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Views and Opinions.

Monkeyville.

I am waiting with some interest and in anticipation of considerable amusement for the American papers containing reports of the "Monkeyville" trial. It is, at the time of writing, proceeding with the accompaniment of side shows, "movie" men, bands, and all the paraphernalia of a country fair. As our readers are aware, a young teacher is being tried for having taught in a State school the doctrine of evolution. The law under which he is being charged was passed at the instigation of an ignorant farmer of the town of Dayton, who has never been far beyond the borders of this obscure little place, who reads little but his Bible, and who is content to swallow it just as it stands. Dayton itself appears to be a hot-bed of the most ignorant forms of Christian belief, and so is peculiarly fitted to stand as the world champion of a genuine uncompromising religion such as Jesus and his followers preached. But it is not these "back-block" Christians who are responsible for the trial of Scopes. When the law was passed it was thought by the more liberal minded that no attempt would ever be made to enforce it. But according to an article in the *Chicago Tribune*, it was a number of young men—believers in evolution—who decided to test the validity of the Act by bringing forward a case, and carrying it into the Supreme Court for final decision. The proceedings at Dayton are only a Wembleyesque prelude to that. It is a test case, and it is being brought with the consent of Scopes himself. The court at Dayton will in all probability decide the Act to be a good one. The Supreme Court will just as likely decide that it is invalid on the line that it makes the State interfere in matters of religion.

* * *

Evolution and the Bible.

Ostensibly, that is the whole issue of the trial. But, thanks to the publicity given to it, it is fast resolving itself into a trial of the Bible *versus* evolution, and ought, before it is over, to bring the question of Religion *versus* Evolution before the world. At any rate the Christians of the United States—the real Christians—see their chance of forcing the issue. For years they have been groaning under the teaching of evolution in schools and elsewhere, and of

the quiet setting on one side of the plain teaching of the Bible. Fundamentalists and Modernists have for long been at issue on this question. Said the latter:—

Science has offered conclusive proof of the truth of evolution. The educated world has accepted it. All those qualified to express an authoritative judgment endorse it. It is, therefore, impossible for us to retain the confidence, or the respect of the world if we oppose evolution. We must find a new reading of the Bible. Somehow or the other we must prove that God Almighty forestalled Darwin.

Replied the Fundamentalists:—

We do not in the least care what the scientific world thinks or believes. We take our stand upon the Bible. It is God's word. He made the world, and we have his account of the way in which he did it. It is the Bible in which all previous generations of Christians have believed for which we stand. If they were wrong then the whole history of Christianity is the story of a great delusion, and the world has been believing in a lie. If the Modernist is right the Bible is inspired no more than any other book, and it is more misleading than many. It is the scientist to whom we must go for information about man, not to the Bible or to the Christian Church.

That, I think, expresses fairly the position of the two parties. All the education lies with the Modernists; all the logic with the Daytonites. The Modernist has intelligence on his side, the Fundamentalist has honesty—which in this world does not count for as much as it might if Christianity were not here. It will not do for Christians to slur the issue by sneering at the Daytonites as though that altered the essential facts of the situation. It should be the real business of Freethinkers, now that the issue is before the public, to see that its bearings are made plain. It is true, as is being said, that it is a fight of ignorance against knowledge. We should not be slow in rubbing in the truth that all the ignorance is on the side of genuine Christianity—the faith delivered to and believed in by the Saints.

* * *

An Old Story.

