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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Views and Opinions.

The Church in Politics.

The world is in a very curious state. I admit there is nothing very original in the remark, and my only, but I hope adequate apology, is that it is the truth. Nor is the cause of my saying this much the reception of certain Labour ministers and their wives by the King and Queen, or the fact that a miner has been promoted in Scotland to a post usually confined to a member of the "upper circle." That is not very strange, because one feels human nature remains unchanged through it all. If the aristocracy are astonished at their own graciousness in thus meeting on a footing of alleged equality with common folk, the common folk are not the less impressed by the magnanimity of the aristocrats who can condescend to shake hands and eat at the same table with them; and the snobbery of both the "high" and the "low" is expressed and unchanged. What I have in mind is the situation in the world of religious opinion. On the one hand there is no denying the great falling away from the ranks of the religious believers. Every one of the Churches, with the possible exception of the Roman Catholic Church, shows a great falling off in numbers, and all show a decline in proportion to population. And in the case of the doctrines of the Christian Church, they are treated on every hand with hardly disguised contempt. There is not one but that is called into question, not by avowed unbelievers only, but very frequently by professed exponents of the faith. Parsons lecture each other on their narrowness; laymen within the Churches assert that religion was made for man and not man for religion; social questions are discussed and settled without any open or obvious reference to Christian teachings; and in all matters of positive knowledge the Churches have almost entirely ceased even to assume an attitude of authority. The Church that could once burn a Bruno and imprison a Galileo is now overjoyed if it can cite a testimonial in its favour—much as a pill merchant publishes accounts of cures from erstwhile sufferers.

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The Spider and the Fly.

This is, however, only one side of the picture. The noticeable thing is that what the Churches have lost in the region of pure faith and of intellectual integrity, they are to some extent recovering in the political field. Some years ago I pointed out that the intrusion of the parson, the priest, and the minister in politics and sociology was one of the most sinister features of the time. And recent events have not served to rob that warning of its pertinence. When the Empire Exhibition was opened it was opened with prayer. A minor exhibition, The Midland Counties Trades Exhibition, opened at Nottingham the other day, was also started with prayer. It is true that while the parsons were praying for the safety of British industries, "Providence" annotated the benefit of prayer by permitting one of the pavilions to be burned down; and the prayer was suspended while the openers went to look at this striking response to their petition. Criticism here would probably be countered by the plea that the prayer had not time to reach headquarters, and had it been offered earlier the fire would not have occurred. But the important thing is that prayers are becoming the regular thing at these affairs. Again, although a very large number—probably the majority—of the followers of the present Government are not believers in Christianity, its chief officials find it to their interest to attend religious gatherings and let loose much empty talk about the benefits of true Christianity, etc. And visits from political leaders in general to religious assemblies is now becoming the order of the day. On the religious side, too, there must be noted the avowed intention of adopting what is called a "social Christianity," which means the preaching of cheap generalizations about the brotherhood of man, the dignity of labour (so long as the Labour Party looks like commanding fair support among the people), and a careful keeping in the background of the essential teachings of Christianity, which have gone—temporarily, the clergy hope—out of favour. All of which means that the clergy are making desperate efforts to get back on the swings what they are losing on the roundabouts.

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A Dangerous Game.

I do not think that any serious student of sociology, who happens to be free from the trammels of party politics, can but regard these developments with misgivings. The aim of the politician is simple. We have now practically universal suffrage. Winning an election becomes more and more a question of understanding mass psychology, and, in mass psychology, formulæ, catch-words, and the appeal to sentiment counts for much. And in spite of intellectual disaffection the Churches still have behind them masses of the people, attached by sentiment and by tradition, if not by conviction, and, provided the doctrinal aspect of Christianity is not made too prominent, these can be counted upon for support. This is truer of the Roman Catholic than the others; and the manner in which the politicians are playing with that historic enemy of progress is also worth noting. The temptation, then, to the political leader is that of drawing to his support the masses of unthinking believers by working along lines of traditional sentiment. I know that among the more advanced political parties the

delusion is cherished that they are using the Churches, and that when they have got themselves firmly established in power, and when social developments have still further undermined the influence of supernaturalism, they will easily be able to deal with the religious organizations. That is a view often expressed in private, and as some sort of an apology for public utterances and practices. But I hold that to be a short-sighted view and formed without giving Church leaders credit for the astuteness they possess. For the object of the Churches is all the time sectarian aggrandizement, and it can hardly be expected that such past-masters in the art of opportunism have lost sight of this possibility, or are quite unprepared for it. For if the union of politics and religion is permitted to continue without some very strong criticism of the alliance, it means that the Churches will be all the time reinstating themselves in the favour of the unthinking public—which means a majority of the voters. That also means that instead of these would-be astute politicians presently finding themselves in a position to issue orders to the Churches, they may, as a result of their own handiwork, find themselves obeying the orders of the Churches. And politicians, once in power, have a tendency to keep there at any cost. They who doubt this analysis of the situation would do well to note carefully the present course of affairs in Italy.

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The Lesson of History.

Those who are inclined to think they can use the Churches without being used in turn, and those who are led away by such verbal nonsense as Mr. George Bernard Shaw's talk of the synthesizing power of religion, should bear in mind that it was precisely this kind of policy which led largely to the establishment of Christianity as a governing force in the Western world, and finally to the downfall of the old Roman civilization. Constantine might have talked, as does Mr. Shaw, of the value of a religion such as Christianity to the people, and have seen the value of it to gain his own ends. But the fact remains that he had by his policy established a religion which sapped the foundations of the old culture, and which, but for the scraps that survived, despite the terrorism of the Church, would have plunged Europe into perpetual barbarism. With a change of terms the Christian Churches are to-day playing the game the Christian Church played then. While it was weak it professed no interest in civic life and no desire to interfere in political affairs. But once in a position of power and privilege it used its best energies to consolidate its strength and to crush by the most violent methods all opposition. To-day its language is changed, but its policy remains the same. It knows that it cannot gain control by preaching its stupid doctrines and revolting creed. So its professed concern is for the social well-being of the people, for social reform, and for human brotherhood. Only in this way can it hope to regain some of its lost power; and if it can by this policy persuade the many who vote, it will matter little to it that it fails to capture the few who think. In the end the few who think will pay the larger price.

* * *

Church and State.

If there is one lesson that history teaches more clearly than another it is that the presence of the priest in civil or political life spells disaster to the community. There is not a single exception to this in any country or at any period. For he is there, I repeat, not as the representative of any secular interest which members of the community hold in common, despite their differing speculative opinions, but entirely in the interest of certain dogmas which have no vital bearing on the welfare of the race. If proof of this be needed it may be found in the fact that in nearly every country, much as rulers have hesitated at joining issue with the "black army," sooner or later they have been compelled to do so. In the long struggle during the Reformation period a question that was always present was the attempt of the Church to dominate the secular power, and the fight of the secular power for autonomy. Unfortunately, Protestantism in the main did not stand for the freedom of the State from religious control, but only for the overthrow of the Roman Church and the establishment of another in its place. And while the course of events which gave rise to the revolt against Rome could not but give impetus to the secularization of civil life, the Churches have never forgotten their real aim. In one form or another that contest is with us to-day. It is with us in the fight to retain education in the schools, in the impudent demand that the State shall force the people to observe the Christian Sabbath, and in the equally impudent demand that the Churches shall be represented at State and civic ceremonies. The Churches cannot tolerate the secularized State, because its existence is a constant object lesson in the uselessness of its own teachings and the hollowness of its claims. While the Churches must submit, they will; but they never do so willingly; and the genuine reformer with his mind on the aims and history of the Christian Church knows that broad based though our present civilization may be, it cannot be safe against the possibilities of a reaction so long as we have in a position of power and privilege the representatives of a Church which, in the words of Kingdon Clifford, destroyed two civilizations and came very near wiping out a third.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

Missionary Societies.

THE Christian Church, believing itself to be a Divine and supernatural institution, has always put forth every possible effort to become universally recognized as such. In all ages of its history its supreme ambition has been to spread and occupy the whole earth. Consequently it has never been without its missionaries, whose aim was and is to get Christ everywhere accepted as the only Saviour of the world; the underlying conviction being that without Christ and his salvation the world is hopelessly and for ever lost. The following is an impressive description of a missionary's outlook and work:—

> Deeply affected by the sinful and ruined state of mankind, the missionary devotes his life with all his faculties to promote their salvation. With the world under his feet, with heaven in his eye, and with the Gospel in his hand, and Christ in his heart, he pleads as an ambassador for God, knowing nothing but Jesus Christ, enjoying nothing but the conversion of sinners, hoping for nothing but the promotion of the kingdom of Christ, and glorying in nothing but in the cross of Jesus Christ, by which he is crucified to the world and the world to him.

That description is rooted and grounded in the most hateful form of selfishness, namely, the claim that of all the religions in the world Christianity alone is true, all the others being so entirely false that they are absolutely incapable of working out the salvation of the unfortunate people who profess them.

At the close of the eighteenth century there were only seven missionary societies in existence, but to-day, in Europe and America alone, there are upwards of seventy. Among these, one of the most influential is the Church Missionary Society, founded in 1799, whose annual sermon for this year has just been delivered by Dr. F. T. Woods, Bishop of Winchester.

