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## Views and Opinions.

### Advertising the Faith.

The holding of an advertising congress at Wembley has moved the *Church Times* to put in a special plea for the Church as an advertising specialist. We do not think anyone will question the Church's efficiency in this direction, and so far we agree with the writer of the article that the Church is the oldest advertising association in the world. We have called attention to this aspect of Christian work before now, and we imagine we shall have to call attention to it many more times before we cease our advocacy of Freethought. But in its advertising the Church has had one great advantage over the advertiser of a commercial article. So far as the latter is concerned he has to advertise his wares in the teeth of fierce competition. Largely it is the competition that forces him to a lavish expenditure in advertisements. Smith's soap has to be placarded against Brown's, one man's pills must face the competition of another man's. But the Church has been in a different position. It has, for the larger part of its history, not had to face open competition. More than that, it has demanded that all competitors should be suppressed, and for long seasons has managed to suppress them. It is the only advertising association in the world that has ever had the good fortune to enlist on its side the power of the State to suppress competition. Other associations have tried to drive out competition, but they have usually failed, and in any case they have never had the State behind them to imprison or kill any one who dared to oppose them.

### Supply and Demand.

We are told that it is the work of the business agent to create a demand for what he has to sell. That is not quite the case, although it is easy to see what prompts a Christian writer to put the matter in that way. A commercial agency does not so much create a desire for what it has to sell, as it aims at convincing the public that it can satisfy an existent need better or more cheaply than can other people. Whether we are dealing with soap, or medicine, or floor polish, or means of transit, this much remains true. The difficulty with the religious business is that its agents have first to persuade people that they really do desire religion, and then to persuade them that their's is the

genuine article. How many people would desire religion if they were left alone? Suppose a generation of children were brought up without religious instruction of any kind, and without seeing other people indulging in religious practices or proclaiming the virtues of religious belief. How many of them would show any desire for religion? I need not answer the question, the Churches do that for me. They all proclaim that if children are not taught religion the result will be a generation of Freethinkers. They will live and die without ever feeling a desire for religion. The Church must work to create a desire for religion, because in a civilized community there is no felt need for such a thing. It does not, as some advertisers put it regarding their goods, supply a long-felt want. It does not supply a want at all to a civilized human being so long as he is left alone. The need for religion is as artificial as the need for whisky.

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### The Power of Possession.

Necessarily the Church has to create a desire for religion, and its methods, one must confess, meet with considerable success. But in this respect it has one very considerable advantage. It is first in the field, and with many that counts for much. In all directions the religious explanations of things is the earliest, and, like nearly all early explanations, it is inaccurate. In every one of the sciences we see this to be the case. The first attempts at explaining the phenomena of the heavens has long since been given up. So with the first accounts of man's origin, and also the beginnings of his institutions. But they held the field long enough to become established and to gather round them a number of vested interests, which fight tenaciously for their existence. The consequence is that every new theory of things, no matter how solidly based, has to meet error strongly entrenched with every possible opportunity for commanding the ear of the public. Someone has said that man is an animal who is always seeking for truth. So far as the generality of mankind is concerned that is quite wrong. What man seeks for, in the main, is ease. He is content so long as he is easy, and it is easier to rest with a thing established, no matter how false, than to go through the travail of acquiring a new idea. The Churches know this, and it forms one of their chief supports. Many have sung of the power of truth, but in truth it is the power of falsehood that is one of the most striking things in human history. The trials and troubles of reformers, Galileo in his prison and Bruno at the stake, are striking commentaries on that theme.

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### How the Churches Advertise.

“What theatrical syndicate,” asks the *Church Times*, “would not leap at the idea of announcing each performance by a peal of bells hung high above the street if the Church had not long ago made the notion her own.” It may be mentioned in passing that this is not the reason why the Church rings bells when a service is about to commence. The originating reason for it is the same one that causes a tribe of

savages to beat tom-toms when beginning one of their services. It is to scare away antagonistic spirits. It is only later that it becomes simply a signal for service. But this is not the most important way in which the Church advertises itself. Suppose that a commercial agency could insinuate itself into every civic ceremony in the country from the unveiling of a parish pump to a coronation. Suppose that one of its representatives, bearing a large ticket advertising his wares were to occupy a prominent position in all State and public affairs, suppose also that this same agency by bribing some and by terrorizing others, could get history written so that the virtues of its special commodity were always kept in front of the people, how long would it be before there was established a strong belief that this special commodity—pills, soap, polishing powder, or what not—was an essential to our everyday life? No matter how worthless the article, it would be firmly established in the public estimation. Of course, a few here and there might see through the imposture, but frauds and follies live by the many who are blind, not by the few who have vision.

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#### Method in Advertising.

After all, the advertising congress at Wembley is poor and pale compared with the advertising congresses which the Churches hold year after year. Here, again, the spirit merchants have it nearly all their own way. They puff their goods and pay themselves extravagant testimonials. They tell the public there is nothing on the market like the article they supply, and the gullible ones read and believe, forgetting that the testimonial has been written by those who have the goods for sale. And when, as so often happens, the article does not do the work it is claimed it will do—as in the case of Mahon and others—our advertisers are not at all abashed. The failure is due to not having enough, and the remedy is, not to try something else, but to lay in an extra stock of the same article. Certainly I agree with the *Church Times* that “in the truest sense the Church has always used advertisements. No other business has used it so extensively or under such favourable conditions. No other business has been able to so far silence the voices of those who have tried the advertised article and been disappointed at the results. Yet, in spite of all these opportunities, the trade by which the Churches live is declining. Year by year the number of customers decreases, and the value of the testimonials written by such as remain faithful to the old firm is less. Advertising may do a lot, it may foist a worthless article on the public, but given fair chances of competition there comes a time when the trade begins to fall off. Other articles begin to attract attention and the merits of the old and the new firms are compared. “The oldest advertising agency in the world” is compelled to try new dodges. Instead of ordering people to buy, it has to persuade. Instead of forcibly suppressing its rivals, it has to meet them; if not quite on fair conditions, it still has to admit their right to be there. Instead of offering their goods “in the name of the Lord,” it has to commend them to the public on the ground of utility. And when these things occur we are entering upon the last stage. The oldest trade in the world—the trade of the medicine man, the magic worker, the fakir, the travelling miracle-worker—is forced into the open, and it is a trade that flourishes poorly under such conditions. The *Church Times* thinks that preachers might learn something from the advertising congress. So do we. Let the preachers of Christianity challenge the same publicity and competition that every business firm challenges and meets. Let them import into their trade the same degree of honesty that obtains in the business world, let them decide upon a merchandise

marks Act, so that the contents of the packet sold agree with the label it holds. Let the preachers of Christianity copy only these few things from the business world, and we shall await the result with confidence and interest.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

### “Trust in God.”

THE Rev. H. Emerson-Fosdick, D.D., is the best and most widely known of American theologians, and much of his popularity is attributable to the fact that for several years he has been the object of bitter and persistent persecution. America is a land where all sorts of cranks flourish amazingly; and, as is well known, cranks are fundamentally intolerant. They are usually described as “idiotic, foolish, full of whims.” Webster defines the adjective “cranky,” as “addicted to crotchets and whims, unreasonable in opinions, crotchety”; and a truer definition could not be found. The most foolish of all cranks are the American theologians called “Fundamentalists,” who accept the Bible as verbally inerrant, and preach the virgin birth, the atonement, and the resurrection as cardinal articles of the Christian Faith. Not only do they hold such obsolete and irrational views, but they wish to visit with severest punishment all who reject them. There is no one whom they detest with greater rigour than Dr. Fosdick. They have done their utmost to deprive him of a church in which to preach, but so far without success. His exceptional gifts have won him a large number of most loyal friends, who both love and honour him. His recent visit to this country has served to endear him to multitudes of British Christians. His last sermon in London was delivered on July 6, and is published in the *Christian World Pulpit* of July 17. Its subject is “Trust in God”; and to a discussion of its teaching we propose to devote the present article.

To the generality of British Christians Dr. Fosdick has commended himself as an orthodox and lucid expounder of the Christian Gospel. In the discourse now before us the preacher dwells on “a contrast between two kinds of trust in God exhibited in the Old Testament.” He says:—

On the one side stands Jacob, as he is pictured for us in Genesis xxviii, 20 and 21, where he starts on a journey, saying: “If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father’s house in peace, then the Lord shall be my God.” On the other side stands Job, as he is presented in Job xiii, 15, saying: “Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” In what sharp contrast do these two attitudes stand! Jacob’s trust is founded on a bargain: “If God will be good to me, if he will fill my life with reasonable security and peace, if he will keep far from me the tragedies that perplex the mind and heart, then I will trust him.” But Job is saying something quite different: “Though he slay me, though nothing turn out as I desire, though my prayers go unanswered and my wishes unfulfilled, and though the stroke of tragedy fall heavily upon me, still I will trust him.” Jacob’s trust is conditioned upon the continuance of his own personal good fortunes. Job’s trust is absolute and unconditioned, no matter what befall.

In Dr. Fosdick’s opinion, “we ought to agree that if we are going to trust God Jacob’s way, it will never do at all.” On that point we do most certainly agree. God is not a being with whom to make bargains, for he never pays the slightest heed to them; but we are equally convinced that to trust him Job’s way is not one whit more profitable; our contention being that there is no God to trust, and our American visitor offers no evidence whatever that there is. Dr.

Fosdick takes the Divine existence for granted, and most probably the bulk of the congregation did the same. Yet nothing in the universe stands in greater need of proof than the existence of a just and loving Deity.

