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## Views and Opinions.

### Truth Will Out.

Words have curious and quite unintended implications, and in such cases often manage to convey meanings far nearer the truth than the ones intended. For example, a writer in a recent issue of the *Daily News*, in the course of a notice of work by Harnack, remarked that the fixing of the Canon of the New Testament "checked the production of imaginative facts" among the early Christian writers. To use an Americanism we "fell" at once for that phrase. It is far better than Mr. Churchill's "terminological inexactitude." That depends for its effect upon mere sound, and so had its influence upon the class for whom it was intended. But the "production of imaginative facts" not merely slurs over the truth, it carries with it a compliment. It implies that although the producer is advised not to do it again, he is yet a very gifted and artistic individual. Common men would call a man who goes about producing "imaginative facts" as sober history a liar. But it would never do to say this of the founders of Christianity. Their spiritual excellence and unspotted morality must be upheld at all costs, and in respectable society one must never imply that Christian writers have small regard for the truth. "Excessive spiritual zeal," "carried away with love for Christ," or some equivalent phrase must be found. And it is quite certain that if the *Daily News* man had said what all students know fairly well, that one can never afford to take the word of an early Christian writer concerning anything where his religion is concerned, the expression would never have passed. Lord Beaverbrook has kindly explained to the world that he runs the *Daily Express* so as to suit the big drapers, and if not the big drapers the other newspapers act upon pretty much the same principle.

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### Our Spiritual Leaders.

And yet it would not, perhaps, be quite correct to simply say that the New Testament and the early Christian writers were simply liars. They did not tell the truth, but a liar is something more, and less, than that. Above all, it would give them credit for a higher mental quality than they possessed. They were simply ignorant men, with that degree of cunning not unusual with ignorant men, grossly super-

stitious, and almost destitute of what we moderns understand by a sense of veracity. Several generations of scientific activity, together with a decrease of theological influence in social life, have cultivated a considerable measure of respect for truth-speaking, and it is rather difficult to picture a generation which felt free to romance with all the irresponsibility of children in matters of religion, but until one bears that fact in mind essays on the New Testament are so many elaborate studies in misunderstanding or confusion. If one sits down to a study of the New Testament writings, or above all, to the reading of one of the finest compilations of human absurdity and childish superstitions existing—the twenty-four volumes of the Anti-Nicene library containing the writings of the early Christian leaders—one gets a faint idea of the crass ignorance and boundless credulity that went to the making of Christianity. The modern idea of demanding proof before a statement should be accepted was foreign to them. A sense of veracity was practically non-existent with them. When they talked about the truth, what they meant by it was the particular doctrines they were upholding. These were true because they believed in them. They did not believe in them because they were true.

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### For the Glory of God.

The first generations of Christians were ignorant and credulous. But these are two things that usually bring others in their wake. And from the acceptance of inherently incredible dogmas to the invention of others that were agreeable, or the suppression of those that were inconvenient, is an easy step. The one thing that no ecclesiastical historian has been able to either hide or dispute is the unveracity of the early generations of believers. Scores of documents were deliberately manufactured to support this or that view of religion. Tales of miraculous events were turned out by the hundred. When required, at a rather later date, Latin and Greek writers had passages inserted in their works to bolster Christian claims or teachings. The "production of imaginative facts" became a settled industry in the Christian Church, and it has remained one of its most thriving industries till to-day. From the preacher who invents personal experiences for the purpose of illustrating a sermon, to the apologist slandering his opponents in order to exhibit the vileness of his alleged teaching, the industry is still a thriving one. There has never been a Church so inimical to a healthy sense of intellectual rectitude as Christianity has been. Buddhism impressed its followers with the need for getting the exact truth by a study of the facts of life. Zoroastrian said that above all things one must speak the truth both to and about one's neighbour. The duty of the culture of the intellect is strikingly absent from the New Testament. It is true that among some of the early Christian writers—those who had not yet outgrown the influence of pagan ethics—there was some mention of a lie being reprehensible, but this was usually cancelled by the teaching that a lie was quite permissible so long as it

was told in the interests of Christianity. The matter may well be put in the words of Lecky:—

The medieval credulity had also a more direct moral influence in producing that indifference to truth which is one of the most repulsive features of so many Catholic writings. The very large part that must be assigned to deliberate forgeries in the early apologetic literature of the Church we have already seen; and no impartial reader can, I think, investigate the innumerable grotesque and lying legends that during the whole course of the Middle Ages were deliberately palmed upon mankind as undoubted facts, can follow the history of the false decretals, and the discussions that were connected with them.....without acknowledging how serious and inveterate has been the evil.....This absolute indifference to truth whenever falsehood could subserve the interests of the Church is perfectly explicable.....An age which has ceased to value impartiality of judgment will soon cease to value accuracy of statement. And when credulity is inculcated as a virtue, falsehood will not long be stigmatized as a vice.....They exchange the love of truth for what they call the love of the truth.

To Protestant readers a great deal of the force of this will be lost because of the emphasis of the Catholic Church, but as a matter of fact it has been more or less a characteristic of all the Churches, and was a marked feature of Christians so soon as they are met with in European history. To lie for the Glory of God has been an acceptable Christian virtue from the first generation of Christians down to Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Torrey, and the last Salvation Army sermon. Dr. Westermarck in his classic, *Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, puts the issue more clearly. After pointing out that the truth which was valued was religious truth—he goes on to say:—

Every mental disposition which is essential to scientific research was for centuries stigmatized as offensive to the Almighty; it was a sin to doubt the opinions which had been instilled in childhood before they had been examined, to notice any objection to those opinions, to resolve to follow the light of evidence wherever it might lead. Yet we are told, even by highly respectable writers, that the modern world owes its scientific spirit to the extreme importance which Christianity assigned to the possession of truth, of the truth.....This statement is characteristic of the common tendency to attribute to the influence of the Christian religion almost anything good which can be found among Christian nations. But surely the patient and impartial search after hidden truth, which constitutes the essence of scientific research, is not congenial to, but the very opposite of, that ready acceptance of a revealed truth for the sake of eternal salvation, which was insisted upon by the Church. And what about that singular love of abstract knowledge which prevailed in ancient Athens where Aristotle declared it to be a sacred duty to prefer truth to everything else and Socrates sacrificed his life on its altar. It seems that the modern scientific spirit is only a revival of a mental disposition which was for ages suppressed by the persecuting tendencies of the Church.

The *Daily News* writer whose article suggested these notes says that in the New Testament the Church "forged" for herself a new weapon against heresy. In the light of its history there is peculiar appropriateness in that word "forged."

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#### Faith and Fiction.

The tremendous amount of deliberate lying and general falsification that has accompanied Christianity from the earliest years is so undeniable that no historian of repute fails to note it. The fact that there is a lower standard of veracity in the Christian Church than elsewhere, cannot reasonably be denied. But one would like some writer of standing to set

out on an enquiry why this should be so, and publish the result. Why should the "production of imaginative facts" be so much commoner in matters of religion than elsewhere, and why should this practice be so generally condoned? There are, of course, plenty of liars in ordinary secular life, but they are not praised for their lying, no excuses are made for them, they are ashamed at being found out, and their authority is weakened. But in connection with the Christian Church the producer of "imaginative facts" is not dishonoured, he is excused on account of his zeal for the faith, and his productions often take their place in the armoury of regular Christian warfare. Why this difference? Why is the secular liar despised and the religious liar exalted? That is the problem I should like some publicist with the requisite knowledge and ability to discuss. Tentatively, I suggest that an explanation may lie in the fact that in secular affairs the dice are loaded in favour of truth, while in religion there exists no such check. In secular affairs truth is a question of putting ourselves into a right relation with facts with which we are all acquainted—our relations to the external world, with our neighbours, etc. Cultivating wrong relations here inevitably spells trouble. In business or friendship it means loss of respect and confidence. In relation to the external world it may involve all sorts of trouble, even death. The emphasis is therefore in the direction of truth. In religion there is no such guarantee. There are no observable facts, no attainable facts, to which religion may be brought into contact. Whether there is another life or not, no one can be sure until the day after he is dead. If there is a God he must wait at least as long to find out. The alleged facts to which religion appeals are not attainable, the test of truth does not apply. There is nothing to curb or to discipline the intellect, and there is every inducement to invent, or to fancy, or to misstate where self-interest prompts. It is a mental world in which the fool may move on equal terms with the philosopher. No wonder there is such a lavish production of "imaginative facts," and so many instruments "forged" for the protection of the faith. I thank thee, O *Daily News*, for such illuminating expressions.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

### "In a Mirror Darkly."

MANY years ago it was the privilege and pleasure of the present writer to listen to a remarkable sermon preached in the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, by the Rev. Dr. John A. Hutton, of Glasgow, who was already enormously popular as preacher on anniversary and other special occasions in England, and also as contributor of unique articles to the *Christian World*. Even then the possibility of inducing him to come to the City Temple was openly cherished by many of his admirers; but there was no likelihood whatever of his ever occupying the pulpit of Westminster Congregational Church. And yet it was he who was chosen as successor to the much loved Dr. Jowett. Dr. Hutton still contributes articles to the *Christian World*, now under the general title of "All Things Considered." The text of the discourse which we heard in the Marylebone Church was 1 Cor. xiii. 12: "For now we see in a mirror darkly"; and curiously enough the substance of that sermon constitutes the Doctor's article in the issue for June 25, and reminds us of the peculiar views expressed on that memorable occasion so many years ago. The article begins as did the sermon, as follows:—

In St. Paul's day mirrors were made not of glass but of metal—of polished iron it might be, or of

silver or of brass. There is more, therefore, in this metaphor as St. Paul used it than there would be were we to use it in our day. When we see a thing in a mirror, why, it is as good as though we were seeing the thing. If the mirror is a good one, to see a thing in it, and to see a thing directly is the same. In St. Paul's day a mirror was not so authoritative. It could give you the general outline of an object....."Now we see in a mirror darkly," enigmatically, as the word precisely means. We see, that is to say, and we don't see.....We see well enough to be sure that the thing is there, that it is not a figment of our own brain.

