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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Views and Opinions.

Religious Education.

The *Christian World* is a little alarmed at the coming suggestions of the Anglican Education Commission. This is not a Government Commission, but with a big Conservative majority in power it is quite likely that Churchmen will make an effort to get what they can while their friends are in office. They would not be true Christians if they did not seek to advance their sectarian interests at the expense of the general community, and in this respect they are not materially different from other Christian bodies. Had a sense of justice to the community governed the actions of either Nonconformists or Churchmen what is facetiously called the education difficulty would have been settled long since. Christians would have been content for the State to attend to such matters of education as are held in common, and would have left the maintenance of and the payment for specific religious teaching to such as desire them. It would have been an "extra" for which those who required it would pay. Already those who are not Christians act on that principle, and do not cry about it. It is left for the Christian to outrage all principles of social equality and justice by demanding that because he happens to be in the majority some sort of Christianity shall be taught in the State schools, and at the expense of Jews, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Freethinkers, and what not. It is likely that the Christian in his inmost conscience feels that these other people are sufficiently favoured if they permit them to live.

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Bigotry in the School.

What the *Christian World* believes "on authority" is that the Commission will recommend the abolition of the Cowper Temple clause. This clause provides that teaching which is distinctive of a particular sect shall not be taught in the schools, but only such teaching as is common to all Christians. At its best that was an arrangement among Christians, for Christians, and it took not the slightest heed of anyone else. The *Christian World* defends it on the ground that it has protected the teaching profession from clerical interference. If by that is meant that it prevented the Church of England parson, or any other parson as such, entering the schools and directly dictating to teachers, the statement is true enough. But that is as far as it goes. It has not protected the teacher from religious interference, nor has it guaranteed him liberty of conscience. All over the country, teachers who happen to doubt the truth of the Christian religion are chary, sometimes actually afraid to let their opinions be known. They know it will work against them in the matter of promotion as well as in other directions. There are some who do not hide their opinions, but they are few, and in the main Christian intolerance does here what it has always done, sets a premium upon hypocrisy and a tax upon straightforward speech. The only way to protect the teacher, as far as he can be protected, is to keep religion outside the schools altogether. We are told that there are ten thousand schools in which no one who fails to conform to the Church of England test has a chance of a headship. That may be perfectly true. But how many schools are there in which a Freethinker who lets his opinions be known would be promoted to a headship? We do not question the figures given by the *Christian World*. But we would like it to inform us why an intolerance that is to be condemned when practised by the Church of England, suddenly loses its objectionable character when it is practised by Nonconformists? It adds to the humbug of the situation to be told that "the State, being impartial as to different denominational beliefs, should teach only the simple elements of religion as given in the Bible, and mainly in the Gospels." What are these but denominational beliefs? The Nonconformist is simply saying that the State shall teach a religion that he and other Christians agree with and not trouble about those who object to the State teaching any religion at all.

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Principle and Practice.

The *Church Times* says that the Nonconformist demand was originally based on belief in the literal inspiration of the Bible, and that has been undermined by the progress of Biblical criticism. The *Christian World* indignantly repudiates this, and asserts that biblical criticism has "increased Free Church confidence in simple Bible teaching." Neither of these statements express the exact truth, and the latter has the usual quality of Nonconformist crookedness. The Nonconformists were by *professed* principle committed to the non-interference of the State in matters of religion. And when, owing to the disgraceful educational failure of Church and chapel the State was compelled to take over the task of education, it was fully expected by the Nonconformists that the religion taught in the schools would be the religion of the State. Events showed that all the Nonconformists meant by opposition to State patronage of religion was the State support of a religion which they did not share. And as the forces of the Church of England on the one hand, and those in favour of complete State neutrality in matters of religion were nicely balanced—so long as one counted in this latter group the dissenters—the Nonconformists saw their chance. They placed before the upholders of the State religion

the alternative of either having schools minus religion, or having in them a form of religion with which all Christians might agree, so long as they did not insist on having clear ideas about the religion taught. Thus the situation gave the Nonconformists their fetish, the Bible, and it gave the Episcopalian a religion of some sort. The latter gained a little by sacrificing some of his religious forms, the Nonconformist gained a deal at the cost of sacrificing the principle he had always professed, and the one direction in which it raised a clear social issue. It proved, as usual, that where religion is at issue, intellectual straightforwardness with Christians is almost impossible.

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Simple Bible Teaching.

The use of the phrase "Simple Bible Teaching," or "the Bible without gloss or comment" is a piece of characteristic Christian dishonesty. No such thing exists in practice, and no such thing could exist with any Christian in existence. There is only one person in the country who would be content to place simple Bible teaching before the people, and that is the Freethinker. But no Christian could stand it for a single hour. Part of his distaste for Freethought advocacy is due to the fact that it does place simple Bible teaching before the people. In any honest use of the expression simple Bible teaching should mean the plain teaching of the Bible without any gloss on the part of the teacher. Is there any body of people in the country who would stand that to-day? We have just had a couple of cases of witchcraft reported in the papers. In the light of those events what would a teacher look like who told his children it was one of God's commands that witches should be put to death? What would the children think of a command of this kind, side by side with an assurance from their elders that witches do not exist and never have existed? What kind of an impression would Biblical stories of curing diseases by prayer, or that all diseases came from God, make on children who were just beginning to appreciate something of the nature of disease, or of the structure of their own bodies? What teacher is there who would teach his children that the world was actually made in six days, that a woman was actually made from a bone taken from the side of man, or that the differences in language were caused by God sending people to sleep and causing them all to speak different tongues when they awoke the next morning? Imagine children being taught as a literal truth that God caused bears to devour a number of children because they called his prophet a bald-head? If parsons would only dare to encourage intellectual straightforwardness among children it would do them good to place some of these teachings before a class of about eleven or twelve years of age and then invite their honest comments. It would be a good lesson to the parsons. Colenso's attention was first powerfully called to the barbarities and absurdities of the Bible by the comments of a South African native, and a similar result might follow from the plain comments of children to their elders.

* * *

Honesty and the Bible.

There is no such thing as simple Bible teaching, and there never has been any such thing. It does not exist with even those who do not hold Christian views of the Bible. Anyone who knows teachers also knows that many of them openly explain that they use the Bible simply as a fairy tale book for children or else use the stories to hang a moral lesson on, while leaving their religious character quite in the background. And in the hands of Christians "simple Bible teaching" means glossing over this, toning down that, leaving out something else, and putting in some other thing. It is not the Bible as it is, it is the Bible as this or that section think it ought to be. The only person who could practise simple Bible teaching is the Freethinker. He has nothing to excuse about it, nothing to justify, nothing to explain away. It would be possible for a Freethinking teacher to take up the Bible *as a book* and to use it for whatever he might think useful, for a bit of wisdom here, a warning folly there, a picture of a bygone phase of social life, or a stage of mental development somewhere else. But no Christian can do this. His opinions about the Bible are settled for him before he reads it. The parts he is ashamed of he must gloss over or leave out. He cannot be honest with it, save at the price of giving up its sacred character. And you cannot get teachers to act with that degree of mental independence their calling should carry with it so long as the Bible is in the schools. They know that their promotion will to some extent depend upon their falling into line with the established creed, and there are few who are able to put all thoughts of advancement on one side and play the man careless of consequences. And outside the schools, there is no religious party with a chance of advancing its own interests that will be deterred by considerations of justice or honesty. It is of the nature of religious conviction to outweigh all other considerations. The trouble about the Bible in the schools is only a special illustration of this. And such things will cease only when we have developed a sufficiently strong sense of justice to make social esteem and social advancement rest exclusively upon social considerations.

Chapman Cohen.

"Advent Reflections."

Christmas has come and gone, and we are facing another year in the history of the world. In a leading article, bearing the above title, the *Church Times* of December 12, calls attention to the fact that "ordinary society grows ever more and more divorced from the Faith." The real meaning of that statement is that as a social factor Christianity is a signal failure. The pulpit often speaks of the "all conquering Christ," and of the Gospel as "the power of God unto salvation," well knowing all the time that in public life neither Christ nor the Gospel is of any practical account. During the World War we were repeatedly assured by innumerable divines that one of its main issues would be such a revival of religion as had never occurred before. The war came to an end six years ago, but the predicted revival has not made its appearance, nor is there any sign of its advent on any horizon. Complaints reach us from all quarters that the Church is dead, that the majority of the people take no interest whatever in it, and that its prospects are darker than they were at any previous period. Furthermore, there is even within the Church itself an ever-quickening drift towards earthly things and away from the heavenly things which were so dear to our forefathers. The *Church Times* points out that "even religious bodies in their public assemblies appear to be interested chiefly in social and controversial subjects." It is also noteworthy that many leaders of the Evangelical movement of to-day tacitly admit the present powerlessness of the Church. The *Church Times* says:—

> The belief in the nearness of the Second Advent has taken hold of numerous Evangelical families, and it has found prophets in persons of the standing of the well-known Nonconformist divine, Dr. Meyer, and the sometime feminist leader, Miss Christabel

Pankhurst. "It is said," writes Dr. Meyer in a Foreword to Miss Pankhurst's latest volume, "by watchers that they have again heard those voices which with the rustling of wings were heard in the Temple the night before it fell, saying, 'Let us depart.'" Miss Pankhurst herself is now entreating and exhorting her generation "to get right with God and to escape the judgments soon to fall on this guilty and decaying world." Her vision of the future recalls the tone of Henry Drummond's prophetical conferences at Albury a hundred years ago, when the Clapham Evangelicals convinced themselves that the end of the present dispensation was at hand and the Second Coming of our Lord was about to inaugurate the millennium.

