple. In Egypt, when a cat died all the family shaved their eyebrows. The overthrow of the Philistines by the Israelites would give rise to such a myth as that of Jahveh having knocked Dagon down in the night so that only the fishy part remained. Pund-jel, the chief native Australian god, means "eagle-hawk," and that bird is an important *kobong* or totem among the tribes. On the Murray River, Pund-jel is simply a supernatural eagle-hawk *sans-phrase*, with human attributes and magical accomplishments, such as befit an ancestral soul. But Pund-jel, like the Maori Tiki, and the Melanesian Quat, makes man and animals out of clay. The Kumis of South-East India say God made a clay-man and a clay-woman, but at night, while god slept, a serpent came and ate up the clay figures; and then god made a clay-dog to watch over them and frighten the snake away. In the Gospel of the Infancy boys make clay figures of asses, oxen, birds, etc., which Jesus animates.

The connection between a man and his totem is hoped to be beneficent. The totem protects the man; the man the totem. Its life is sacred. If animal it may not be injured, nor eaten if vegetable. Tribes in the stage of thought here described actually believe themselves descended from the mythic ancestral totem. They are not allowed to marry any with the same totem. Thus Mr. R. C. Mayne (*Four Years in British Columbia*, p. 257) says:—

The relationship between persons of the same crest is considered to be nearer than that of the same tribe; members of the same tribe may and do marry, but those of the same crest are not, I believe, under any circumstances, allowed to do so. A Whale may not marry a Whale, nor a Frog a Frog. The child always takes the crest of the mother; so that if the mother be a Wolf all her children will be Wolves.

Schoolcraft says:—

By whatever name they may be called during their lifetime, it is the totem, and not their personal name, which is recorded on the tomb or adjetadig that marks the place of burial.

This indicates that they have joined the communal life. When a South Slavonian woman has given birth to a child, an old woman runs out of the house and calls out: "A she-wolf has littered a he-wolf," and the child is drawn through a wolf-skin, as if to simulate actual birth from a wolf. Further, a piece of the eye and heart of a wolf are sewed into the child's shirt, or hung round his neck; and if several children of the family had died before, it is called Wolf. The reason assigned for some of these customs is that witches who

devour children will not attack a wolf. In some parts of Russia at a marriage ceremony the significant words are uttered to the man: "Wolf, take thy lamb." They remind us that early marriage meant capture.

J. M. WHEELER.

(To be Continued.)

## Correspondence.

"THE PASSING OF THE SOUL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Without desiring to interpose in the friendly dispute between Mr. W. Mann and "O. D." on the above topic, I should like to ask the latter a question. If the desire for immortality is presumptive evidence of the possibility of achieving immortality, on a parity of reasoning, is not the desire of all men to be rich presumptive evidence that all men will be rich? Some men do acquire great wealth, but not all men. Some men achieve immortality—but not in the sense suggested by "O. D." The poet tells us:—

They never die who leave their thought  
Imprinted on some deathless page;  
Themselves may pass, the spell they wrought  
Endures on earth from age to age.

In the sense I have quoted, but in no other, some men achieve immortality. Shakespeare, for example, can never die, and yet the poet who lived will never reappear in any cognizable or recognizable form. We all live in our children or our works.

GEORGE E. QUIRK.

FREETHOUGHT IN FINSBURY PARK.

SIR,—Will you permit me as chairman of a North London Branch meeting, held in Finsbury Park, to make a plain statement concerning a recent occurrence. It was publicly stated on the Christian Evidence platform that our lecturer had been challenged to a debate and had refused to accept. The fact is that when their lecturer, Mr. Martin, challenged Mr. Corrigan it was at once accepted, and it was left to me to arrange details. Mr. Corrigan selected the subject, but Mr. Martin refused to debate unless Mr. Corrigan would undertake to prove that God *did not exist*. We tried to point out the impossibility of such a discussion, and that it was the Christian's business to advance evidence for his belief. Mr. Martin declined to alter his decision and the debate fell through.

Owing to the slanderous statements being made from the Christian platform, at the conclusion of our meeting we went over to the Christian gathering to see what the trouble was about. We had the pleasure of listening to such gems as "Atheists are immoral," "Atheism taught immorality," "the N.S.S. ought not to be allowed in the park and should be kicked out." This was too much for even their own followers, and through the courtesy of the National Union of Police and Prison Officials we obtained the use of their platform, from which we opened another meeting, Mr. Corrigan addressing one of the largest audiences he has yet had in Finsbury Park. There was general condemnation of the tactics of the Christian Evidence Society.