Mr. Bryan, who is acting as the mouthpiece for the Christians—the real Christians—says that the acceptance of evolution is the negation of God. He says it is a straight fight between Atheism and Religion. I quite agree with him. But the Editor of the *Freethinker* and Mr. Bryan are only saying to-day what all Christians said not more than two generations ago. The public memory is very short, and "slim" Christian preachers do what they can to see that it forgets awkward facts. But there are many alive now who can recall the universal howl that went up from the Christian world during the "sixties" and "seventies" against the theory of evolution. Mr. Bryan says that evolution means the negation of God. It is only what Cardinal Manning said. Mr. Gladstone said it. Pope Pius IX. said it. Bishops and Cardinals in France, in Germany, in America, in Britain, in Australia, said it. The

Victoria Institute, which has been always a bit of a satire on science, was founded with the unavowed purpose of saying it. Darwin was buried in Westminster Abbey under the strongest protests from the Christian world. A copy of the *Origin of Species* was refused admission into Trinity College, Cambridge. And some twenty years before Darwin, when Robert Chambers published his *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*—which gave a theory of evolution—the state of this country so much resembled Dayton that he bound his publishers over in a £1,000 penalty not to divulge the name of the writer. Mr. Bryan and his friends are, therefore, on very familiar ground. And those Christians who are calling him and his followers ignorant and stupid, are playing a dangerous game. Some of their followers may reflect—and reflection is apt to break out in even the head of a Salvation Army preacher—that it is not long since all Christians were where the Daytonites are now, and that it was only in the teeth of fierce Christian opposition that the better scientific view prevailed. And they may also realize the very important truth that it is to the Christian Bible that bigotry, ignorance, and crude superstition goes for inspiration and support.

* * *

The Ultimate Issue.

Legally, the issue of the present trial should be the validity of the State law prohibiting the teaching of evolution. Actually, it appears to be likely to turn out to be a trial as to whether evolution is true or not. And that is farcical. The presiding judge is a local preacher who probably knows as much about evolution as a cow does of astronomy. Some of the jurors say they have never heard of evolution, and, at any rate, all the rest is likely to know is that it means man came from monkeys—which, looking at Dayton, does not credit the Simians with a tremendous capacity for improvement. In any case the trial is certain to bring out another crop of attempts to prove that, properly read, the Bible teaches evolution—attempts that are radically dishonest, a product of that crooked mentality which is the invariable accompaniment of Christianity at all times and in all places. Emphatically Christians are what the Mohammedans called them, "People of the Book," and they cannot honestly get away from it. And no plain reading of the Bible can get from it an endorsement of evolution. Its teachings on the origin of the world and of man are plain and direct—as plain and as definite as is such teaching with all pre-scientific or uncivilized peoples in all parts of the world. "God" made the world; "God" made man. That is all there is to be said about it. Every one of the Biblical stories about the origin of things can be actually paralleled with stories from existing savages, or from primitive peoples of other ages. When the savage looks at animals and sees they are without speech, and at man and sees that he possesses it, he explains it exactly as the Bible does, some supernatural personage taught man to speak. He parallels the Bible in every case. But we do not usually see in savage mythology a forecast of modern science. That only occurs in the case of the Bible. God made man from the dust of the earth, says the Bible; he made woman from a bone, much as one might make a brace button. In the Bible you have sacred trees and sacred stones, diseases that come from God, and that are cured by God. You have signs placed in the sky to mark arrangements between God and man, miracles by the score, and "signs and wonders" by the hundred. What room is there in this farrago of savage superstition for that endless process of change which is the characteristic and essential fea-

ture of a scientific evolution? When we read the Bible we are not moving in a region of exact knowledge at all, but in that of mythology, of savage legend, of gross superstition. Science knows nothing at all about God. More, there is no room in a scientifically conceived universe for a God. There is nothing for him to do, nowhere for him to act. There is not a scientific man in any part of the world, including even those who profess to believe in a God, who does not treat God as a negligible quantity. He does not consider his existence; he does not allow for his possible action. Mr. Bryan and the Daytonites are absolutely correct. The real issue is between Atheism and Religion. It is that issue the harmonisers are trying to evade. Mr. Bryan will do well if he keeps that before the public. He may, as the "slim" Christians say, discredit Christianity. But he will certainly make for a greater amount of honesty in relation to religion. And there is no direction in which it is more sadly needed.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The Council of Nicaea.