At the commencement of his long discourse the Bishop makes the following statement :—

> I take it as certain that nothing is more deeply embedded in the foundations of our Society than the assumptions which lie behind this new creation of which I speak. First, that human nature is capable of a radical change for the better; Second, that something more far-reaching than education is required to make that change; third, that the spirit of the living God has achieved and is achieving that change in countless lives, and waits for the Church to respond more keenly to his godly notions to achieve it on a scale still greater even in our day and generation.

Of those three assumptions, only the first is practically verifiable. The other two are either partially or wholly false. We do know that education and culture have done wonders in the uplifting and ennoblement of many human beings, and would have done much more had it not been for the embittered Christian prejudice against them. We have never come across the slightest evidence of the actuality of any human achievements due to the spirit of the living God. Bishop Woods is a champion of faith, not culture; and the truest sentence in his sermon is the following : "Faith, not knowledge or argument, is our principle of action." It is a blind policy resulting in no good whatever. For our so-called Western civilization, he has nothing but the utmost contempt. What he means by Western civilization, is civilization without Christ, which, he assures us, finds no welcome in the East. These are his words :—

> Whatever might be said of Western education before the war, it has lost caste immeasurably in the East since. At the end of the war, as Dr. Garfield Williams has told us, the Westerner had hardly a shred of reputation in India. His civilization seemed to its people a proven failure, his power a delusion, the inevitability of his dominion a pricked bubble. There are men in the East, said a professor in the University of Calcutta in a recent periodical, who, if they have eyes left to weep with, spend sleepless nights in cursing God because he has allowed this Western civilization to get into their land.

With due respect we venture to challenge the accuracy of the Bishop's statements. Thirty years ago the pulpit of London in particular proudly declared that our civilization was essentially Christian, and that on that account it was infinitely superior to every other civilization on earth. When the great war broke out it was the boast of Germany and Britain that they were fighting in the name of God and for the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. Furthermore, Bishop Woods cannot be ignorant of the fact that the East generally is strongly opposed to the attempt to introduce Christianity there. India, China, and Japan do not believe in our various missionary societies, and resent the presence and activities of all the Christian missionaries in their countries. The Bishop is careful to make no allusion to this well-known Eastern antipathy against all Christian missions, but he does admit, however, that at home there are Church people who do not approve of the doctrinal basis on which the Society stands, and who in consequence must severely condemn the teaching of most of the missionaries. To the Modernists the Society in its present form cannot possibly commend itself. But Bishop Woods is wholeheartedly orthodox in his views and wholeheartedly evangelical in his expression of them. Listen to the following outburst of evangelical fervour :—

> The crux of the matter for them, and the crux of the matter for us, is a humble but buoyant faith in the Holy Spirit. If it is new creation we work for, then he is the Divine agent for effecting it. It was so in the beginning, when the universe was without form and void; it was so when life began on this planet; it was so when men began to develop that higher life, which looks for a still greater future; it was so at that supreme moment when the very life of God began among us in human form, when he was "'conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." The Holy Ghost is the often forgotten factor in our church life.

Now the question suggests itself, if everything depends upon the Holy Ghost in the mission field, is it not passing strange that the Holy Ghost must depend upon missionaries, and cannot possibly do his work without them? The Holy Ghost is said to have accomplished mighty deeds in the past; but he cannot convert Heathen nations to Christianity without the assistance of thousands of missionaries; even then the conversions are few and far between.

The truth is that Foreign Missions are at once an intolerant insult to God and an irresistible evidence of the alleged superiority of Christians to all others. God is represented as becoming incarnate in an out-of-way corner of the world, as there offering himself to God as a propitiation for the world's sins and as appointing a few apostles to convey the good news to all the nations of the earth. And when the Church was instituted it was openly predicted that the people who joined it would be the salt of the earth and the light of the world. Consequently, Christians are the most conceited and self-righteous people on the planet. Jesus of Nazareth came to be known as the light of the world, but he shone only through them, and so, in their pride, they have taken it for granted that the world can be saved alone by means of them.

We know, of course, that all missionary societies are purely human institutions and that they succeed or fail on exclusively human grounds. The supernatural is conspicuous in them alone by its total absence. At last the masses of the people are beginning to realize what awful frauds they are, and to cease to support them financially. J. T. LLOYD.

More Sceptical Schoolmasters.

> Not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light.
> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
> But westward, look, the land is bright.
>
> —*Clough.*

GRANT ALLEN deserves well of his generation, for his finest and most suggestive work was that of a popularizer of science. He fell early under the domination of Darwin and Spencer, and he never tired of bringing their teaching before popular readers. Allen was not a specialist, but he had a complete acquaintance with science, and he had a rare gift of lucid interpretation.

Whatever Grant Allen wrote was always illuminative. This was partly due to the variety of his early experiences. Before he was twenty-five years of age he knew Canada, England, and the West Indies. He was educated in America, in Dieppe, in Birmingham, and at Oxford. He also had some experience in the Indian Statistical Department. All this varied knowledge was turned to account in his writings. His papers on biology, philology, evolution, and kindred subjects, were bright, readable, and, at times, amusing. As a rule, when ordinary scientists try to be humorous, the result is "too deep for tears." This racy gift of Allen's upset some dry-as-dust professors. They despised the star-gossip of Richard Proctor on the same grounds; preferring, presumably, the chaste simplicity of the lamented Dionysius Lardner, whose volumes used to cumber booksellers' fourpenny boxes, alongside such light reading as Zimmermann *On Solitude*, and Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs*. Whether scientists felt that, having gained their know-

ledge by years of work, it was prodigality to give it away so easily or whether the old clerical spirit had found a new lodgment in scholastic circles, may be an open question. Nothing, however, appeared to irritate some of the authors of ponderous monographs so much as having their life-work made intelligible to the masses. But Grant Allen hoisted the engineers with their own dynamite, and he opened a new universe of knowledge to tens of thousands of non-scientific readers.

Who that came fresh to the study of science could ever say an ungrateful word of the author of *Carving a Cocoanut, The Analysis of an Egyptian Obelisk, The Romance of a Weed, The Daisy's Pedigree,* and scores of delightful articles? In entrancing chapters, Grant Allen led the reading public to understand the mysteries that, expressed in the esoteric terminology of scientific language, else had remained comparatively unknown.

Grant Allen never lacked courage. He was rightly proud of being one of the first to apply serious evolutionary theories to the belief in deity. In his preface to his masterpiece, *The Evolution of the Idea of God,* he said:—

> It contains, I believe, the first extended effort that has yet been made to trace the genesis of the belief in God from its earliest origin in the mind of primitive man up to its fullest development in advanced and etherealized Christian theology.

It was an honest attempt to explain a big matter, and Allen had his reward. The book made a deep impression, and is still doing so. Herbert Spencer congratulated the author, and the tribute from the great thinker was richly deserved. In Allen's fine book the whole theistic question is discussed and summed up with a judicial mind. He shows quite clearly that the Christian idea of deity is but a residuum. The attenuated deity is what is left when the other gods of the Pantheon are broken to pieces.

Allen met with great opposition on account of his book. Publishers, who were simply tradesmen, and sold books as if they were potatoes, feared to offend their customers, and would not allow him to give full expression to his views. Science, pure and simple, did not pay, and novel-writing, to which he was compelled to turn, had to be carried on within galling restrictions. The publishers wanted "smooth tales, generally of love, suitable for Little Peddington Vicarage. Towards the end of his career Allen was in open rebellion, and he wrote his "Hill-top" novels, *The Woman Who Did* and *The British Barbarians,* which enhanced his reputation, but upset the circulating libraries. Allen called himself a humble disciple of Darwin, but in popularizing the teaching of evolution he made an enviable name. For in the flower of the democracy his lessons have sunk deep, and have helped materially to hasten the final triumph of Liberty and Light.

Son of Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby, Matthew Arnold exerted a truly enormous influence in many directions. As an educationalist he was always listened to with respect. His poetry, too, stands the wear and tear of the years, gaining rather than losing as time passes. As for his excursions into theology, if, indeed, such playful works can be so called, his urbanity carried everything before it. His theological opinions were not original, for they were adapted from the works of other Freethinkers, but Arnold actually got orthodox people to read his books when they would not have been found dead with the *Age of Reason.* And Arnold was just as much of a Secularist as Bradlaugh, and, on occasion, he could be as profane as Voltaire. In his literary work he admired Sainte-Beuve, but he had too great a sense of humour to imitate him too closely.

Brought up in a strictly evangelical family, Matthew Arnold broke completely and finally with Orthodoxy. It must always be borne in mind that in religious matters his foes were those of his own household. Yet he held his own way manfully. Writing to his mother in 1863, he said:—

> One cannot change English ideas as much as, if I live, I hope to change them, without saying imperturbably what one thinks and making a good many people uncomfortable. The great thing is to speak without a particle of vice, malice, or rancour.

In a letter to his sister, nearly ten years later, he said:—

> The common anthropomorphic ideas of God and the reliance on miracles must, and will, inevitably pass away. This I say not to pain you, but to make my position clear to you.