Dr. Fosdick is persuaded that when something happens to a man, or to someone dear to him, his need of Divine comfort is at its highest. Eloquently he says:—

How many are the ways down which inevitably, soon or late, trouble comes into every human life. Here this evening we may be sitting in security and peace, looking well content, but, without the least morbidness, we must recognize that some day one of those closed doors will open, and a guest unbidden will come in; silent and unannounced he will come in, that guest whom we had wished we might never see; and no sooner have we looked upon his face than we shall know he has come to stay with us through life.

Such is the manner in which adversity comes to us, and when it does arrive our supreme need, the preacher assures us, is trust in God. "It is then we want trust in God if we ever do." As a Christian poet puts it:—

Amid the maddening moan of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good.

But we differ entirely from the great orator's view. It has been our unshakable conviction for many years that it is when adversity overtakes us we least want trust in God. What we then need much more than anything else is self-trust, trust in the native nobility and latent powers of our own nature. As a greater American, whose name Dr. Fosdick bears, truthfully says:—

Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. (*Emerson's Essays*, p. 62.)

Reliance upon an alleged omnipotent Being is at best but a form of cowardice. Even if such a Being really existed the only possible outcome of trust in him would be weakness, not strength. "Prayer that craves a particular commodity," adds Emerson, "is vicious." "Welcome ever more to gods and men is the self-helping man: for him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honours crown, all eyes follow with desire." So speaks Emerson, though a firm believer in God, and so speak Atheists with increased emphasis and confidence. Dr. Fosdick refers to the case of an English mother who lost four sons in the late war. "They all fell in action," and those four messages started back towards England and reached that English household on the same day. In the morning she thought she had four sons fighting for the empire; in the evening she knew that she was childless." It was an exceptionally sad case; but was not the bereaved mother's chief consolation derived from the fact that her sons had laid down their lives for the country they loved. Ralph Waldo Emerson's case was likewise exceedingly heart-breaking. When a young married man he lost a son four years of age, and he never got over it. In a letter to Carlyle he gave a pathetic expression to his painful recollection of the calamity; but surely Dr. Fosdick is not blind to the fact that the eminent essayist's unappeasable grief, endured to the end of his life, indicated a distressing lack of trust in God's providence; and we are surprised that the preacher had the temerity to mention it at all.

Towards the close of his remarkable sermon, Dr. Fosdick enlarges upon our unfathomable ignorance of the universe. He quotes Edison's saying: "No one

knows one seven-billionth of one per cent. about anything"; and Socrates's, "One thing I know, that is that I know nothing." Then he says:—

The real fact is that the more we know about the universe the more mysterious it is. It is only the little minds that think they have caught the great mysteries in their butterfly nets. Ask the whipper-snapper in electricity how much we know about electricity, and he will tell you how much it is..... You ask a little religious teacher some problem in theology, and with his neat, conventional dogmatism he will solve it all. You ask a great religious teacher like Paul, and he says: "Now we see through a glass darkly, now we know in part."

Curiously enough, whilst indulging in that humiliating confession of ignorance, Dr. Fosdick represents God as an object of definite knowledge, which is not true. No one possesses the smallest degree of knowledge of the supernatural; and God is nothing if not supernatural. People have their beliefs concerning him, but of knowledge there is not the tiniest shred. Yet Dr. Fosdick seems to enjoy the following tall talk:—

Trust in God is not "going it blind." Trust in God is knowing God so well that you can feel sure of him anywhere. Some of us have lived with him for years, and he never failed us yet. Whether in the sunshine or the storm, upon the high plateau or in the dark valley, he has been the grace and glory, the tranquillity and peace and power of our lives. What, then, if circumstances arise that our wits cannot comprehend; shall we throw over being sure of him? No—

Still will we trust though earth be dark and dreary,  
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod,  
Though steep and rough the pathway, worn and weary,  
Still will we trust in God.

That is sentimentalism at its lowest and worst: emotionalism run to madness. Common sense has been thrown down the wind, and reason has fallen fast asleep. Of course, Christians generally do not live in such an unwholesome atmosphere. Trust in God is largely a dream, not a waking reality; a thing peculiar to Sunday and the sanctuary, but practically almost non-existent on week-days. Piety is a foreign element in human life and should be cast out. How true is Emerson's fine sentence: "It is only as a man puts off all foreign support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail."

J. T. LLOYD.

## A Parliamentary Christian.

This mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a trade.—*Jonathan Swift*.

Not a fantastical fool of them all shall flout me out of my calling.—*Shakespeare*.

The State is founded on follies, the Church on sins.—*Landor*.

THE magnificent biography of Benjamin Disraeli, by Mr. G. E. Buckle, recalls a personality that is as attractive to a Freethinker as Browning's portrait of "Bishop Blougram." The most piquant pages in the life-story of the great statesman concern his religious opinions, and few biographical pages are so amusing and interesting as the description of this pariah among politicians catering for the religious prejudices of the governing classes of England. Like that naughty old man-of-the-world, Lord Melbourne, Disraeli might plausibly have disclaimed being a pillar of Holy Church by saying: "I am a buttress, I prop it up outside." Disraeli was under no illusions whatever. To him the Church of England was simply a national and social tradition which blended civil authority with ecclesiastical influence. As to Freethought, whilst he was guarded in his remarks, he admitted that it had

its uses: "Man brings to the study of oracles more learning and more criticism than of yore; and it is well that it should be so." In describing the critical theologians as "Atheists in domino," he wasted a good epithet, but there is no mistaking the meaning. In one of his novels, Disraeli spoke even more plainly in describing the Anglican Church appointments, which the dear clergy so like their congregations to think are the direct action of the Holy Ghost. Disraeli is quite refreshingly frank. Writing in 1875 to Lord Salisbury, who was supposed to represent the High Church Party in the Cabinet, he says: "Can you suggest a good High Church dean who is not a damned fool and won't make himself ridiculous?" Indeed, Disraeli's attitude in theological matters was always that of the old Turkish statesman: "After this, the deluge!" He considered that the Church of England might be useful to the Conservative Party as a social and political force, but his own private and personal beliefs were comprised in a thin, attenuated Theism, which would scarce have shocked Voltaire himself, and would certainly have earned the approbation of Rousseau.

John Bright, and other sturdy Nonconformists and Radicals, thought Disraeli was a charlatan. It would be truer to say that he was a cynic, although a genial one. Recall his caustic remark on reaching the coveted position of Prime Minister, which he had desired so long, and which he had worked so hard to obtain: "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole." One can scarcely imagine the austere Gladstone putting the matter in this light-hearted manner: Disraeli has been accused of the gentle art of flattery, and, doubtless, in the presence of Royalty, he laid it on with a trowel. His sugary compliment, "We authors, your Majesty," addressed to the mediocre Queen Victoria is a case in point. Indeed, when Disraeli offered his condolences on the death of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, he became almost as dithyrambic as Tennyson, who was the salaried Court minstrel, or, as Swinburne would have said, "a linnet on the wrist of a queen."

Most interesting is the account of Disraeli's relations to Queen Victoria, and his gradual progress from her aversion to her affection. In one of her letters the Queen told him that "by rising early, taking cold shower-baths every day, and being frequently in the air, she had almost come to defy catching cold." The conversation is very intimate for Royal and Imperial table-talk. With Gladstone the Queen did not get on well. "He talks to me as if I were a public meeting," was the truly womanly objection. That was, however, a defect of Gladstone's quality. He has been known to have chatted amiably to a deputation of hard-headed Radicals, mostly Freethinkers, on the value of hymns in divine worship, and the proper position for a church organ. Disraeli was incapable of such obtuseness. Recall his telling rejoinder to a political opponent who had called him an adjectived Jew: "I cannot understand this hostility. One half of Europe worships a Jew, and the other half a Jewess." Recall, also, how Disraeli fascinated Matthew Arnold, one of the most sensitive of men, and who differed from Disraeli on so many points. There is nothing more illuminating than the account of Disraeli's conversation with Arnold, and we have the record in a spontaneous and contemporaneous letter from Matthew Arnold to his mother. Being reminded that he had met Arnold years before, Disraeli said:—

Ah yes, I remember. At that time I had a great respect for the name you bore, but you yourself were little known. Now you are well known. You have made a reputation, but you will go further yet. You have a great future before you, and you deserve it.

This was a real compliment coming from a master

of many phrases. Arnold referred to Disraeli's abandonment of politics:—

"Yes," he replied, "one does not settle these things for one's self, and politics and literature are both very attractive; still, in the one, one's work lasts, and in the other it doesn't." He went on to say that he had given up literature because he was not one of those people who can do two things at once; but that he admired most the men like Cicero, who could.

The truth is that Disraeli had imagination, and plenty of it. The son of that fine, old scholar, Isaac Disraeli, Benjamin had "ink in his blood," and was a born writer. He was a master of words, and, whilst his wit was racial, he was much influenced by such stylists as Pope, Swift, and Voltaire. Of his happy and ready expression, a good example is his repartee to the crowd at his early Marylebone election: "On what do you stand? *My head!*" Or his ready remark on the Radical Member of Parliament who said that he took his stand on "progress": "It occurred to me," said Disraeli, "that progress was a slippery thing to stand on." His witty description of the Roman Catholic hostess who received her guests "with extreme unction," reminds us of Byron's barbed shafts. How excellent, too, is his account of a political opponent as "the conjurer who advances to the edge of the platform, and for hours draws yards of red tape from his mouth." How withering, also, is the criticism of Gladstone: "Intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Then there are his happy phrases, such as "Batavian grace," "superior person," "the hansom, the gondola of London," "the critics, the men who have failed," and "little words in great capitals." In his youth Disraeli was an ardent admirer of wise, old Michel de Montaigne, one of those authors, he says, who "gave a spring to the mind," and he never forgot the great French writer. In both cases Literature was justified of her children.