In Westminster Abbey, on Monday, the twenty-ninth of June, the celebration took place of the sixteen hundredth anniversary of the Œcumenical Council of the Christian Church, which was held probably in the early summer of the year 325. This service was rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that it was attended by numerous prelates from so many distant dioceses and different Churches, such as His Beatitude, the Lord Photios, Patriarch and Pope of Alexandria, His Beatitude the Lord Damianos, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and so forth. The two Beatitudes just mentioned are very old men. In contrast, there was also present the Assyrian Patriarch, Mar Shimun, described as "a delightful boy with a jolly, laughing face." A writer in the *Church Times* complains that of all the London daily newspapers only two were represented at this great ceremony, and the writer adds that this is "a fact which vividly illustrates the studied indifference of the English Press to ecclesiastical events of momentous importance." This is probably perfectly true; but, after all, when most of the facts about the Nicene Council, and the creed formed at it are known, there will be no reason for any surprise. The address delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Abbey is naturally woefully one-sided, omitting any allusion to the disgraceful facts which we are about to recite. His Grace calls the Nicene creed "the Historic Creed of Christendom"; and yet it does not find a place in *The Book of Common Prayer*. In order that we may know what we are discussing we here supply the text of that creed:—

We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds, the only begotten (that is, of the substance of the Father, God of God), Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made (both in heaven and on earth).

Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man, He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate and suffered and was buried.

And the third day (risen) He rose again according to the Scriptures and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from thence He shall come again, with glory, to judge the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end; and in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver

of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets; And in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

We acknowledge
one baptism for the remission of sins

We look for
the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come.

Such is the creed for and against which Christians have never ceased to fight with the utmost ferocity. The truth is that Christians have always been the most turbulent and war-loving people on earth. They have never been able to say from experience, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." When not engaged in bitter feuds with their neighbours they have been busy fighting one another. The Archbishop deals with this point as follows:—

I ask, what did the fact, the incident, of the holding of the council at Nicaea mean? How came it and when? What is its place, its setting in the story of Christendom? A few facts are obvious. It followed immediately upon the ending of persecution days. That point is of first-rate importance.

But unfortunately the cessation of persecution did not fill the Church with inward peace and joy. On the contrary, it furnished it with a golden opportunity to foment theological troubles within itself. The questions that disturbed it were these: Who or what was Jesus Christ? Whence and how came he? What was his exact relation to God the Father? Was he divine or human, or both? These questions were vehemently and angrily discussed wherever Christians were wont to congregate, and the churches were rent asunder by the heated controversies that disgraced their assemblies. Now the Nicene Council was ostensibly called for the purpose of restoring theological unity to the Church especially in the localities where the disputes raged most fiercely. The Archbishop is convinced that the council came to the right conclusion on the various points in dispute, and that we ought to be devoutly thankful to God for the Divine guidance given to those men who worked so zealously for the triumph of what they believed to be the truth.

Now let us take a peep at the council itself. The first thing we notice is that most of the bishops present were active enemies of one another. The first act they did on arrival at the imperial palace was to load the Emperor with venomous letters, written, evidently, with the vile purpose of utterly discrediting one another in the Emperor's eyes. At a meeting of the council Constantine produced those mean documents from the folds of his mantle. He pointed to them as they lay, bound up and sealed with his imperial ring, and then, after declaring with a solemn oath (his usual mode of attestation) that he had not read one of them, he ordered a brazier to be brought in, in which they were burnt in the presence of the assembly. Some of those men of God must have felt deeply ashamed of themselves when they witnessed that significant spectacle. It appears from all accounts of the Council that the arguments employed by the leading men were particularly ineffective, while tempers ran to amazing heights, and had more to do with the voting than anything else. Of course the Arians lost, and their bishops were brutally banished from their dioceses, and suffered intolerable miseries of various kinds. In his *Short History of Christianity*, Mr. J. M. Robertson, dealing with the nature and result of the council, says:—

When Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, declared as against his bishop that "the Son is totally and

essentially distinct from the Father, the trouble began afresh. Arius found many adherents, who accused the bishop of Sabellianizing when he affirmed that the Son and the Father were of the same essence; and the Church saw itself once more driven to define its God. Bishop Alexander had Arius cast out of the Church by two Alexandrian Councils, with the effect of driving him to a more zealous propaganda, which succeeded as promptly and as widely as any previous heresy. Thereupon the Council of Nicaea, by a majority vote, enacted that the Son was of the same essence (*homoousios*) with the Father, yet a different person, and one who was yet born of the Father; a creed to that effect was framed; Arius was sent into exile; and the leading bishops on his side were deposed. It was a mere snatch vote by a packed jury, since only some 300 bishops were present, whereas the Church contained at least 1,800.

It was indeed "a snatch vote by a packed jury"; and yet the Archbishop of Canterbury regards it as a vote to which the Council was Divinely led. In the face of such an assertion one is tempted to ask, if God intervened at all, why didn't he make it a unanimous vote? As a matter of fact, the council of Nicaea settled nothing at all. For one thing Constantine the Great was by no means a reliable man. It is a well-known fact that most of his blackest crimes were committed after his alleged conversion to Christianity; but it is not so generally known that his crimes, in some instances, made a coward of him. An illustration of this is furnished by the fact that five years after the Nicene Council he reversed its finding. As Mr. Robertson well puts it:—

Five years afterwards Constantine, who on his own part had ordered that the writings of Arius should be burned, yet expressed himself as an ultra-Arius, became persuaded that the heresiarch had been ill-used, and recalled him from exile. Thereupon the restored Arian bishops began to persecute their persecutors; and Athanasius, the new bishop of Alexandria, having refused to reinstate Arius, he, in turn, was deprived of his office by the Council of Tyre (335), and banished to Gaul, other depositions following; while a large council held at Jerusalem formally restored the Arians; and the Emperor commanded the bishop of Constantinople to receive the heresiarch. Before this could be done, however, Arius died at Constantinople (336), apparently by poison, and Constantine died a year after, baptized by an Arian bishop, leaving the two parties at grips for their long wrestle of hate.

J. T. LLOYD.

(To be Continued.)

The Beginning of the End.

The divine stands wrapt up in his cloud of mysteries, and the laity must pay tithes and veneration to be kept in obscurity, grounding their hope of future knowledge on a competent stock of present ignorance.—*George Farquhar.*

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, who was, in his way, a theologian, once said that religions do not die, but they change. It was a most acute observation. In his day the process of change was not so marked as it has subsequently become. But since his time startling alterations have been made. The attacks of the Freethinkers on the Anglican Church balloon are beginning to tell heavily. The ecclesiastics are getting nervous and are throwing out the sandbags in a frantic endeavour to escape the enemy sharpshooters. Recently the House of Convocation of Canterbury decided to abandon some of the worst features of the Holy Bible, as incorporated in the Book of Common Prayer. The clerical manoeuvre was a smart one, but it could not, in the nature of the case, serve

for long. Now, further concessions are being made to the Freethinkers, and it is actually proposed to abandon the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the Anglican Church. Of course, the ecclesiastics say nothing concerning Freethought. They pretend, too innocently perhaps, to be alarmed at the shortage of curates, and declare, with uplifted hands, that there may be "intellectual difficulties" on the part of aspirants to the clerical profession. Then, the evasive ecclesiastics add:—

It would bring relief if it were decided that the Thirty-nine Articles are no longer a satisfactory statement for the purpose of assent. In our opinion a restatement of these principles is required.

This is indeed a retreat all along the line. The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion are of fundamental importance to the Church, and were agreed to in the Sixteenth Century, and their avowed purpose was "for the avoiding of diversities of opinions and for the establishing of consent touching true religion." The Articles not merely have to be subscribed to by all candidates for ordination, but are binding on the lay members of the Church of England, and form part of the Statute law of the land.