Surely that is all we need to know about what the metal mirror could and could not do for those who had to use it; but as a metaphor its suitability is by no means above suspicion. For example, we are told that we see well enough through it to be sure that the thing is there, and that is perfectly true if we are thinking exclusively of the metallic mirror; but Dr. Hutton is thinking of it only as a metaphor of belief or faith, and as such the statement just quoted is not true of it. If the reverend gentleman is speaking religiously the following expression cannot be true: "We see the thing well enough in the mirror to be able to recognize it later and at any time when we see it directly." No so-called supernatural object is ever seen directly, at least not in this world, and we know absolutely nothing of any other. Indeed, Dr. Hutton himself declares that "Probability is what you get in our day from the face of life—probability as to God, as to Christ, as to the reality of the human soul, as to the moral order in this world, as to the final triumph in this world of the true and the beautiful, and the good." Probability is a notoriously insecure staff upon which to lean in times of weakness, suffering, and sorrow, and a time surely comes when it completely breaks down. Even faith is subject to moods, to changing circumstances, and to mental conditions. Dr. Hutton says:—

The difference between a man who has an effective faith and another man who has either no faith, or an impotent faith, lies here. The one takes what he can get, takes what life has given him, what God has given him, and makes the best of it, makes everything of it. The other allows himself to be restrained and reduced to inactivity by thinking too exclusively of the great mass and bulk of things about which he knows nothing. And so you might define faith as "putting the accent on the right place." We all put the accent somewhere; this we call our temperament or natural prejudice. In trivial matters there is the type of mind that dwells upon gloomy aspects, and again there is a type of mind which will find in most things some reason or occasion for good spirits. There is the type of mind that will see only the general disorder, and another type of mind which will see something of immeasurable hopefulness in some solitary fact which he persists in no isolated fact, but is related to a whole kingdom of facts throbbing and inevitable beneath the surface. This latter temperament is the temperament of which faith in God in our Christian sense is the finest expression.

There is a slight tendency in this article to treat faith and knowledge almost as synonymous terms, and yet throughout it a difference is either implied or definitely asserted. Dr. Hutton admits that St. Paul was a better and happier Christian than anyone living to-day, but declares that his superiority was not due to his possession of greater knowledge than we possess. Evidently, Paul's greatness as a Christian had nothing to do with the extent of his knowledge. But he also says:—

It would seem to have to do not with knowledge as a thing you can measure, as you might measure a field or reckon out the area of a country, but

rather with the kind of knowledge which, if you measure it at all, you must try to measure by letting down a plummet. Faith, it would appear, has little to do with the knowledge of things, but everything to do with the grasp of ideas, with the knowledge of ourselves and of what lies beneath the surface.

According to the not very clear teaching of the minister of Westminster Congregational Church on this point, there are in the Christian religion certain things which are objects of knowledge. Having written much about faith and knowledge he comes to the following obscure conclusion: "Our wisdom then, it would seem, is to put the accent upon what we know, and then, so far as our faith and our outlook upon the world are concerned, to sit rather loosely to things that meanwhile confuse us; not to take too tragically the other things, greater in bulk it may be, about which we know little or nothing." Although Dr. Hutton's admiration of St. Paul has no limit, in that highly sophisticated sentence he contradicts him without a pang, for the great Apostle assures us with cheerful confidence thus: "And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to his purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). Paul, of course, claimed to know ever so many things about God and his plan of salvation through Jesus Christ. It was his boast that he had received the Gospel he preached as a direct revelation from heaven; and it was his custom to curse in the severest terms all who ventured to give a different version of it than the one he had adopted. In our opinion, however, all pretension to spiritual knowledge is utterly groundless and vain. All knowledge is wholly natural, and never transcends the material universe of which we are parts. In this universe no trace of a God of love is anywhere to be seen. Neither room nor use for him has ever been discovered. The same thing is true of Christ as he stands in all the creeds. He is an object of belief, not of knowledge, and so is the human soul with its mythical need of salvation. Immortality, too, is to be relegated to the realm of imagination. It is at once an object of hope and fear, and Shakespeare's ingenious treatment of it in Hamlet's inimitable "Soliloquy" is a feat of genius. He makes Hamlet say:—

Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,  
And make us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

All these, God, Christ, the soul, and a future life, we resolutely contend, are in no sense objects of knowledge, but wholly of blind belief, and the only conclusion to which we can come concerning them is that objectively they are non-existent. Is it not an inexplicable fact that God has no dealings whatsoever with anybody except those who believe? You may curse him till you are black in the face, he takes no notice. He never comes out in self defence. Supernatural beings have never supplied us with a single evidence of their existence, nor have they ever done either good or evil, though the belief in them has led myriads of human beings to the commission of the darkest deeds conceivable. J. T. LLOYD.

Until the community is organized in such a way that the fear of bodily want is forgotten as completely as the fear of wolves already is in civilized capitals, we shall never have a decent social life.—G. B. Shaw, in *Preface to "Androcles and the Lion."*

## Literature and Life.

In our fat England the gardener, Time, is playing all sorts of delicate freaks in the trees and tracteries of the flower of life, and shall we not note them.—  
*George Meredith.*

VERY many people, not wholly illiterate, believe that in the restless, commercial age in which we live, good poetry is almost impossible, and the poets themselves often help this delusion by seeking their subjects from the past. Instead of drawing inspiration from the world around them, they find subjects in classic literature or medieval legends. Not only that, for they often forget that the proper study of mankind is man. Thus we have the sham antique, or Wardour Street, school of poetry, which appeals far more widely to readers than the work of those poets who have embodied in their verse the newer material of modern life, and the conditions of present-day industrialism. The average writer of to-day maintains usually a high level, and this is saying much, for poetry is not so easy as it once was. The discriminating reading public is more exacting, and will not tolerate a singer who merely chants in mellifluous accents that the sky is blue or that the grass is green.

Among the singers who have, in some measure, responded to contemporary impressions, Mr. Wilfred Gibson's work arouses curiosity. In his three books, *Daily Bread*, *Fire's*, and *Womenkind* (Elkin Matthews) he has drawn his material from everyday life, and has succeeded admirably in infusing the spirit of poetry into some of the most unpromising phases of modern industrialism. The area of proletarian labour is almost an untitled field so far as the muses are concerned, and a successful attempt to deal with it as literature deserves encouragement. Indeed, the singer who can transmute the dross of the unpoetical into the pure gold of poetry has adventured to some purpose. Add to this that Mr. Gibson has succeeded in endowing common things, and trifling actions, with a new dignity and meaning. It is only a high imagination which can so relate and ennoble things, and the mere fact that he has relied upon life itself, instead of picturesque association and pasteboard romance, is worthy of commendation. Like Walt Whitman, he does not hold to the lazy theory that the tunes and cadences of other centuries are better fitted to express modern thought and feeling than music made to-day. A poet who sings of the flower-seller in the streets, of the printer at his bench, of the charwoman at her work, is somewhat of a novelty among the poetasters of the day.

According to the popular standard, the ship is more poetical than the aeroplane. Railways may be mentioned, but to introduce motor-cars into poetry is too much. That a poet should use astronomy is taken for granted, but that he should sing of biology and chemistry is rank heresy. There is real need for contemporary poets bold enough to bridge the gulf between literature and life. Attempts to reflect contemporary life have been made many times. Years ago Walt Whitman thrilled his readers with his realistic impressions of phases of life in the Great Republic of the West. Tennyson, also, tried to reproduce contemporary thought in his clear-cut, scholarly verse, as did Sully Prudhomme in France. Maeterlinck has used the crude material of science with a master's hand. The average poet, however, masks his own incapacity by using words and thoughts which he knows are poetical because poets have used similar ideas since the dawn of civilization.

Mr. Gibson's muse deals with social life, and a large number of his verses record the struggle of

the workers. A poem in *Fires* portrays the emotions of a sweated printer:—

He was so dazed that he could hardly keep  
His hands from going through the pantomime  
Of keeping even sheets in his machine—  
The sleek machine, that, day and night,  
Through those glaring, flaring hours  
In the incandescent light,  
Printed children's picture books.

In another vein the poet gives us a realistic and humorous portrait of an old charwoman:—

Suckler of a score or so of children—  
"Children! Bless you! Why, I've buried six, sir."  
Who, in forty years, wore out three husbands,  
And one everlasting, shameless bonnet.

A finer example of Mr. Gibson's method is found in *Geraniums*, which depicts an old street flower-seller, and the emotions roused in the poet by the blazing red of the blossoms against the black background of a London night:—

And yet to-morrow will those blooms be dead,  
With all their lively beauty, and to-morrow  
May end the light lusts and the heavy sorrow  
Of that old body with the nodding head.  
The last oath muttered, the last pint drained deep.  
She'll sink, as Cleopatra sank to sleep,  
Nor need to barter blossoms for a bed.