MIMNERMUS.

### F. H. Bradley, O.M.

AMONGST my correspondence, widely diverse, I sometimes receive letters from working men who are desirous of educating themselves—hard-headed men such as miners, or sailors; or smooth and clever fellows, business men, or aspiring young clerks—and I find that they are all interested in psychology, or what they take to be psychology.

Had these men spoken from their own natural intelligence they would have framed their questions in understandable form or expressed themselves with some touch of common sense; but nearly all employ a strange jargon, they talk of the "absolute," or of some "complex," or they ask me to offer a sort of spectral scale of the shades of sin.

In other words, they have been reading some of the current works on Freudism, or Bergsonism, or the New Thought, or God knows what of old nonsense, and they have thrown away their own intelligence in the process.

But what has this to do with Professor Bradley, O.M.? A great deal, for he precisely is in the same case. He, too, has been puzzled by the like problems, and he, too, has resorted to the prescribed founts of wisdom; but instead of dipping into the current works of popular culture, he has saturated his mind with all that is erudite in the false academic learning of two thousand years, so that though like my more humble correspondents he utters what is virtually without sense, yet he gives forth the stream at a high voltage, and he bedizens the matter with a brilliant paraphernalia of terms—the "properties," as they say on the stage, of the old Schoolmen's repertoire.

Let us take a characteristic passage from one of the most famous of his works, that on *Appearance and Reality*. I make the quotation fairly long, first that I may not be accused of dipping in and picking up some truncated phrase, and secondly so that the reader may sun himself in delight in the high regions of the Oxford manner in philosophy:—

The "Absolute," considered as such, has of course no degrees; for it is perfect, and there can be no more or less in perfection [chapter xx], such predicates belong to and have a meaning only in the world of appearance. We may be reminded, indeed, that the same absoluteness also possessed of existence in time. For a thing either may have a place there, or may have none, but it cannot inhabit any interval between presence and absence. This view would assume that existence in time is "Reality"; and in practice, and for some purposes that is admissible. But, besides being false, the assumption tends naturally to pass beyond itself. For if a thing may not exist less or more, it must certainly more or less occupy existence. It may usurp ground by its direct presence, but, again, further by its influence and relative importance. Thus we should find it difficult, in the end, to say exactly what we understand by "having" existence. We should even find a paradox in the assertion that everything alike *has* existence to precisely the same degree.

But here, metaphysics, we have long ago passed beyond this one-sided point of view. On one hand the series of temporal facts has been perceived to consist in ideal construction. It is ideal, not indeed wholly [chapter xxiii], but still essentially. And such a series is but appearance, it is not absolute, but relative; and, like all other appearance, it admits the distinction more or less. On the other hand, we have seen that truth, which itself is appearance, both unconsciously and deliberately diverges from this rude essay. And, without considering further the exploded claim set up by temporal fact, we may deal generally with the question of degrees in reality and truth.

I should like to continue, and also to quote other notable passages, still more recondite, but, as space forbids, I say roundly that if any one can find in discourse of that kind an illuminating beam and a helpful guide, he has faculties which I do not possess.

Here it is necessary to make a certain distinction. It does not follow that because a passage is highly abstruse, or otherwise difficult, that it is not charged with meaning. I have taken two years to read half a page, for instance, in Clerk Maxwell's *Electricity and Magnetism*; I found at one stage that to understand the argument I should have had a preliminary knowledge of Vector Analysis, and also of Differential Equations, and I had to postpone progress in the reading of the work till I had made some study of the mathematical subjects involved. Again, there is a famous theorem due to Abel, a young Norwegian mathematician, of which the significance was almost ignored in his lifetime, but which has been of extraordinary fecundity in the development of modern mathematics.

I am not, therefore, disinclined to severe reading so long as it is deeply based and likely to be fertile, but this stuff of the Oxford professors is not of that quality; it is more like the incomprehensible talk of the physicians of Louis XIV, who know nothing of the real nature of organic processes.

I feel when I read works, of which this is a sample, as Galileo may have felt when, mournfully and yet curiously and with a new gleam, he gazed on the slowly swinging lamp in the church at Pisa. Amidst the learning of the time he must have asked himself if the world was really a mad world, and then, brought to new reflections by the sight of the ornate pendulum, he concluded that Nature was not demented, but that only the professors were imbecile.

It is true that there are many shrewd remarks in the course of the old Schoolmen's disquisitions, but they had no deep and well-established base, they had no developmental method, they had no sense of the veritable meaning of science. Galileo gave them a foundation when, knowing that any valid spade work was worth a thousand years of their meaningless talk, he laid down the elementary laws of mechanics. The example spread, and it so happens that the peculiar character of our modern civilization, in whatever it has of admirable, is derived in great part from that source.

So it should be with philosophy, with psychology in especial. Instead of being a subject treated like the pantaloons of a Christmas pantomime, or like the ghost in a mysterious play, a spurious thing and only respectable because providing a salary for conservatively-minded professors, it ought to be the centre of light, radiating throughout every sphere of thought, just as surely as mathematics informs all the fibres of the whole structure of the physical sciences.

For this purpose it is necessary to arrive at what I have called the "Fundamental Processes," that is to say, those essential forms of movement of the mind by the combination of which the whole world of thought, from the simplest modes of perception to the most complex reasonings, may be built.

Once in possession of this instrument we may turn it to the examination of works such as those of Mr. Bradley. It is not necessary to pursue him point by point; it is more effective and more scientific to deal with these falsities as Lavoisier dealt with the whole system of phlogiston which, though nonsense, occupied the minds of devout thinkers for centuries. The great chemist showed that the theory of phlogiston was inconsistent with deeper based principles; and Kant, Hegel, and Mr. Bradley may also be brought to rigorous tests.

Judged by these standards one reproaches Mr. Bradley with never having made the basic analysis indicated, and therefore with having failed by omission in the next desideratum, that is, the leading of the exposition by closely consecutive and rigorous arguments step by step until we reach at length conclusions impinging ever on our familiar active world of things.

There are none of the marks in Mr. Bradley's work of a profound analyst, or of a thinker of great calibre who, in addition to a faculty of subtle discrimination, possesses the power of marking out a subject by bold trenchant divisions, of conceiving principles of high generality, and of framing a helpful system of organization in the field of thought; there is lacking most conspicuously of all the faculty of energetically directing the march of the science which he is supposed to hold within his sway. Yes; but in a man placed on so high a pinnacle, and adorned with the title "O.M.," we have a right to expect some faint indication of such qualities.

The treatment of Mr. Bradley on the lines I have indicated will do for us something more than blow away the whole nebulous mass of such teaching; it will show us where it comes from. It is ultimately but the evaporation of the old theological dregs of that "Thousand Years of Night," as Jacobi called those ages when the Church was most powerful.

Kant was an hereditary victim of this theological virus from his Scottish ancestry, and Kant was hailed by Oxford, especially as affording a buttress against the invasion of new ideas, even while presenting the appearance of battling for the truth. Kant in his day, and in our time Bergson, have proved a refuge to those who have wished at one and the same time to venture in high speculation and yet preserve that false "spirituality" which has enabled them to fit snugly into all the fruitful shams and safety-providing hypocrisies of the day.

Mr. Bradley also derives from Berkeley, who—again from the theological side—put forward the theory of "Idealism," and whose mind, with a few flashes of fine illumination, was a magazine of fantastic notions. The fault with Mr. Bradley is not in his "Idealism"—I who write am an "Idealist"—but in his desertion of the true principle of "Idealism," for "Idealism" carried out resolutely and consistently is entirely in accord with Common Sense, if to the word "common" be not ascribed the meaning "limited," but if common sense be illuminated and informed.

I have carried out the necessary analysis, as will be seen by anyone who reads the chapter in my *Psychology on "Externality."* Mr. Bradley has failed to perceive the guiding lines of such an analysis.

The gift of the "O.M." has another aspect. It is bestowed on the advice of the Prime Minister, and in this respect accords with that adulation of the officially great and titled which is so powerful a motive in Ramsay MacDonald's mind; but behind all this, again, there is the influence of his spiritual adviser, that beaming Polonius of the realm of thought, Lord Haldane.

These matters pass with little comment, and what little there is hitherto highly laudatory. I wonder, am I almost the only one who regards them with mingled sadness and indignation. I see in the Universities, in men like Lord Haldane and Lord Balfour, in the little army of incompetent professors, in Prime Ministers like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the fortresses and the armed host of all that is obscurantist in the most vital issue of all; and yet I see that in the beam of thought, in the surety of truth, we have the promise of keeping our human race within the path of sanity and progress. If I be not almost alone in this, will others let me know? We must get together for a great work.

ARTHUR LYNCH.

### The Tree of Knowledge: The Origin of the Fable.

WHEN first the old Jew priesthood found  
The laymen in debate  
Why they should bow the head in awe  
To dogmas out of date  
And yield the priests their first-fruits,  
They trembled for their state.

In holy council met, they sat  
In sapient contemplation.  
Cries Blobnose, Father-in-God: "This comes  
Of too much education.  
The Church, I fear, if this goes on,  
Will have a long vacation.

"The cowboy Adam waxes  
Most impudently pert;  
There's Eve, our slavey, cocks her tail,  
As brazen as a flirt;  
And even Becky Dumpkins knows  
A fig-leaf from a skirt.