The clerical camouflage concerning the "intellectual difficulties" of curates should make Freethinkers smile. Dazzled by a distant prospect of "loaves and fishes," hundreds of thousands of candidates for Holy Orders have subscribed to them, and incidentally, committed perjury. Matters of this kind seldom give priests a headache. To outsiders, however, the Thirty-nine Articles are as tough reading as the *Pons Asinorum* is to a schoolboy. These Articles include the belief that Jesus Christ went down bodily to "hell"; that a ghost can be at the same time a father and also a son, and also proceed from itself; that "Adam" was the father of the human race, and that he ate forbidden fruit, in consequence of which mankind is condemned to eternal penal servitude; that the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church are a wicked device of Satan; that the Bible is the only word of God; and that King George V., of the Buckingham Palace Road, is the head of Christ's Church. To these Articles of Faith, among others equally quaint, every Church of England minister subscribes, and every layman is supposed to agree with.

This decision on the part of the Bishops to excise a part, or whole of the Thirty-nine Articles is not a paltry matter at all. Bearing in mind that the priests have recently been deleting portions of "God's Word" from the Prayer Book, it is highly significant. It will be seen that it is not theology at all which purifies humanity, but humanity which purifies theology. Man civilizes himself first, and then civilizes his gods, and the priests walk at the tail of the procession and take the credit and the offerings of the Faithful.

The heat-wave must have affected my lords, the bishops, when they assured people that the "intellectual difficulties" of curates suggested the excision of the Thirty-nine Articles. For curates, in spite of their alleged sacred calling, are usually regarded with amused tolerance. Dramatists and music-hall song-writers have made them the butt of their satire for generations, and the public never seem to tire of the jest. It is all very ironic for these lawn-sleeved prelates to pretend that curates, fresh from Oxford University, and the Oxford music-hall, are the sole repositories of "intellectual difficulties." And, after all, the Thirty-nine Articles have been considered an integral portion of the Government Religion for centuries. The Book of Common Prayer is being dissected in the intellectual interests of curates, the most simple-minded members of the entire community. The

Thirty-nine Articles are to the Church what Articles of Association are to a business organization. Yet they are to be modified, or sacrificed, to save the faces of the priests. It reminds us of the American politician who spoke for an hour before the electors. At the finish he said: "These, my friends, are the convictions of a lifetime; but if they don't suit you they can be altered."

The decision to alter parts of the Bible in the Church Psalter is, if anything, a more serious matter than the mutilation of the Articles. For the Bible is not an ordinary book. It is stamped as God's Word by Act of Parliament. It is forced, including all its brutalities and unseemliness, into the hands of little children at schools. It is used as a fetish for swearing upon in Courts of Law and Houses of Legislation. Men and women have been robbed of their children in its name, and have been excluded from public positions. And people are still liable, at law, to penalties for bringing the volume into "disbelief and contempt," which is precisely what the Bishops have been doing for years past.

It is as plain as a pikestaff that retreat is the order of the day, and will be for many days, on the part of this great and powerful Christian Church. The Freethinkers have forced the Church into a dangerous position, and the clergy are in a desperate plight. In their anxiety they are throwing so much away. They have sacrificed parts of the Holy Bible; they have mutilated their own Prayer Book; and now they propose to abandon part of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, and even the ancient Athanasian Creed. It may, for a time, save the priests; but what of the congregations? An invertebrate Church must mean further division. The more ecclesiastically-minded members will drift to Roman Catholicism, and many ordinary Church members will join the ranks of the Nonconformists. The residue will never be in a position to safeguard the Anglican Church for any length of time. The retreat of the Bishops is the beginning of the end of the most powerful churches in Christendom.

MIMNERMUS.

The Oriental Mysteries and Christianity.

IN reading a review of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's recently published book, *A History of England*, we came across the following quotation from that work: "We have seen how the Catholic Church was launched under Tiberius, in or about the year A.D. 29, at Jerusalem, by a group at first of eleven, immediately after of twelve men." Such is the teaching of the Catholic Church, and such is the belief of the vast majority of Christians, of all denominations, yet it has no correspondence to the truth of the matter.