LEONARD MASON.

[We are pleased to hear of the success of the meetings in Finsbury Park, but it is possible to take the C.E.S. too seriously.—EDITOR.]

PHILOSOPHIES OF LIFE.

SIR,—I have just read your comments on my essay as above. You lecture me from such lofty heights of superiority that it is a little difficult to receive your criticisms with becoming humility. It seems necessary to say that some of us have lived as long and thought as deeply as you on these great subjects, and that while we respect and welcome your "Views and Opinions" we are not quite prepared to accept your instruction and reproof.

I will not follow you through all your remarks, but I wish emphatically to repudiate your suggestion that in my quest for meanings I am taking my cue from Christianity, or allowing "the enemy," Christian or otherwise,



Where to Obtain the "Freethinker."

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

"FREETHINKER" POSTERS will be supplied to all Newsagents on application to the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

LONDON.

- E.—E. T. Pendrill, 26 Bushfield Street, Bishopsgate. M. Papier, 86 Commercial Street. B. Ruderman, 71 Hanbury Street, Spitalfields. J. Knight & Co., 3 Ripple Road, Barking. W. H. Smith & Son, Seven Kings Railway Station Bookstall. W. Holt, 617 Lea Bridge Road, Leyton. H. W. Harris, 22 Chant Street, Stratford. Mr. Francis, 714 Romford Road, Manor Park.
- E.C.—W. S. Dexter, 6 Byward Street. Rose & Co., 133 Clerkenwell Road. Mr. Siveridge, 88 Fenchurch Street. J. J. Jaques, 191 Old Street.
- N.—C. Walker & Son, 84 Grove Road, Holloway. Mr. Keogh, Seven Sisters Road (near Finsbury Park). Mr. West, New Road, Lower Edmonton. T. Perry, 17 Fore Street, Edmonton. H. Hampton, 80 Holloway Road. M. A. Gremson, 23 Westbury Avenue, Wood Green, N.22.
- N.W.—W. I. Tarbart, 5 Fortess Road, Kentish Town. W. Lloyd, 5 Falkland Road, Kentish Town. C. Webber, 96 Highgate Road, Kentish Town. F. L. Coombes, 8 Kentish Town Road.
- S.E.—J. H. Vullick, 1 Tyler Street, East Greenwich. Mr. Clayton, High Street, Woodside, South Norwood. W. T. Andrews, 35 Meetinghouse Lane, Peckham. W. Law, 19 Avondale Road, Peckham. R. Peirce & Co., 50 High Street, Sydenham, S.E.26.
- S.W.—R. Offer, 58 Kenyon Street, Fulham. A. Toleman, 54 Battersea Rise. A. Green, 29 Felsham Road, Putney. F. Locke, 500 Fulham Road. F. Lucas, 683 Fulham Road.
- W.—Mr. Fox, 154 King Street, Hammersmith. Mr. Harvey, 1 Becklow Road, Shepherds Bush. Mr. Baker, Northfield Avenue, West Ealing. Thomas Dunbar, 82 Seaford Road, West Ealing.
- W.C.—J. Bull, 24 Grays Inn Road.

COUNTRY.