The belief in the nearness of the Second Advent has been passionately held by certain Christians in every age since Paul's time, but the promise remains unfulfilled in the third decade of the twentieth century. To us the Second Advent is the silliest belief ever cherished by mankind. Some cynics say, "But Christ is coming all the time, only you are too blind to see him," which is but one way of saying that Christ himself means nothing to the world, and that the belief in him is a hindrance rather than an aid to human progress. In any case, Christianity is slowly but surely dying out.

The *Church Times* never misses an opportunity to fling stones at the head of the Bishop of Birmingham. In this leading article a whole paragraph is devoted to a brutal attack upon Dr. Barnes. He is charged with "challenging the right of the Faithful to an approach to the sacramental presence of their Blessed Lord." But the editor of the *Church Times* is fully aware that the Anglican Church is a Protestant organization, and that the party he represents is purely Catholic, and cannot tolerate Protestants even in their own Church. The Bishop of Birmingham's administration of the Lord's Supper is sanctioned by the Book of Common Prayer. If the editor of the *Church Times* believes that he and his party have outgrown the Book of Common Prayer let them leave the Protestant Church of England and form a Church of their own, instead of staying on in a Church they claim to have outgrown and indulge in a policy of cruel and unjust persecution. We are perfectly convinced that their present conduct is doing much to create a prejudice against the Christian religion and to multiply Atheists in this country.

We have already referred to the utter uselessness of the belief in the Second Advent, and we now move on to discuss the First Advent, which is celebrated in Christendom on Christmas Day. Even the *Church Times* has very little to say about the Advent message. Listen to this:—

> Even if some of these watchers are mistaken in their exact anticipations, it does not follow that their testimony may not have even its earthly reward. The tone of ordinary society at the beginning of the nineteenth century as disclosed in Jane Austin's novels, was worldly and irreligious. The men and women who formed the Clapham sect and attended Henry Drummond's conferences were objects of pity and contempt. They themselves regarded the world as lost and placed their hopes in the nearness of the Second Advent. They had seen, as the late Mr. George Russell, who knew their tradition, well said, "in the French Revolution, the first Reform Bill and the first invasion of cholera, unmistakable signs of that great tribulation which is appointed to precede the Second Coming of the Lord," and they "went to their graves in utter disappointment, because through lack of faith, they were to share the common lot of Adam's sons, instead of remaining alive to meet the Lord in the air." But their work survived them. Their testimony impressed their countrymen, and religion again became a serious thing. From the interest in the eternities which they created sprang the social work of Shaftesbury and the sacramental appeals of the Oxford movement. The early Victorian age had its faults, but it took religion seriously.

Thus, in an Anglo-Catholic journal, published less than two weeks before Christmas Day, we have definitely and eloquently put before us, in the chief leading article, indisputable evidence of the complete uselessness of the alleged incarnation of the Son of God. An honest reading of history never fails to open the eyes to see, with the utmost clearness, the total impotence of Christ as reformer and ruler of the world. Here again the *Church Times* comes to our aid:—

> The present age may be materialistic, but in spite of, nay, perhaps, because of that materialism, there is a strong tendency for pious minds to turn to Quietism. The world is a disappointment. The war that was to end war and to make the world safe for democracy seems only to have increased national hatred and to have left democracy far weaker than it found it. All efforts to excite enthusiasm for the League of Nations prove sterile. Nor do the results of the long struggle for social reform yield a fairer harvest.....We can realize and in a measure sympathize with the ideas of our modern Quietists that all our efforts, as they would put it, to "resist evil," have been vain, and that our duty is to retire into solitude, to make our souls, to relieve poverty and distress when they cross our path, and for the rest to realize that our hopes of a better world can only be realized by the Power that said, "I will make all things new."

We must not forget that this passage is taken verbatim, not from a Rationalist press, but from a very well-conducted Anglo-Catholic newspaper, which serves as the organ of the Anglo-Catholic party in the Anglican Church. The peculiar thing about it is that the passages about the world just quoted are substantially true. Nobody can consciously sing the praises of the world as it was at any given period or as it is to-day; and yet God is said to have so loved it that he gave his only begotten Son to save it. But, according to the *Church Times* God loved it and Christ died for it in vain. As a matter of fact it is not a fit place for any decent man to live in.

It follows from the statements made in this article that as a Christian festival Christmas is a thoroughly lying and a misleading institution. It is recorded that an angel visited some shepherds who were "keeping watch over their flock by night," and told them about the birth of a saviour who was Christ the Lord. Then the angel was attended by a heavenly choir singing: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." This song has never materialized into actuality. In other words, the mass of Christ is the most awful mockery in existence, with the result that the world is what it is to-day.

J. T. Lloyd.

To labour for human progress here on earth, where effort may be effective, and sacrifices must be real, is more profoundly noble than any supernatural creed, and holds the promise of a wider and loftier beneficence.—*G. W. Foote.*

It costs more to feed a vice than to satisfy a family—*Balsac.*

Two things he has taught me, Ino: one is never to be angry before my fellows, because a man in a passion is a foul and mean sight; and the other is never to be cruel, because cruelty is a hateful evil.—*Eden Phillpotts, "The Treasures of Typhon."*

A Bewildering Bogy.

Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.
—*Shakespeare, "Hamlet."*

It is a lie—their priests, their pope,
Their saints, their——all they fear or hope
Are lies and lies. —*Browning.*

RECENTLY, a prominent London newspaper editor has been discussing as to which is the strangest and weirdest legend of the alleged supernatural current in this country. Ghost stories have been retailed from all parts of Great Britain, and even London, the Metropolis of the Empire, which seems a most unpropitious place has had its haunted houses catalogued. The list even included a stupid story of an alleged ghost in the venerable Tower of London, that used to frighten young sentries, and was said to resemble a bear in appearance. It is a more than usually silly story, and the evidence in this particular instance would hardly satisfy a jury of kindergarten scholars.

The editor wasted time, paper, and ink, and even then failed to satisfy his readers which particular ghost story was the strangest. Yet, had the editor but admitted it, the strangest and weirdest ghost story is that associated with the Christian Religion and the festival of Christmas. Its accuracy is vouched for by fifty thousand otherwise respectable clergymen, whose professional solemnity would wrinkle the face of a funeral horse with smiles. Not only do these men-of-God lay their hands on their hearts and protest to heaven the truth of this particular story, but hundreds of thousands of their followers support thier pastors and masters in their extraordinary allegations. It is, therefore, fitting to recount briefly the chief points of such a remarkable legend.

In the year nought B.C., or A.D. nought, a child with a ghost for its father is alleged to have been born in a stable at Bethlehem, in Judea, a province of the Roman Empire. This boy was considered to be of such extreme importance that a wholesale massacre of children was said to have been carried out in the hope of getting rid of the prodigy. So thorough and sensational was this wholesale murder that profane historians did not consider it worth notice. The subsequent life of this ghost-child is one long string of marvels, quite as extraordinary as the stories in the *Arabian Nights*, the delight of so many generations of young people. The ghost's son is said to have restored blind persons to sight, healed cripples, and even brought the dead to life. He is alleged to have performed an absolutely impossible feat of feeding thousands of people with a few loaves and fishes, the fragments of the meal remaining being in excess of the original amount consumed. He is also alleged to have turned water into wine. At the ghost's death a three days' darkness is said to have overspread the earth, although no contemporary astronomer noticed the awful and depressing occurrence. After death he is said to have appeared again in ghostly form, and he finally ascended into the sky like an aeroplane, and has never been seen since. For what we know, he may be "looping the loop" or "nose diving" somewhere in space to-day. There has never been so astonishing a career. Yet, outside of what are called the four Gospels of the New Testament, written no one knows where, no one knows by whom, no one knows when, there is no corroboration of this most popular of ghost stories. So far as sober historians are concerned, "the rest is silence."

Nor is this all. These ghostly happenings are said to have happened in December's dreary days. It was not, however, in that month, even according to the legends. For Syrian shepherds do not watch their flocks by night in that most undesirable time of the year. Why, then, are these ghostly happenings said to have happened on the twenty-fifth day of December? The answer plucks the heart out of the Christian superstition concerning Christmas.

It was in competition with the Roman Saturnalia that this particular ghost-story was fixed in December. It was to counteract the attractions of these popular Pagan holidays that the priestly leaders of the Christian Churches sanctioned the merry associations they could not suppress even with the aid of Omnipotence. Custom makes cowards of priests as well as citizens. So many curious things were incorporated in the Merry Birthday of the ghostly Man of Sorrows. In the far-off centuries white-robed Druidic priests cut the sacred mistletoe with a golden sickle and chanted their hymns to the frosty air. These features were absorbed, and the mistletoe and carol-singing still play their minor, if amusing, part in the celebration of a great Christian festival, which professes to be the commemoration of God's birthday. Why Almighty God, who is said to have neither beginning nor end, should need such a vulgar festival as a birthday at all is a larger question which space does not permit us to discuss at present. Christmastide, it will be seen, is a curious jumble of Paganism and Christianity, of sacred and profane things, and has as many diverse, and indigestible ingredients as a Christmas pudding.