"The clods bow not so low to us;  
They've lost the accent humble:  
'Why should the priests take all the best?'  
Is now the common grumble.  
Sirs, let them go on at this pace,  
Our holy state will tumble."

Reproachful looks were cast about,  
With words like "Didn't I tell ye?"  
And many a godly rascal groaned  
In terror for his belly  
Till rose Saint Nick, the archetype  
Of rascal Macchiavelli.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Niccolo di Macchiavelli, the Italian Court-Statesman, who enriched the ethics of government with the principles of knavery.

With cynic smirk and gleaming eye  
Nick stood before his chair:  
"Brethren," he said, "the case is grave;  
But flinch we not a hair!  
To dout this rebel light forthwith,  
A fable I'll prepare.

"Before to-morrow vespers  
You'll have the thing to hand.  
Next Sabbath, loud, with unction,  
Proclaim it through the land!  
And, brothers, if my name's Old Nick,  
Our holy state will stand."

One only in the council,  
Joseph, had fain said "No";  
But ah! that many-coloured coat,  
'Twas still his pride, so Joe  
Sent one more good old principle  
To the good old long-ago.

Next Sabbath, through the Holy Land  
The wondrous fable ran,  
How, while the Tree of Knowledge grew,  
It was forbid to man;  
How Eve, then Adam, ate the fruit,  
And woe and death began.

A fear fell on the people;  
Their speech grew hush'd and thick;  
The priests regain'd their prestige,  
And rebels felt the stick.  
.....When next in holy council,  
The priests gave "Health to Nick!"

Since Nicholas hatch'd that fable,  
Three thousand years or so,  
In light that comes of knowledge  
The priests have seen the foe;  
And still they play the game they played  
Those centuries ago.

"Behold! as knowledge waxes,  
Religion wanes!" they cry:  
"Yet, faithful to our calling,  
By that we stand or die!"  
And every holy joker  
Turns up a full white eye.

Yes, in the great world movement,  
All else may go behind;  
But preach the Bible stories  
To the believing blind!  
So ye, ye parsons, grow as round  
As pigs in peace of mind.

H. BARBER.

The Vicar of Tawton, the Reverend Harmless-Simpleton, was frequent in his calls. He was an amiable and well-intentioned man. The Simpletons are a large family, that have never thriven at the bar, in medicine, in the army and the navy, but the Harmless-Simpletons (the two surnames united by a hyphen) have for several generations made the Church their happy hunting ground. They have gone up in the Church like corks in water. The fattest livings, prebendal stalls, and even bishoprics have been showered upon them. As Napoleon won all his battles by one rule, so the Harmless-Simpletons acquired promotion by one single principle. In the field of doctrine they never taught a truth without first treating it as a taxidermist treats a frog—killing, disembowelling, and then blowing out the fleshless, boneless skin with wind, and varnishing the empty nothing. In the field of morals they never attacked a real enemy, but discharged their parks of ordnance, brought down charges of heavy dragoons, and displayed the most skilful strategy against imaginary foes.—  
S. Baring-Gould, "John Herring."

## Acid Drops.

An item of information supplied by the religious press is that an "important film" depicting English Church history is in course of preparation. The film is to be "on right lines," and an advisory committee, consisting of Sir Michael Sadler, Mrs. Creighton, Professor Dearmer and a number of bishops, are to see that it is on right lines. The film will show that "every momentous act of Monarch, Council, or Parliament which raised the people or improved their condition was associated directly or indirectly with the Church." And it will be on right lines! There is no doubt of that. The lines will be right for the English Church. It will tell the people what the Church wishes them to believe; and if a Council of Christian bishops cannot cook history so as to make it on right lines, then the hand of the Christian will have forgotten its cunning, and Christian ministers will have forgotten how to lie in defence of their creed.

We like that expression "on right lines." It means so much when used in connection with Christian history. When it was pretended that the Christian documents had been written by the followers of Jesus, they were giving history "on right lines." When the same Church prepared its records of miracles, or tampered with ancient writings so that they might be made to support Christian claims, they were writing history "on right lines." When the Churches slandered those from whom they differed, when they depicted Paine as a dissolute drunkard, and famous heretics as more or less immoral, or when they suppressed the facts of history in order that the people should not know the truth, they were preparing history "on right lines." One can safely trust the "great lying Church" to see that history is presented as the bishops would like it. That is an important part of their trade.

A genuine film depicting the relation of the English Church to reform would be very interesting. It might show it giving its ardent support to the bigotry of James and the tyranny of Charles. It would show thousands of Quakers being sent to prison for not obeying the orders of the Church. It would show men having their ears slit for heresy and old women being burned for witchcraft. It would show the Church standing by and giving its blessing to employers while children of seven years of age were being murdered in English factories for the sake of what could be made out of their labours. It would show the Bench of Bishops opposing almost every reform that was proposed, and supporting every war that was entered into. We shall certainly go to see that film when it appears, for we have a certain admiration for good, whole-souled lying. The only drawback to our enjoyment of this effort will be that they on whom it imposes will be so uncritical as to rob the effort of any sporting interest. It will be something like a prize fight between Jack Dempsey and the editor of the *Freethinker*.

"Gladden the wife's heart and the vicar's by bringing her to church." This is an appeal in a parish magazine—and it comes from one of those innocent lambs, a member of the Church that is going to receive instruction in the art of advertising. There is a charming assumption in the first part of the appeal; but the Assumption in religion is one of those events that may be interpreted according to taste.

Next year The Sunday School Council is to consider "school problems." When the paint is scraped off this announcement it simply means "Catch 'em when they are young." Heine's story of the owl that did not kill the young mice it caught, is appropriate; the knowing old bird only bit off their feet and kept them in the nest until required. This was long-sighted benevolence.

"A.G.," the *Daily Herald* cartoonist, is evidently inspired by the prospect of advertising Christianity. He depicts an Archbishop wearing a ridiculous hat à la Nellie Wallace, and has the following wording: "To-night boys, at St. Paul's, the Archbish will talk. A He-Sermon to He-men!" The metaphysics of the possibilities of advertising religion will become an entrancing study; the subject will reach the level of pills—which is rather unkind to the pills.

Bishop Gore, speaking at a conference of American clergy, teachers, and social workers, at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, said that the people of Britain were confronted with immense social problems and were greatly discouraged by their extraordinary failure to deal with them; for example, the problems of housing and unemployment. Continuing, the Bishop said that if Christianity were true in any sense it had a direct message with regard to the existing social evils. If the genuineness of their Christianity was to show itself, it must do so in practical amelioration of human life and its conditions. Also, they must make the people realize that Christianity and the Church was very much alive. Here is a further example of the ever-increasing tendency of the religious leaders of this country to turn their backs upon the mythology and dogma of their creeds, and to seek to revive interest in religion by associating it with progressive social movements. Popular interest in these days is of necessity centred in "bread and butter" questions; and with that power of accommodation which it has always displayed, the Christian Church is prepared to talk pious platitudes concerning social welfare and social amelioration. But all the same, we very much doubt whether organized religion in this country will gain much from this sudden repentance, and solemn affirmation of its social responsibility. When little children and women were sweated under abominable conditions in mines and factories during the heyday of the Industrial Revolution; and when later trade unionism was fighting for recognition and legal protection, the Churches either ignored the social problems involved, or used their influence against the exploited class. The result has been that a host of purely secular organizations, such as trade unions and co-operative guilds have arisen, and very largely secured those reforms and that elementary justice which the Churches showed no interest in obtaining when the causes were unpopular. In spite of certain pious ejaculations and vague professions of Christian faith which trade union leaders and other social workers utter from time to time, the whole tendency to-day is for the steady separation of supernaturalism and social welfare work. Had the Churches been courageous enough or sufficiently sincere to have aligned themselves with the various progressive social movements when they were fighting for existence, they might to-day hope to influence their further development, and to draw a new lease of life from participation in their activities. But as a general rule people either look askance at the Churches when they discuss social reforms, or else they are frankly antagonistic to those powerful organizations which formerly used their influence to crush out progressive thought and social movements. It is too late in the day now for organized superstition to permeate and control liberal social and political movements.

Sir William Watson was commissioned to write a poem which could be used as an appeal for funds in connection with the building of Liverpool Cathedral. His efforts, however, could not be used as an appeal, as he did not see the city through an archbishop's mitre. The man and the poet could not yoke the muse for cadging purposes, so he wrote instead:—

City of festering streets by Misery trod  
Where half-fed, half-clad children swarm unshod,  
While thou dost rear thy splendid fane to God.

It is a pity that human development is arrested by organized priesthood so that the obvious has to be pointed out. It is also a vital point that the energy expended in citizenship of heaven makes such a mess of things on earth.

The long arm of coincidence is not only used by novelists; it is also appropriated by the *Daily Mail* in a leading article on the occasion of the consecration of Liverpool Cathedral. A building commenced twenty years ago is taken in that paper's capacious cast-iron jaws of vulgarity and used as a reminder of the murderous "U-boats" in the Great War, when the Allies were all white and the enemy all black.

A chorus suggested for the opening of Liverpool Cathedral:—

At a meeting of the Hungerford Rural Council, Mr. Allright, of the Workers' Union, told how, when a child died recently in a farm labourer's home, the body had to be moved at night to make room for a living child to sleep in the bed.

An advertisement for cider informs us that "Eve knew—so should you"; and that Eve chose an apple to offer to man knowing that he could not resist such luscious fruit. To parody Falstaff, the Bible is not only inspired, but it is also an inspiration to others. One can almost hear the Bishops' knees knocking together at the prospect of the hounds of advertisement being unleashed in their particular garden.