The average British citizen would be very much mystified if he was questioned as to his knowledge of the ancient Mystery-religions. And yet they were spread all over the ancient east, and, in time, permeated the whole of the Roman Empire, in spite of the efforts of the Government to extirpate them by repeated and severe persecutions. In fact, so popular did they become, that the government had to give way at last, and graciously bestowed upon the excited populace the right it no longer had the power to withhold.

Moreover, it is impossible to understand the origin of Christianity without some knowledge of the ancient Mystery-religions. They supplied the rites, the sacraments, the ritual. The expiation of sin and assurance of a future life by the vicarious sacrifice

of a Saviour-God, who suffered, died, and rose again, was taught by the Mystery-religions, for untold centuries before the advent of Christianity. There was also performed a kind of drama, or Passion-play, in which those who were being initiated sometimes took part. These were always performed in secret, the penalty for revealing the secrets of the mysteries was death.

These mysteries were widely spread throughout the East, long before the advent of Christianity, and from the East—in spite of all opposition—they spread over Europe. At the Samothracian Mysteries, the presiding divinities were Pluto, Demeter, Persephone, and Hermes. At the Dionysian Mysteries Dionysos appeared in the principal part. The Orphic Mysteries were named after the God Orpheus.

The far-famed Eleusinian Mysteries, held every year at Eleusis, a city in Attica, drew multitudes of Greeks from all parts of the world to attend the festival, which lasted nearly two weeks. These mysteries were introduced into Greece 300 years before the Christian era.

The Mysteries of Isis and Serapis (Osiris) were so popular at Rome during the reign of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, who ruled between the years 27 B.C. and A.D. 14, that the beggars at the street corners asked for alms in the name of the holy Osiris, and Juvenal says that the painters of that city almost lived upon their portraits of the goddess Isis.¹

But they were far older than that. In the very earliest recension of the *Book of the Dead*, described as the "oldest book in the world," the name of Osiris is invoked as of equal authority with Ra. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the great authority on the ancient Egyptians, tells us that this worship dates back to

a very remote period, before the erection of any building now extant in Egypt; as the tombs in the vicinity of the Pyramids, belonging to individuals who were contemporary with their founders, show that Osiris had at that time the same offices as in the age of the Ptolemies and Cæsars.²

The Mysteries of Tammuz—afterwards known to the Greeks by the name of Adonis—were of an equal antiquity with those of Osiris. This cult is older than the Babylonian empire, and was known to the Sumerians, their predecessors. Professor Langdon, the Oxford Assyriologist, tells us:—

The name itself [Tammuz] is Sumerian, and means "faithful son." He appears at the dawn of history, certainly before 3000 B.C., as a figure already established in the Sumerian pantheon. The cult evidently originated much earlier.³

He adds:—

It would not be venturesome to affirm that this mystic cult of death and resurrection is one of the earliest forms of worship known to us.⁴

Then there was the Mysteries of Mithra, which Lafaye says, formed "a half-way house between Paganism and Christianity."⁵ Mithra was a Persian sun-god, Plutarch, in his *Life of Pompey* (c. xxiv.), says that this mystery was introduced into Rome in the year 62 B.C., from whence it spread over the Roman Empire with the rapidity of a prairie fire. But long before this time the Mysteries of Mithra were known and practised in the Oriental Greek-speaking cities of the ancient Levant.⁶ We now

know that the cult of Mithra was in existence long before the Persian Empire came into being. For Winckler, the Assyriologist, excavating at Boghaz Keui—or Boghazkoi as it is sometimes written—in Asia Minor, in 1906, unearthed 2,500 clay tablets, from which it was proved that "at some date earlier than 1500 B.C." Mithras was worshipped by the Mitannians or Hittites.