Mr. Gibson does not restrict himself to phases of metropolitan life. There is a fine piece of writing in *The Night Shift* in which a collier's wife who has given birth to a child, has delirious premonitions of disaster to her husband. The mother speaks:—

There's no hope,  
For she hears something—  
Something that I cannot.  
The wife's heart hears  
What the old mothers may not,  
Because it beats too loudly.

This is weighty and significant work. Mr. Gibson has done well, for he has made an honest attempt to extend the bounds of poetry, the finest flower of the literary art. Maybe, he passes occasionally over the boundary of poetry into prose, and even into the prosaic, in his free use of the unconventional. He is not the "Bobby Burns to sing the song of steam" whom Rudyard Kipling called for. He is not a poet of the people like Francis Adams, whose honest indignation rings in *Songs of the Army of the Night*. Nor is he a writer of music-hall songs, or jingles for the magazines. But he differs from most literary men in that he has caught a glimpse of the new poetry which our time demands. His success should stimulate our poets to develop the deeper meaning and hidden beauty of contemporary life until we all feel:—

The mighty being is awake  
And doth with his eternal motion, make  
A sound like thunder, everlastingly.

There is room for the Jean Francois Millet of literature, the Millet who will paint so many other things beside the "Angelus." The poet who could sing of the life of our great cities with imaginative power, intellectual energy, and with wide sympathies, will inscribe his name among the great writers, for he would have modern life for his inheritance, "New and yet old as the foundations of the earth."

The unthinking and uncritical amiability of the modern newspapers which finds great writers whenever the advertisement manager directs, does a heavy disservice to real literature. We are, in the words of Henry James, "a generation so smothered in quantity and number, that discrimination, under the gasp, has neither air to breathe nor room to turn round." A generation ago William Ernest Henley was scorned and insulted because he chanted the glories of the greatest city of the world. To-day he

would be overwhelmed in a flood of flattery needlessly poured forth for the sapping and destruction of his genius. The poet should work his hardest for the present, and for the rest await the verdict of posterity.

MIMNERMUS.

## Joy in Manchester.

A GHASTLY and smutty building, with a portico supported on Greek pillars, used foul language to me as I passed it. It bawled at me: "I am the Manchester Art Gallery, and I am the home of beauty!"

Of course, I knew that the den contained fine pictures which are supposed to convey a message of beauty to the city of Manchester. But for so horrible a smoke-begrimed building to pretend to reveal "art" to this corner of Lancashire was, to my mind, a blasphemy and a crime. What right had this dirty house to talk to me about grace, and splendour, and the victory of human invention over the crude materials of the earth? Real art—real idealism—does not decorate a pretty chamber inside a sordid world, and smugly chat to itself of Purity, Love, Peace, and Joy. Real idealism valiantly uses all the material stuff, and, with the aid of economic reform, education, sanitation, and applied science acting in the name of progress, it step by step transforms the Inferior into the Better.

Hot with indignation against the insulting "Art" Gallery, I rushed along Deansgate, and entered the Christian Science hall—the habitation of joy—just before the customary Wednesday evening meeting for "Testimonies" was opened. The walls of the assembly-room, coloured a sunny yellow, beamed fraternally at me, and the well-dressed people sat in peace, listening to a softly-played piano. A nice-looking, blue-robed lady mounted the platform slowly, and, standing at a desk in a statuesque manner, gazed fixedly at the audience, and invited us to sing: "Now to our loving Father God, a glad-some song begin," and this word "gladsome" acted as the keynote all through.

Three inscriptions on the wall behind the statuesque lady gave us two messages from the Gospel of John (that pamphlet of vague, Platonic, unworldly mysticism), and a message from Mary Baker Eddy thus—"Divine love always has met, and always will meet every human need"; and, over the graves of the ten million men slain by the war of 1914-18, Mrs. Eddy's words would, in various degrees, impress the passers-by. The lady in blue read a long series of Bible passages which rang the changes on the terms "glad" and "joy," such as "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," "Rejoice in the Lord always," "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad."

Another desk, and another chair, stood untenanted on the platform; and, in fancy, I there installed a skeleton ghost, who shrieked from the Bible an ample list of curses and woes, including the gruesome threat—"He that believeth not shall be damned." And who shall say that my skeleton spoke with less Biblical authority than the charming lady in blue? But it was apparent from a reading, by this azure angel, from Mrs. Eddy's book (as, indeed, from the book at large) that Christian Science mounts a ladder above the daily experiences of disease, curse, filth, poverty, degradation, and ugliness, and, having pronounced these things "materialistic" and "sinful," revels in a thin air of "joy," "peace," "harmony," and "spirit." Without the temple—prostitution, war, sickness, slavery, slums, starvation in a hellish riot; within—sweet hymns, beatific smiles, sunny doctrine,

and a delicate feast of divinity. I could not help thinking of the Manchester Art Gallery and its inky outside.

The melodious voice of the platform invited testimonies.

Two women assured us of the tremendous helpfulness of Christian Science. A third declared that, by faith in Christ, and disdaining medical aid, she had triumphed over scarlet fever, inflammation of the eyes and skin disease; and, much to my astonishment and disgust, stated that her prayers had passed her son through two school "examinations." The examination system is one of the plagues and insanities of modern so-called education, and if Mrs. Eddy's Christ bolsters up this bad institution, I will not vote for him, even though a thousand ladies in blue should beseech. After the testifying women followed several men, one of whom more or less entertained us with a rigmarole story, the point of which seemed to be that Christian Science had effected a rise in his salary. And we closed the proceedings with a resounding psalm: "Joy to the world! the Lord has come! Let earth receive her King!" The azure angel slowly descended; a back door received her out of my sight, and I wistfully turned to depart, and prepared to thread my way among numerous groups of Christian Scientists who lingered, and conversed with joyful animation.

"You have, I trust, enjoyed the meeting," gently enquired a lady's voice.

The forlorn stranger from London (that means me) gratefully turned to the speaker, and we began exchanging views. It was not long before the young lady paused dubiously at my questions, and summoned the assistance of a very benevolent elderly deacon, or leader, or apostle—I know not his title. Our talk was entirely good-humoured. Joyfully we began; joyfully we went on; joyfully we ended; joyfully we shook hands; and joyfully I here record my criticisms of the value of Christian Science; and I entirely agree with the Bible and Mrs. Eddy—I should rather say, Mrs. Eddy and the Bible—that "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

I confess, indeed, that I find it difficult to keep merry when I remember the Manchester Art Gal—

But no! My proper topic is Christian Science, and I was about to state my scepticisms on the subject of Mrs. Eddy's famous philosophy. I may express my view under three heads, in relation to three topics which, so far as my observation of the literature and methods goes, are very inadequately treated by the joyful Scientists.

1 Inadequate accent on education. For some fifty-four years I have been engaged in a variety of forms of youth-training; nevertheless I have always tried to guard myself against exaggeration in measuring their value. As a rough approximation, I often say the problem of life has two halves, or two E's, namely, Education and Economics. So I by no means wish to tell Christian Scientists that education will by itself build a happier world. But education—moral, æsthetic, intellectual, and civic is indispensable; it implies a long and varied discipline (not mere submission to orders): it demands continual discovery. Such elements of a sane life I do not see stressed in Christian Science.

2 Inadequate respect for human effort. A very wise Frenchman (Vauvenargues) once said that "The world is what it must be for an active being, fertile in obstacles." The overcoming of these obstacles is one of the chief tasks of civilization. It is one of the glories of human genius. On the material side, take the cutting of the Panama Canal. On the mental side, take the construction of "Esperanto" by Dr. Zamenhof. I do not find this noble constitu-

ent of human nature rightly appraised in Mrs. Eddy's Science. I am obliged, on the contrary, to affirm that her Science is too slavish.

3 Inadequate thought for practical politics; that is to say, practical agencies for framing a finer social policy. Manchester, and its poor neighbour, Salford, are disgraced by many mean streets; and old citizens will tell you that, seventy years ago, the condition of the two towns was, in some quarters, horrible. Now, I am all for poetry, music, joy, harmony, and health; but I am dead against the silly, snobbish, unimaginative and (yes, it must be said) lazy attitude which leans on Christ instead of bustling about for more efficient sanitation, housing, and industrial and financial organization. Really vulgar is the pious affectation which saves itself trouble by calling these things "materialistic," and then lapsing into its cushioned chair of Christian ease.

In my chat with the apostle, or deacon, at Deansgate, I did try to please him by one remark. I said I had been brought up in the dark and confined creed of Evangelicalism (Hell, Salvation by Blood, etc.), and I now acknowledged that the cheery atmosphere of Christian Science was a considerable improvement on that ancient and dungeon-like faith. Yes, and I repeat it; it is a considerable improvement. But Christian Science is too spiritually luxurious, indolent, and self-satisfied. It reclines amid pretty pictures, while much of the world outside is disfigured by grime and rot. It reminds one of the Manchester Art.....

I beg pardon; I must not keep sliding back to that dreadful subject. F. J. GOULD.

### The Great Architect.

I SUPPOSE I was a little dull and abstracted, when I was brought back to earth by a remark made by my vivacious companion, which is almost a commonplace in my experience.

"For goodness sake look pleased."

"Sorry," I hastened to apologise, and with an air of propitiation, "I am bound to be pleased, whatever my expression, because I am with you."

"Not so bad," said she, with an air of weighing me in the balance.

"I didn't know I wasn't looking pleased," said I, smiling.

"That's better," she praised. "Now you haven't got an expression shouting that you don't think much of this world."