Nobody can doubt that the writer meant every word that he wrote, and the irresistible inference is that in his writings he worked to that end.

The Oxford manner has been described wittily as that of a deity addressing a bug. Arnold added the blessed gift of urbanity. Although no one understood the value of reticence in literature, he knew the worth of ridicule as a weapon. He realized, as well as Ingersoll, that there are delusions for which laughter is the proper cure. Arnold shot his arrows of wit at Spurgeon, and other idols of the Nonconformists, and he rained ridicule on the Bishops of the Government Religion. Even the divinity which hedges an Archbishop was fustian to him. He was all his life girding at the Free Churchmen, and he used to quote his own front name, with humorous resignation, as an instance of what one had to put up with. His finest effort was his comparison of the Christian trinity with three Lord Shaftesburys, and his smiling apology that he hoped that the suggestion had not given pain to a distinguished philanthropist.

Arnold was inimitable. He combined the resources of a poet, a scholar, a philosopher, and a man of the world. His literary work was done in the scant leisure of a busy life, but he found time to write prose and verse of enduring value. Mimnermus.

Pagan Morals.

> So feeble was the critical spirit in Roman times, so relatively unimportant was it to our authorities whether a thing was true or not, so little interested were they in independent, scientific research, that unmitigated credulity as to the most incredible assertions was their commonest as well as perhaps their most blighting defect. What exacerbates the situation is the fact that they seldom mention their sources, or even indicate that they have any. As a result, we are left quite uncertain whether the writer from whom a statement is derived was capable of affording honest information.—*T. S. Jerome, "Aspects of the Study of Roman History."* (pp. 43-44.)

When we read an ancient work we are too prone to take it for granted that the writer of it is influenced by the same conventions, emotions, aims and interests which govern ourselves; that is where we make a great mistake, and, in consequence, we get a picture of those times quite false and out of perspective.

In analysing and separating the facts related by Tacitus of the emperor Tiberius, as distinguished from the stream of abuse, vilification and misrepresentation with which the historian blackens his character, Mr. Jerome has given a good example of the methods of the historians of ancient Rome. He has also in the earlier chapters of the same work, namely, *Aspects of the Study of Roman History,* done something still more important: that is, he has enabled us to understand the methods and motives of these writers; to see the matter from their point of view, and to judge

of their accuracy upon some points for ourselves. As Mr. Jerome points out :—

> The way is full of pitfalls to a student who fails to appreciate the kind of allowance he must be prepared to make, and, inasmuch as this error has been rampant in the field under discussion, it is necessary to obtain a clear idea of the conditions in Roman life which bore on their habits of literary expression.
>
> At all times in their history, so far as we have any knowledge of it, there prevailed among the Romans, not only in controversial, but in other forms of expression, the habit of a reckless use of invective, vituperation, and scandalous scurrility. These statements, unfortunately, have frequently been accepted at their face value, and have given rise to wildly distorted ideas of social and moral conditions in ancient Rome. (p. 52.)

The Roman writers invented the satire, abounding in malice and invective. This spirit displayed itself in curious ways; even at the triumphs of distinguished generals the soldiers sang facetious songs, sometimes containing the most atrocious slanders, but which were really intended to express only their high spirits and genuine, if coarse, affection. It has been suggested that this friendly abuse was given with the idea of appeasing the Nemesis, who was supposed to dog the foosteps of the too fortunate man; however that may be, it is a fact that even the greatest and noblest of the Roman writers at times use scurrilous invective, surprising in its violence and malignity; as Mr. Jerome points out, Horace and Virgil were not free from it :—

> Catullus, too, justly famed for the polish and elegance of his verse, sometimes sank into scurrilous anger of almost incredible violence.....His vile attacks on Cæsar and Mamurra, probably growing out of a personal grievance against the latter, were not regarded seriously by the former, who, according to Suetonius, continued his intimacy with the poet's family, freely accepted his apology, and invited him to dinner.
>
> Ovid.....when he came to denounce a man whom he regarded as his enemy, his tirade borders on the ravings of a madhouse.....Abuse of this sort pervaded every form of literature, even moral, philosophical and religious. The greater one's prominence, the more savage the vituperation. The emperors were naturally shining marks, and hardly one of them escaped charges whose very extravagance prove their puerility. If we may trust Suetonius, one at least of the emperors, Augustus, was a fair match for his traducers. The reader of Suetonius is left with the feeling that the Romans were not over-sensitive to such vilification, which was probably the reason why it was necessary to exaggerate it to so inconceivable a degree. But what is especially significant is the fact that the subject was treated in manuals of composition. (pp. 54-55.)

In our time it is a very serious matter to publicly charge a man with criminal acts—no one does so unless he has very solid grounds to base his accusation upon—and when we read these ancient writers we unconsciously take it for granted that it was the same in ancient times. When we read in one of these ancient authors that a certain public character had committed murder, perjury, adultery, arson, and other crimes, we are inclined to think the charges must be true, or the writer would not dare to make the charge, especially where an emperor was concerned, and that is where we should go wrong. These fierce invectives were a part of the rhetorician's art, and recognized and discounted as such, nobody attached very much weight to them. We find men who have been bosom friends from boyhood falling out over a change in political opinions and slanging one another worse than bargees, in language quite unprintable to-day, and later on becoming reconciled and resuming their friendship as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Jerome gives several instances, notably of Cicero, who has provided us with so many copybook maxims of morality, and yet was a master at this kind of invective when fully roused. As Mr. Jerome observes :—

> There is abundant evidence that neither Cicero nor, in general, those whom he attacked took his vituperation too seriously. He was annoyed at Vatinius, for instance, for appearing as a witness against Sextius, his client, and proceeded, as he boasts to his brother, "to cut him up," to the applause of gods and men. The infamy of his life, says Cicero, renders his testimony worthless; he is a perjurer, he springs from his hole like a serpent with eyes starting from his head, neck inflated and throat swelling to give utterance to his lies; he hates all good men and craves for pillage and slaughter; he is a man of scandalous character, disgraced by all manner of foulness and infamy. In his youth he stole from his neighbours and beat his mother; in his public service he was a swindler and robber; and he appeased the Infernal Gods with the entrails of murdered boys. Bribery, corruption, extortion, rapine and murder—these had been his constant companions and delight. But two years later, having been reconciled to Vatinius, the orator undertook his defence in a criminal prosecution; testified to his good character, and obtained his acquittal. Their later association, if we can judge from Cicero's letters, was one of cordial and intimate friendship. In short, "public vituperation," as Professor Fowler remarks, "in senate or law-courts, was a fact of every day, and the wealth of violent personal abuse which a gentleman like Cicero could expend on one whom for the time he hated, or who had done him some wrong, passes all belief.....To single out a man's personal ugliness to calumniate his ancestry in the vilest terms—these were little more than traditional practices, which the rhetorical education of the day encouraged, and which no one took very seriously." (*Social Life at Rome*, pp. 106-107). (1).

Another illustration of how a man's character changed from white to black when he disagreed with Cicero, is that afforded by his quarrel with his son-in-law Dolabella, whom he describes to a friend as "a most excellent young man, and very dear to me." He must have been so, too, for Cicero to trust his dearly loved daughter Tullia to his keeping. Although the marriage was a failure and they parted, yet Cicero still remained on terms of intimacy and affection with Dolabella; and upon the death of Tullia, Cicero writes that he could have borne his loss better had Dolabella been by his side to console him with his wisdom and affection.

But after Dolabella had gone over to the side of Cicero's political opponents, his real character becomes suddenly and darkly revealed, and the white swan becomes a very black goose indeed. He shares the distinction with Antony "of being the blackest scoundrel who ever lived." Cicero gives a brief but lurid review of his life, from which it appears that "from childhood he has delighted in cruelty; and so shameful has been the nature of his lusts that he has always revelled in acts which a modest person may not mention." In view of what Cicero finds it possible to mention in moments of anonyance, this remark is not without its grim humour. As Mr. Jerome remarks :—

> The unreality of such abusive speech is indeed acknowledged by Cicero himself in a significant passage. To charge a person with sexual immoraltiy, we are told, is a common practice among prosecutors. Such reproaches are merely oratorical commonplaces habitually heaped upon everyone who in youth was of attractive appearance. To vituperate is one thing : to accuse is another. The latter requires a charge

[1] T. S. Jerome, *Aspects of the Study of Roman History*, pp. 62-63.

of some definite act and detailed proof, wtinesses, and legal argument. Vituperation has no settled object except insult. If one be attacked with ill-temper, it is called abuse; but if it be done facetiously, it is called chaffing—*urbanitas*. To call a man an adulterer, a rake, a pimp—this is reviling, not accusing. Such expressions are mere vituperation recklessly poured forth by an angry enemy, not a regular charge of criminal misconduct.

This explains how it was that the Roman emperors often pardoned men by whom they had been grossly libelled, and received them into friendship again.