This Oriental story of the ghost-god, associated with a clearly organized system of Priestcraft, entwined in the national life like poisonous ivy, is pretence and make-believe. There is no "bogy" there at all, except the 50,000 "starving" clergy who make millions out of this sacred sham, and who hiss at the "intellectuals" who would free their fellow countrymen from superstition and the thraldom of Priestcraft. The clergy know that the story is a lie, and are not deceived themselves. They would sympathize with the worldly-minded candidate at an election who was asked by a fierce and determined Churchwoman if he believed in the immaculate conception "My dear lady," cooingly responded the alert candidate, "I believe in all conceptions that are immaculate." MIMNERMUS.

Professor Sayce and the Bible.

III.

(*Concluded from page* 806.)

FAR from the fresh archæological evidence supporting the "ancient tradition," as recorded in the Bible, and refuting the claims of the Higher Critics, as Professor Sayce claims, the exact reverse is the case. How far then can his claim stand, that he has "dealt with the Old Testament simply as an archæologist." And without theological bias? The fact is, the Professor has never claimed that the early narratives contained in the Bible are *scientifically* true, and we learn now, for the first time, that he was the intimate friend of Colenso, and actually helped in the publication of his famous onslaught upon the scientific character of the Bible narratives. Nor is it clear that he regarded the Bible as inspired, except in the sense that he would regard Shakespeare, or any other great writer as inspired.

Professor Sayce does not say why he adopted the ministry as a profession, but the facts seem clear enough from his narrative, where he tells us that he was born "a sickly puling child, whose first utterance, I am told, was a cough." During the winter months of his childhood he was a prisoner in the

house, with disease of the lungs. "I have overheard," he says, "our neighbours whispering 'poor little fellow! he is not long for this world.'" Upon one occasion he was thought to be really dead for a day and a half, he seems to have been endowed with more than the proverbial nine lives of the cat; for several times, in later life, we find him given up as hopeless by the doctors; so weakly was the boy that he was not troubled with lessons until he was turned seven, as it was thought "It was not worth while to teach a small boy who was doomed to die how to read and write." But he made good progress when he did start, and was soon reading the Latin authors in the original and studying Greek. As he himself remarks: "My sickly childhood had made me perforce a student." And of course the same consideration would operate in choosing a profession, since he was unfitted for the Army, the Navy, or the Law, there was obviously no other course but to follow in his father's footsteps and take holy orders in the Church. But although Professor Sayce is in the Church, it is very clear from this book of his *Reminiscences* that his interests are not theological, the tone is that of a man of the world, fond of good company and good cheer. His interests are antiquarian, archæological, and artistic. One forgets altogether that the book is the work of a clergyman, until one is brought up with the remark that the author preached, or was invited to preach, upon certain occasions. Compared with Wesley's *Journal*, or Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, it would appear to be an entirely secular work. And this impression is confirmed by the many anecdotes he retails, with obvious gusto, which, among the pious, would be considered painfully profane, some of which we have already given. Here are a few more:

Speaking of Dean Stanley, who he describes as "singularly naïve," he gives a case in point:—

> Goldwin Smith's well-known parody of a Newdigate prize-poem on Nebuchadnezza's grass-eating adventure:—
>
> The King surveyed the unwonted food,
> And said, It may be wholesome but it is not good.
>
> Was invented for Stanley's benefit in the University College Common Room, and Stanley's reply was: "Well, after all, the lines are not so bad."

Stanley's handwriting, as is well known, was very bad, he could not always read it himself. Upon one occasion Dean Burgon received a note from him containing an invitation to dinner. Burgon, however, could not read it, and solved the difficulty by replying: "Many thanks for your note. Come and dine with me this evening." Burgon was one of the last to believe in the literal inspiration of every word, nay, every letter of the Bible, and protested against Stanley being allowed to preach at St. Mary's, of which Burgon was vicar, because of Stanley's laxity of belief; Sayce describes Burgon as being "Tall, black-haired and dark-featured like his Smyrniote mother, intensely narrow and full of sternly repressed emotion, he would have made an ideal Torquemada had there been a Spanish Inquisition over which to preside." It may be seen by this that Professor Sayce's sympathies are not with the orthodox defenders of the Bible.

Of Gladstone, another strenuous defender of the Bible, he says: "Unfortunately, Gladstone neither knew nor cared about things Oriental except in so far as they related to the establishment of Christianity." He relates that when Gladstone was at Corfu, he was introduced to the Greek Archbishop, and Gladstone at once fell upon his knees in the expectation of receiving a benediction. The Archbishop, however, did not understand what was required, and, when at last it dawned upon him, and he had put out his tongue to pronounce the words, Gladstone, who had come to the conclusion that no blessing was going to be given, impulsively started to his feet, with the result that his head came in contact with the Archbishop's chin, with the result that his tongue was nearly cut in two.

Of the heretical Bishop Colenso, he says:—"Among the representatives of old-fashioned orthodoxy, however, nothing seemed bad enough for the apostate bishop." The higher dignitaries of the Upper House of Convocation, declared that his book had "been spued out of hell." Greswell, "a pillar of the faith in Oxford," declined to read the book, but asked a young friend in the college to do so and report upon it, with the following result:—

> "Well, and what are his arguments against Moses?" he enquired. His friend observed that among other difficulties discovered by the Bishop in the Pentateuchal narrative was that connected with the sanitary arrangements of the Israelitish camp, supposing its occupants to have been as numerous as the story makes them out to be. "Is that all?" said Greswell; "we are told that they ate angel's food, and the angels require no sanitary arrangements. What other arguments are there?" The reader of the volume replied that a further difficulty was that of providing the ordinary food by which the manna was supplemented. "What a fool the man is!" exclaimed Greswell; "we are told that a rock followed them; and if a rock, why not a field?"

Another story concerns Leslie Stephen and Oscar Browning. Stephen was explaining his disbelief in a future state, and Browning quoted Wordsworth's line:

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Whereupon Leslie Stephen retorted, "That is no reason why we should lie about heaven in our old age."

Professor Sayce considers Tewfik, the Khedive of Egypt, to have been the best ruler the Egyptians ever had: he was moral, kept no harem, not even a second wife. He tells us that when the American judge, Keiley, introduced his wife to Tewfik, he asked her how she liked Egypt. "Very much, your Highness," "except in one thing; I don't approve of your polygamy." "I do not approve of it either, Mrs. Keiley," was the Khedive's reply, "and, as you know, I have only one wife of my own, still, you must remember that Solomon was one of your great heroes, and he had more than a thousand wives."

As regards our boasted culture and civilization, he observes that the ancient palaces discovered at Phæstos in Krete

> are stately in the extreme, and the modernness of their bath-rooms, their lavatories and their drainage is very striking. So far as comfort and luxury are concerned we are only now returning to the life enjoyed by the Kretan princes three or four thousand years ago.[1]

At the museum at Candia in Krete, he saw "the ivory figure of a diver which is one of the most exquisite works of art I have ever seen." We also commend to the notice of those Christian apologists who paint such lurid pictures of the state of the world under Paganism, the following statement: "The best government the world has yet seen was that of the Roman Empire under the Antonines" (p. 110). He says it only lasted for three generations, and might have added, that it would have lasted much longer but for the advent of Christianity which destroyed civilization for a thousand years. "Our modern civilization," he remarks, "is of mushroom growth, and may pass away as quickly as a mushroom." Which is not much to the credit of Christianity.

[1] A. H. Sayce. *Reminiscences*, p. 326.

It is clear from the foregoing that Professor Sayce's interests are not theological, in spite of the fact that he is a clergyman. Of the story of the Fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, the Fall supposed to have been redeemed by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the Cross, and therefore the foundation stone of Christianity, he says plainly :—

> I do not remember a period when, for instance, the story of the Fall in the Book of Genesis was to me in any sense of the word historical; in my early days it was like a story in the *Arabian Nights*, perfectly possible in a world different, it is true, from that in which I usually lived, but not from that into which my dreams, whether waking or sleeping, might transport me. (p. 17.)

That is, the story of the Fall belonged to the land of dreams, and is of no more historical value than the *Arabian Nights*. After his attack upon the Higher Critics he complains that he was regarded as a representative of the Orthodox party, and a defender of Holy Writ : " It was in vain that I protested against being classed as a theologian, and explained that I dealt with the Old Testament simply as an archæologist " (p. 303). There is no doubt that the Professor was led astray by the false identifications by Naville and Petrie—who seem to have gone to Egypt with a fixed determination to find historical corroboration of the Bible—of the store cities of Pithom and Raamses. In a very candid summing up of his own character and achievements, he observes, of his long life, " it has left me with few illusions about myself. Some of my work has been very good and some of it very bad, and the public has not always selected the best." He has always been conscious of two antagonistic temperaments within himself :—

> there has been a constant struggle for the mastery between the two; sometimes the emotional imagination of the so-called Keltic nature has been in the ascendant; sometimes the cold scepticism of the north. But on the whole, it is the first that has predominated with a power of quick perception, an active imagination, a love of art, a craving for belief and deference to an individual leader, and an emotional though superficial sympathy with others. And along with this have gone the faults of the " Keltic " temperament, lack of perseverance, doubtless assisted by deficient physical strength, impulsive judgment, and temptation to prefer artistic or oratorical effects to the strict literal truth. (p. 475-476.)