I thought this over. "As a matter of fact I don't of course," said I, "but then I have a few thousand years' advantage of the Almighty, and could naturally do much better. In any case, the greatest genius cannot expect to produce a work of art every time, and so far as we know this was both his first and last attempt. It's no wonder it didn't really come off."

She was genuinely pleased now, and so was I. What her emotion was, I don't know—one never does—but I felt I had said something rather clever, and was accordingly more or less happy for the moment. There is a good deal of pleasure to be obtained from a spontaneous remark that pleases one, especially if it continues to do so, and this obviously does, or I should not go to the trouble of committing it to writing.

But on thinking the matter over, which I have done once or twice with a measure of satisfaction, I find the ointment is not without its winged insect. Alas! It rarely is! Indeed purity of ointment is as difficult to discover in these hygienic days as it was when less attention was paid to the infectious charac-

ter of the matter carried about by the small but potent fly.

That is a little beside the point. Reflection leads me to remember that my beautiful wit was perhaps a little derivative. In one of his very amusing books James Branch Cabell says that after his arduous and exhausting business of the week God was a little tired. He had made so many things, most of them quite well, that he was not in his best vein, when he came to create man. The many and obvious deficiencies of the human race are thus easily explained. It is really a pity that I remembered this, because it robs me of some of my self-satisfaction, the surest armour a human being can possess, and called by some of us, self-respect, so that there may be an even greater satisfaction obtained from its use.

Although my remark may have owed something to Cabell, I am quite convinced of one thing. It is substantially correct. Don't imagine that I mean that I could have made a more complete world. Even my vivid vanity does not take me so far as that: what I mean is that the imperfections of the world in the form in which it was created by the great architect have been constantly recognized by man. He has not acknowledged these imperfections, even to himself, but his actions have constantly advertised his awareness of their existence. The most primitive man, when he emerged from his commodious cave, and built a hut, acknowledged them. Nature was not good enough for him, and he proceeded to improve upon it.

From that first recognition of the disadvantages of the natural life, imposed by the incomplete state of the great architect's work, vast progress has been made. Man has forgotten how to live in a natural environment, and he much prefers to live in a sanitary town with all the modern conveniences. Of course he toys with the idea of a return to nature, but, in practice, nothing would suit him worse. He knows when he is well off and punishes those of his fellows, who toil in natural surroundings to produce food, by giving them the small share of their produce, which their measure of intelligence seems to merit. The educated townsman, who wants to keep up the supply of food, has already and quite recently said in several places that those, whose destiny is the production of food, must not be educated, or else they will want to flee from their natural environment. Nothing could be a clearer indictment of the shortcomings of nature and its great architect.

All the disadvantages of the primitive occur in nature still. There are wasps, gnats, mosquitoes, and much worse. There is no good water and little sanitation, but while the former are missing, the latter are both to be found in the towns. It is really no wonder that men are so dissatisfied with the nature they profess to admire so much that they flee from it to the more desirable and convenient artificial environment they have made for themselves. When they do go back, and usually a week-end is long enough, a day frequently, they take care to provide themselves with as many of their artificial and adventitious aids to and improvements upon nature as they can transport. On their return they heave a sigh of relief, and go happily on with their accustomed life.

Yes, on the whole I think possibly both Cabell and I are justified in our criticism. The work might have been much better done at the first attempt, considering the facilities to hand, but we have improved upon it a good deal, and no doubt we shall make it still better as time goes on. G. E. FUSSELL.

Yet one thing there is that ye shall not slay,  
Even thought. —Swinburne.

## Acid Drops.

In the comments that are being made in the English Press on the American teachers' trial for daring to teach the doctrine of evolution, they are, as usual, keeping in the background the most vital aspect of the matter. The *Manchester Guardian*, for example, points out that Tennessee is about where Oxford was when Huxley and Wilberforce fought out their battle, and that no "distinguished divine" to-day thinks that anything has been lost to religion by the acceptance of evolution. Qualifying considerations arise in connection with both statements, but the important point, the only point worth stressing in this connection, is that this obscurantism, in Wilberforce's day, as now, finds its stronghold in the Christian religion. To say that Mr. Bryan is an ignorant man or that his followers are also ignorant, are not very illuminating or helpful statements, since ignorant men are not uncommon in this world. It is more to the point to force public attention on the cause of that ignorance, or the conditions that give that ignorance the strength it undoubtedly possesses. To say that divines nowadays find nothing to disagree with in evolution, is mere journalistic nonsense. Christian divines never do find anything objectionable in a teaching they find it impossible to crush. And in that case they, sooner or later, find that it is quite in harmony with true religion.

It is really not the medieval survivals—to use the *Guardian's* phrase, that need exposing, they expose themselves to all civilized minds. The men we should expose are those who keep the essence of medievalism alive by making a few concessions where they can no longer be withheld with profit. The Bible Students' Union is no danger to the progress of Freethought, men like Bishop Barnes and other liberalizing clerics are. They satisfy some that no further advance is needed. They cover up the real ghastliness of Christianity by rationalizing its most repulsive features, and they afford an excuse for doing nothing to those who are only too ready to find it. It is these men who are keeping Christianity alive. It is quite cheap and easy to attack open and unashamed ignorance and superstition. It is quite another matter to attack that ignorance and superstition which shelters itself behind a breastwork of apparent learning, and fights under a flag of false liberalism.

The *Guardian*, however, is not to be permitted to believe that Tennessee has a monopoly of what Australians would call theological back-blockers. There are plenty of them in this country, and a letter of protest duly appeared from a local parson, writing from St. Stephen's Rectory. He says that a great deal has been lost to Christianity by the belief in the animal origin of man—in which belief this clergyman evidently does not share. He says that very many distinguished divines feel this. We should not be inclined to disagree with him in this. Often enough we have pointed out the danger of taking a mere handful of liberal parsons as typical of the whole 80,000. They are not. The bulk of them are where Christians were several generations ago, and if a change in circumstances placed these in power, and if the same change were favourable in other directions, we should soon find these very liberal parsons fall into line. We suspect that their admissions do not follow from genuine enlightenment, but from the feeling that unless some concessions are made, they will lose touch altogether with the people.

But the Tennessee Christians remain Christians—pure and undefiled. The sister of the teacher who is being charged for teaching evolution has lost her post in a school, "because the harm her brother's name has done outweighs her good services." Now that is

genuine Christianity. It is the kind of Christianity that distinguished the very early Christians. It will be remembered that the great St. Augustine refused to remain under the same roof as his mother because she still believed in the Pagan Gods. We like these examples of true Christianity. They are reminders to the world that the only time Christianity will be harmless will be when it is dead.

We beg Sir Oliver Lodge not to stop talking, as we feel sure that in time he will say something outside the laboratory that will be useful to mankind. At Westbourne Park Chapel, he asked, "Why should not the earth be Paradise?" There are many answers to this question. One of them we presume is because nearly all countries making war are Christian nations. Another is, that we are suffering from eighty-five thousand paid expounders of the other world to the neglect of this. And another is that science in certain branches has sold itself to what some would describe as Satanic influences. And yet another may be, that men like Sir Oliver Lodge are conspicuous by their absence in public ceremonies. In these affairs the Army and the Navy take precedence. The schoolboy public know famous generals and admirals, and the size of the calves of the Lord Mayor's coachmen—but who is Lister, or Soddy? And finally, Sir Oliver has thrown out an aim for mankind in which Freethinkers have always played their part—he will find more satisfaction in pursuing it than trying to talk to the dead, and on some fine morning the history of civilization will well and truly begin.

A new Church hall was opened at Reading the other day by the Archdeacon of Reading and a number of other people, and in the course of the speeches made the parishioners were informed that the three greatest buildings in the world were the Tabernacle which Moses built "from direct instructions which he received from the Divine Being," Solomon's Temple, built from designs given to Solomon by his father, "who had them direct from God," and the Temple which was built "under Divine influence," after the destruction of the previous one by Nebuchadnezzar. And all this was said at Reading, only about forty miles from London! And people who can talk like that have the impudence to consider themselves civilized! And they all have votes!

Britain, who rules the waves, is out to rule the sky; now then, my gallant lads, you eighty thousand sky pilots, here's your chance!

A suggestion is made in the *Dublin Evening Herald* that the column which bears the statue of Nelson in that city should have in its place a statue of the Sacred Heart. We are not over fond of these monuments to soldiers and sailors ourselves, but a column as advertisement of one of the grossest of superstitions is an insult to everything that calls itself civilized. Ireland sadly needs a good dose of the *Freethinker*. We wonder how it could be given her?

Even horses appear to find some Bible texts more than they can stand. At Romford the other day two men were charged with writing Bible texts—to the danger of the public—on the new Southend Road. The texts were written in large letters in chalk, and a horse shied at them and caused a collision with a cycle. Of the two the horse appears to have had more taste than the men. The men said they did it all over the country, and they were excused on payment of costs and promising not to do it again. The country is coming to something if Christians cannot make themselves an unlimited nuisance to everyone without being lugged before a magistrate. A Christian who cannot make himself a nuisance might just as well give up his religion altogether.

The advertising, on business lines, of religion is under consideration by a number of Christian leaders in this country. We submit to them the following, from America, for which we are indebted to the *Daily Record*. It is an announcement of a sermon in Kentucky. "Solomon, a six-cylindere sport. Could you handle as many wives and concubines as this old bird? Rev. B. G. Hodge will preach on this subject." As the Americans say, "Can you beat it?"