As Mr. Jerome points out, Christianity brought about no change in this use of invective: "Even the Fathers of the Church reviled their opponents with an open directness and disregard of truth abhorrent to modern standards of taste." Gregory Nazianzen delivered two fierce invectives against the Emperor Julian, whose private life, according to Lecky, "was a model of purity." And further—

> Both Gregory and Jerome were men of high repute, yet it is apparent to the critical student that their testimony concerning their enemies is worthless, for neither Julian nor Vigilantius, we certainly know, was the foul monster of villainy imagined by the Saints. Christian historiography, in these instances, obviously continued the Pagan tradition. (pp. 64-65.)

Why did not the so-called "religion of Love" alter this? W. MANN.

(*To be Concluded.*)

Freethought on Sex Problems.

III.

(*Continued from page 326.*)

THE great fundamental blunder in Christian ethics is, of course, the assumption that morality is founded on the suppression of the sex appetite rather than on its expression. Asceticism, self-denial, continence, restraint, all these things are not merely approved, but worshipped—made a matter for the gloating adulation of virulently good men and women. To the Christian, chastity means sex-starvation. To the Freethinker, chastity should mean happy healthy sexual intercourse between a man and a woman who love one another; and unchastity should mean sexual intercourse between those who do not love one another. No sexual intercourse at all is neither chastity nor unchastity: it is simply the negation of both; and it spells death—not life.

Obviously sex is necessary for the life of the race, just as food is necessary for the life of the individual. If the individual refuses food, he dies. If the race refuses sex, the race dies.

The Christian says that God made man in his own image, and that our bodies are fearfully and wonderfully made. And yet, whenever possible, the Christian puts a chock into the wheels of the sexual machinery to prevent it going at all—in the name of religion and morality! So the Men of God claim to be wiser than God.

In case any Freethinker should think this an unfair description of the Christian attitude of mind, let us quote from the Church Service for Solemnization of Holy Matrimony:—

> First: It was ordained for the procreation of children, to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, and to the praise of his holy Name.

That is to say, human marriage is a utilitarian device for keeping up the supply of Church members. That is the first consideration.

> Second: It was ordained for a remedy against sin, and to avoid fornication; that such persons as have not the gift of continency might marry, and keep themselves undefiled members of Christ's body.

That is to say, "It is better to marry than to burn," as St. Paul puts the matter with his charming grace and delicacy; and those who are born so deformed as to be sexless, are gifted persons.

> Third: It was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity.

But should the marriage prove to be unsocial, unhelpful and uncomfortable, there is to be no release "till death us do part," and no alternative, for mutual promises are extracted as to "forsaking all other."

Following this there is the farcical nonsense about the wife being "the weaker vessel," and the poisonous arrogance of the oft-quoted passage: "Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the Church"—words which have been responsible for more male tyranny and more female misery and family degradation than tongue can tell.

Not content with this, the Men of God must needs snub the shy, young bride for her efforts to make herself beautiful, in accordance with the deepest instincts of her nature:—

> Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands; even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord; whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement.

All of which, if it means anything at all, means making marriage about as entertaining as cold porridge for the wedding breakfast.

What purpose does it serve thus to suppress the spontaneity and happiness and romance of mating? Mating is the most wonderful and beautiful and altogether the most important fact of life; Nature has spared no pains to make it thrilling and entrancing and altogether delicious and delightful. Why this utterly inadequate and luke-warm description of marriage as an unpleasant alternative grudgingly handed out to "such persons as have not the gift of continency"? We all want to be happy, and none of us can be so very happy for so very long. Why strive to take the shine out of things so relentlessly? Why damp the natural ardour of expectant lovers? Why seek to impair the gaity of what should be the happiest day of their lives?

Why, indeed? Simply because the Man of God knows that *Sex is the only serious rival to Religion.* "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother"—aye, and leave his Church, too; that's the rub! That is why religion never can and never will give up the struggle to dominate Love. The poet sings:—

> Love rules the Court, the camp, the grove,
> For Love is heaven and heaven is Love.

Can't you see the ecclesiastics pulling wry faces? The conflict between Science and Religion is a comparatively small affair—at the best, knowledge can be suppressed; at the worst, it can be claimed as a fresh "revelation." Anyhow, it is a matter of the head rather than of the heart. But sex is of the very vitals; men and women who fall in love outside the boundaries of the Church must be satisfied—or maimed—"chastened," the Church terms the process. But rather unexpected lovers have found a new ally among modern psychologists, who now tell them that repres-

sion gives rise to a vast amount of nervous disorder, illness and inefficiency. In fact, that to be sexually starved is no more wholesome for the body than to be starved in any other way, and that the emotions must be wisely satisfied just as any other appetites if we are to be healthy, happy and wise. This is a most shocking age! ETTIE A. ROUT.

(To be Continued.)

Acid Drops.

The question of opening the Wembley Exhibition on Sunday has entered upon a new phase. It is calculated that 30 millions of visitors will be required to make the exhibition pay its way, and it is also calculated that ten million will be sacrificed if the place is to be closed. And there are also the large number of foreign visitors who are astounded at the sight of an exhibition of this character being closed on the one day in the week when everyone who wished to do so could visit it. But these foreigners should remember that in this country we have to reckon with the most hypocritical form of Sabbatarianism on earth. Even Sir Guy Gaunt, who is leading the movement to open the exhibition on Sunday is afraid of the bigots. In an interview with the press, he says: "There is no suggestion in any way of damaging the Church. We do not want the Amusement Parks open on Sunday." We do not suppose that Sir Guy himself would object to amusements on Sunday, and it is clearly not the business of the promoters of the exhibition to see that the Church is not injured. The Churches should look after themselves. And we like the suggestion that people should go to the exhibition provided they are not amused. How would it do to put a notice over the doorways: "No laughing, joking, or amusing one's self in any way permitted"? That would probably suit our smug-faced Sabbatarians well, and it might help to realize Mr. MacDonald's desire to get back to the old Scotch Sabbath. Then we suppose he would spend his week-ends in Paris.

According to the Archdeacon of Bradford, there are to-day 5,000 fewer clergymen than there were in 1914. The strange thing is that no one but the clergy lament the shortage. We don't like to say it, but it really looks as though the people do not miss the clergy at all.

M. Anatole France, who was accused of being religious by a *Daily News* leader-writer, is pleased over the prospects of peace. He states: "I did not believe that war is an eternal human necessity, and I have often said it." Our Bishops and lesser fry might hurry up and say something similar, before they are forced to carry a gas-mask "at the alert" about with them. Even the soul must be defended against phosgene.

The *Church Times* is after the scalp of the Bishop of Exeter. His Lordship is jealous of the success of the street preaching of the Salvation Army, and deplores the intellectual poverty of those who are training for the Church. The *Church Times* retorts that it cannot prevent bishops crying "stinking fish"; and, after this example of a brawl in the Lord's vineyard over wages, one may correctly estimate the mentality of the sheep guarded by such shepherds.

General French is seventy-two years of age. He addressed the children at Deal Central Schools on the lessons of Empire Day, and spoke to them in a dead language. He said: "Prepare you, ye boys and girls, for do not think there will not be any more war, because there will." We would remind the gallant General that he is thinking in terms of cavalry and artillery. The young generation grasp the new situation quicker. The next war among European countries means mutual extermination by poison gas from the skies—a mere stalemate for war has come full circle. The brother of Mrs. Despard might sit down in a field on a summer's day and learn the alphabet of M. Herriot's language: "What I wish is to give peace to the people, and it would be the greatest honour of my life if I should be able to reconcile all European nations."

Piety and dirt have often been close companions. According to Mr. A. Sayle's book, *The Housing of the Workers,* Worcester, as a cathedral city, might stir itself about the insanitary conditions of occupied houses of the fifteenth century. They appear to be a legacy of those far off happy days to which our G. K. Chestertons would like to return—way back and further beyond that of a hundred years ago when a man could be hanged for stealing a sheep.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P., opening a missionary exhibition at Northampton, remarked that the development of industries in many Eastern lands was being accompanied by manifestations of industrial conditions which were only comparable to the conditions of affairs in this country a hundred years ago. These developments, she added, were for the most part the consequences of the investment of capital from Christian countries. Representatives of China, Japan, and India had said in her hearing at Geneva that the lot of the mass of the people to-day was infinitely worse than it was under the old primitive conditions. And yet Miss Bondfield maintained that "this did not mean that our religion was not to go on, but that nineteenth century industrialism was not Christian, and that the twentieth century industrialism must be." Unfortunately for this argument, the people who were mostly responsible for the hideous industrial conditions that existed here a hundred years ago, and those who are to-day introducing such conditions to the coloured peoples of the East, are firm believers in the Christian religion, and are quite prepared to defend their exploitation of their fellows by Biblical quotation. Wilberforce was a striking example. Although Christian charity prompted him to agitate for the freeing of slaves thousands of miles from his own country, when it came to protecting the factory slaves of his native land by some very mild forms of legislation, he violently opposed it at every step, and used the prestige that he had gained from his anti-slavery work to give a semblance of respectability to his infamous opposition of the Factory Acts. The truth is that Christianity is interpreted by each adherent to support his own economic interests and theories. To the George Lansbury type, Christ was a Labour leader and Communist; to the big business magnate, he is one who preached the gospel of meekness and contempt for the good things of this world.