It would be unkind to criticize such an artless confession. But it seems clear that Professor Sayce's defence of the historical verity of the early chapters of the Bible was not inspired by theological considerations, but sentimental ones. W. MANN.

The Rustic Moralist.

A WINTRY walk in the country, disconsolate, companionless, on a dull November day in rustic lanes between wild hedgerows, leafless, or brown with remnants of summer's finery, brown bracken, green fern in nooks and grottoes, pallid tangles of long grasses by the noisy burn tumbling and gushing among mossy boulders—a scene to charm beyond words the city visitor, poor alien in his native land, but to the jaded senses of the accustomed countryman joys that may at the moment fail to inspire. Later on, thorn and bracken and furze, brown or dark, will be but contrasting patches in a wide coverlet of snow, white and cold, the burn tinkling amid icicles and frozen foam, a cheerless prospect even with the poet's Spring not far behind. It is a coldly rational scene and sensation, and one can but wonder at the spirit of man that survives in endeavour and hope in those more desperate straits and dreadful climes. In the mist on the hill is solitude in solitude, but never so solitary as is at times the heart of man. Happy is the man, and he is far from rare, who is dowered with an inexhaustible store of illusion and ambition, and hope founded on either or both—if the dychotomy is permissible—even the man who finds happiness and a lordly conceit in his special brand of religion. As an illusion, as a veil between him and this " despicable hammered actual," it seems to me religion has its uses. Happy man, who remains a child for life, in religion, but who in purely secular affairs could " buy and sell " the most brilliant Freethinker. Meekness and simplicity are not the monopoly of Christians. Thoughtful, cultured, humbled, subdued by his wider, riper, more rational outlook on all the aspects of life, he may fall an easy prey to the man who has left all his spiritual concerns in perfect trust to God and can devote unhampered all his energies in making the best of this world too ! Again I exclaim, Happy man ! Surely, of the pensive Freethinker also as of the Galilean, we can say—He was despised, but unlike the poor despised Jew—now incredibly exalted; and by his most extreme opposites—the slow-grown, long-suffering spirit of the outcast reasoner in religion, in the inevitable climax, can flame up now and then in the most noble and consuming rage, when the simple words of one poor common man can put to confusion all the preaching of Christendom. But in the absence of this " noble irritation " he is at times saddened by the tragedy of all this purposeless, unintelligible world, or his spirits are at low ebb, often owing to mere physical causes, when he feels as in those infinitely sad lines of Byron :—

> Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
> It cannot feel for other's woes, it dare not dream its own.

I commend to our readers the whole poem : it came home to me once, in a certain mood, as the sweetest, most thrilling, if most melancholy music of the great poet : it soothed and satisfied me as in Burn's line :—

> Affliction's sons are brothers in distress.

Our highest humanity springs from the depths of the soul. *Vide*, also, Shakespeare's and Collins' lines on " adversity," and of countless others. The sages are with us, but the smirking, pious optimist knows them not. He seeks not there for consolation—so little sensitive, perhaps, or so much beguiled, he seldom needs it—but would point us to the one name under heaven whereby we can be saved—which is but the mockery of woe for any but the hypnotized believer. Our comfort may be an illusion, too : we also are in search of happiness and we find it where we must : sometimes it finds us : the thaw comes to the frozen spirit as to the frozen land : it has come to me again or I would not be writing this.

Early in my walk I foregathered with two typical village ancients, a younger and an older man, stonemasons I learned. They were sociable and we talked a little on politics, philosophy, and religion. One affirmed the ills of the world were due to " selfishness." I tried to point out, perhaps a little beyond his reach of thought, that selfishness was but the key word to a vast philosophy, was indeed, in its higher significance, the foundation of morality; and giving various instances of its manifestation. Apart from ultimate dogma both men had conceived a high idea of the wisdom and morality of the Bible. *The* Bible? I rejoined, but there are many Bibles; most of them contain as many, often more, beautiful sayings than does ours. But I would not unduly press the point with these decent, canny, and complacent old chaps (little older than myself, by the way, but much younger in philosophy); I would not deny them any

comfort they found, even in religion, any more than I would forbid them their pipe and glass of beer. Also I recalled the profound warning of Pope:—

> A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep or touch not the Pierian spring.

I left them with the famous dictum of Goethe, ending:—

> When I *need* a God.....he also exists for me.

Grateful and comforting, is it not, to me, if not to them? As a last more militant impulse I gave them each a copy of the *Freethinker* and hoped it would not too much upset the even tenor of their way.

And it came to pass that I proceeded on my journey, communing with my own somewhat sad and serious irresponsive soul, but which, recording the impressions of yesterday, renders them audible to-day. We must pardon man for many of his devices; some of them very foolish, for beguiling his obscure and insignificant sojourn—why, here is the very kernel of philosophy! happiness and use: what barbarous reasoner would tear away those poor, shining, gossamer filaments that alone stretch between the eyes of men and some very ugly realities of life? Shall we not, like the pensive poet, Gray, reflect—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise?—unless; or when they are not cobwebs obscuring the true light and concealing the lurking spiders of destruction. In any case we must acquire—and we cannot acquire it too early in life—a stability, stoicism if need be, an equanimity, even magnanimity of mind, to comport us on our way: were people's wits less easily scared and scattered we might, with all its disadvantages, enjoy a much happier, because more stable world, with ever less need, or fear, of those places priests call heaven or hell. Now, in conclusion, what might have been said in the beginning, as one should say: I do not wish merely to talk, but would like to say something useful, really helpful: I have explored, not exhaustively to be sure, many isms and philosophies, all the aspects and possibilities of happiness for the individual and the race: perhaps the very inevitableness of fate, in whatever shape it arrives, is the abiding and ultimate, the last great consolation of all—the consolation that there is no consolation. The wise man will not boast of his philosophy, or religion, or unduly press it upon others, aware that it may be but another device of the creature to conceal from itself a too insistent reality, a flimsy veil that at any moment Fate may tear away. He would rather cultivate his little garden in his little space and time and immunity from ill; enjoying the aroma of the earth, the beauty of its flowers, even if they and the pleasures they afford are destined to a near decay. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Better perhaps to enjoy, usefully and well if you can, the present hour without too much looking backward or forward—to a time when you were not and will not be—that, I believe, is a fundamental and wise philosophy, one that need not fail except in the failure of nature itself.

Andrew Millar.

History shows how under the false doctrine of a god and future life man ranked below the beast by his barbarity and cruelty. The civilized nations owe their supremacy to the cultivation of material, co-operative life.—*Dr. A. Hausmann.*

All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions, set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit.—*Thomas Paine.*

Acid Drops.

A "Catholic Geologist" announced in the *Church Times* that Professor Sollas, the eminent geologist, supported the truth of the biblical story of the Flood. One hardly needed a contradiction of that to know that "Catholic Geologist" was indulging in a display of Christian truth. But in the *Church Times* for December 19, Mr. E. O. James announces that he has written the Professor, who, of course, repudiates any such absurdity. We mention the fact here, because, like many other lies that are told in support of the faith, it is fairly certain to be well hawked about. A story once told, and that may serve the turn of Christian apologists, is not likely to die out because it happens not to be true. Witness the tale of Queen Victoria and the Bible as the source of England's greatness, infidel death-beds, etc.

Mr. Hillaire Belloc can be funny, even when it is unconscious humour. A New Zealand reader sends us a copy of *The Month,* a Roman Catholic journal, edited by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, which contains an article by Mr. Belloc, and as it is written for Catholics, he says things he would hardly dare to say in another journal. Thus, he informs his readers that although Roman Catholics in this country only form about one-twentieth of the population, and in the United States one-tenth, with similar proportions in other countries, the Roman Church is not a sect or an opinion, but the witness to the truth. And he says it is anomalous, even comic, that the Roman Church "having the truth, in touch with reality, understanding the universe and its nature," etc., should have been subject to laws made for them by other people. So that evidently Mr. Hillaire Belloc thinks that Roman Catholics, having the truth, etc., should all over the world, even though as he says they be only one in a thousand, either make laws for themselves, or for themselves and the other people. So that we know what Mr. Belloc's ideal is. It is a world that shall be everywhere under the control of the Roman Church. That is quite plain, but we wonder why Mr. Belloc does not say the same things plainly and honestly when he is writing in newspapers for the general public in this country. It is evident that having the truth, and being in touch with reality, that is religious truth and religious reality, is not inconsistent with suggesting lies by repressing the truth. And that is quite Christian, and pre-eminently Roman Catholic. For it is and has always been "the Great Lying Church."

Williams and Norgate have just published *The Authorised Life of Marie C. Stopes,* by Aylmer Maude. 5s. Perhaps many who have associated her with birth control propaganda and recent litigation, are not aware of her scientific achievements elsewhere. She was the first woman appointed to teach science in the University of Manchester, and she owed that position largely to the influence of Sir William Boyd Dawkins, whose interest she had aroused by her keenness and pertinacity whilst a student at the University. Her knowledge of fossils and kindred subjects so impressed the Royal Society that she was sent to Japan with a grant from it to confirm on the spot certain conclusions to which her investigations had led her. There she not only proved her general conclusions to be correct, but discovered the first and, so far, the only petrification of a flower.

On one occasion she read a paper on coal before the British Association, and Sir Jethro Teall, the then Director of the Geological Survey, paid her a handsome compliment. "I went to encourage a young girl," he said, "and I remained to learn from a master."