Our Missionary Societies are very deeply interested in the spiritual health of the Chinese, and many thousands of pounds are collected in this country to carry the glad tidings to China—via the missionaries. According to a Foreign Office paper, just issued, the foreign-owned factories in Shanghai are employing children of as young as six years of age, who work in the mills in twelve hours' shifts, with not more than one hour for meals. The sanitary conditions of the mills are usually bad, the children are miserably housed and fed. We are not aware that any of the British Missionary Societies have raised a protest against this child murder in the foreign-owned factories. But they have taken the gospel to them, and they are anxious that these poor children should have a good time—in the next world. And when, after twelve hours in the mills, the children are left with all the rest of the day on their hands, there is probably some good, kind missionary on hand who is ready to tell the cheerful story that unless they believe in the Lord Jesus they will go straight to hell. The conditions existing in these factories are appalling. They resemble strongly the state of affairs that existed during the worst period of the factory system in this country, which, it is worth while bearing in mind, went on during a very active period of Christian evangelicism. And then, too, our good Christians were attentive to the spiritual wants of the people. And yet those wicked Russians had the impudence to say that religion was the dope of the people!

According to the Report of the Shanghai Child Labour Commission, the largest number of children employed in one mill is in the British Yangtze-poo Mill. Out of a total of 3,800 employees, 700 are under twelve years of age. The British Laou Kung Mow, out of 1,950 employed, has 550 children. There are other cases, but as in the case of the English factories in this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we imagine that the employers of these children are quite good Christians. Ordinary infanticide is quite a benevolent institution at the side of his maltreatment of children for the sake of profit. And we must remember that these factories are outside Chinese law. They are under foreign control entirely.

One thing should, in fairness to the employers, be stated. Work is not done on Sundays. If it had been one may assume that the missionaries would have protested. One cannot outrage the Christian conscience with impunity.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, it is only fair to say, shows that he is alive to the seriousness of the Chinese question. He has issued a hurried call to prayer for the safety of the missionaries and "any of our fellow countrymen" who may be in danger. We assume that the silence over the child torture in British-owned factories is accidental. Still, one can imagine him in other circumstances, and where the silence of the missionaries was not the issue, talking about the judgment of God, etc. But it would be disloyal for the head of the national Church to talk about the judgment of God on a people whose spiritual chief he is officially supposed to be. Such things are not done—not, at least, in this country.

The *Daily Mirror* has been publishing some letters from its readers pointing out that half of the troubles in China arose from the missionaries, and one who writes

as a planter of many years' experience in Burma and Malaya says he has found that the ordinary Malay "is one of Nature's gentlemen, but the Malay, who has been persuaded to attend a missionary school (these are not common, fortunately) and becomes a Christian is often an out-and-out waster." That is the usual testimony of those who have no business connection with the missionaries.

In the foremost rank of recruiting we found the Church during the last war. Followers of Jesus, meek and mild, with their schooling in the Old Testament, could give many a good start in lurid appeals to prejudice and passion; a few of them joined the army, and some were killed, but the bulk of the black army were exempted. Now that we have reached the morning after the night before, the full effects of the war are upon us, just as anticipated by the thoughtful who did not need to be told that the Germans extracted fat from corpses. Germany cannot pay us without ruining us, but the particular side of the question is vividly brought to light by a recent tragedy. A man who had been in the war suddenly lost his hold of sweet sanity, killed his wife, his two children, his dog, and himself. It seems but fitting that the Church, some hundreds of years lagging behind the social conscience, should have been the devil's Merry Andrews in an event that could have been lived through without them. The Church in its attitude dug its own grave; and young men of the New Age do not need telling that the next move is with them.

There is something refreshing in finding this specimen of good old-fashioned Christianity in the *Hull Daily Mail*, from the Bishop of Filey:—

People get quite angry to think that God allows poverty and sickness, just as they asked in the war why does not God cure all the wounded, but we are not going into the problem of pain, but as we find the poor have existed in every age, and are to be found in every country, *we may be sure they have their place in the providential order of things*. Nor is it hard to find out why we who are bidden to do good hoping for nothing again *how should we find objects of our charity except by these very poor*. As nature so often makes the punishment fit the crime, so reward so frequently follows on good deeds that it is not always easy to see the motive with which they are done. But the persistence of poverty affords ample scope for Christian charity.

That, now, is real Christianity. It is true that "slim" preachers keep it very much in the background just now, but it is well to be reminded that it is there.

The *Sunday Herald* says, "It is little use in an energetic vicar here and there getting his church filled by mere stunting or the pampering of the young people of his parish. The fact remains that the masses have mentally outgrown much that the Church would force on them." Quite true, but what we are now waiting for is the time when the newspapers will have outgrown their fear of the Churches to tell the truth concerning them and their doctrines.

Bishop G. Ashton Oldham, Bishop-Coadjutor of Albany, New York, at the conclusion of a remarkable sermon in Westminster Abbey, echoed what has been written in this paper: "To rid the world of the scourge of war is the crying need of the hour and the Church's supreme opportunity." We would wish that the Church's answer to this challenge was the same as the answer to the question, "Can a duck swim?" but there is the Bishop of London, with his uniform, to be considered.

There is not a scintilla of evidence that we live after death. A person in a dreamless, restful sleep is as dead as far as he knows, and just as unconscious.—George O. Roberts,



**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.

H. DAWSON.—There is no later Act that modifies the right to affirm created by the Oaths Amendment Act of 1888. We believe it to be sheer ignorance that causes so many court officials to attempt to take an affirmation in the form usual with the Scotch Oath. Or it may be that their experience with Christian witnesses leads them to assume that one is unlikely to speak the truth if he has no other form than a mere promise to speak the truth. We agree with you that if everyone who ought to do so claimed the right to affirm officials would be more alive to their duty in the matter.

A. D.—We have no doubt that many Christians, and some others would find words of praise for the *Freethinker* if we were to be careful to say nothing with which believers would disagree, and presented a form of Freethought divested of intellectual stamina. But our desire is not to please Christians, but to tell them the plain truth about their religion. And it may surprise some to know that we have the respect of very many who call themselves Christians in being thus plain and straightforward.

G. A. BELLONI.—Thanks. Article received and shall appear.

H. MARTIN.—Your experience in securing a "penalty subscriber" to the *Freethinker* is amusing, but the result proves at any rate that new subscribers are not difficult to get if one only sets to work in the right spirit. What we want is a steady advertising campaign. And there is, after all, only one *Freethinker*. It has no rival.

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

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

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

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

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*Letters for the Editor of the "Freethinker" should be addressed to 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.*

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

*The "Freethinker" will be forwarded direct from the publishing office at the following rates (Home and Abroad):— One year, 15s.; half year, 7s. 6d.; three months, 3s. 9d.*

**Sugar Plums.**

Some of our readers during the summer months are making it a practice of taking small parcels of the *Freethinker* with them on their travels and distributing them to likely persons. This is a good way of introducing the paper into new quarters, and we will send small parcels of specimen copies to any who are willing to help in the work. They need only send their name and address, with some indication of how many they would like us to forward. We can do with all the new subscribers we can get.

We are delighted to see that while Christian ignoramuses in the United States are doing what they can to get the teaching of evolution stopped in the public

schools, Freethinkers are busy in getting religious encroachments stopped wherever it is possible. A member of the Freethinkers' Society of New York, Mr. L. M. Stern, brought an action in the Supreme Court to restrain the school board of Mount Vernon from allowing children to take forty-five minutes from school instruction for religious lessons. The plea set up was this action was unlawful inasmuch that it violated the Constitution by joining Church and State. The Court found for Mr. Stern, and, in delivering judgment, the Judge said:—

The Education law, Section 620, describes the instructions required in public schools. Religious instruction is not one of them. Consequently it is unlawful and unauthorized for a Board of Education to substitute religious instruction in the schools in place of the instruction required.

The courts of this State and other States have uniformly discountenanced attempts to join religious instruction with instruction prescribed for the public schools.

If it is necessary or advisable that such instruction be given on school days, each day is long enough for such instruction without encroaching on school hours. The undesirable results of keeping children away from school were made obvious in wartime, when many youngsters were forced to be absent from their studies by the general conditions. There are only 180 school days in the year, however, and there should be plenty of time for religious instruction at home or in the Sunday schools.

This judgment also prohibits the Board of Education from distributing cards for parents to sign giving consent to the religious instruction of children. The President of the New York Society, Mr. Joseph Lewis, announces that similar actions are to be taken in other States. We congratulate our New York friends on their success. It vindicates the wisdom of a fighting policy, instead of spending one's efforts in inventing reasons for a modified use of the Bible in schools, or indulging in the foolish dream of getting theology out of the schools by saying nothing about it. In Freethought work timidity never pays. It only damps the ardour of friends and encourages the activity of the enemy.

We learn from Mr. Lewis that his wife, who is also active in the work, has been successful in raising enough money to buy Jefferson's house, which will remain as a shrine in memory of a great Freethinker. We have in hand a report of the speech which Mr. Lewis delivered at the 182nd anniversary of Jefferson's birth, which we hope to publish in a week or two. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are on their way to Europe for a brief holiday, and we are looking forward to meeting them while in London.

A debate has been arranged between Mr. R. H. Rosetti and Mr. E. G. Green, Minister in charge of the Unitarian Church, Forest Gate, on the subject, "Is it reasonable to believe in a Supreme Being?"