Only 19 years of age, Miss Emily Bishop, of Chatham, has been ordained a minister of the Primitive Methodist Church. Interviewed by a pressman, she said: "Our minister asked me to prepare myself for the 'plan.' I was never more surprised in my life The call grew persistent, and gradually and unmistakably I became inspired with the thought that I was needed to preach the gospel to others." This entry of women into that age-long preserve of man, the priesthood, may help solve the problem of lack of man-power which is so exercising all the Churches to-day. We may even live to see the priesthood composed chiefly of women!

"Millions now living will never die," announced an advertisement of a lecture at the Royal Albert Hall by Judge Rutherford. For fear, apparently, that this gift of immortality might not be compelling enough to bring together a large audience, the advertisement added that seats were free and there was no collection. This struck us as a very fine example of bathos, coming as it did after the following heartening declaration:—

> The clergy have abandoned the Word of God and joined hands with the politicians and profiteers in an attempt to control the world. Europe is almost bankrupt: unemployment and discontentment increase hourly. Belligerent organizations are rapidly numbering their men, and all

contending forces are hastening to the great battle of Armageddon (Rev. xvi, 16). Disaster beyond human description will result. International conferences cannot avert it. *But let the people take heart.* The Lord's remedy is adequate and complete. He will cut short the trouble, bring order out of chaos, establish peace and righteousness, and millions of people becoming obedient to His rule will live on the earth forever in peace and happiness.

An evangelist in America, according to the *Detroit Times*, is having glorious times. People are going to him from all parts of the country; and "religious fervour is so great that after one meeting in Florida a woman went home and killed her husband, believing him to be possessed of the devil because he was an invalid." Glory be to the Lord! What other religion could exert so startling an influence as this? The power of the name of Jesus continues to operate, in spite of the activity of wicked Freethinkers. But we sadly fear that in spite of the woman being quite right about the cause of her husband's illness—that is, if the New Testament is to be followed—the police will have something to say in the matter, and some wicked doctor may send her to an asylum on the ground that she is suffering from religious mania. But Freethinkers should think twice before they question the truth of a religion that has such power as this over the sincere believer.

The rider of a motor-cycle was charged at Harwarden police court with tearing a man's coat and knocking him over. The defence was that the wind blew the man's coat as the cyclist was passing, and the defending solicitor put in the plea that it was an act of God. Evidently the magistrate thought as much, because he dismissed the case. And every good Christian should agree with him. After all, if the wind had blown a tree down on the man, that would have been, legally, an act of God. And if true in the case of the tree, it should also be true in the case of the coat. That is the worse of dragging God into the business. One never knows where it will stop.

Lord Banbury, a member of the House of Lords, has been nearly killed by a taxi. Doth God care for oxen? We do not know the answer, but if this will bring the danger of the streets to the notice of those who are not ordinary pedestrians, some good may be effected. At present it is safer to walk on a railway track than a footpath.

Mr. H. G. Wells refuses to be crucified for democracy; and in every respect he has our sympathy. In a letter to the *Daily Herald* he has had to recall his lonely fight during the years 1914-1918; and is not afraid to publicly term the Minister of Health an obscurantist Roman Catholic. He is amusing in his reference to those of the Labour Party who trotted off to be photographed in Court livery; and we share his disgust. The superstition of clothes could have been smashed with one blow, and we could have made a fresh start in the world with *man* at zero.

According to H. M. Kallen, America has ten and a-half million negroes, thirty-two and a-half million "foreign-born" children, and one hundred thousand Japanese in its midst. We do not wish to add to America's troubles, but would suggest that Bryan's activities in lecturing against the facts of biology could be used to better advantage. America's negro problem is the game of consequences on a historical plane. If we wished to state the problem in terms of theology, the sins of the fathers are visiting the children; as it is we hold no brief for master or slave; and a continent that produced Abraham Lincoln will, we feel sure, triumph in its solution of a legacy—founded on that notable handbook to slavers, the Bible.

The Catholics have thundered against birth control; and a nameless Church of England clergyman has written in favour of it. A mother of eleven children is reported to have spoken in favour of large families as follows:—

> "What could be nicer than children?" she demanded. "Economic conditions should be improved for mothers, but did not our Lord Himself instruct us in our duty when He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me'?"

The celibate preacher of Palestine is quoted as an authority; we trust that Churches are proud of this supporter of the theory of quantity—they will never complain of the quality.

One muddle-headed delegate at the National Conference of Labour Women was content to gnaw a stone "Make the Church alter its attitude to this question [birth control], and you will then get the medical profession to do the same," said the delegate. The Church will be flattered by this compliment out of its turn. As prayers for the sick follow the marriage service in the Prayer Book, so the parson follows the doctor, and the churching of women puts that pathetic piffle a little lower than the lowest forms of aboriginal worship of sticks and stones. One realizes the months of training that must be necessary for parsons to keep a straight face, having this nonsense to deliver.

The Rev. Stewart McDowall, B.D., in his book, *Evolution, Knowledge and Revelation*, confesses that he completely turns away from Biblical ideas and standards in formulating a theory of knowledge consonant with the established facts of biology. At a venture, the book appears to be a popular exposition of the mysteries of Eleusinia, of which Freud, Alder and Jung are the modern trinity. The author's definition of God will raise the beetle brows of priests who serve out vulgarity to the vulgar and are unaware of doing it. "Real knowledge must be a self-coherent and timeless whole, which in its completeness is God." And no man would hate his brother for refusing to believe this. The pot-house brawl of religions during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James is registered for all time in the Tower of London.

Mr. James Douglas, facile journalist and fugleman of the inane, after soleing and heeling the question of the resurrection, will now treat his readers to the profundity of "Illicit Love" in a Sunday paper. In our mind's eye, Horatio, we could see this writer tossing up for the week's subject, and the grinning "death ray" losing. It is the antics of such people, magnified, that give the foundation of the "original sin" idea; and redemption made a paying proposition for those who can talk through their nose.

In Maxim Gorky's Diary, this notable writer disposes of the Devil. "There is no Devil. The Devil is the invention of a cunning mind—people have created him to justify their own meanness." The obvious treatment might have been extended to other figures of the religious hierarchy, which would locate for good the dwelling-place of all those creations that make man his own slave—or willing soldier.

According to the Nation, an Italian university professor finds the present political atmosphere of Italy asphyxiating; and as a consequence he comes over to England to enjoy the novelty of liberty of speech and liberty of ideas. It is true that he walks out of the green-house into the conservatory; and all those friends of the Vatican who would like to see England kissing the toe of the Pope, might sit up and take a note. Mussolini has the Pope's backing.

Humanity is not evil; it is only miserable, and the Press is now filling the rôle of Job's comforters. A man has a "death ray" for sale to England or France. A visitor from Mars might return quickly from this earth convinced that the place was well adapted for lunatics. Voltaire had his suspicions, as any reader may discover by reading *Memnon the Philosopher*, and not accepting the second-hand version of George Bernard Shaw.

Concerning the "Freethinker."

To anyone responsible for the carrying on of a periodical such as the *Freethinker*, one of the most encouraging things is the efforts made by many of our friends all over the country to introduce the journal to new readers. Different plans are adopted by different individuals, and where no available funds exist for extensive and continuous advertising, this personal propaganda is beyond praise and above price. I think one may say that practically all our subscribers have been gained in this way, and there are always opportunities for getting more by the same methods.

During the past two or three weeks I have had letters from friends in different parts of the country who are adopting systematic plans for bringing the *Freethinker* before the public, and I am writing this in order to acknowledge their efforts and to ask, on their behalf, for the co-operation of others. The methods adopted vary. Some take extra copies to leave in public places or vehicles, or leave their own copy when read. One gentleman has undertaken to go through the voter's list in his locality and send so many copies each week till the list is exhausted. Some send copies to anyone whom they hear might be interested in reading a Freethought journal. The Committee of the Manchester Branch wrote me last week that the Branch had decided to take steps to introduce the paper to all the organizations in their locality where it would stand a chance of attracting attention. That is a very good plan and should bear fruit.

Another plan is suggested by Mr. Mason, Secretary of the Finsbury Park Branch. He offers to give one afternoon a week to sell the paper in some busy public thoroughfare, provided some others will join him in the work. He believes, and in this I quite agree with him, that if three or four ladies and gentlemen were to take their stand in one of the thoroughfares in the City or the West End and offer the paper for sale, it would serve as one of the best advertisements the paper could possibly have. One person alone would not be nearly so effective. I like the idea, and place it before our friends to see what they think about it. If half a dozen would volunteer for this work and would let me have their names and addresses, with the time they care to give to this kind of work, they could be brought together and a plan of campaign arranged.

Still one other suggestion I have to offer. It is the simplest of all calculations that one and one equal two. Applied to the question of sales, this means that it lies within the power of our readers to double the circulation of the *Freethinker* in a month. It means no more than each present reader making up his or her mind to find one new subscriber within the next month. This, I am sure, is not an insuperable task if only those interested would lend themselves to the work. Will they do it? If they will, I am quite certain we should soon feel the benefits in increased sales, and also in a larger field of usefulness.