Strangely enough, in view of the publicity which her work on birth control has awakened, she felt no interest in that subject until she was about twenty-five years of age. Then the great unhappiness of her first marriage

aroused her to a realization of its enormous importance to human health and happiness. Thereafter she tackled the matter with characteristic thoroughness. "The effect of Dr. Stopes' efforts," says Mr. Maude, "in so short a time as six years has amounted to nothing less than a revolution in the general attitude towards sex. She has created a new atmosphere and a new terminology." No doubt long after those who have so violently opposed her are forgotten she will be remembered with gratitude, as a brave woman who did not fear to risk opprobrium and misunderstanding in the propagation of what she knew to be knowledge of vital importance.

The blot on her work on birth control, from a scientific point of view is that she overdosed it with sentiment, as well as giving currency to some things that are little better than popular superstitions. And from a rational point of view, while mixing it up with a good deal of religious nonsense, she has quite failed to do justice to such pioneers as Bradlaugh and Besant. It may be taken for certain, so far as one can be certain in such a matter, that she would never have done what she has done had not Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant fought their great fight in order to gain the right of publication on such a matter. A generous nature and a just one would have made quite clear the debt owing to those who had paved the way under hard and dangerous conditions. Nonsense about the religious nature of birth control, etc., can do little real good, and creates a bad taste in the mouth of the genuinely scientific reader.

Following on the report of the prosecution of a labourer of Devon who assaulted a woman because he believed her to be a witch, there comes a report from Bath concerning another recent example of belief in witchcraft. Ellen Loveridge, a gipsy, was there sentenced to three months' imprisonment on charges of stealing £3 12s. from Miss Anna Rose Higgins. Loveridge was alleged to have so frightened Miss Higgins by spell-binding and threats as to force her to buy all kinds of articles at prices which yielded as much as a 1,000 per cent. profit. Among the other threats used, was that of putting a spell on the cattle, and a warning that a dark man would creep into the house and take her away if she did not accept him as a suitor. So completely was the girl and her mother terrorized that the gipsy once walked into their house and sat down to dinner with them. Everyone—including priests, parsons, and journalists—is very properly shocked at such superstition, and the use that has been made of it. And yet it is only the age-long trick of the medicine man, to terrify his dupes with vague threats of supernatural powers which he controls, in order to blackmail them.

A motor-omnibus passing through Fishponds, Bristol, was struck by lightning, and the driver blinded. At Richmond, Yorkshire, a woman was struck by lightning and paralysed. Oh! those pranks of Providence!

The Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Barnes) says "the standard of educated ability among the clergy is lower than it has been since the beginning of the Victorian era." Hear, hear!

Gipsy Smith, the revivalist, urged an audience recently to "give the Devil a week's notice." We wish the English nation would take his advice, for then the clergy would all be out of work.

Mr. Chamberlain has cancelled the invitation to Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Lowes Dickinson to serve on the Chinese Boxer Indemnity Fund Advisory Committee. They are pushed out to allow a business man and a missionary to come in. All our doubts are now dispelled as to the utility of missionaries—they are to go abroad carrying neither script nor purse and preach the gospel—and sit on Committees.

The Bishop of Birmingham has an eye on the main chance in his message to Labour in the Christmas number of the *Daily Herald*. He states that many men and women are drawn into the Labour Movement by spiritual enthusiasm.....and the Church is wide enough to welcome such men. We trust that his message has been charged for at advertisement rates, and that the Church's record in the past in its relation with Labour will be duly learned and inwardly digested by those who have no faith in word spinners.

Miss Maude Royden weighs in with a message also. She writes that the Prince of Peace is revealed to us as a God of Love. Christianity has hacked at Europe for nearly two thousand years, and now there are more armed men in it than there were before the last war, blessed by priests from the Bishop of London upwards or downwards.

Providence is on the side of Sunday newspapers. No sooner is the latest murderer hanged than the notorious case of "Mr. A." comes along to fill their columns and justify this our really Christian dispensation.

Addressing the New Generation League at Caxton Hall, recently, on "Some Aspects of Birth Control," Dr. Eden Paul summed up neatly the charge against the theologians who oppose birth control. We were infinitely more intelligent in every-day mechanical things than in fundamentals, he pointed out. If we had a tap which would not turn off we would not hesitate to send for the plumber. But when homes were flooded with too many children for the family income or the health of the mother, there were endless mediæval discussions as to whether it would be right to turn off the tap.

Really the *Daily Herald* is becoming seriously tainted with Freethought—for a popular daily newspaper, at any rate. In a recent article, entitled "The Devotee," there is an account of the vicar who instituted carol practice for the children of his parish. Geoffrey and Annette, aged six and seven respectively, were taken to one of these functions, and Geoffrey was frankly bored by the nice little service with which the vicar prefaced the singing.

> Annette sat rapt and motionless, her small hands folded, her eyes shining softly, fixed upon the vicar's face in complete absorption.
>
> That evening Geoffrey was quite frank in his opinion of the carols.
>
> "I don't *want* to go next Saturday," said he firmly, and nothing would shake him.
>
> "And you, Annette?" we asked, with a vivid memory of her exalted face and glowing eyes.
>
> "I shall go," she answered softly; "I shall always go."
>
> "Do you like the new vicar then?" we asked.
>
> "I think he is a lovely man," said Annette, still in a hushed tone. "Every time he says 'Christmas' his ears move and he twitches his nose like a dear little bunny. Oh, yes, I shall always go."

The South African Anglican Synod has decided to admit women as churchwardens, subject to the approval of the Synod of 1929, but they may not sit in any Assembly. This progress makes one dizzy, but it also shows that men are not tumbling over each other to serve in that capacity; we trust also that the subject of churchwardens' pipes will be discussed.

Mr. J. G. Millais, in his *Far Away up the Nile*, says that one of our district Commissioners, Major Kidd, has done much to nullify the influence of the witch-doctors by holding them up to ridicule. Evidently these benighted Africans are not so far advanced as we are. In this country anyone who attempts to nullify the influence of our medicine men by holding their beliefs up to ridicule may be prosecuted under the Blasphemy Laws. That is one of the differences between living in a savage and a civilized country.

To Correspondents.

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

J. Breese.—Thanks for cuttings. We think Mr. Phillpotts would have done well had he told the Christian who objected to some of his plays because they hurt his religious feelings, to go to the devil in as polite a language as he could. Merely to explain to these gentlemen that you have no intention of injuring their feelings, is to encourage them in the opinion that their *Christian* feelings are deserving of special care. And that is the whole point at issue. It is one of the things in which Christians need educating, and appetite grows by what it feeds on here as elsewhere. We shall never be able to have genuine freedom until Christians are made to realize that their feelings are no more deserving of special care than are those of other people. Shall hope to see you soon.

M. Ansel.—We have no other means of being sure what Christians have in their heads when they put a question than the language they use. Candidly we think that it is not very often anything intelligent prompts the enquiry.

"Freethinker" Sustentation Fund.—J. Wilson, 5s.; G. Bush, 6d.

R. Brown.—You could hardly expect a Ulster newspaper to publish a reference to Jesus which plainly indicated disbelief. Newspapers are part of the great conspiracy to see that the truth about religion is kept away from the people. The *Northern Whig* is "just a newspaper, that's all," if we may be permitted to paraphrase Lowell.

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Friends who send us newspapers would enhance the favour by marking the passages to which they wish us to call attention.

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Sugar Plums.

Owing to the Christmas holidays, which necessitates the preparation of two issues of the *Freethinker* in one week, this column will be shorn of some of its usual features. But once in awhile this may be excused. And as this issue, in spite of the date it bears, will be in the hands of readers before Christmas, we take this opportunity of wishing them the season's greetings. The fact of our seeing the folly of celebrating the date as the anniversary of the birth of a man-god need not detract from the enjoyment of any harmless pleasures that may present themselves, and if we bear in mind the far more intelligent pagan notion of Christmas as the rebirth of the Sun, we can join with them in congratulating ourselves on having left part of the winter behind us, and in being so much nearer the revivifying spring.

As nature festivals pure and simple, and, but for Christianity, Christmas and Easter might by now have been divested of all remnants of superstition, and have been celebrated as frankly symbolical ceremonies attaching to winter and spring. But as in so many other cases Christianity degraded what it touched. It made the pagan symbol plainly ridiculous in turning it into a sober historical occurrence. And once having adopted the ridiculous theory of these nature festivals being the anniversary of actual historical occurrences, it was bound to foster the degradation of the human mind in order to secure that absurdity being entertained. And thence followed all the manufactured stories, the lies, the forgeries, the suppressions, and falsifications, the hatred of free enquiry and open criticism, which have been so characteristic of the Christian Church. It is strange, and strongly illustrative of the narcotizing effect of authority upon even the semi-emancipated intelligence, that so many should still speak of Christianity as though in spite of its faults it represented an advance at the time. This is the last superstition in connection with Christianity we shall have to fight.

In the last Parliament Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was reported to have affirmed. This time the *Manchester Guardian* reports him as having taken the oath, holding the Bible, in Scottish fashion, above his head. Mr. Macdonald is progressing. Was it not a King of France who said that rulership of the kingdom was well worth a mass?

Minoan Religion.