The Orphic Mysteries, in which Dionysos, another of the "Saviour-gods," played a leading part, were known to the Greeks 500 years before Christ; for Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who lived about that time, speak of them with reverence. They also were of Asiatic origin and had "long been current in Crete and the other islands of the Mediterranean."⁷

Just before the beginning of the Christian era these Mystery-religions had spread to all parts of the civilized world, and continued popular until, upon the triumph of Christianity, they shared the fate of all the pagan religions by being ruthlessly suppressed. Says Prof. Case:—

It would not be a mere rhetorical figure if one were to designate the religious history of the Mediterranean world in the early imperial period, as "the age of the mysteries."

And Prof. Case is not an infidel scientist, but "Professor of Early Church History and New Testament Interpretation," in the University of Chicago.

Now the "early imperial period" of Rome was the very period during which Christianity came into existence, for it commenced with Julius Cæsar 44 B.C., and lasted for five hundred years. Moreover, it was in the Oriental Greek-speaking cities of the Mediterranean to which St. Paul—or whoever it is writing under that name—addressed his Epistles, that Christianity originated, and not in the mythical crucifixion of a mythical Christ in Jerusalem.

It was not until scholars began to turn their eyes—hypnotized by the plausible lies of Eusebius, the first Church historian—away from Jerusalem, that any progress could be made in solving the problem of the origin of Christianity. None of the Gospels or Epistles were written in Hebrew or Aramic. They are all composed and written in Greek. Not the pure Attic Greek of Pericles, but a debased Greek, the common-spoken Greek which formed the "lingua-franca" of these Græco-oriental cities, and known as the "Koine." The pagan critics of early Christianity "spoke mockingly of the language of the New Testament as a boatmen's idiom."⁸ It is well known that the Italian Cardinal Bembo, of the Renaissance, declined to read the Epistles of Paul for fear of corrupting his own pure Greek style. It was at one time assumed that the Gospels and Epistles were written in a special Biblical, or New Testament Greek, but this theory has been exploded by the recovery of Greek Papyri of contemporary age, in which we find all the peculiarities and idioms, which distinguish the New Testament from classic Greek.

Greek was unknown among the Palestinian Jews. It is recorded in the *Talmud*, "Cursed is the man that shall rear swine, and that shall teach his son Greek." (*Sota*, p. 49), and, in any case, the disciples, chosen from the labouring classes, would have no chance of learning it. No one ever thought, or suggested, that Greek was known to the general population of Palestine at the time of Christ, until scholars proved that the writings in the New Testament were original Greek compositions, and not translations from the Hebrew.

¹ Sharpe, *Egyptian Mythology and Egyptian Christianity*, pp. 85-86.

² Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, 1878. Vol. 3, p. 71.

³ S. Langdon, *Tammuz and Ishlar*, 1914, pp. 2-3.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

⁵ Legge, *Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity*, vol. 2, p. 256.

⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. 2, p. 229.

⁷ *Ibid.*, vol. 2, p. 231.

⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. 1, p. 122.

⁹ S. J. Case, *The Social Origins of Christianity*, 1923, p. 113.

¹⁰ A. Deismann, *Light from the Ancient East*, 1910, p. 63.

Another striking fact is that, although Paul writes many letters to Churches in Asia Minor, there is not a single one addressed to a Church at Jerusalem! The fact is there was no Church of Jerusalem. The Jews knew nothing of Christ or Christianity. The Jewish records may be searched in vain for testimony of a Christian Church at Jerusalem at the time of Paul, or for any record of the events described in the Gospels. We depend for a knowledge of any such Church entirely upon the imagination and deliberate invention of second century Christian apologists, who, to meet the attack of adverse critics, sought to give a solid foundation to a fairy tale, which at that time hung in the air.

It is true that there is a reference to Jesus by the Jewish historian, Josephus, but Christian scholars themselves admit that it is an interpolation of a later age, probably by that prince of false witnesses, the courtly Eusebius, for he was the first to mention it in his Ecclesiastical History, written in the fourth century. The supposed references to Jesus in the *Talmud*, we shall deal with in our next.

W. MANN.

(To be Continued.)

The Art of Thomas Hardy.