I trust I am not proving myself wearisome in continuously crying out for new readers. But I have never lost sight of the desirability of making the *Freethinker* pay the cost of production; and it is still far from doing that. Our friends respond generously enough when circumstances compel an appeal for financial assistance, but I would far rather be able to say that by their exertions in the direction of getting new readers they had made such appeals unnecessary. And I feel this *can* be done if we resolve that it *shall* be done.

We have the summer months before us, and all of us will have many opportunities of making the *Freethinker* better known than it is. The paper does not exist as a mere business proposition, but as the servant and advocate of a great cause. It is produced under conditions of difficulty, and it has all the time to face and fight a bitter and insistent boycott. In the present circumstances that boycott can only be made ineffective by each of us resolving that it shall be so.

I shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who are interested in this subject. And I beg them to bear in mind that if each one secures *one* new reader our financial difficulties will be at an end. "One and one equals two" seems a very simple thing to say, but it indicates an easy way of achieving a great work. The *Freethinker* with its circulation doubled would give a tremendous impetus to the power of organized Freethought in this country. And we may be approaching a time when we shall need all the strength we can muster. C. C.

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.

J. ANDERSON.—Sorry, we have been too busy to deal with Edison's article.

J.W.W.—Received. Thanks for distributing copies of paper. As you say, it should do good.

H. DENT.—Received, and shall appear.

P. C. PEABODY.—We agree with you as to the meanness of the judgment. But petty meanness so often runs with ecclesiasticism. Thanks for cuttings.

C. H. KEELING.—We are not surprised at what you say of the tactics of the Christian Evidence Society. That kind does not alter much. But would it not be better to wait to see what use is made of the photograph before making any comments on it?

S. HOLMAN.—We will take the first opportunity of dealing with the subject. We should have to possess a more intimate knowledge of the case than your letter supplies before we could make any profitable comment.

J. ROBINSON.—There has been, so far as we are aware, no alteration in the law regulating funerals in consecrated ground. Some clergymen are liberal enough to do what they can to assist in the matter, but if there is no public cemetery the Church can enforce its rights. The Freethinker has always the right to dispense with the religious service, if proper notice is given.

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, 15s.; half year, 7s. 6d.; three months, 3s. 9d.

Sugar Plums.

This is practically the last opportunity we shall have of reminding members and friends of the National Secular Society of particulars of the Annual Conference which takes place at Preston on Whit-Sunday. We are informed that the local Branch has arranged for stewards to meet trains and direct or conduct visitors to where they are staying. The stewards will wear the N.S.S. pansy badge, and it is hoped that visitors will also wear their badges. This will make recognition easy. Those who have not a badge—it is a very neat and artistic one—can get one from the General Secretary on sending a postal order for 9d. The badge is an unobstrusive one, and we wish Freethinkers were in the habit of wearing it more generally. It would often lead to recognition between strangers.

During the Conference the headquarters of the Society will be the Victoria Hotel, adjoining the station. The principal officials of the Society will be there on Saturday evening, from 7 o'clock, to meet and welcome old friends and new. Visitors may be also interested to know that there will probably be an open-air meeting during the evening. On Sunday the public demonstration will commence at 7, and admission will be free. There will be some reserved seats, tickets for which may be obtained from Miss Vance. The list of speakers, which is a good one, will be found on the back page of this issue. There will also be a public luncheon between the morning and afternoon meetings on Sunday, tickets for which, price 3s., can be obtained from Mr. Arthur Rogerson, Leyland Road, Penwortham, Preston. Applications for tickets, which may be obtained by non-members, should be made not later than the Friday preceding the Conference. We hear that a goodly number of Freethinkers from adjacent towns are expected to visit the Conference. The more the merrier.

We are glad to be able to report that Mr. Whitehead held another successful series of meetings in South London. Rain interfered with one of the meetings, but there was great attention paid to the lectures, much literature was sold, and the local Branch announces an increase of strength as a result of the "Mission." The Secretary of the local Branch, Mr. Heath, appears to have carried out the arrangements for the meetings with praiseworthy efficiency, and received much valued help in his work from Miss Mostaert. One may take it for granted that when meetings are successful there has been a lot of useful organizing work put in, although this may not appear on the surface of affairs. This week Mr. Whitehead goes north, to Preston, where he will remain till after the Conference.

We were pleased to see in the *Weston-super-Mare Gazette* a letter, signed by S. C. Rhodes, advocating the performance of civil marriages in a building more dignified than the average registrar's office. This is one of those matters where many readers all over the country could do good by writing a brief letter to their local papers. The need for reform in this matter probably never strikes the ordinary citizen, and a well-written letter might bring it home to him. We advise Freethinkers to get busy with this and other questions in which they, as Freethinkers, are interested.

Naturally, in this matter there will be the influence of the clergy to fight. One may take it that they care but little whether the institution of marriage is with dignity or not. What they do care about is maintaining a hold upon an institution which gives them a first hold on the family. Their concern for marriage is a professional one entirely.

"The thick air of your country does not breed theologians." "You would not say so if you heard us quarrelling about religion."—*G. B. Shaw, "Saint Joan."*

Macrobius, and What is Religion?

ODDLY enough, just about the time that Mr. Cohen was writing his article "Speech and Thought," I was indicting a protest against the Freethought definition of religion, both as quite false and as injurious to the case of Freethought itself. Mr. Harpur's letter rather put the dots on the "i's." As to the four points supposed by Mr. Harpur to constitute the subject matter of religion, the Buddhist religion expressly excludes the first as irrelevant, and the second is excluded because Buddhism denies the existence of the ego as anything but sheer illusion. Manifestly, what is sheer illusion cannot come or go or perish at death or in any other way.

But, I repeat, in full agreement here with Mr. Harpur, that the quibble about Buddhism—the great religion—not being religion at all, but mere philosophy, is quite foolish, and as injurious to the cause of Freethought, as it makes for the sly religion of the style that invented it.

The insertion of the word "sacrificial" before religion would get over the difficulty. Christianity is par excellence *the* sacrificial religion. Sacrifice is the web and woof, the grain and fibre of it, from the Primitive Christians, who sacrificed male children on the sly, down to the latest Freethought driveller about self-sacrifice—from Jesuits down to Walworth jumpers.

Macrobius, a somewhat late theologian of New Platonism, or, as we might perhaps put it, plated Paganism, dedicates a chapter or two of the said book of his, *Saturnalia*, to the meaning of the words sacred and profane, religion and morality. No doubt, English people know much more about the real meaning of Latin words than the learned members of the Latin people itself who spoke it as their own living language. Still, it might be amusing even for your bottled British superhorns to be informed of the absurd blunders of these individuals as to the meaning of their own language. Your omniscient Anglo-Saxon can always refute them by his mistranslations—should one say dissections of the Latin as a dead language.

Apart from all this, one benefit accrues from studying a Pagan theologian, in that one reads and laughs at the absurdities of your Christian pietist parodied, so to say, by anticipation. There is a very amusing instance in the first chapter of the third book of the *Saturnalia*, devoted, along with the three that follow it, to the glorification of that wretched, pedantic, old plagiarist, Virgil. It praises him to the skies for the accurate way he uses the technical theological terms in describing the interminable and innumerable sacrifices that pious, old humbug Æneas committed every time a puff of Æolus upset his ticklish stomach and run his cranky triremes aground without upsetting them as well.

However, long before the middle of the book, the cock-sure sanctities of the Macrobian symposium tire of this thread-bare subject and turn to denouncing the aristocracy of primitive Roman times for their democratic tastes and for sending their superior young persons to take dancing lessons in the equivalents of tangoes of these days along with naughty boys of the people (cinæduli) and other graceless, godforsaken individuals. From this it is a small slip to discussing why the ancient Romans were fond of fish, and then laying down rules for stewing hares as well as snails or escargots. Here, unconsciously perhaps, the Pagan theologian indicates how close is the connection between altar and kitchen, ostia and pancake [who knows if in some forms of the cannibals' human sacrifice the victim was not first "tossed in a blanket"), shovel hats and pot-bellies. However, to

return to the passage in which our author "justifies the ways of gods"—and goddesses—"to man."

We have first a passage quoted from the *Iliad*, which at any rate shows that the pious hero of it was not such a brute as your cowardly Anglo-Saxon generalissimo, who clanks up aisles of dimly lighted fanes and consecrated shamble-styes in flaunting uniforms, helmet and cuirass dripping at every joint with the blood of miniature boys to be be-slavered and be-grovelled to the Seventh Heaven, by poltroon priests of hell and sacrifice chaplains, aprons and all the rabbit-mouthed sanctities of cesspool and butchery. Addressing his father, Anchuses, who was pickaback on the hero's shoulders: "You, my sire," exclaims the hero, "take the sacred objects in your hands [the Lares and Penates, or household gods]. I've been slopping about in such a slush of war and human butchery that it would be sacrilege for me to touch 'em, until ablutions in a clear, flowing river have again put me in a position to sacrifice to the gods of Olympus."

He made a great effort, managed to grab the estuary of the Tibur, purified himself by a good tubbing in it, and was then once more in a position to go wobbling about in full interminable sacrifice. And now our theologian in good little Bethel reveals the will and secret purposes of the Almighty—in this case a female one—like any modern "devil-dodger" or D.D. He says:—

> Even Juno herself was much put out at this, not so much because Æneas had managed to reach Italy against Her will, as because he had got possession of the much-coveted bed of the Tibur. Because She knew that once he had been purified in this river he would be able duly to sacrifice even to Herself. Now She didn't wish even to be sacrificed to by him.