At a meeting of the Hellenic Society recently, Sir Arthur Evans described and exhibited to the Society a treasure of gold signet rings and bead-seals, thirteen in number, found during the war in what was clearly a Royal Minoan or Mycenæan tomb at Thisbe, in Bœtia—the port of Thebes on the Gulf of Corinth. Among religious scenes of a novel character was one showing the Spring Goddess rising from the earth holding poppy heads, like Persephone at a much later date. Another group depicts heroic subjects, one of them a tragic scene that may well have been connected with the house of Atreus. Two present astonishing anticipations, on Bœotian soil, of the story of Œdipus. In one case a youthful hero is seen about to stab the Sphinx. In another he attacks with a bow a helmeted man, similarly armed, in a chariot driven through a rocky defile—an episode which recalls the encounter of Œdipus and his father in the "hollow way." These works date approximately from 1400 B.C.

Sir Arthur Evans further gave an account of a massive gold signet ring found some years back by a peasant in a great beehive tomb on the site of Nestor's Pylos, which he had been able to trace, from indications received, during a recent visit to that part of Greece, and finally to acquire. This ring, which contains no fewer than fourteen figures microscopically engraved, may, from many points of view be thought to exceed in interest any object of the kind hitherto discovered. It gives the first glimpse that we possess of the ideas of the after life and of the Elysian Fields of the Minoans. The field is divided into four branches of what seem to be the "Tree of the World," equivalent to the old Norsk Yggdrasil, with a hound in place of the dragon at its roots. In the first compartment is the seated goddess, and above her head are two butterflies with two chrysalides symbolizing the re-birth of two human spirits from the sleep of death. More than this, the hooked attachment of the chrysalides shows that these are the common white butterflies. Hard by stands the young couple to which these refer—a happier Orpheus and Eurydice. In the next compartment, on a couch, is the lion guardian of the underworld, tended by the two little hand-maidens of the goddess, while below the same young couple are introduced by she-griffins to the Griffin's Court. The Griffin himself is seated on a throne, behind which the goddess stands. Internal evidence shows that this marvellous signet—"the ring of Nestor"—dates from the sixteenth century B.C.—*Times*.

Hamlet.

It must be awfully nice to be a dramatic critic; to get free seats in all the best theatres and then go home and—behind the cloak of journalistic anonymity—tell the playwright what you think about him, and how much better his play would have been if he had only consulted you. However, there's nothing to prevent one criticising, and as this is my first—and, in all probability, my last—attempt to enter the ranks of the dramatic critics, I thought—acting on the principle that one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb—I'd try my 'prentice hand on *Hamlet*. At any rate, and unlike most dramatic critics, I have no axe to grind; I am not a member of any high-brow mutual admiration society; and, moreover, *Hamlet* is my favourite Shakespearean play, so that I cannot be accused of malice aforethought.

As a matter of fact, *Hamlet* is more or less a family institution. When I was quite a small boy my father would often come upstairs when I had been put to bed, and pace up and down the bedroom reciting passages from *Hamlet* in order to induce sleep in my over-active brain. I would thrill with delight and a strange sort of terror over the scene on the embattlements, as I snuggled down between the sheets, but th result was always the same. There's nothing like *Hamlet* for sending you to sleep.

I appear to have inherited this weakness of my father's for perambulation and recitation. The habit has grown on me of late, and the dining- room carpet is growing perilously thin. Hamlet and I look like wearing it out between us. The lady whose happy destiny it is to minister to my creature comforts in return for my wages and such smiles of favour that I, in my greatness, care to bestow upon her, says I remind her of Felix!

"Ah! my dear," say I. "We men of genius are not like other men. When I feel stirring within my brain the early struggles of a new idea, I am impelled to motion; and the carpet which you regard as a mere domestic appendage, and which Ellen finds so useful for pushing the dust under, becomes for me a magic carpet bearing me into the mystic world of dreams."

However, to return to *Hamlet*. When I first went to see *Hamlet* on the stage (it was at the Opera House, Blackpool) it was less from a desire to make the acquaintance of the ubiquitous Prince of Denmark than to see Henry Baynton, whom I remember at school as a rather unusually studious youth several years my senior. The delight with which I witnessed the play was due in large measure to the same cause that afforded the old lady such infinite pleasure—it was so full of quotations. It was a perpetual delight to me to hear passages with which I had always been familiar, and to see them in their natural surroundings, so to speak. I hadn't the faintest idea that: "For this relief much thanks," had anything to do with the changing of the watch. I thought it was something to do with poultices; or else a sarcastic observation flung at a departing bore. This is only typical of many discoveries I made. I'm afraid I shall never experience such delight at a play again. Like love's young dream once the glamour has gone it is difficult to recapture. It is youth, not age, that writes odes to ladies' eyebrows. The restoration of man's primal innocence is beyond the powers of the most potent monkey-gland. Fortunately, life brings recompenses even when we have been turned out of the Garden of Eden by those inexorable park-keepers Time and Experience.

If true art lies in holding the mirror up to nature, then in one respect Shakespeare's plays are not artistic. For whoever heard ordinary men and women talk as Shakespeare's characters do, even with the advantage of a board-school education? I'm quite sure no Roman soldier ever spoke such thoughts as Shakespeare puts into their heads—and mouths. Take Hamlet's soliloquy, is it likely that a person contemplating suicide would talk like that? In real life they'd probably say, "Well, I'm about fed up. I've a damn good mind to put an end to it!"

This reminds me that I saw Billy Merson burlesque *Hamlet* a few months ago at the London Hippodrome. The celebrated soliloquy on this occasion was spoken into the telephone, and when "Exchange" cut him off at the end of his three minutes, "Hamlet" exclaimed tearfully, "But there's heaps more of it yet!" The ghost-scene took place in a London office, where Horatio was metamorphosised into Hamlet's typist and confidential secretary. The following dialogue ensues:—

Hor.: A ghost to see you, my lord.
Ham.: Has he an an appointment?
Hor.: No! my lord.
Ham.: A ghost, say you? What kind of ghost?
Hor.: An invisible ghost, my lord.
Ham.: Then I can't *see* him!

"The play, the play's the thing——" but in *Hamlet* the play *isn't* the thing; it's the speeches and the dialogue. From the standpoint of dramatic action *Hamlet* is, in my judgment, a failure. It is always *promising* action, there are several dramatic situations—but nothing seems to come of them. Take, for instance, the scene where the King rises conscience-stricken when he sees his own crime acted before him; surely the requirements of dramatic art here demand that the play be brought to a swift climax? The situation is superb, almost unequalled for dramatic intensity, yet instead of the *denouement* the play hangs on wearily for several more acts, and the climax when it does come is more like a burlesque.

In the closing scene Shakespeare kills all his leading characters off in a style that should appeal to those theatre-goers who like plenty of murders for their money. The dead and dying lie about the stage in beautiful disorder. Strip this scene of the Shakespearean setting, and take from it the winged words of the immortal bard, and it would appear a sorry burlesque.

The Shakespearean actor, Mr. Charles Doran, once pointed out to me what he considered a very interesing psychological study in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. He called my attention to the fact that Macbeth in the early stages of the play was afraid of murder, and viewed the prospect with terror, but gradually his appetite grew by what it fed on and at the end he was quite remorseless—save for his hesitancy in meeting Macduff. Lady Macbeth, on the other hand, was brimful of lust and murderous intent at the beginning, but gradually fell to pieces as the play proceeded. A case of *inverse ratio* in psychology.

In *Hamlet* there is no such simplicity. The character of Hamlet is as indeterminate as the play itself. In fact I can never tell whether he's mad or merely shamming mad. No wonder the psycho-analysts have taken him in hand. He's got all the complexes that the fertile imagination of Freud ever conceived—with knobs on! If Shakespeare's works were as authoritative as the Bible, the Prince of Denmark would rival even Jesus Christ as an espouser of contradictory philosophies. The plays of Shakespeare have this in common with the Bible: their charm lies in their sonorous language. Translate them into the current style and their charm disappears—witness Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.

I am painfully aware of the fact that the foregoing criticism is not in accordance with the traditional style. It is obviously the work of a novice. It would appal Mr. William Archer or Mr. J. M. Robertson. I shouldn't get a job as dramatic critic

to the *Sporting Buff* or *Betty's Paper*. Even the author of *The Everlasting Gems* would think it crude. But "them's my sentiments." It would be interesting to know if any other reader shares my views regarding the dramatic action of *Hamlet*. Or am I an Ishmael with my hand against every man's and every man's hand against mine? I wonder!

VINCENT J. HANDS.

Shakespeare's Fairies.

He wrote unhampered by traditions, rules, religious systems.—*J. J. Jusserand, "British Academy Lecture on Shakespeare."*

IF we believe with Coleridge that life is but thought and apply this to an estimation of Shakespeare's creative genius we feel like a man trying to grasp the world with one hand. We have been wearied with sacred myth-makers and all their works; let us see how a secular myth-maker develops in his two plays, "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," and leave for a little while the dog of theology gnawing the stone of original sin.

It was a conceit of the Italians to give the name of April to Ariosto, because it is the season of flowers, and that of September to Tasso because it is the season of fruits. This analogy may be rightly used to describe Shakespeare's use of fairies in the above two plays. A careful consideration will show that this seasonal division can be noted, and it will indicate the growth of the poet's imagination.