- ABERDEENSHIRE.—J. Grieg, 16 Marischol Street, Peterhead.
- AVON.—Homer McCririck, 236 High Street.
- BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—J. Jowett, 56 Forshaw Street. E. L. Jowett, 84 Dalton Road.
- BATH.—C. F. Sutton, 16 Union Passage, and 10 Abbey Churchyard.
- BECCLES.—C. Chase, Station Road.
- BIRKENHEAD.—Mr. Capper, Boundary Road, Port Sunlight.
- BIRMINGHAM.—J. C. Aston, 39-40 Smallbrook Street. A. G. Beacou & Co., 67 & 68 Worcester Street. F. Holder, 42 Hurst Street. Mr. Benton, High Street, Erdington. Mr. Kimber, Ash Road Post Office, Saltley. Thomas Smith & Sons, 19-21 Corporation Street. Messrs. Stanford & Mann, 72 New Street.
- BOLTON.—E. Basnett, Church Street, Westhoughton. Mr. Sims, Bradshawgate. George Bennett, Great Moor Street. Mr. Beardsworth, 144 Deansgate.
- BRADFORD.—H. Beaumont & Son, 37 & 71 Sticker Lane, Laisterdyke.
- BRIGHTON.—W. Hillman, 4 Little Western Street.
- BRISTOL.—W. H. Smith & Son, Victoria Street.
- BROXBURN.—Misses Wallace, Main Street.
- CARDIFF.—W. H. Smith & Son, Penarth Road. A. Clarke, 26 Wood Street.
- CARSHALTON.—Mr. Simmons, 29 North Street.
- CHATHAM.—T. Partis, 277 High Street.
- CHELTENHAM.—S. Norris, Ambrose Street.
- CULLOMPTON.—A. W. Clitsome, The Square.
- DERBYSHIRE.—Mr. Featherstone, Chapel-en-le-Firth. Mr. Poynton, Market Hall, Derby. Harold Goodere, 268 Osmaston Road, Derby.
- DUBLIN.—J. Kearney, Upper Stephen Street.
- DUNDEE.—Mr. Cunningham, St. Andrew's Street. "The Hub," High Street. Mr. Lamb, 121 Overgate.
- EDINBURGH.—Walter P. Cumming, 4 Roseburn Terrace, Murrayfield.
- EXETER.—T. Fisher, 37 South Street.
- FALKIRK.—James Wilson, 76 Graham's Road.
- GATESHEAD.—Henderson & Birkett, Half Moon Lane.

- GLASGOW.—W. McGill, 39 Shuttle Street. The Socialist-Labour Bookshop, 46-48 Renfrew Street. James Nelson, 189 Clarkston Road, Cathcart. The Reformers' Bookstall, 224 Buchanan Street. D. Thomson, 6 St. Enoch Square. Mr. Mitchell, 676 Rglinton Street. J. Sheilds, 139 W. Nile Street, City. Mrs. A. Martin, 84 Dundas Street, City.
- GRAVESEND.—Mrs. Troke, 10 Passock Street. Mr. Love, Gassick Street. Mr. Gould, Milton Road. Mr. Troke, Clarence Place.
- HALIFAX.—C. Oddy, 41 New Bank. Mr. Grundy, Pellon Lane.
- HASTINGS.—King Bros., 2 Queen's Road
- INVERNESS.—W. Alexander, Inglis Street.
- IPSWICH.—A. E. Hiskey, Old Cattle Market. T. Shelbourne, St. Matthew Street. Mr. Fox, Fore Street. Mr. Fox, St. Helen's Street. Mr. Robertson, Back Hamlet. Mr. Joyce, Fore Street.
- JARROW.—L. Prescod, Railway Street.
- KENT.—E. J. Voss, 148 Broadway, Bexley Heath.
- LANCASHIRE.—John Turner, Scourbottom, Waterford. W. Restall, Station Bridge, Urmston.
- LEEDS.—C. H. Pickles, Ltd., 117 Albion Street. J. Bray, 95 Park Lane. J. Sutcliffe, West Street.
- LIVERPOOL.—S. Reeves, 316 Derby Road, Bootle. W. H. Smith & Son, 61 Dale Street. T. A. Schofield, 107 Kensington. M. Grant & Son, 8 Lord Street, Arcade.
- MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Tole, Whitelaw Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy. John Heywood, Ltd., Deansgate. Abel Heywood & Son, 47-61 Lever Street. W. H. Smith & Son, Blackfriars Street. Mr. Bowman, Leicester Road, Higher Broughton. J. Davies, 223 Queen's Road, Miles Plattins.
- MONMOUTH.—Mr. Davies, Pontnewydd. Wm. Morris, Windsor Road, Griffithstown. Wyman & Son, Station Bookstall, Pontypool Road.
- NEATH.—W. G. Maybury, 57 Windsor Road.
- NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—W. H. Smith & Son, 2 Forth Place, Egdell's Quayside Newsagency, 16 Side. Mackay Bremer, late Watmough's, 30 Newgate Street. Mrs. Wild, 150 Newgate Street. Frazer, 111 New Bridge Street. T. Hirst, 6 Raby Street, Byker. M. E. Potter, High Spen.
- NORFOLK.—H. & H. Priest, Norwich Street, Fakenham. E. W. Jordan, 7 St. Benedict Street, Norwich. H. L. Roberts, 76 Barn Road, Norwich.
- NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. Bates, Bridge Street. A. Bryan, Barracks Road.
- NORTHUMBERLAND.—J. H. Spedding, 103 Newbiggin Road, Seaton Hirst, Ashington. Portland Printing Works, Station Road, Hirst, Ashington.
- NOTTINGHAM.—S. Pinder, 49 Bridlesmith Gate. Messrs. Berry & Son, Bentinck Road.
- PAISLEY.—The Progressive Bookstall, 43 New Street.
- PLYMOUTH.—F. J. Wake, 10 Martin Street.
- PRESTON.—Mr. Cottam, Tulkeith Brow.
- ROTHERHAM.—James Stansfield, College Street.
- SOUTHAMPTON.—C. W. Moor, 16 London Road.
- SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—Harold Elliott, 1 Belle Vue Terrace.
- STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mr. Elgie, Bowesfield Lane.
- SWANSEA.—Reformers' Book Shop, Alexandra Road.
- TEDDINGTON.—H. H. Holwill, 105 High Street.
- TORQUAY.—L. Priston, 103 Union Street. A. Priston, 47 Market Street. A. Peters, Old Mill Road, Chelston. Mr. Ronayne Walnut Road. H. Peters, 193 Union Street. W. J. Peters, 37 Union Street. Mr. Hunt, Lucius Street.
- WALSALL.—The Old Book Shop, 59 Green Lane.
- WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—W. H. Smith & Son, Magdala Buildings, Walliscote Road. W. Trapnell, 82 Meadow Street. A. H. Hobbs, 21 Oxford Street. C. W. Maynard, 21 Locking Road.
- WILMSLOW.—J. H. Bayley, Manchester Road.