No doubt it was much easier for a Pagan theologian to interpret the sentiments of a celestial, Mrs. Caudle, Jupiter's fat-and-forty better half, her brows and hinder parts coruscating with Ammonious ornaments of all sorts and sizes, than for your Christian man of God to unravel and justify the purposes of such a tangled Deity as the Christian one, consisting of one of Venus's doves bowdlerized into a Holy Ghost, an idealized Origen without his balls as God the Father, and a crucified son, no wonder, in the dumps at having been engendered by such a father; or, if not that, by a sort of phallic pigeon with pigeon's milk, for one cannot help surmising that was why the bowdlerized Venus's dove was deputed to procreate him, so to say, by proxy. No wonder, I repeat, if the thought of his ambiguous origin caused the result of these domestic arrangements to be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and to do little but pull long faces during his relatively brief but miraculous existence from cradle to the grave.

However, let us come at last to the immediate subject of this communication: the new Platonist theologian's elucidation of the terms sacred and profane, religion and morality.

Those who now insist upon the essential distinction between morality and religion are probably not aware that "*mos*" was originally exclusively applied to the practices sanctioned by custom in regard to sacred rites and ceremonies. So, at least, Macrobius asserts, and his assertion is fully borne out by the authority of Varro, one Fistus who wrote about holy things, Virgil himself, and two other less known authors. It was only later applied to the conventional or proper conduct—what, of course, is right, because everyone does it of purely secular life.

Sacred was always, or almost always, only applied to God and divine things. When we speak of sacred and profane we do not, as a rule, realize that profane simply meant originally anything thrown out of a fane; nor contrast it with its opposite, the "fanatic," a word that originally only meant a frequenter of fanes.

It remains to say a few words about religion in early Latin times, and the meaning of the word there. According to Servius Sulpitius, it meant that sense of awe and quiet experienced in any remote and secluded spot dedicated to a divinity. Macrobius derives it from the word "to relinquish," just as "ceremonies" is derived from "carere."

He quotes Virgil's description of one of these religious places in illustration: "It is shut in by 'concave hills' and girdled with a wood of black spruce." But the poet is careful to point out that the place would not have been "relict," i.e., religious, merely from being inaccessible. There had also to be something "holy" about it. Pompeius Feotus, on the other hand, regarded the "religious" as those quick to discern what ought and what ought not to be done. A passage from the Georgics is now quoted, informing us that "no religion forbids diverting streams," i.e., using them for "irrigation." Happy Virgil! He lived in Italy and, before the devastations of Scotch cuddies and Calvinism, in unhappy Ceylon! The writer is anxious to drag in some of his own learning, so informs us that to divert meant the same as to clean out, in order to tell us further that in old days it was lawful to clean out irrigation canals on holy days, but not to dig new ones. This gives him the opportunity of airing yet another piece of erudition, viz., that according to Pontificial law scabby sheep might be washed on such days to try and cure them, but not healthy ones merely for the purpose of cleaning their fleeces. But neither by washing on week-days, Sundays or holy-days can I fear the scabby religion of the Lamb of God ever be rendered other than what it has been from the very first, viz., a curse and disaster to the whole human race.

W. W. STRICKLAND.

Chats With Children.

MORE ABOUT THOSE "VOICES."

I AM not at all sorry that several young readers have been asking me some questions about Joan of Arc. My young friends are not satisfied with my rather summary treatment of those "Voices."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, rather cleverly, I thought, gets rid of the whole problem by hinting at the imagination as the origin of the voices which spoke to Joan. Then he makes Joan reply that God is in the habit of speaking to us through our imagination.

For my part, I think the answer was unlikely, but Joan of Arc was extraordinarily clever, and I would not like to say she could not have talked exactly like Mr. Shaw.

It is not to be supposed that the Churches will accept "imagination" as a sufficient explanation. Quite clearly, if St. Denis and St. Catherine spoke to Joan through her imagination, then God spoke to Moses and the apostles in the same way.

We are brought back to the common phrase with which our stories are received by our school-fellows: "Only just imagine it!"

My readers must not think I regard the imagination as something unworthy. Not at all. It is by our imagination that we understand anything at all in the world.

The imagination is a sort of "thought-factory." It is just the human brain *in action*. It takes all the raw material of facts—and statements which are not facts—and turns out ideas.

The healthiest brain is the brain where the finest imagination dwells, which is only another way of saying that without a brain there is no imagination.

No god could speak through a man who had no brain. In other words, it is the brain which matters, because we know that very wonderful imaginations exist where there is an exceptional quality of brain, but nobody has ever yet had to find a god to account for imagination.

A diseased brain, a brain over-loaded with the evil influences of insufficient or unsuitable food, will fully account for lack of imagination, or, what is worse, a distorted imagination.

Because we are human beings we cannot help using human *images*. When we say that "an idea suggested itself to me," we mean that certain knowledge that we possess has been joined to other knowledge in that wonderful "thought-factory" called the imagination. The new idea is, in a sense, the child of our old knowledge.

There is no such thing as something coming from nothing. Everything follows something else. If you want a railway train to run, you must have railway lines. If you want railway lines, you must have steel to make them from. And if you went back far beyond your power of thinking, you would still have as many more stages to go, and then you would still find something in front of that to account for it.

The imagination is no exception to this rule, although the imagination is by far the most mysterious of all the things we know.

If Joan of Arc had not lived in France, she would have known nothing of the woes of her country. If she had lived in England her voices might even have told her to plant the triumphant banner of England in Paris and Orleans.

Actually there were thousands of Voices which told the Crusaders to leave Europe and go and kill Saracens in Palestine. Voices told King Philip of Spain to murder Dutchmen and conquer England.

It is no answer to say that the true voices, which Joan of Arc thought were the voices of saints and of God, only tell us to do *good* things. The word "good" has many uses. It might have been good for France and bad for England. Or, if we use the word "good" to mean something that all the world believes to be good, we must remember that although a thing seems easy to judge three or four centuries after the event, the people at any given time differ sincerely about the good and evil of current events.

You have only to glance at two events of recent years, the invasion of Belgium by the Germans, and the invasion of Germany by the French. The same Germans who thought the first was right, have good cause for believing the second to be wrong. The French justify their own conduct and condemn the other.

Some day the "voices" will speak to a German liberator. And those who listen will be those who have read or been told of French tyranny in the Ruhr. I believe that these voices are no exterior saints and no non-existent God, but our own knowledge and our own study creating in us ideas which bear fruit in action. That is why I see no reason why, in French imaginations and German, as well as British, there may not be born thoughts which will save the world from evil, and inspire men to liberty.

One of the freethought newspapers of my youth was the American *Voice of Reason*. Why should we object to the word "Voices"? Only because the religious world insists that the voices are independent of ourselves. "Something Not Ourselves," was Arnold's way of putting it.

Now my view is that of all the possessions of a man (and it is equally true of a boy or a girl) there is nothing quite so much his own as his own imagination. That he did not make it himself is true in the sense that he did not make his arm or his leg, both of which we call his. But his imagination is something which responds to his own cultivation, like a beautiful plant whose flowering depends on the attention we give to it day after day.

The very word "imagination" tells us that we are really dealing with an "image" or a picture. It is not very difficult to close our eyes and see a picture of a person we know, or a scene we have visited. It is not so easy, but it is not impossible to form a mental picture of something we have never seen at all. But even in that case we can only picture somebody or something resembling what we have already seen and known.

We may imagine a man with five legs or six arms, or an animal "full of eyes," or a lake of fire. However far-fetched and impossible our image or picture, it always bears some likeness to the things we have seen and known. That is why when people see a spirit or ghost, the spirit always wears clothes; not because anybody believes that a brass button or a pair of knickers has a ghost of its own, but only because our imagination depends on what is already familiar to us.

There *are* "voices" after all, in the great world around us, voices we should often be all the better for listening to. The voice of a caged bird, the voice of an animal in pain, the voice of a child wanting us to play with him. These at least are real. These we can easily understand.

Perhaps if we learnt to listen more to the voices which have no mystery about them, we might learn to love those whose voices are always with us. We might find, in helping them, that we have neither time nor need for listening to mystical voices in the air.

> So many gods, so many creeds
> So many paths that wind and wind,
> When, just the art of being kind
> Is all this great world needs.[1]

George Bedborough.

Magical Dancing.

I have a rather dim memory of a hymn which I sang when a boy, which deplored the heathen's habit of "bowing down to gods of wood and stone." The unbeautiful verse invested this ritual with such a gloomy quality that I felt the deepest sympathy with the misguided heathen, and vaguely wondered why it was that they did not realize the absurdity of their behaviour. Since those days I have learned, however, that the savage, being essentially a man of action, is much more likely to engage in a ritualistic dance than to bow down before "graven images." It is only in its modern, emasculated form that religion bids a worshipper ask God to do things for him, and to wait in patience for the fulfilment of his desires. Instead of prayers, the savage utters spells and engages in magical dances. When he wants sun or rain, he does not pray for it, but summons the rest of his tribe and dances a sun-dance or a rain-dance. When he is planning a hunting expedition, he does not pray to the deity for strength and cunning to outwit the beast he proposes to slay; he rehearses his hunt in an appropriate dance. For example, the Omaha Indians, when the corn is withering for lack of rain, cause members of the sacred Buffalo Society to fill a large vessel with water and dance four times round it. One of them then drinks some of the water and squirts some into the air, making a fine spray in imitation of rain. Then he upsets the vessel, and the dancers fall down and drink the water.