Christians white and Christians black, like the Colonel's lady and Mrs. O'Grady, are much the same beneath the skin. Thus in some of the Fiji Islands there is an attempt to amalgamate the Tongan Free Church with the Wesleyan Methodists. There is also opposition to the move, and this is being expressed in the proper early Christian manner. There is, says a press telegram, an approach to civil war. Police armed with batons and handcuffs protect the Free Church congregation from Wesleyan onslaughts. One Free Church minister had his jaw broken and was about to be thrown into the sea when he was rescued. In another village Wesleyans, armed with axes, surrounded the Free Church and prevented services being held. A number of people have been killed and wounded. It will be remembered that the Christians have held up the Fiji Islands as being the scenes of their greatest missionary triumphs. If the sort of thing continues no one will doubt the influence of Christianity on the natives.

Figures supplied to the Wesleyan Conference at Nottingham show that there is a decrease of 5,000 scholars in the Sunday schools belonging to that denomination. The report has a "thank God there are many worse" note about it, since it points out that while there is a 7 per cent. decrease in other denominations, there is only 5 per cent. decrease in their own. That, of course, takes no account of the increase in population, which makes the relative decrease much greater.

The Wesleyan Conference is a streak of limelight on the meek and humble followers of the founder of Christianity. The property of the Children's Home and Orphanage was worth £1,000,000 and its income amounted to about £200,000 annually. We have no comment to make on this as a business, but the knife of common sense cuts its connection with the gospel of poverty.

Those who are not already acquainted with the housing conditions of the Durham miners will, or ought to, have been horrified at the newspaper accounts that have appeared. Two-roomed houses, or hovels, in which whole families live, hardly any sanitary arrangements worthy of the name, with open drains in front of the door. It should also be said—and I speak as one who knows from personal experience—that in spite of these conditions, the houses are in the majority of cases scrupulously clean. But the one gleam of consolation is that the county gives due support to the Church. Independent of other help there is about £400,000 drawn annually by the Church of England in mining royalties. It has been

suggested that there would be far more bother made by the Church if this source of revenue were cut off than there is at the simply vile conditions under which the miners are compelled to live. Perhaps we ought to feel pleased that the "spiritual" welfare of the miners is being attended to.

It is not merely those without the Churches who clearly recognize the futility of organized Christianity in the face of contemporary social and international problems. The Rev. N. P. Williams, a Church of England clergyman, tells us that the parsons of the establishment are "mild," "colourless," "conventional," "pompous," and "absurd." And we think that most people will agree that these adjectives do describe the vast body of Anglican clergy.

Another indication of the realization by the professional religionist that his creed is definitely losing its appeal to the popular mind, is the way in which religion is being advertised in the manner of patent medicines and new soaps. The Rev. Tom Sykes, general secretary of the Brotherhood Movement, recently said:—

About the value of the art of advertisement for the ministry of the Church there could be no manner of doubt. It was an effective means of attracting attention, awakening interest, inspiring wonder, and insinuating suggestion.....They were not asking for sensationalism—glib, loud, and catchy announcements defeating themselves—but they did say there was a public presentation and announcement for the values of religion through the medium of advertisement to which this generation was peculiarly susceptible, and which if wisely carried out was capable of immense benefit to society.

Perhaps the type of advertisement to which the Rev. Tom Sykes was referring is the film depicting how all great acts in our history which made for social and political advancement were connected with the Church. The Church is adept at this art of insinuation—an art more dangerous than the ability for downright lying.

*Winning the Children for Christ* is the innocent title of a book, price 4s. 6d. It deals with the duty of the Church to the child, and the place of Sunday schools in religious education, etc. and etc. When we put aside the lily of innocence presented to us it means that the supply of raw material is falling off. There is a big field for translators among our pious fraternity who do not agree with Voltaire when he said that the only consolation for being alive was to say what he thought.

## How to Help.

There are thousands of men and women who have left the Churches and who do not know of the existence of this journal. Most of them would become subscribers if only its existence were brought to their notice.

We are unable to reach them through the ordinary channels of commercial advertising, and so must rely upon the willingness of our friends to help. This may be given in many ways:

By taking an extra copy and sending it to a likely acquaintance.

By getting your newsagent to take an extra copy and display it.

By lending your own copy to a friend after you have read it.

By leaving a copy in a train, tram or 'bus.

It is monstrous that after forty years of existence, and in spite of the labour of love given it by those responsible for its existence, the *Freethinker* should not yet be in a sound financial position. It can be done if all will help. The Paper and the Cause are worthy of all that each can do for them.



## To Correspondents.

H. H. HICK.—Thanks for suggestion, but we adopted that plan some time ago, and it was widely acted upon. All Freethinkers will be helping by getting resolutions sent to proper quarters regarding the adoption of a liberal policy in Sunday entertainments, Secular education, and the abolition of such survivals as the Blasphemy Laws.

H. R.—There should be no difficulty in your making the affirmation if you desire to do so, and the judge has to examine or question you no further than to ask on what ground you desire to affirm.

A. W. FEER.—We are glad to learn that your dealings with Messrs. Macconnell & Mabe, whose advertisement appears in these columns, has given you so much satisfaction. It is only sensible business to satisfy customers.

*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.

For the use of those who are in the habit of sending copies of the *Freethinker* to likely subscribers, we have had prepared a number of small slips containing a form requesting free copies of the paper for six weeks. These can be filled up by anyone receiving a copy and returning to this office. We shall be pleased to send a supply to anyone who would care to have them.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Werner Laurie, *Towards the Stars* (price 7s. 6d.), by Mr. H. Denis Bradley. If assertion equalled proof, and if reiteration of substantially the same kind of unconvincing evidence could carry conviction, Mr. Bradley might be held to have proven his case. Mr. Bradley's book describes his adventures in Spiritualism, and he appears to be under the impression that describing a sitting at which he conversed with his sister is enough to carry conviction to the mind of his reader so long as he has Mr. Bradley's assurance that it was his sister because she conversed with him on topics that precluded doubt. In this respect Mr. Bradley's book differs in nothing from scores of other books that have been published, and if these did not impress, there seems no apparent reason why the present narrative should. Mr. Bradley favours us with the information, derived direct from the spirit world, that during the next few years spirit communication will sweep like a great wave all over the world, and its acceptance will be world wide. We have heard this before, and if Mr. Bradley cares to consult some of the spiritualistic writings of fifty years ago he will see exactly the same prophecy. But it was unwise to let the spirit date the development by printing the announcement that it would come within the next year or two. Perhaps he was prejudiced in favour of the prophecy by the same

spirit announcing: "Your book will make you famous throughout the earth plane." We shall be surprised if that prophecy is borne out.

Mr. Bradley's notion of what constitutes evidence is amusing in its simplicity. He seems to think that for him to say, "I was convinced," is enough, without telling us exactly what the message was, how it was delivered, and many other items that a scientific enquirer would desire to know. For that matter, there is no trace in Mr. Bradley's book of the slightest acquaintance with whole fields of knowledge that throws very much light on what occurs in Spiritualism. We are not referring to fraud. As our readers know, we regard those who base their rejection of Spiritualism on exposures of fraudulent mediums as being as ignorant of the true nature of what goes on as the most fanatical and the most uneducated of Spiritualists. But there is an explanation without resorting to this fact of fraud, and with this Mr. Bradley betrays no acquaintance whatever. It is not a repetition of the same kind of statement that is required: a thousand is not more convincing than one. What is needed is *one* instance that is absolutely free from suspicion, and which satisfies a scientific canon of evidence.

It is amusing to find Mr. Bradley falling foul of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle because the kind of future state he depicts is ridiculous. But it is not less ridiculous than his own; the fact being that the future state which each is told exists is exactly what each of them think should exist. Mr. Bradley thinks the idea of spirits as being lower in intellect than the average human being is appalling. All we can say is that the spirits that do "manifest" are obviously of poor intellect. For idle and stupid chatter the talk of the average spirit beats everything we have heard. And Mr. Bradley, having we suspect some notion of a future which is different from that held by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is told that "everything here seems just all right." The ideas expressed by the spirits are Mr. Bradley's ideas. That is probably why he received the assurance that his book would make him famous throughout the world. He is not the only author who has thought this. But we think that in this case the "spirits" will be found to have been guilty of a slight exaggeration.

*Love, Evolution, and Religion* (George T. Hastings Publishing Co., New York) is a running criticism of the Christian religion, in which the author's opinions are expressed quite freely, and in a way that will not please the gentle followers of the Lord. The author, in a letter to the editor, tells him that the book is written as an attempt to save his country from an iron ring of bigotry and intolerance; and so far we wish the work every success. The author appears to have read most of the standard criticisms of Christianity, and histories of religion, and to have faithfully digested his reading. The book is quite plainly written, and makes an unmistakable appeal to the general reader. We trust the work will have a wide circulation. We are unable to state the price, as this has been omitted on the copy sent us, but we should say it costs somewhere in the neighbourhood of two dollars.

The *Daily Herald* gives as a daily motto the quotation from Ingersoll:—

Happiness is the only good, reason man's only light, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest.

We feel sure that Dr. T. R. Glover will, one day, in the *Daily News*, have the courage to quote from "the antiquated old gentleman." Or perhaps the learned preacher is so tied up in knots over the New Testament that he hasn't the time. Students of psychology may find amusement in watching the efforts of Mr. Glover to explain esoteric teaching to those who read him with the racing news and the latest murder.