In "The Midsummer Night's Dream" there is a luxury of description for the setting of the fairy world. There is a wordy riot of pleasing or fantastic thought on nature, and nearly every line is a pearl of thought for the passionate lover of earth. Although Shakespeare projects his fairies on the stage, we are only with them in the external world—in the world of such beautiful and idyllic scenes as "a mossy bank where the wild thyme blows"—we are still with the youthful and romantic spirit that has not as yet begun to think deeply. All is for our pleasure and goodwill—the pleasing illusion is not to be marred by depth or height of speculation, and no moral is implied. Here, as in Drayton's fairy poems, these creatures of the imagination only touch our world to cause a little innocent trouble, or perform mischievous tricks. Oberon and Titania stand in the moonlight of imagination. Their fairy train, obedient to the poet's fancy, possess but shadowy and vague attributes—"some to war with rere-mice for their leathern wings," some "to hang a pearl on every cowslip's ear." In this manner, our poet will *please* our imagination, but not feed it.

As our sense of colour may receive æsthetic enjoyment from the paintings of Titian or Rubens, we have to go to Rembrandt for something more than a passing pleasure. We do not ask and do not expect more from the fairies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" than that they should amuse us by illusion. Puck in drama! no; Titania in tragedy! what monstrosity is this? If Shakespeare cared nothing for the unities, his romantic discrimination will satisfy us in that he created the King and Queen of Fairyland as harmonious types for his purpose; to expect anything beyond this from youthful genius is to demand the sun to shine at night.

From a dream with the sweets and ravishments of physical beauty we come to "The Tempest" where certain mature marks are discerned, and where adjustments are made to subordinate fairies to the mind of man. Oberon and Titania ruled in the fairy world; they are now deposed, and Prospero has Ariel under his power. Philosophy mounts the throne, and Ariel is commanded; the mechanism is different for this powerful spirit is deliberately placed between the affairs of mortals. In this play, the fairy element is less in evidence. The creator of the wild excess of fairy delight has now steadied his hand, thus proving Blake's aphorism that "the way to wisdom is through excess." Do we not also see the growth of the poet's imagination—from the physical world to the world of thought; can we not say of Shakespeare at this point with Wordsworth:—

The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

The light-winged creatures of his early days, extravagant, fanciful, and detached and indifferent towards the mortal world have lived their day, and a more serious cast of thought is at work, with his youthful passions subdued as he stands face to face with life and asks what it all means.

It is not for us with Plato or Plotinus to define the difference between the spirit and the soul; sufficient to note that Ariel is a spirit, whereas the fairies of the "Dream" are but little people of the imagination. Ariel belongs to the sun; Titania is a being at home in the moonbeams. One, we may say is positive, the other negative, and it seems consonant with Shakespeare's genius that he should use this positive spirit during his last serious effort. We feel nearer in sympathy towards Ariel at his release than we do when we bid farewell to the fairies in the Palace of Theseus. As he helps to attire Prospero, singing his haunting song, we feel as though we are in touch with the best part of man that has been working for harmony in a world jangled out of tune.

The tyrant Prospero, a gentle tyrant, that is ourselves on the stage, commands everything that we dream or wish; it is indeed that happy state of affairs when kings are philosophers, and philosophers are kings.

To this stage of development, then, did Shakespeare bring his treatment of fairies. From his excess of creation in the "Dream" which has the nature of Leviathan, he masters his creations instead of being mastered by them, and we return to our beginning; the fairy flowers of the "Dream," the fruit of the "Tempest"—a natural stage of development which compels us to acknowledge Shakespeare's genius in the world of imagination, in that world where the artist, the thinker, and the poet have their home. From this world comes all inspiration, comes the myth-makers, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, to whom the people of the world are but children to be amused, and in their amusement to be instructed. If England then, has many choice ruffians to her credit whose heads were turned by fanaticism, she has also Shakespeare who created in his dream world those rare and delightful pictures of felicity that light no bonfires, break up no families and create no wars, and the difference between Shakespeare and the creators of the galaxy of angels and devils is so obvious, that in one paper at least it is not necessary to point it out.

WILLIAM REPTON.

I don't believe in a God, for I can't answer as an Irishman did when a Materialist asked, "Who made God?" He said, "Begob, he made himself, out of nothing at all, at all.—*G. O. Roberts.*

If every existing being had a creator, then God himself, if he exists, needed a creator, and so on *ad infinitum*. This alone explodes the theory of God creation.—*J. H. Schwartz.*

Wine With the Chaplain.

I.

IT is an old cynical witticism that rules, like promises, are made to be broken. Certain it is that no laws ever yet devised met with unquestioning obedience consequent upon the unanimous approval of those who had to obey. There are men, women and children so constituted that either deliberately or unthinkingly, openly or covertly, they must and will go differently from the course ordered. The only effective punishment for these rebels is death; but the critics of regulations, the questioners of legality, and even the breakers of laws have established their privileges so effectively that authority dare not carry suppression to its logical limits.

This is so even within the very institutions set up by Government for penalizing misdemeanants. Prison discipline is only kept at a high level by the exercise of constant and rigorous vigilance by warders and governors. The most-broken rule is that enforcing silence. Prisoners newly incarcerated attempt to talk as a matter of course, and get repressed. If they persist punishment follows.

Regular habitues of prison know better, and fresh arrivals soon learn the trick. It is that of ventriloquism. The old-timer to whom the interior of a prison is as familiar as the streets can talk in a low but clear tone, audible but a short distance, without the least visible movement of throat, features, or even lips. Often the warders cannot hear this undercurrent of conversation, and, when they do, cannot detect the offenders. Sometimes the gossip ceases to be covert and becomes a steady ineradicable murmur. In such case the only cure is to hustle the prisoners back to the isolation of their cells.

What confidences do prisoners exchange? Details of offences and punishments, news from the outside world, plans for fresh crimes on release, racing and betting information, and all manner of odd remarks.

II.

Walminster Prison differed little from any other. When "Piggy" Richards entered it for his twentieth time he found many familiar faces, both among warders and inmates. At exercise the first morning there was the usual exchange of murmured greeting, and Piggy explained. "Purse. Snatched. One month."

A few minutes later Richards remarked, "Two new warders."

"Yes," replied a three months' prisoner, "and new chaplain."

"What's he like?"

"Soft. But hang him. What won the Chester Cup?"

"Grey Legs, five to one."

"Ugh!"

"Never mind. Put it on Baronio for the Derby."

"Shut up there!" shouted a warder angrily.

So it went on. At exercise in the yard and whenever men got within a few feet of each other an undertone gossip followed, prevented, as far as possible, by the warders, but not very successfully.

III.

In accordance with the scheme for making prisons more humane the Governor of Walminster Prison arranged for lectures and concerts to be given to the prisoners. The first was by a lady on the subject "Climbs in the High Alps," she being a noted Alpinist.

Perhaps it was not the most suitable of topics for a lecture to men, most of whose time was divided between prison and the streets. Whatever the cause the audience was restless and inattentive, preferring to chat surreptitiously among themselves rather than listen. In a few minutes the murmur of talk grew to such a volume that the lady Alpinist had to suspend her lecture and wait for silence. This she did not get. Neither appeals nor threats availed to check the flow of ventriloquial gossip. The lecture was abandoned and the prisoners marched back to the cells.

IV.

At exercise next morning it was the opinion of several prisoners that if anything was done to mitigate their lot a supply of beer should be granted. With pleasantry and expression of desire some time went. Then apparently apropos of nothing in particular Piggy Richards said, "Chaplain's a dud lot."

"What's that to do with beer?"

"Everything. I'm going to take wine with the Chaplain."

"Garn!"

"Fact. And you'll all see it. Whilst I'm drinking you chaps'll be there with your tongues hanging out."

Beyond that he said no more.

When the Chaplain went round the cells visiting he found Piggy Richards reading the Bible and ready for serious conversation.

"I'm glad you've come, sir."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. This old Book always touches me in a tender spot."

"It should do. There is no other book like it."

"No, sir. It saddens me. Reminds me too much of my young days. Would you believe it, sir, I was once a Sunday School boy?"

"Yes. The pity is you have gone so far from your Sunday School teaching."

"It is a great pity, sir. I feel it keenly. Especially when I remember I was confirmed and took Communion. I feel wretched to think I have gone so far astray."

Piggy's face was unflinchingly serious, and moisture stood in his eyes. Said the Chaplain:

"I am glad reading the Bible and thinking over your past is having such effect. Continue so, and I will come to see you again."

"I hope you will, sir," replied Richards earnestly.

Next day there was further edifying conversation, after which the penitent asked, "May I take Communion?"

"H'm," mused the Chaplain. "I don't know. I must consider it."

"Do consider it favourably," appealed Piggy. "I feel better already for talking with you, and Communion will strengthen me."

"That is its purpose," said the Chaplain sententiously.

The clergyman had an interview with the Head Warder, who reported favourably on Richards' conduct. After further solemn converse with the convert the cleric told him he would be allowed to communicate the following Sunday, whereat Piggy expressed great joy.

V.

As normally on the Sunday morning all the prisoners marched into the bare, whitewashed Chapel to their usual seats, supervised by warders. Except Piggy Richards, who, with a warder, went and sat in the seat immediately behind the Governor and his wife.