The discussion has been fixed for Thursday, July 16, at 7.30, and Mr. Councillor H. D. Clark is to preside. Admission is free. There will doubtless be a good attendance of both Freethinkers and Christians. Discussions are not very common nowadays, and we can rely upon Mr. Rosetti putting forward the case against Theism in a way that will reflect credit upon himself and those with whom he is associated.

Mr. George Whitehead will commence a week's "mission" in the Manchester district on Saturday, July 11. He will open in Alexandra Park on the 11th at 7.30, and on the Sunday afternoon will speak in Stevenson Square at 3 and 7.30. On the 13th, 14th, and 15th he will be at All Saints, and on the 16th and 17th at Langworthy Road, Pendleton. We hope the local friends will give the meetings all the support they possibly can.

I heartily disagree with what you have to say but shall defend to the death your right to say it.—*Voltaire.*

## The Gospel History a Fabrication.

### III.

#### THE TIME WHEN JESUS LIVED.

THE period in Jewish history at which Jesus Christ is supposed to have appeared as a teacher is thus recorded in three of the canonical Gospels:—

Matt. iii. 1, 13.—And in those days cometh John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judæa.....Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan, etc.

Mark i. 4, 9.—John came, who baptised in the wilderness.....And it came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, etc.

John i. 6, 29.—There came a man sent from God, whose name was John.....On the morrow he seeth Jesus coming unto him, etc.

Now, it is quite clear from the foregoing extracts that the unknown writer of the primitive Gospel from which the Synoptists took the main portion of their narratives, did not know at what period in history Jesus and the Baptist commenced their public ministries; he therefore placed it "in those days," which is the Gospel equivalent for "once upon a time." Coming now to Luke, who wrote later than the others, and who had consulted the *Antiquities* of Josephus for historical facts connected with the Gospels, we find details added which fix the time.

Luke ii. 1, 2.—Now in the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Ituræa and Trachonitis, and Lysanias tetrarch of Abilene, in the high priesthood of Annas and Caiaphas, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness, etc.

This addition was, of course, inserted to make the Third Gospel appear historical; but it does not affect the older primitive source of the Synoptic narratives. Now, if the writer of the primitive Gospel had no knowledge of the period when Jesus first appeared, neither would he be likely to know the time of the alleged Crucifixion. This period, as we have seen, was supplied by Luke when he named Annas and Caiaphas as high priests and Pilate as governor of Judæa in "the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar"—that is to say, in the year A.D. 28.

In the case of one of the last-named individuals, however, Luke was mistaken. Pilate was procurator, and Caiaphas was high priest, from A.D. 26 to 36; but Annas, or Ananus, held the latter office from A.D. 7 to 14, and at no later period.

In the primitive account of the trial of Jesus the names of the high priest and the procurator, being unknown to the writer, could not have been given. In accordance with this fact, we find no name of the high priest in Mark's or Luke's Gospel. Luke, though he names two high priests in chapter iii., does not mention either again. In the case of Matthew, the house or palace of "Caiaphas" is twice referred to (xxvi. 3 and 57); but the high priest himself is not named. That "Caiaphas" was not in the primitive account we know from Luke xxii. 54 and Mark xiv. 53—in which latter passage (and in Matt. xxvi. 57) the word "house" is implied.

With regard to the procurator, the name "Pilate" is now found in all four Gospels; but in that of Matthew—which is the nearest to the Common source—we find both "Pilate" and "the governor." The following extract from the latter Gospel may be taken as a sample of the reading given in the primitive account:—

Now Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the king of the Jews.....And he gave no answer.....insomuch

that the governor marvelled greatly. Now at the feast the governor was wont to release unto the multitude one prisoner, etc. (Matt. xxvii. 11, 14, 15).

In the parallel passages in the other three Gospels only the name "Pilate" found its way into all new copies of the other Gospels, and the original reading "the governor" was omitted; but in that of Matthew the proper name was probably only inserted in the place where the governor was first mentioned—"delivered him up to Pilate the governor" (xxvii. 2). In the course of time, however, "Pilate" came to be inserted in other passages by copyists; so we now find the procurator in some places called "Pilate," and in others "the governor."

#### LYSANIAS.

Another misstatement of Luke in the foregoing Gospel extract is that relating to Lysanias. In "the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar" that tetrarch had been dead sixty years. This Lysanias was the son of Ptolmeny Menneus, the ruler of a kingdom in the north of Palestine, its principal city being Abila. In the second or third year of the reign of Herod the Great (38 B.C.—4 B.C.) Ptolmeny died, and Lysanias succeeded his father as ruler. After reigning for three or four years, Lysanias was put to death by Mark Antony (32 B.C.). His successor is uncertain but the kingdom was leased to Zendorus, a man in league with a band of cut-throats, who robbed and murdered all who passed through the country. Complaints at length reached the ears of Cæsar, who, to stop the evil, bestowed part of the kingdom on Herod, and placed the other part under the rule of the president of Syria.

There is no need to go into this matter further, for one fact is beyond doubt. No other Lysanias ever ruled over the province whose capital was Abila. After Herod's death, that king's portion of "the kingdom of Lysanias" was given to his son Philip, the tetrarch of Trachonitis, etc., the other portion remaining under the governor of Syria.

But, how came Luke to fall into such an error? Well, Josephus, later on, having several times occasion to mention the district once ruled by Lysanias, calls it "the tetrarchy of Lysanias" or "Abila of Lysanias" (*Antiq.* 18, 6, 10; 19, 5, 1; 20, 7, 1). Luke, in searching through these *Antiquities*, noticed these statements, and took them as meaning that Lysanias was "tetrarch of Abila" at a later period. He had not looked so far back as *Antiq.* 15, 4, 1, where the death of that tetrarch is recorded, nor had he seen what became of that kingdom.

#### THE MARTYR ZACHARIAH.

In the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus is represented as saying to some of the chief men among the Jews:—

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!.....Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers..... that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed on the earth, from the blood of Abel the righteous unto the blood of Zachariah son of Barachiah, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar (Matt. xxiii. 29, 33, 35).

In the parallel account in Luke's Gospel (xi. 50, 51) the words "son of Barachiah" are omitted. With regard to the justice of punishing the Jews of Jesus Christ's day for "all the righteous blood shed on the earth" up to their time, I have nothing to say, being now concerned only with the words in italics. From these it is quite clear that the reference is to "all the righteous blood shed" from the earliest recorded instance (Abel) down to the latest notable example—"Zachariah the son of Barachiah."

Who, then, was this recent martyr Zachariah? Upon this question Christian commentators throw no

light. In 2 Chron. xxiv. 20, 21 we have an account of the martyrdom of "Zachariah, the son of Jehoiada"; but this took place more than 800 years B.C., and could not be the one referred to. We have therefore to look for a much later Zachariah, and, of course, we find him. He was "Zachariah the son of Baruch," who was foully murdered (A.D. 68) by the Jewish assassins called Zealots in the temple, or court of the temple, during the siege of Jerusalem (Josephus, *Wars*, 4, 5, 4). Barachiah and Baruch are merely different forms of the same name. No other historical martyr of the first century named Zachariah is known.

In the Gospel passage, then, Jesus is represented as referring to an event that occurred thirty-eight years after his death: or, to put it another way, this Gospel paragraph was one of the little hearsay stories which the writer of the primitive Gospel collected and committed to writing at some unknown period. This period now appears to have been a decade or two after the destruction of Jerusalem—say, between A.D. 80 and 90, or later. The four canonical Gospel writers all lived in the first half of the second century.

#### THE PROPHECY OF THE LAST DAYS.

One of the longest and most important of the threefold narratives which the three Synoptists took from the primitive Gospel is that now called "the prophecy of the last days" (Matt. xxiv.; Mark xiii.; Luke xxi.). In this so-called "prophecy" Jesus is represented as predicting the siege of Jerusalem and the destruction of that city and the temple, with all the attendant horrors that should come upon the Jewish nation (A.D. 66—70). After reading this long chapter of predictions, the question naturally arises: Whence did the primitive writer get all the words which they are ascribed to Jesus?—which words, assuming they were actually spoken, were certainly not taken down at the time. Neither, again, could any disciple, assuming he heard them spoken *once*, commit them to memory, or afterwards reproduce them in writing—even if we further assume that fishermen and such people *could* write in those days. The old orthodox plea that the evangelists wrote their Gospels under the influence of the "spirit of God," which brought the words of Jesus to their remembrance is now exploded. Whence, then, did the primitive Gospel writer obtain this long oration? The answer is, He had no report of the speech from anyone. The words were simply fabricated for the occasion, and then piously placed in the mouth of Jesus. This was, of course, done some time after the fall of the holy city; for, needless to say, the primitive Christians possessed no prophetic powers: they were all, without exception, extremely ignorant and credulous men.

There need, however, be no mystery as regards the source. The chapter, upon examination, will be found to be a purely literary composition, made up of a dozen or more passages pieced together, these passages having been taken from the Old Testament and apocryphal writings. It can, therefore, be safely said that this grand "prophecy" was never spoken by Jesus, as represented in the Gospels, but was laboriously compiled by the primitive Christian teachers from the source I have named. Moreover, the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew (or either of its parallels in Mark and Luke) is itself a proof, not only of systematic fabrication, but of the fact that the earliest known Gospel was written after A.D. 70. After Jerusalem had been destroyed, and a large proportion of the Jews had been slaughtered or carried away captive, the primitive Christians (who had taken no part in the war) imagined the end of the world to be at hand. Hence, it is stated in this

pseudo-prophecy that "immediately after the tribulation of those days" the "Son of man" should come with his angels to judge the world. This "immediate" coming is afterwards modified into "before that generation should pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 29, 34)—the generation referred to being that of those living at the time of the "tribulation" mentioned. It was during this period (A.D. 70—90) that the primitive Gospel was written. The time when Jesus is said to have first appeared—"in those days"—was, of course, before the holy city was besieged by the Romans: but how long before we have no evidence to show. ABRACADABRA.