## East and West.

To the innumerable books upon China, we have an addition in M. Emile Hovelacque's book, *China*, translated from the French by Mrs. Laurence Binyon, and published by Dent. M. Hovelacque writes from personal experience in China, and is the possessor of a fine literary style, which makes his work a pleasure to read. The translation has also been well rendered by Mrs. Binyon, and reads like an original composition.

Of the literary quality we cannot forbear to give the following sample, descriptive of a typhoon the author experienced on the journey from Haiphong to Hong-Kong on the local trading steamer, which besides himself, almost the only European, carried a cargo of two thousand pigs on deck, and many Chinese, whose mask-like faces fascinated him as the vessel made its way through the intolerable stillness of stifling air, under the oppression of the deadly heat. The unnatural blue of the sky became streaked with sulphurous trails. The inanimate waste of waters began to quiver with brief tremors, though no wind blew:—

I did not suspect that this oppression and the carded masses of grey clouds which an invisible wind spun swiftly from an inexhaustible distaff over our idle sails were the forerunners of a typhoon, and that all the terrors of a monster-breeding land were rushing from the south in that livid invasion of tainted cloud.....Suddenly the spell was broken, and the revelation came. At one bound the hurricane was upon us: the yellow horizon abruptly closed in; out of it the intolerable mass of piled-up, pitch-dark air fell like a wall; the sea rising from its depths in one monstrous surge, crashed bodily upon the boat, whose every beam strained and groaned; howling devils seemed let loose among the whistling ropes. As if frenzied by the savagery of the attack, the huge boat reared, tacked about, and then fled desperately before the supernatural wind; in the twinkling of an eye the two thousand pigs were swept from the deck and disappeared, squealing as if their throats were being cut, mountains of water deluged us, swept down our funnels, put out our fires; over the demented sea, like a wreck, the steamer drifted madly on its way through roaring darkness and the intolerable unceasing tumult of those shrieks of hate. This was not my first experience of tropical storms, but never had I seen so hellish a display of force, such elemental malignity. Surely this typhoon could be no hurricane rather the end of all things; nothing existed any longer, neither sea, nor sky, nor day, nor night, only a weltering chaos of clamours and uproar. Out of the depths the ancient powers of destruction had risen once more.

This lasted two days and nights, during which the author could neither eat nor sleep nor even rest in his berth, from which he was every moment flung roughly to the floor. These visitations, like those of the periodical overflowing of the vast rivers and the devastating floods of humanity which spring suddenly from the steppes, destroying everything in their path, constitute a continual menace to life—

Something excessive, unmeasurable, uncertain, mingles with all: human life hardly counts among the play of capricious unchained powers, and man submits with passive fatalism to the cruel sports of the indifferent gods.....Security is unknown in this apparently privileged land: behind all things lurks the mocking grimace of a demon.

These things are reflected in Chinese art, in the frenzied writhings of the dragons, and the malignant grimacing divinities which confront one everywhere in China, and in the paradoxical mixture of the prosaic and the mysterious which disconcerts more than continual mystery:—

The refinements and scepticisms of an advanced civilization rub shoulders with negro fetishism, the

most sober good sense allies itself to amazing superstitions.....one is in a world where nightmare and sorcery alternate abruptly with the most commonplace matter of fact.

But M. Hovelacque is very far from despising the Chinese. He shows that there are many things we might learn from them to our own advantage. Which is not at all surprising, considering that Chinese artists were creating beautiful eggshell porcelain, exquisitely painted, while we were still painted savages, and were clothing themselves in silken garments three thousand years before the Christian era. This Frenchman, a representative of the foremost nation in the arts of life, confesses to the feeling of shame he felt at the conduct of the Europeans on the boat by which he travelled up the Yang-tze. He was scarcely less scandalized than the Chinese pilot by their blatant vulgarity, excited by the heat and too many drinks, by the presence of some outrageously low-necked grass widows, and a café concert singer who sang smutty songs spiced with appropriate gestures. Upon which he observes:—

I said to myself that certainly, in comparison with that of China, our civilization is a very recent and skin-deep affair—a thin glaze which cracks and falls at the least touch—and that the ceremonious Oriental etiquette, the monotonous politeness and refinement of these indistinguishable Chinese, were preferable to licence which is the price of our individualism, and the so-called frankness, which is often only native vulgarity let loose.

For, as M. Hovelacque points out, culture is not, in China, confined exclusively to the upper classes, as it is in Europe, every Chinaman is the inheritor of Chinese civilization in its entirety. He says:—

The lowest coolie can not only read and write, but can paint and write poems, can enjoy a delicate work of art, show a cultivated appreciation for fine speech and polished manners, and is profoundly and completely saturated with the essence of his civilization, which is the patrimony not of a chosen few, but of all.

The author relates how, after leaving the boat and arriving at the hotel, he found the landlord with his arm in a sling, upon enquiry the landlord explained that he had hit one of the Chinese servants so hard that he had put his arm out of joint. He declared, however, that he could still use his feet, and would do so if occasion required. As M. Hovelacque observes:—

To every Chinese, anger is a mark of the barbarian—a kind of brief dementia frequently manifested by that permanent madman, that unbalanced creature, the European. Even our impatience amazes them: like all Orientals, they have no sense of time, and are incapable of hurry. And thus, to lose your temper with the kuruma-ya who draws your rickshaw, in hopes of making him run faster, is dangerous: if you raise your voice too much he will rush you home to recover from the fit which has seized you. It is this impatience, these too frequent manifestations of brutality which no less than our unscrupulousness, our free-and-easy manners towards natives, revolt them, and make them think we are barbarians, equally destitute of good sense and of good breeding.

Even in their vices they display a refinement unknown to the West. "The 'austerely decent' opium den," says M. Hovelacque, "compares favourably, even in the eyes of a white man, with our bars and public-houses." Each race has its artificial stimulants, by means of which it flies, for the time being, for refuge from the monotony of ugliness and hardships of real life—

Certainly ours is the coarser and more brutish. The Chinese are strangers to our drunken brawls: opium is pacific.....The yellow man seeks a silent inner dream, an ecstasy, not noisy bestial excitement.

And even the resulting blanched faces and emaciated bodies "is less sickening than the brutalized masks, the puffy, inflamed features of our drunkards." Of the missionaries, he remarks:—

It is the intolerable arrogance, the gross lack of understanding shown by certain emissaries of religious organizations, which have too often in China provoked massacres cruelly avenged by our armed intervention, for which these sometimes justifiable uprisings have served as a pretext. The Chinese hatred of foreigners is in large measure due to the stupidly aggressive attitude of these narrow-minded missionaries, who bring to China inept prejudices, all the blind conceit and superciliousness of their race, all the intolerance of a creed exasperated by failure, for in so antique a civilization, except among the very poor, conversions are rare and precarious. And yet it is indispensable to secure conversions if the costly activities of the people are to be kept up; only too many of them, together with their families, live luxuriously on their religion, which has grown into a trade and a profitable profession. At all costs they must justify their presence by the number of their proselytes, and if other methods fail, they obtain them by untying the purse-strings.....There is no country where the missionary question is more acute than in China, because there is none which, by its civilization, its fundamental irreligion, its resistance to all foreign intervention, offers a less favourable soil to activities like these. In the past, these disturbing elements have been a permanent hot-bed of dangerous irritations. More recently the missionaries, besides being less eager, have learnt some prudence; but all danger is not yet past. (pp. 34-35.)

In our next article we shall see how our civilization appears in the eyes of the Chinese. W. MANN.

(To be Continued.)

## The Boy Scout Movement.

### III.

(Concluded from page 474.)

#### (3) WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

"To prepare us for complete living," said Herbert Spencer, "is the function which education has to discharge." This "complete living," to my way of thinking, can only come when education is linked up with life: when the school ceases to produce individuals and gives us citizens; when we have taken to heart Mark Twain's meaning when he said: "Don't let your boy's schooling interfere with his education." Herein lies one of the greatest merits of the Boy Scout Movement. All modern educationists accept the extreme importance of the motor factor in education; and our own Dr. Ballard, an educationist of the first rank, has said that "the growth and elaboration of mental systems in the life history of the individual could not have taken place without bodily movement, nor could their definiteness and integrity be maintained without expressive reactions." There is nothing better at present than the Boy Scout Movement in insisting on the importance of the motor factor in education, and for that reason it may be worth while to consider the relation between motor and mental activity under the four Baden-Powell headings already specified.

(1) *Physical Development and Health.*—Drills should only consist, to my way of thinking, of natural movements, and they should always possess a meaning to the pupil. Our present-day school drills fulfil neither of these essentials. Physical movement should have a reflex influence in mind and character, for it should not only aid in developing the body, but should aid in the development of ideas and of mental

and moral habits. We see something of this in the Scout Movement. The "marching" of the scout means something quite definite to him. His climbing, crawling, running, or crouching, all have not merely their uses, but their meaning, and both physical and mental benefits result. Many a Scout Leader or Commander can gauge the mentality of his scout by his crawl or crouch. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the value of scout-drill and scout-craft as an educative factor.