*Spiritualism and a Future Life.*

THE OTHER SIDE OF DEATH.

*A Critical Examination of the Belief in a Future Life, with a Study of Spiritualism, from the Standpoint of the New Psychology.*

By CHAPMAN COHEN.

This is an attempt to re-interpret the fact of death with its associated feelings in terms of a scientific sociology and psychology. It studies Spiritualism from the point of view of the latest psychology, and offers a scientific and naturalistic explanation of its fundamental phenomena.

Paper Covers, 2s., postage 1½d.; Cloth Bound, 3s. 6d., postage 2d.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

## Pamphlets.

- By G. W. FOOTE.  
**CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
**THE PHILOSOPHY OF SECULARISM.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
**WHO WAS THE FATHER OF JESUS?** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
**THE JEWISH LIFE OF CHRIST.** Being the Sepher Toldoth Jeshu, or Book of the Generation of Jesus. With an Historical Preface and Voluminous Notes. By G. W. FOOTE and J. M. WHEELER. Price 6d., postage ½d.  
**VOLTAIRE'S PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.** Vol. I., 128 pp., with Fine Cover Portrait, and Preface by CHAPMAN COHEN. Price 1s. 3d., postage 1d.  
 By CHAPMAN COHEN.  
**DEITY AND DESIGN.** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
**WAR AND CIVILIZATION.** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
**RELIGION AND THE CHILD.** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
**GOD AND MAN: An Essay in Common Sense and Natural Morality.** Price 3d., postage ½d.  
**CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY: With a Chapter on Christianity and the Labour Movement.** Price 1s., postage 1d.  
**WOMAN AND CHRISTIANITY: The Subjection and Exploitation of a Sex.** Price 1s., postage 1d.  
**SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCHES.** Price 3d., postage 1d.  
**CREED AND CHARACTER.** The Influence of Religion on Racial Life. Price 7d., postage 1d.  
**THE PARSON AND THE ATHEIST.** A Friendly Discussion on Religion and Life between Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, D.D., and Chapman Cohen. Price 1s. 6d., postage 1½d.  
**BLASPHEMY: A Plea for Religious Equality.** Price 3d., postage 1d.  
**DOES MAN SURVIVE DEATH? Is the Belief Reasonable? Verbatim Report of a Discussion between Horace Leaf and Chapman Cohen.** Price 7d., postage 1d.  
 By J. T. LLOYD.  
**PRAYER: ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND FUTILITY.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
**GOD-EATING: A Study in Christianity and Cannibalism.** Price 6d., postage 1d.  
 By A. D. McLAREN.  
**THE CHRISTIAN'S SUNDAY: Its History and Its Fruits.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
 By MIMNERMUS.  
**FREETHOUGHT AND LITERATURE.** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
 By WALTER MANN.  
**PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN MORALITY.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
**SCIENCE AND THE SOUL.** With a Chapter on Infidel Death-Beds. Price 7d., postage 1d.  
 By M. M. MANGASARIAN.  
**THE MARTYRDOM OF HYPATIA.** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
 By GEORGE WHITEHEAD.  
**JESUS CHRIST: Man, God, or Myth? With a Chapter on "Was Jesus a Socialist?"** Paper Covers, 2s., postage 1½d.  
**THE CASE AGAINST THEISM.** Paper Covers, 1s. 3d., postage 2d.; Cloth, 2s. 6d., postage 2½d.  
**THE SUPERMAN: Essays in Social Idealism.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
**MAN AND HIS GODS.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
 By A. MILLAR.  
**THE ROBES OF PAN.** Price 6d., postage 1d.  
 By ARTHUR F. THORN.  
**THE LIFE-WORSHIP OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.** With Fine Portrait of Jefferies. Price 1s., postage 1d.  
 By ROBERT ARCH.  
**SOCIETY AND SUPERSTITION.** Price 6d., postage 1d.  
 By H. G. FARMER.  
**HERESY IN ART.** The Religious Opinions of Famous Artists and Musicians. Price 3d., postage ½d.  
 By COLONEL INGERSOLL.  
**IS SUICIDE A SIN? AND LAST WORDS ON SUICIDE.** Price 2d., postage ½d.  
**WHAT IS RELIGION?** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
**THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.** Price 1d., postage ½d.  
 By D. HUME.  
**ESSAY ON SUICIDE.** Price 1d., postage ½d.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.4.