Dancing, in fact, is not a light form of social recreation in savage communities. It is something fundamentally important. In some primitive tongues, indeed, the same word means "to work" and "to dance." As a savage

[1] Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

grows from childhood to maturity the number of dances increases, and are a measure of his social importance.

Dr. Frazer tells us that magical dancing still goes on in many parts of Europe. In Swabia and among the Transylvanian Saxons it is a common custom for a man who has some hemp to leap high in the field in order to make the hemp grow tall. In parts of Germany and Austria the peasant thinks that he can make the flax grow tall by dancing or leaping high or by jumping backwards from a table In some parts of Russia the girls dance one by one in a large hoop at midnight on Shrove Tuesday The hoop is decorated with leaves, flowers and ribbons, and a small bell and some flax are also attached to it As she dances, each girl waves her arms and cries, "Flax grow!" When Macedonian farmers have finished their digging they throw their spades up into the air and catch them again, exclaiming, "May the crop grow as high as the spade has gone!"

One might give many other such instances of magical dances. In every case the "sympathetic magic" which they embody is very obvious. You give a pantomimic representation of that which you desire.

W. H. MORRIS.

The Way of the World.

DISRAELI AMONG THE ANGELS.

Finally, he (Disraeli) proceeded to dispose of Darwin and his school. "What," he asked, "is the question now placed before society with glib assurance which is the most astounding? The question is this: Is man an Ape or an Angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the Angels." There was nothing more to be said. The meeting broke up, their faith reassured, their enthusiasm unrestrained. There had been no victory so complete since "Coxcombs vanquished Berkeley with a grin."—*H. H. Asquith, "Studies and Sketches."*

[This deliverance of Disraeli was made to a clerical meeting at Oxford in November, 1864; Bishop Wilberforce being in the chair.]

CHRISTIANITY, THE RELIGION OF FEAR.

The theologians took their official stand against Darwin's disturbing theories because they feared that the scientific explanation of the origin of the species might undermine the belief of their submissive flocks in the "inspired" story of the Creation described in Genesis. It is always puzzling to the outsider that fear of almost every new idea seems to dominate the minds of those who preach that "Perfect Love casteth out Fear."—*Scott Curfew, "New Age."*

Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death.—*Bertrand Russell.*

PEACE, WITH HONOUR.

At the time of his trial a Justice of the Peace, who was a member of the Licensing Bench before which I had just appeared, was obsessed by Peace and his crimes. He came up to me and showed me a newspaper, in which were two illustrations—one of Lord Beaconsfield, the other of Lord Salisbury. "Fearful types, aren't they?" he said. "Which is Peace?".—*Bowen-Rowlands, Seventy-two Years at the Bar."*

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!

Wordsworth has been well served by his youthful love affair with Anetta Vallon. So long as the story might have been held damaging to his fame, it remained in the oblivion to which he consigned it with such care and such surprising success. There it lay for over a hundred years, till to a new age the face of Wordsworth had begun to appear a little too discreet and expressionless for a true poet, and then, in the nick of time, the secret was brought to light, and Wordsworth was rehabilitated by the discovery that once at any rate he had been capable of an incautious passion.—*Percy Lubbock, "The Nation and the Athenæum."*

[Wordsworth's acquaintance with Mlle Vallon, during his stay in France, resulted in the birth of an illegitimate child. Had it happened to Byron, or Shelley, it would not have remained concealed for a hundred years; no, not for a hundred hours. But, then, they did not preach the sublimity of Religion, Duty, and Virtue, like Wordsworth did.]

Correspondence.

HAS THE SHAVIAN IDOL BEEN SHATTERED?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your present issue throws a little light on a dark place. A few days ago at a local meeting considering League of Nations propaganda, being drawn into conversation with a Nonconformist minister, I ventured the postulation that the League of Nations and most other matters affecting the social conscience had to be reduced to political questions. The peremptory reply was that they were all really religious questions. As a sort of final authority the reverend gentleman cited—not the Bishop of London, not Sir. O. Lodge, not Jos. McCabe or Vincent Hands—but the greatest of them all, Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Now he might have used a ponderous argument which would have floored one, but he could not have used a more magical name. For many years Mr. Shaw has been my hero, as he must be the hero of myriads. He is the one intellectual giant to whom one has been able to look for logic in these unlogical days. His political convictions and conclusions are proof of his sound sense; he bears the stamp of genius not only by his inimitable dramas, but by his pronouncements upon almost every subject under the sun.

Imagine my consternatiton when the local parson said: "Even Mr. Bernard Shaw says everything has a religious basis." One could only reply: "Mr. Shaw must have used the word 'religion' in an entirely different sense to you."

Your current issue supplies the information as to where and what Mr. Shaw is supposed to have said, although the language—even when transposed into first person singular—hardly sounds Shavian. Rob some of us of Mr. Bernard Shaw and his wisdom, and all is lost. For this reason is it asking too much of Mr. Shaw to explain?

J. S. REYNOLDS.

Obituary.

The painful duty devolves on me to announce the death, at the age of 78 years, of a dear old friend and co-worker in the cause of Freethought, Jacob Roos, of Front Street, Sunniside, Tow Law, County Durham, of whom it may fairly be said that, with the limited opportunities at his command, no man ever strove more honestly than he for the realization of the ideals he had worked out for himself under the guidance and inspiration of all the prominent leaders and writers in the movement. Of German nationality, he was brought to England some 65 years ago, along with the rest of his family, in search of the freedom denied them in their own country. He was one of the most reasonable of men—tolerant to all, but unflinchingly steadfast to the cause which a life-long study had convinced him was the right one. Unfortunately, he had for several years been almost, if not totally, blind; but despite this heavy affliction, he persisted with courage and cheerfulness in performing his duties each day to the very last. Strict attention to duty, indeed, was a veritable obsession with him. A good company of relatives and friends attended to pay their lasts tokens of respect. We laid him to rest in the Stanley Church graveyard on Wednesday, 21st inst. The present writer read the beautiful and impressive address of which Mrs. Besant was the author. I had over 40 years' intimate association with him, and proved him a trust-

worthy friend, a good husband, and an indulgent father. He leaves a widow, two daughters, and a son-in-law to mourn their loss. The sympathies of all friends go out to them in their bereavement.—John Robinson.

On Saturday, May 17, there passed into the land of the silent, age 88, Trevelyan Sharp, of Listerdyke, Bradford. He was a life-long Secularist. In his day he had entertained the late Charles Bradlaugh, Mrs. Annie Besant, and other Secularist lecturers. He retained his interest in the movement to the end, recently attending some of our meetings in Leeds. His funeral took place in Bowling Cemetery on Wednesday, May 23, at 3 p.m. Mr. George Hirst represented the Leeds Branch. By request of the family, I conducted the Secular Service at the graveside. His end was peaceful.—H. R. Youngman.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

LONDON.

Indoor.

Metropolitan Secular Society.—The Discussion Circle meets every Thursday, at 8, at the "Lawrie Arms," Crawford Place, Edgware Road, W.

South London Ethical Society (Oliver Goldsmith School, Peckham Road, S.E.): 7, Dr. F. H. Hayward, "Abraham Lincoln" (Celebration).

South Place Ethical Society (South Place, Moorgate, E.C.): 11, Right Hon. John M. Robertson, "Modern Humanists Reconsidered: (III) Matthew Arnold."

Outdoor.

Bethnal Green Branch N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Fountain): 6.15, Mr. F. P. Corrigan, a Lecture.

Finsbury Park.—11.15, Mr. F. P. Corrigan, a Lecture.

Metropolitan Secular Society.—Freethought lectures and debates every evening in Hyde Park. Speakers: Messrs. Baker, Beale, Hyatt, Harris, Hart, Keeling, Knubley, Saphin, Shaller, Dr. Stuart, M.A., M.D., and Mr. Vincent, B.A., B.Sc.

North London Branch N.S.S. (Regent's Park, near the Fountain): 6, Mr. R. H. Rosetti, a Lecture.

South London Branch N.S.S. (Brockwell Park): 3.30 and 6.30, Mr. C. H. Keeling will lecture.

West Ham Branch N.S.S. (Outside Technical Institute, Romford Road, Stratford, E.): 7, Mr. A. B. Moss, "The Delusion of Theology."

COUNTRY.

Indoor.

Hull Branch N.S.S. (No. 5 Room, Co-Operative Institute, Albion Street): Wednesday, June 4, at 8, Branch Meeting.

Outdoor.

Preston Branch N.S.S.—Mr. George Whitehead's mission, from June 1 to June 7.

Newcastle Branch N.S.S. (Town Moor, near North Road entrance): 7, a Lecture.

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