(2) *Skill in Handicrafts.*—Hand culture, apart from its value in itself, is a means towards a more effective brain culture. Nowadays, we have schemes in schools of passing from the class-room to the workshop, where the practical lesson in the latter takes the place of the object lesson in the former. The difference, from an educational point of view, is a vital one. Whereas, in the class-room the pupil learns the elementary properties of things by observing them, in the workshop the pupil learns the properties of things by making them. It is not a novel idea, for, indeed, the Swedish Sloyd System, and the American Dewey System have insisted on these essentials for many decades. We all recognize that the workshop methods are a decided advance upon those of the class-room, for it not only develops the eye and hand in skill, but the mind also, in calling out the active side of the pupil's nature. The advantage of learning by doing over learning by listening ought to be one of the fundamental bases of scientific pedagogy. Yet there is still room for improvement even here, and I believe that it may be found in the Boy Scout Movement. In the school workshop the pupil follows a model, in which he has no choice and possibly no ulterior interest. In the handicrafts of the Scout Movement the boy has his choice and interest bound up in his needs. Here there is no model save the mental image, and preferably no teacher. Here the pupil can solve his own difficulties and express what initiative or originality he may possess.

(3) *Character and General Intelligence.*—In this question we again see the importance of purposive drills and scout-craft. Quite apart from the scout ideals in hero-worship, and the "one good action every day," the discipline afforded by scout-life routine serves as a solid foundation upon which to build something higher. Indeed, we have sufficient statistics to prove that manual training and purposive physical instruction have been beneficial to both character building as well as to mental improvement. Their value has been well exemplified in the "Old Army," for criminologists have shown that crime in the army and among ex-soldiers of the old regular type was almost non-existent. As for general intelligence, the whole purpose of the two foregoing sections has been to demonstrate that motor activity in all its forms goes to build up intelligence. Here we have the real educational advantages of the Scout Movement, where every opportunity is given to excite the boy to self-activity, which gives a tremendous filip to the development of individuality by liberating all the powers of mind and heart within him.

(4) *Service for Others.*—If there is an educational system which can claim to make for the transforming of the self-centred child into a social-minded human, it would appear to be the Scout Movement. Dr. Ballard, the educationist, says: "The social significance of the manual training movement becomes evident when we consider the dependence of civilization on the arts, crafts, and industries. The manual work of the school affords an opportunity for the cultivation of social virtues, and may be so taught as to give an insight into the fundamental conditions of human society." If that can be claimed for the manual training in schools, how still further important

is the more spontaneous training in the Scout Movement.

In summing up the educational value of the Boy Scout Movement one cannot help feeling that it ought to be part and parcel of our educational system. If it is the mission of the school to convert potential into kinetic mental energy, to be in the Socratic phrase the "midwife of the soul" in its process for self-expression, then there is everything in favour of our wish. If such a course were followed the results would be most beneficial:—

1. The alteration of manual with mental labour under natural surroundings is more stimulating mentally as well as physically.
2. The range of studies, especially as seeing-nature at first hand, is not only good in itself (i.e., the studies themselves), but it reacts beneficially in the formation of style in language.
3. Pupils passing from class-room or workshop to the woods and dells receive new zeal and zest for their work.
4. Habits of order, exactness, and perseverance fostered in outdoor life and experience under scout conditions are of incalculable moral value.
5. Pupils who have failed in the ordinary school subjects may, by being set to solve problems for themselves under scout conditions, find a new means of saving themselves in the future.
6. To the scientific educationist the Scout Movement lends itself admirably (more so than the school) for the furtherance of child-study, which is so important to him.
7. Even if the movement has no other value than that of keeping the boy, in the dawning years of adolescence, from the dangers of the street, and perhaps the home, the Scout Movement deserves support.

I have said quite sufficient to show Secularists that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose by supporting the Boy Scout Movement. Do not be misled by anti-militarists, who are sometimes quite as "fanatical" as the "other side," and who see in the harmless drills of the scouts the "armed preparations" for another war. What "militarism" is in vogue in the movement can very easily be kept in check, but not so the "parsons." Perhaps for this reason alone, one can rely on Secularists to take an interest in a movement which is real "Secularism."

H. GEORGE FARMER.

## The Young Samaritan.

### I.

MOST of his colleagues looked upon the Scripture lesson as a bore, not to be worked at, but to be got over as quickly as possible out of the way of the secular work. Not so Daniel Freesh. The others echoed the opinion of the senior assistant, who often said: "Thank heaven Scripture comes first in the morning, so we can rush it over and get on to real teaching, and not preaching."

Another more cynically remarked: "We disobey Divine teaching every day. We are told not to cast pearls before swine, but we keep doing so."

Daniel Freesh was grieved at this attitude. He was an earnest young man who regarded teaching as a great vocation. He tried to make best use of the Scripture lessons for the inculcation of basic religious truths and simple moral duties.

Thus when the time came to teach the Parable of the Good Samaritan, Daniel Freesh determined to expound it to Standard Five as a modern ethic; so prepared the details accordingly.

Bibles being distributed and opened at the Tenth Chapter of Saint Luke's Gospel, Freesh read it to his class, making effective use of his sonorous voice. He then briefly sketched the scene when the lawyer asked the question of Jesus: "Who is my neighbour?"; and called attention to the superiority of the parable over mere statement as a means of impressing a lesson upon hearers.

The teacher next gave a graphic account of the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, of the dangers that beset it, and the incident of the man falling among thieves. He asked: "Are there any priests now?"

"Yes, sir," chorused the class in quick response.

Feeling this to be debateable ground, Freesh enquired: "Are there any Levites now?"

A few boys said, "No, sir." The remainder looked puzzled and stayed silent.

"Yes, there are," explained Daniel. "Priests are those who have given themselves entirely to the service of God. Our Levites to-day I should call those who occupy any public or official position where they have great opportunities of doing good. They ought to make use of those opportunities. Now, boys, who are the Samaritans to-day?"

This was a poser for them. No pupil spoke.

"Easily answered," observed Freesh. "All ordinary people; like you and your parents, for example. Why is the Samaritan's kindness regarded as being specially praiseworthy?"

This drew a variety of answers: That the Samaritan was a stranger; a foreigner; a business man with many engagements; in a hurry; all were accepted by the teacher as correct.

One boy knew that Jews and Samaritans were enemies.

"That is important," commented Freesh. "Not only enemies, but the Jews looked down upon Samaritans as dogs or dirt; despised them, and would have no transactions with them. In Saint John's Gospel we are told 'For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.' Our Lord deliberately chose a Samaritan to emphasize the supreme lesson that kindness of heart and the practice of good works should be extended to everyone in the world. It is the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, where Jesus says: 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you'; and many similar commands. What boy can think of a little poem we have learnt with the same idea?"

After a moment's hesitation, Fred Tuke said, "Hints."

"Quite right," said Freesh.

He asked a few questions on the exegetical technicalities of the Parable, then, glancing at his watch, he found only five minutes of the period were left. So he quickly summarized the lesson, and concluded:

"This is the supreme lesson that Jesus Christ has for us—he proved it in his life and death: that of doing good, even at a sacrifice to ourselves. Not only kindness to our relations and friends, but even to our enemies.

"One boy mentioned 'Hints':—

'Do the work that's nearest,  
Though it's dull at whites,  
Helping when we meet them  
Lame dogs over stiles.'

"I am glad to say the world is full of examples of obedience to the teaching of this Parable of the Good Samaritan. Soldiers have won the Victoria Cross for it. Nurses and doctors and missionaries and many others practise it. So did Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale. I have told you about Sir Philip Sidney, at the Battle of Lutzen, giving up the cup of cold water to a soldier. Perhaps you saw an account in the newspapers of a crippled boy going down a deep well on a rope to fetch up a dog that had fallen in. They are all Good Samaritans.

"You boys can be Good Samaritans. You run errands for your mothers. You help your fathers to dig the garden, and in many ways are good sons. You look after your little brothers and sisters, play with and amuse them. You can be gentle to girls and considerate to old people. Like the Boy Scouts, you can watch for the chance to do at least one good action each day. Lose no opportunity of showing kindness, even in small things. You can always think lovingly of others. Let the Parable of the Good Samaritan be your guiding principle all through your lives. Then God will say, as Jesus promised he would: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Close your Bibles and pass them up."

II.

The class sat silent and attentive during the teacher's exhortation. One boy was particularly impressed, he who had mentioned "Hints."

Fred Tuke was a reserved boy above the average intelligence. He was docile, more likely to obey a suggestion than a command. Through the Scripture lesson he kept his eyes fixed on his teacher's face, drinking in all that Daniel Freesh said about the Parable of the Good Samaritan and its applications to life.

Fred Tuke had recently joined the Boy Scouts, and took his responsibilities seriously, especially the one of doing a good deed every day. The Scripture lesson fitted in amazingly with his conception of life as placed before him by serious parents and by his position in the Troop. The lad remained preoccupied all the morning, once drawing a mild rebuke from Mr. Freesh for absent-mindedness, whereat the boy smiled wistfully.

Nothing more was said, as Fred Tuke was well behaved and a willing worker. This morning the lad's mind was busy on a determination to play the Good Samaritan, and to ensure that one kindly action should be placed to his credit every day. As he searched through the normal routine of his daily life for opportunities, Fred Tuke's imagination got busy, too. He formulated all manner of devices, conceived innumerable situations, saw himself.....There is no limit to the elasticity of a boy's fancy.

By the end of the morning Fred Tuke had persuaded himself to jump at the first occasion for kindness or self-sacrifice that came his way.

III.

Twelve o'clock struck.

By three minutes past twelve the boys were streaming out of school and into the main street, busy now with the midday rush of traffic.

As Fred Tuke stood looking he saw an old man standing about a dozen yards farther down. This old fellow had a stick in his hand, which he lightly tapped on the edge of the pavement, at the same time turning his face upwards in an alert inquisitive manner.

"There's old Blind Harry," murmured the boy. "Somebody ought to guide him across. I will."

As he said it, the blind man stepped into the roadway. Swiftly Fred Tuke turned and ran diagonally down the near side of the street to reach Blind Harry.