## PIONEER PRESS PUBLICATIONS

*A New Book at Pre-War Price.*  
**ESSAYS IN FREETHINKING**

By CHAPMAN COHEN.

*Contents:* Psychology and Saffron Tea—Christianity and the Survival of the Fittest—A Bible Barbarity—Shakespeare and the Jew—A Case of Libel—Monism and Religion—Spiritual Vision—Our Early Ancestor—Professor Huxley and the Bible—Huxley's Nemesis—Praying for Rain—A Famous Witch Trial—Christmas Trees and Tree Gods—God's Children—The Appeal to God—An Old Story—Religion and Labour—Disease and Religion—Seeing the Past—Is Religion of Use?—On Compromise—Hymns for Infants—Religion and the Young.

Cloth Gilt, 2s. 6d., postage 2½d.

**THE BIBLE HANDBOOK**

*For Freethinkers and Inquiring Christians*

By G. W. FOOTE and P. W. BALL.

NEW EDITION

*(Issued by the Secular Society, Limited)*

*Contents:* Part I.—Bible Contradictions. Part II.—Bible Absurdities. Part III.—Bible Atrocities. Part IV.—Bible Immoralities, Indecencies, Obscenities, Broken Promises, and Unfulfilled Prophecies.

Cloth Bound. Price 2s. 6d., postage 2½d.

One of the most useful books ever published. Invaluable to Freethinkers answering Christians.

**LIFE AND EVOLUTION**

By F. W. HEADLEY.

Large 8vo., 272 pp., with about 100 illustrations.

An Outline of the theory of evolution, with discussions of the later theories of Mendel, De Vries, etc., etc.

Price 4s. 6d., postage 6d.

*The Egyptian Origin of Christianity.*

**THE HISTORICAL JESUS AND MYTHICAL CHRIST**

By GERALD MASSEY.

A Demonstration of the Egyptian Origin of the Christian Myth. Should be in the hands of every Freethinker. With Introduction by Chapman Cohen.

Price 6d., postage 1d.

*A New Propagandist Pamphlet.*

**CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.**

A Chapter from

*The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.*

By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D.

Price 2d., postage ½d.

*A Book that Made History.*

**THE RUINS:**

**A SURVEY OF THE REVOLUTIONS OF EMPIRES**  
 To which is added **THE LAW OF NATURE.**

By C. F. VOLNEY.

A New Edition, being a Revised Translation with Introduction by GEORGE UNDERWOOD, Portrait, Astronomical Charts, and Artistic Cover Design by H. CUTNER.

Price 5s., postage 2½d.

This is a Work that all Freethinkers should read. Its influence on the history of Freethought has been profound, and at the distance of more than a century its philosophy must command the admiration of all serious students of human history. This is an Unabridged Edition of one of the greatest of Freethought Classics with all the original notes. No better edition has been issued.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.4.

Printed and Published by THE PIONEER PRESS (G. W. FOOTE AND CO., LTD.), 61 FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.