### M. Camille Flammarion.

WHILST the world is making up its mind as to what is the purpose of life, if any, those who for want of a better name we call pioneers, are busy in repaying with gratitude the gift of life itself. It may be in the field of medicine, art, physics, or science, that the labour of one man enriches our inheritance from those who went before us; why the particular man does it is a question that will take us in deeper waters than that to be fathomed in the murky seas of theology where we are asked to burn our boats of reason. With certain reservations, we might say, that inventions or any life furthering discoveries are the marks of the individual's loyalty to his own species. And these individuals, peaks among the arid flatness of merely living, are Nietzsche's "first men."

As in economics, so in astronomy, the heavy spirit of writers on these subjects have made their matter repulsive where they have not reduced their subject to obscurity. In another direction, Browning, with his intuition, gave us a lyrical description of grey matter exhaustion in Transcendentalism. Jacob Boehme, beloved of mystics, gave us "The Signature of All Things"—which is, to say the least of it, ambitious. This Noah the Second, if we may say so, in the reading of him, stretches the fourth finger of our mind, and enables us to get another view of cosmogony, but the patience of Browning with him gives out:—

While reading prose in that tough book he wrote  
(Collating and emendating the same  
And settling on the sense most to our mind)  
We shut the clasp and find life's summer past.

The loss, he says, is repaired by another Boehme with a tougher book and subtler meanings of what roses say, when, to our relief, we look on the thing itself.

And in there breaks the sudden rose herself,  
Over us, under, round us every side,  
Nay, in and out the tables and the chairs  
And musty volumes, Boehme's book and all,  
Buries us with glory, young once more,  
Pouring heaven into this shut house of life.

All of which, you will say, is very clever, or very dull, in coming to your point—you really ought to know better with the first line of the "Iliad" before you, or with the example of Milton's method in "Paradise Lost."

Some two years ago, a book entitled *Astronomy for Amateurs* came into our possession. It was a translation by Frances A. Welby of the original, by the late Camille Flammarion, and it will give joy in reading, and pleasure in the remembrance of it. In the introduction, the author states that the twelve lessons will not make astronomers or mathematicians of his readers—much less prigs or pedants, and, with the light touch of a genius he describes the

sun in the first lesson as "the star of the day." Almost word for word he repeats Pascal's saying about the silence of the vast and starry heavens terrifying him, but he takes this thought further, amplifies it, and, with a touch of lyrical fire, leaves it, stripped of its terror, and untouched with the Christian complex of "original sin"—"each star becomes a friend, a discreet confidant, often indeed a precious counsellor, for all the thoughts it suggests to us are pure and noble." This at least is a note of hope.

With simple charts, our author helps us to navigate the firmament, bringing us in the atmosphere of Greek mythology. Also, we may find ourselves realizing the truth of the saying that the Greeks were the children of history; the Great Bear and the Little Bear could not possibly have received their names in a community where children were in the background. In describing the seven stars of the Great Bear, he also mentions a test of vision. Over the second of the three horses is a minute star Alcor, or the Cavalier. Using the Pole-Star as his guide, his charts show us how to find Cassiopeia, Pegasus, Andromeda, Perseus, the Pleiades, and Capella, whilst further on in the book we have the geography of the moon. This, up to the moment of writing does not appear to run any risk of being sliced up, annexed, protected by pact or protocol, so that when once learned, there will be no need to buy a new map.

The chapter on comets is particularly interesting; these sports of cosmos are subject to the general laws that govern the universe, in the same way that drunken men invariably reach home although they do not take the shortest way. Halley's comet periodically comes home to the focus of the ellipse every seventy-six years, and in the meantime we have the outbreak of ominous threatenings, and consequences, from the beetle-browed priests who fight science with prejudice. Of the end of the world, of sudden death, of disaster to dynasties—Flammarion says, "These predictions are, so to speak, periodic; they crop up each time that the return of these cosmic formations is announced by the astronomers, and always meet with a certain number of timid souls who are troubled as to our destinies." As an indication of the growth of human intelligence, it was significant to note, that during the last eclipse of the sun, Americans had made arrangements to see it by airships if the clouds were in the way, and in practical matter-of-fact England, an issue, raised by journalists from whom no one expects thought, was cast in the comic mould. The great question thrown up by these philosophers of the muck heap was, would football matches be interfered with as the result of the solar eclipse taking place on Saturday?

Flammarion's description of time as an open trap through which the future falls incessantly into the gulf of the past is excellent, as also his statement that, to pretend our globe must be the only inhabited world is to reason, not like a philosopher but like a fish; and, he might have added, the whole army of priests who have been determined to keep the human race in blinkers. When the illustrious dead author, after telling us how to compute the distances, and how the various cosmic bodies may be weighed, turns from his science to speculation, we go with him. Who shall prevent anyone from having a little garden in his imagination where flowers shall bloom, and "sparrows are brighter than peacocks here"?

Abstruse works, metaphysical, quizzical, and hagiographical, or having all the twists and turns given by Southey in his description of "The Fall of Lodore," all these lead us round and about, but

bring us nowhere. With just a little chord of hope, however, the astronomer brings his book to a close:—

As our planet is only a province of the infinite heavens, so our actual existence is only a stage in eternal life. Astronomy, by giving us wings, conducts us to the sanctuary of truth. The spectre of death has departed from our sky. The beams of every star shed a ray of hope into our hearts. Nature, in every star, sings the hymn of Life Eternal.

The publishers of this book are Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., London, Edinburgh, and New York. It will not be as popular as a novel by Ethel M. Dell, but those readers who have not made its acquaintance will thank us for bringing it to their notice. The humility of the man of the world, who, from some lonely peak looks up at the glittering stars must not be confused with the humility of those Christians who know they have a seat reserved in the best part of the house. It is, on the contrary, that humility that knows itself as an actor and a spectator in and of the pageant of life that theology cannot explain in simple terms. Aware of this, the best that theology can do is to stick a ramrod in the wheels of science. The twentieth century sees the passing of a great man in Flammarion, who has lived and died in peace without interference from the black brood of atavistic monsters whose record with Bruno and Galileo would be repeated if it were not for the light that falls from the "first men" who do not waste time on the question of baptism or circumcision. This is a stone for the priest to gnaw; the bread of life is knowledge, and men like Flammarion make it too late for apes of theology to get in the saddle again.

WILLIAM REPTON.

### "An Amazing Revival."

As will have been noticed by many Freethinkers and by a much greater number of Christians the above was the title of a recent ringing and gallant leading article in the *Manchester Guardian* referring to the present Darwinian heresy hunt in the benighted State of Tennessee; but, all things considered, not so "amazing" after all, and a *survival* rather than a *revival*. It will be noted, too, that the writer of the trenchant *Manchester Guardian* article is himself not entirely freed from the primitive instinct when he says—

In England the tumult and the shouting have long died away. The religious impulse in man, which had not been killed by proof that the earth was not flat and that the sun did not go round it, has not even been scotched by the once dreaded proof that man as we know him to-day was not made in the year 4004 B.C., out of nothing. Religious faith, in any serious sense, has taken Evolution in its stride (how magnanimous, adaptable, and accommodating!) as it has taken the geological proof of the real age and physical history of the earth. (Thus we suppose orthodoxy looks difficulties in the face—and passes on!)

The leader writer goes on to speak of the new aspects in which the doctrine of the Atonement may be studied in view of the modern scientific vision of the world as the theatre of perpetual, ubiquitous, and immeasurable sacrifice for the attainment of greater perfection. But nothing of all this would seem to have reached Tennessee.

No; Tennessee is only stupid, not dishonest. Its only hope is that the Bryans will not die out, and that instead of a "roaring agitation for 'saving religion,'" there will be a smiling, resolute insistence on the salving of common sense. It may be, as Burns and other poets have said, "Its comin' yet for a' that," but, as the *Manchester Guardian* points

out, this light travels slowly, so slowly, indeed, that the office of Britain's best newspaper is as yet only dimly lit by the twilight glow; the dawning, we hope, not the fading one. The humbler shed of the *Freethinker*, if one may compare small with great, has for long been basking in the noonday sun, if not so poetical as the stained-glass-window atmosphere of this "advanced" religion, it is a light that reveals all Paddy's "cracks and sames" in the religious structure, and the later superstructure, built in the air with the former foundations gone; surely another amazing survival!

Thanks, nevertheless, for this and many another brave and sane editorial in the *Manchester Guardian*. It will do great good because it will be read by millions who have not seen the *Freethinker* and who might (at first) not love it if they had. But it is only through just such influences and offices that the justly eminent *Manchester Guardian* can take up its scientific, *ex-cathedra* attitude on primitive superstitions such as those "doubts on Darwin" in Tennessee. We get no acknowledgments, but the flattery of imitation in high places is our sure and sufficient reward. We are even grateful to William Jennings Bryan and his cave-man culture for showing us "how humble we should be" (and are), how unworthy even of an ape ancestry. Some Presidents inspired us—need I name them of that illustrious line? Others, such as W. J. B., have left us cold, or irritated us by bulking so large and lingering so long superfluous on the stage; not helping but hindering progress; not purifying, but corrupting law; perpetuating ignorance, not propagating knowledge; making a vice of virtue, a virtue of vice; all in the pursuit of righteousness, such as it seems to the narrowed and obsessed minds of bigots all the world over.