The Order of Communion Service according to the Anglican Prayer Book followed. The Governor and his lady went forward and communicated. After they returned the Chaplain looked at Richards, who rose, gravely went forward, and knelt with bowed head. Very properly and solemnly he received the sacred bread, then the Chaplain brought to him the Chalice, containing about half-a-pint of wine. Slowly Richards raised his head and put two hands to the vessel. With-

out hesitation he drew the cup firmly and swiftly from the Chaplain's fingers, and before the good man sufficiently collected his wits to prevent him, drained the Chalice of all its contents, put the vessel back into the Chaplain's hands, and with a smile rose to his feet.

For a moment there was a tense, moveless silence throughout the Chapel. Then a low babble of talk broke out amongst the prisoners. The Chaplain staggered back, the Governor rose to his feet, and the warder rushed forward and hurried the offender away to his cell.

VI.

Before the Governor next morning Piggy Richards offered no explanation or defence. He was condemned to seven days' solitary confinement on bread and water in a dark cell. The other prisoners talked of nothing else for days. A. R. Williams.

The Cult of Lourdes.

Superstition pays. The Catholic authorities in Canada are collecting $1,500,000 from their faithful dupes with which to rebuild in the Province of Quebec the famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for the purpose of exploiting the credulity of the masses. It is to be a centre of religious healing. This shrine, sometimes called the American Lourdes, was burned to the ground in 1923. The history of Ste. Anne de Beaupre has it that it was founded in 1620 by a small group of Breton sailors, beset with a terrific storm in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, who prayed to St. Ann to save their vessel, vowing if they reached shore they would build a shrine to go on forever as a testimonial to her. The sailors landed at the point now known as Ste. Anne de Beaupre and out of gratitude for their deliverance built a shrine of thanksgiving. It is easy to understand how the uncritical mob of illiterate religionists are convinced by such traditions. All the evidence which they are capable of understanding is in favour of the efficacy of St. Ann. Other sailor men have prayed and vowed and yet perished, but, as dead men tell no tales, they have left no testimony of the futility of trusting St. Ann. It was a wise, sceptical Greek who said that he saw no altar erected by the lost. The world-famous shrine of Lourdes in France, which has nearly a million visitors each year, is alleged to have originated in the following manner: In the year 1858, Bernadette Soubirous, a peasant girl fourteen years of age, wandered into a dark grotto on the bank of the River Gave. She was with her sister and another girl, gathering firewood. Left alone in the cave she was frightened, but to her amazement the gloomy spot was suddenly illuminated and a figure in white, which she assumed to be an angel, appeared before her. For fifteen successive days the child returned to the grotto and several times saw the figure and listened to the voice of the supernatural visitor. One day she was told to tell the priest that he should build a Church on the rock. The obedient child carried the message but the priest told her not to bother her head about visions. But another day came when the child was told to drink of the well before her. There was no well there but as she stooped to drink, clear, cold water gushed out of the earth. She told the others of the curative powers in the water and a few who were afflicted came to bathe in the spring. Others followed and although the authorities tried to keep the people away by building a fence in front of the grotto, they were so eager to be cured that they tore it down. The church authorities finally accepted the story that the child had told and since that day Lourdes has been a world-wide fake.—*Truthseeker.*

The Way of the World.

SOME MAXIMS OF NAPOLEON.

Fontanes, do you know what I admire most in the world? The impotence of force to organize anything. There are only two powers in the world—the sabre and the mind. In the end the sabre is always beaten by the mind.

* * * * * * * *

In all countries force yields to civil qualities. Bayonets are lowered before the priest who speaks in the name of heaven, and before the man who commands respect by his knowledge. I told the military men that a military Government could not exist in France, unless the nation were brutalized by fifty years of ignorance.

* * * * * * * * *

Military authority is useless and misplaced in civil affairs; don't act like a corporal.

* * * * * * * *

Liberty of thought is the most important conquest of the age.

* * * * * * * *

I wish you to abolish the censorship of books completely. This country is already sufficiently narrow-minded without its being made narrower.

* * * * * * * *

Let them say if they like that the sun goes round the earth, that the tides are produced by the melting of ice, that we are charlatans; there must be the greatest liberty.

* * * * * * * *

I want no censorship because every publisher is responsible for the books he issues, because I will not make myself responsible for the absurdities which are written, and because I will not allow an official to tyrannize over mind and to mutilate genius.—*The Nation.*

[Selected and translated, with others, by Richard Aldington, from the collection made by a Dutch lawyer, Dr. K. J. Fredericks, and published in 1922; who collected them from Napoleon's correspondence, speeches, directions to Ministers, etc.]

HARD LUCK.

Mr. Churchill has had very hard luck at the outset of his Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He has received a testimonial from Bishop Welldon.—*Daily Herald.*

SOME ANECDOTES COLLECTED BY LORD RAYLEIGH.

Pepper, lecturing before Queen Victoria, is reported to have said: "The oxygen and hydrogen will now have the honour of combining before your Majesty."

* * * * * * * * *

A child's version of an incident in the New Testament. He said: "Bring me the tribute money," and they brought unto him a penny. "Whose miserable subscription is this?"

* * * * * * * *

Omnibus conductor to a Frenchman, "Twopence, please!" "*Je ne comprends pas.*" "Your fare is twopence," and so on for some time, after which the conductor puts his head into the 'bus: Can any lady or gentleman tell me the French for "You're a bloody fool?"

* * * * * * * *

Judge: "Now, tell me exactly what he said, and use his own words." Witness: "He said he stole the pig." Judge: "He did not use the third person." "There was no third person." "Judge: "Tut! I suppose he really said, 'I stole the pig.'" "No, he never mentioned your lordship at all."

* * * * * * * * *

A couple were celebrating their golden wedding. In the morning there was a thanksgiving service in the Church. As they came out, an old villager was heard to mutter: "Well, I'm glad he has made an honest woman of her at last."—"*Life of Lord Rayleigh*" (*Appendix*). *By His Son.*

Correspondence.

HICKSON AND FAITH HEALING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your writings are much appreciated, and I have been making use of your notices of Hickson and his doings in the *Freethinker* of October 26 for local newspapers here. I trust you will pardon me for having done so without your permission. It is difficult out here to get secular papers to reproduce anything likely to offend the religious sections of their readers, so I have to account myself fortunate and hope to have your permission to make use of material appearing in the *Freethinker*.

I have been particularly interested in Hickson's doings and movements for some years now. He would appear to have first come before public notice as the President of the Society of Emmanuel, that had its headquarters at 22 Talbot Square, Hyde Park, W., and an official organ known as *The Healer*. This Society was said to have been founded in 1905. In their ministrations in healing the sick, they were said to dispense with medicines altogether, and to have opened a hospice in 1909 on the outskirts of Regent's Park, near Gloucester Gate, for the reception of patients, and on May 26 of that year this hospice is said to have been "dedicated and set apart for the glory of God and for the service of our acting brothers and sisters" by the Right Rev. Bishop Mylne. The hospice was then said to contain eight beds for in-patients. Two registered medical practitioners, Dr. James Moorhead and Dr. Rowse, were said to examine the in-patients each week. Dr. Moorhead wrote in high terms of the interesting cases he saw under treatment and of the gratifying results. The work of the hospice came under the notice of the Sub-committee of the Medico-Political Committee of the British Medical Association in 1910, when the cases treated at the hospice were carefully investigated and a report was presented in due course. In 1921, Hickson turned up at Calcutta, and after a short stay there, he promised to come here, but disappeared and was subsequently heard of in Australia. From where he would seem to have gone to South Africa, and has now gravitated back to the "old country."

It would be interesting to know what became of the hospice established in 1909, and to have some details of the report of the investigation of the British Medical Association. Does the Society of Emmanuel still exist and is the official organ still published? If you or any of your many readers could afford some particulars, they would be useful.

Rangoon. ETT. LEPPING.

DANTE.

SIR,—May I be permitted to break a lance with "Mimnermus" and his extravagant praise of Dante. I generally admire his criticism. But not his fulsome praise of this poet. I admit the extraordinary beauty and harmony of the verse and the originality of many of the similes. But that is all. We may say the same of Marlowe. But wretched as the subjects of his plays were and his treatment of them, they were at least a shade less repulsive than the vision of the mad Irish monk which Dante versified. Having lived nearly thirty years in Italy and ploughed through more than two-thirds of the rubbishy mediæval poem in question, my verdict is at any rate not one of ignorance. There is a lurid grandeur no doubt in the "Inferno," but how tedious and often how disgusting. As a matter of fact beyond the two hackneyed passages, little or nothing of the "Inferno" survives in memory: but if the "Inferno" is tedious, what are we to say of the "Purgatorio"? Monotonously, stupid, without any sort of invention and the *denouement* almost farcical. I began the "Paradiso," but then decided not to pollute my clear mind by perusing any more of this mediæval rubbish.

Even in technique Leopardi is quite Dante's equal. In his ideas and poetic vision far superior. No doubt "Mimnermus" writes from the exclusively European point of view. We had the tedious "Iliad" and that rubbishy imitation of that and the "Odessey" in pocket form, Virgil's "Œneid," cracked up as the two greatest epic poems. Heaven save the mark! As though the writer had never heard of the "Mahabharata" and the "Kalevala." The former containing the "Bhagavad Gita" and the legend of the falcon and the dove. Even the later "Ramayana" has been the breath of life to many more millions than the half-forgotten mediæval fanatic or even Homer and Virgil ever had or ever will be. W. W. STRICKLAND.

La Par.

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