There was the blast of a motor-horn, a shout, and a grinding of brakes and skidding of tyres. A minute later the driver of the van picked Fred Tuke out from under the wheels and laid him on the ground. His face was white, except where a trickle of blood ran from one corner of his mouth.

A crowd gathered and a policeman appeared. "I couldn't avoid him," said the driver defensively.

"He jumped straight off the path in front of me. And old Blind Harry was just beyond."

"Needn't have troubled about him," growled the constable. "I don't suppose you were to blame. These silly, young fools will rush across without looking. I'm always stopping 'em."

Blind Harry had reached the other side without risk, safely guided by his keen hearing, which could distinguish the rate and direction of on-coming vehicles.

"What was the shout and sudden stop of a car I heard?" asked Blind Harry of a butcher who had come to his shop-door.

"Boy run over. Dashed straight into a motor."

The blind man shook his head. "Poor lad! But children are so careless in crossing crowded streets. If they'd only take care as I do and go straight across, guarding first their right hand and then their left, they'd never run into danger. Very sad! But children nowadays have no consideration."

And he walked on.

A. R. WILLIAMS.

Correspondence.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I observe that Dr. Wohlgenuth has conferred upon me the honour of disagreeing with my review of his book, although he is good enough to remark that my criticism really merits no reply.

I confess that at first sight I appear to be in a very evil case. When reading books dealing with psychoanalysis I gather I am stupid enough to think I am studying psychology. I am guilty of anger, I worship idols; and, worse still, I am full of Faith. If Dr. Wohlgenuth's verdict had been right, I should have taken him to be a magician. As, however, his diagnosis is 100 per centum wrong, I can only remind myself that he is a psychologist, and somewhat orthodox at that. There is not a trace of anger in my review. Freud is not my idol; and, as my friends know, Faith is not a particularly strong trait in my character. If, however, Dr. Wohlgenuth sees these things in my article, I can only conclude that we have to deal here with a clear case of projection.

Dr. Wohlgenuth's remark that psycho-analytical literature is not psychology, reminds me of the people who refuse to the dramatic works of Mr. Shaw the term plays. Dr. Wohlgenuth has a perfect right to entertain personal idiosyncrasy in the use of certain words, but he has no warrant to reproach others for not sharing in his bizarrerie. If Dr. Wohlgenuth cares to withhold the term psychology from such books as *Imago*, *Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse*, *Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische und Psychopathologische Forschungen*, *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, the works of Jung, Adler, Pfister, Storfer, Otto Rank, Silberer, Theodor Reik, Ferenczi, Karl Abraham, Wilhelm Stekel, Roheim, J. Sadger, J. J. Putnam, Ernest Jones, not to mention Sigmund Freud himself, I repeat that if it pleases him he can. But Dr. Wohlgenuth cannot deny that the perusal of these volumes (apart from the amusement that may be derived from them, which he has already been good enough to admit) do give some insight into the way men and women really think and act. Moreover, I affirm that the appearance of this literature has definitely made obsolete and unreadable much of the writing that heretofore passed as psychological. It is this fact that appears to annoy so many professional psychologists of pre-Freudian training. The curious might care to turn for confirmation of this statement to a singular article in a recent number of *Le Mercure de France*, by Marcel Boll, called *Le Système du Doctor Freud*. If Dr. Wohlgenuth is under the impression that a further study of his book will change my opinion on these points, I beg to be permitted to inform him that it will not.

As for Dr. Wohlgenuth's two proofs of the non-existence of the unconscious, I cannot bring myself to any other conclusion than that the learned doctor is indulging in another of those recondite jokes with which his book abounded. If Dr. Wohlgenuth submits

Pharaoh's dream to an analysis he is merely submitting himself to an association experiment (as the good Doctor doubtless very well knows, for a contributor of an article on "Paramnesia" in the current number of *Mind* may be assumed to be a very intelligent gentleman indeed!). Association experiments can, as Jung proved in his book, *Diagnostische Assocationsstudien*, lay bare the unconscious. When, therefore, Dr. Wohlgemuth analyses Freud's numbers he arrives at his own unconscious. As Dr. Wohlgemuth is not Professor Freud, the results will be different. But how one unconscious can disprove another is past my understanding.

There was one sentence in Dr. Wohlgemuth's letter that genuinely interested me. He says "The psycho-analytic 'unconscious' is the outcome of anthropomorphic tendencies." Now it is extremely difficult to avoid anthropomorphic tendencies, but does Dr. Wohlgemuth believe that Freud sees anything more than a convenient descriptive phrase in the term "unconscious"? For my part I do not fancy that Freud would plead for any more substantiality in the word "unconscious" than a physicist would for Faraday's expression "Lines of Force." If Dr. Wohlgemuth will turn to volume viii of *Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry* he will see that Sir F. W. Mott has succeeded in correlating the mental phenomena in dementia præcox with the disintegration of certain cells of the endocrine organs, for example, the testes and ovaries. The psychological and the biochemical are two avenues of approach to the mental. There are dangers. Sir F. W. Mott says that psycho-analysis appeals to a certain class of persons (Dr. Wohlgemuth is good enough to think I am a member) who are ever ready to run after superficial and spurious forms of psychology. But Sir Frederick appears to be of the opinion that in the hands of properly qualified doctors psycho-analysis is not dangerous.

Because the methods of psycho-analysis may unfortunately get into the hands of undesirable and unqualified persons, it does not seem a valid reason for condemning psycho-analysis. I would commend Sir F. W. Mott's lectures to Dr. Wohlgemuth. He is the director of the Maudsley Hospital Laboratory, and Pathologist to the London County Mental Hospitals. He is deeply interested in the physics, biochemistry, and histology of the brain and endocrine organs, but he does not disdain psychology. And if I understand him aright he is not prepared unconditionally to condemn the whole of psycho-analysis.

WILLIAM HERBERT.

### National Secular Society.

#### REPORT OF EXECUTIVE MEETING HELD ON JULY 24.

The President, Mr. C. Cohen, in the chair. Also present: Messrs. Clifton, Corrigan, Neate, Quinton, Rosetti, and Samuels; Mrs. Quinton, Miss Kough, and the Secretary.

Minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed. Cash statement produced and adopted.

New members were received for Birmingham, Blackburn, Finsbury Park, Hull, Nelson, Preston, South London, West Ham, and the Parent Society.

This being the first meeting of the new Executive, the following Committees were elected:—

*Benevolent Fund.*—Mrs. Quinton, Miss Kough, Messrs. Rosetti and Samuels.

*Propaganda Committee.*—Messrs. Rosetti, Moss, Quinton and Corrigan.

*Sub-Committee for Lectureship Scheme.*—Mrs. Quinton, Messrs. Rosetti, Moss, Quinton, Clifton and Corrigan.

Correspondence was received from Birmingham, Plymouth and Nelson Branches, and instructions given.

A satisfactory report of the Outdoor Mission being conducted under the auspices of the Executive by Mr. Whitehead was given.

The preliminary agenda of the International Free-thought Congress to be held in Rome in 1925 was received.

Matters remitted from the Annual Conference were dealt with, and the meeting adjourned.

E. M. VANCE, *General Secretary.*

### MR. G. WHITEHEAD'S TOUR.

In spite of fearful weather during his return visit to Bolton, Mr. Whitehead reports six successful meetings. In this town the only available pitch is on the Town Hall steps, where the police permit only one meeting to be held at a time. It is therefore a case of "first come, first served," and Mr. Whitehead lived on the steps for nearly the whole week! Fine crowds, shoals of questions and good sales of literature resulted. Messrs. Addison, Wood and Sisson were again indefatigable in their help, and have earned our warmest gratitude. Mr. Whitehead is in Manchester this week, and the following week at Hull.

### 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 PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY.**—No Meeting.

##### OUTDOOR.

**BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S.** (Victoria Park, near the Fountain): 6.15, Mr. E. Burke, a Lecture.

**FINSBURY PARK BRANCH N.S.S.** (Highbury Corner, Islington): Every Friday at 8 p.m., Mr. F. P. Corrigan, a Lecture.

**FINSBURY PARK.**—11.15, Mr. E. Burke, a Lecture.

**METROPOLITAN SECULAR SOCIETY.**—Free-thought lectures and debates every evening in Hyde Park. Speakers: Messrs. Baker, Beale, Hyatt, Harris, Hart, Keeling, Knubley, Saphin, Shaller, Dr. Stuart, M.A., Mr. Vincent, B.A., B.Sc., and Mr. Howell Smith.

**NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S.** (Regent's Park, near the Fountain): 6, a Lecture.

**SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S.** (Brockwell Park): 3.30, Mr. C. H. Keeling, a Lecture; 6.30, Mr. F. Shaller, a Lecture.

**WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S.**—No Meeting.

#### COUNTRY.

##### OUTDOOR.

**LEEDS BRANCH N.S.S.** (Victoria Square): Mr. Lew Davis, Tuesday, August 5, at 8.15, "Hell, and How to get There"; Friday, August 8, at 8.15, "Heaven is my Home."

**NEWCASTLE BRANCH N.S.S.** (Town Moor, near North Road entrance): 7, Mr. Hogan, a Lecture.

**MR. WHITEHEAD'S MISSION.**—August 2, Manchester—Alexandra Park at 7.30; August 3, Stevenson Square; August 4 and following evenings in the week at Alexandra Park; August 9, Hull; August 16 and 23, Newcastle; August 30, Leeds. September 6, Wolverhampton; September 13 and 20, Swansea.

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