I am not an authority on Darwin any more than I am an authority on Shakespeare—two of the world's very greatest sons—but I grow more familiar with both and the more I know them I admire them the more. There is a consensus of civilized opinion regarding both, and it is not "on the side of the angels," but on ours. The angels, I fear, keep less illustrious company; the dear creatures are fallen upon evil days and know adversities' strange bedfellows. Nuns and Salvation Army lassies may choose the worst to save their souls; ordinary uninspired folk are getting into the happy knack of choosing the best this life can give, refusing bad bargains here for any goodness hereafter. Commercially it is the age of reason, largely so intellectually, religiously the advancing clergy may, with advancing politicians, yet acknowledge their debt to Thomas Paine—America's antithesis of William Jennings Bryan—my God! what a conjuncture.

The little storm 'way down in Tennessee will add to the gaiety of the intellectual world, and itself be little more important than a Welsh revival. Should, however, the contagion spread science will have to be again invoked just as in the case of other pestilences.

A. MILLAR.

#### MR. G. WHITEHEAD'S MISSION.

Mr. Whitehead's meetings are going so well in Swansea, and the weather conditions are so favourable for the crowds on the sands, that it has been decided to continue his visit for another week and postpone the Stockport visit until later in the year. All sorts and kinds of opposition have been offered. The Press, the clergy, science teachers, Hebrew linguists, and last, but by no means least, brass bands have been requisitioned to drown the speaker's tones. Mr. Whitehead, however, assures us that his voice is holding out well and he is hoping for another good week. He will be in Manchester on the 11th.—E.

## Correspondence.

### NIETZSCHE AND CHRISTIANITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In your issue of June 28, you are very kindly enquiring "What has happened to Dr. Oscar Levy?" As very few people, after my expulsion from England, have thought it worth while to raise this sympathetic question—I do not blame them for it, for in our exciting times the French saying holds good: "*Chacun pour soi: Dieu (s'il existe) pour nous tous!*"—I am most willing to give you some indication of my whereabouts, as well as some further explanation of my article in the *Observer* of June 14.

You reproach me that I have now discovered Nietzsche to be a great Christian, while all people hitherto had taken his anti-Christianity for granted, an anti-Christianity, which was not only hostile but contemptuous. But, you will forgive me. I have discovered nothing of the kind. I certainly did not and cannot deny that Nietzsche was perhaps the greatest despiser of Christianity who ever existed; and that he did not only despise the Christianity of the Church with its dogmas and ceremonies, but the very Christian ideal, the ideal of Love, Humility, Forgiveness, etc. What I said is, that Nietzsche was forced to adopt this hostile attitude by a sense which was developed by Christianity itself: the sense of truthfulness. You answer me: "This is absurd. Intellectual honesty is the one quality in which Christianity, doctrinal and historical, is most conspicuously absent. It is the one thing that is never emphasized as of value." Pardon me: but truthfulness has always been emphasized by Christianity as of value. No one, for instance, could be forgiven his sins, if he did not truthfully report them to a priest and repent them. This no doubt is the Catholic doctrine, but the Protestant, who is his own priest, has to report his sin, truthfully likewise, to his own conscience, which may, or may not, forgive him. Now Nietzsche thinks this long training of the Christian conscience, this two thousand years' discipline to truth responsible for the fact, that "we cannot tolerate any longer the lie of the belief in God." These are his own words: "One sees what has really gained the victory over the Christian God and Christian morality itself, the conception of veracity, taken ever more strictly, the confessional subtlety of the Christian conscience, to intellectual purity at any price."—(*The Joyful Wisdom*, Aph. 357.)

You will see that Nietzsche himself traced his anti-Christian attitude back to Christianity, to the truthfulness reared by Christianity. I am, of course, aware, together with you, that there are many Christians, and even Freethinkers, who do not do this; but these are in my humble opinion, unconscious Christians, undeveloped Christians, Christians who are, compared with Nietzsche, on a lower plane. Nietzsche's is the Higher Christianity and the Higher Christianity denies Christianity out of Christian truthfulness and honesty (I did not speak of the Higher Christianity in the ordinary sense of the word. I agree with you: there is no such thing.)

To repeat once more: it was the Christian Conscience that has killed the Christian God, and thus every great Freethinker owes his force of argument, and knows he does, to Christianity. Only the little ones may be allowed to think themselves Freethinkers by their own grace, and not the Grace of God. And this is what according to Nietzsche the Christian Conscience has done for Freethought: "To look upon nature, as if it were a proof of the goodness and care of a God; to interpret history in honour of a divine reason, as a constant testimony to a moral order in the world and a moral final purpose; to explain personal experiences, as pious men have long enough explained them, as if everything were a dispensation or intimation of Providence, something planned and sent on behalf of the salvation of the soul: all that is now past, it has conscience against it, it is regarded by all the more acute consciences as disreputable and dishonourable, as mendaciousness, feminism, weakness, and cowardice—by virtue of this severity, if by anything, we are good Europeans, the heirs of

Europe's longest and bravest self-conquest."—(*The Joyful Wisdom*, Aph. 357.)

In conclusion I beg to thank you for your reference to my authorized edition of Nietzsche, which, after ten years' delay and calumny, has at last been republished by Messrs. Allen & Unwin. This event cannot fail to direct some attention to what seems to be more necessary now than ever: Honest Freethought and intellectual Purity.

OSCAR LEVY.

6 rue Devès, Neuilly s/Seine.

#### "GOD IS LOVE."

SIR,—Mr. J. T. Lloyd quotes the Bishop of Lichfield as saying: "God is Love"; which is just what a bishop—and Hamilton Fyfe—would say. Love as the expression of an emotion experienced by a human being for another being; or by a man for his work, his ideals, or his god, one can understand; but what the deuce is Love in the abstract—in isolation? Assuming the existence of God the statement that "God is loving" is understandable, but "God is love," is quite unintelligible.

VINCENT J. HANDS.

#### DEBATES AND DEFINITIONS.

SIR,—It has been frequently observed that many discussions are prolonged, and no definite conclusions arrived at because the terms used are not defined by simple words, which have unmistakable meanings. Your correspondent, "Keridon," has had his philosophical ire aroused over the question as to whether man and machine both generate energy.

The word "generate" has according to the dictionary six meanings, and may relate to material or immaterial things. The word "energy" has seven meanings, and is qualified as either kinetic or potential. Many words in the English language, such as "box," are capable of expressing so many ideas, that the foreigner is confounded by their variety. The combination of any two words may, therefore, give rise to numerous shades of thought, consequently in a debate it is necessary to define the exact idea which the speaker wishes to convey, not only to his opponent, but also to the audience. There are, however, certain groups of words which convey no meaning, as their terms are mutually destructive. For instance, we cannot speak of a "gaseous solid."

"Keridon" has used the expression, "the amount of power generated or developed by an engine, etc." Here he implicitly states that generate and develop are synonymous words, although it is obvious that generating a photograph is a distinct process to developing it. Again, neither the word generate nor develop mean "availability for use," as he asserts.

The doctrine of conservatism of energy is fully believed in by all modern scientists, and no experiments that have been made are against its truth. This doctrine asserts that the energy in the universe is constant in amount, and that it cannot be created or destroyed; although it may take various forms such as light, heat, electricity, and visible and invisible motions of matter. As the word generate means to produce or create, it is evident that energy cannot be generated, and to speak therefore of generating energy is equivalent to using the phrase, "creating the uncreatable," which expression, like "a gaseous solid," is self-destructive and conveys no meaning to anyone. No doubt "Keridon" means by generating energy, transforming energy into one or more other kinds.

TREPEN.

[The expression "generation of energy" is commonly used with reference to its specific forms, not with regard to its ultimate nature.—ED.]

#### Obituary.

I regret to report the death of Mrs. Hetty Cornett, the beloved wife of one of our oldest Liverpool Freethinkers. Mr. E. C. ("Joe") Cornett, which happened on Wednesday last, July 1. Mr. and Mrs. Cornett were very much attached to each other, and her passing is a very great loss to her husband and their many friends. The funeral took place on Saturday, the 4th inst., at Kirkdale Cemetery, when a Secular Burial Service was read by myself.—W. MCKELVIE.

#### SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

##### LONDON.

###### INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (South Place, Moorgate, E.C.2): 11, John A. Hobson, M.A., "Creative Experience."

###### OUTDOOR.

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

FINSBURY PARK BRANCH N.S.S. (Finsbury Park): 11.15, Mr. White, a Lecture.

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

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Brockwell Park): 3.30, Mr. E. Grant, "The Invention of Miracles"; 6.30, Mr. A. D. Howell Smith, B.A., a Lecture.

WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S. (Outside Technical Institute, Romford Road, Stratford, E.): 7, Mr. R. H. Rosetti, a Lecture.

##### COUNTRY.

###### OUTDOOR.

GLASGOW BRANCH N.S.S.—Ramble to Milngavie; meet at Hillboot Car Terminus at 12 noon.

MANCHESTER BRANCH N.S.S.—Mr. G. Whitehead's Mission.—July 11, Alexandra Park, 7.30; July 12, Stevenson Square, 3 and 7.30; July 13, 14, 15, All Saints, 7.30; July 16, 17, Langworthy Road, Pendleton, 7.30.

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

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