SOME time ago a Hospital Ballot was organized wherein the competition consisted in placing a fairly long list of eminent contemporary novelists in their respective order of merit. What the ultimate result was, I do not know; nor is it of much consequence. But I remember that, at the time, I remarked to a friend that there could be no possible doubt as to who among them should head the list. Thomas Hardy was unquestionably entitled to that position.

My friend, being in a captious mood, and moreover being a great admirer of the phenomenal success of the "best sellers," demanded who, after all, was to set a standard of merit for the novel. If the majority found amusement, entertainment, and relaxation in the sporting novels of William Jones or the conventional, sentimental romances of Mary Smith, who was to assert that the majority was not right? The æsthetic standard of the "high-brows" had not yet become law as far as he was aware.

Now I agree entirely with the proposition that people are entitled to read just what pleases them. Even the most maudlin of sentimental novels, the most morbid and incomprehensible of the modern attempts to probe into human psychology, or the most impossible of "detective" tales of the blood and thunder variety—all these are preferable to the habit of reading solely the mental dope and bigoted partisanship served up daily by our free and enlightened press. Grotesque as the outlook on life of the former may be, they at least have a tendency to increase the imaginativeness of the reader.

Far be it from me to disparage the novel, of whatever type, that is written solely for amusement. For that matter, all fiction is written for amusement. There is a vast difference, however, between the master-artist's work and that of his less brilliant brother novelist. The master-artist demands that, to a certain extent, as much thought must be brought to the true understanding of his work as went to the creating of it. Nothing worth having is acquired easily. Consequently, requiring no mental effort, the effects of the work of the lesser novelists are of necessity transient. The æsthetic pleasure derived from the master-artist's work increases in equal ratio to the effort expended in studying it. The ordinary

novels compared with those of Thomas Hardy are as tricky puzzles to the game of chess. The former, once the plot is exploded, are no more amusing or instructive than a solved puzzle. The latter open out to the thoughtful reader an infinitude of æsthetic pleasures, of instructive themes, of philosophic speculation as chess offers an infinitude of combinations to its devotees.

My friend was near the truth in asserting that no standard has been created in the art of writing the novel. Before Hardy's time, no standard had been created whereby the novel could, as a form of art, attain the æsthetic beauties of form as embodied in painting, sculpture, and the drama. Despite ingenuity of plot, felicity of diction, cleverness of characterization—in fact, all that goes to the making of good fiction, the novel as an art-form fell far short of the other arts.

With the advent of Thomas Hardy into the ranks of our novelists, a new era began in the history of the novel. The genius of Hardy advanced the importance of the novel to such a degree that, from being a mere instrument of casual amusement—a clever tale, cleverly told—it became, in his hands, a medium for portraying in an equal degree by words what other artists had succeeded in expressing only by means of paint, stone, or the stage. To quote from Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's work, *Thomas Hardy: A Critical Study*:—

The highest art must have a metaphysic; the final satisfaction of man's creative desire is only to be found in æsthetic formation of some credible correspondence between perceived existence and a conceived absoluteness of reality. Only in such art will the desire (the overplus of imaginative desire which remains unused after all the ordinary purposes of life have been served) be employed to the uttermost; only in such art, therefore, will conscious mastery seem complete.

Hardy recognized, as every thinker must, the tragic aspect of human existence: how Nature has no more purpose for, or interest in, man's activities, hopes, loves, desires, fears, or ambitions than it has in any other organism. One unconsciously speaks of Nature as a sentient thing. I mean by Nature the whole of the matter in the whole of the universe or universes in whatever form it appears to our consciousness. Speaking scientifically, this can have no "purpose" or "interest" or any human trait whatsoever. As perceived by man's intelligence, it is "governed" by "laws," and the totality of all phenomena is the result of an infinity of causes" which could not possibly be other than as they are. The introduction of a God, whether as a person or a metaphysical abstraction, to overlook this process of evolution, helps the understanding not one jot and simply confuses all logical thinking.

By the medium of words taking the form of a series of novels, the genius of Thomas Hardy has succeeded in portraying to such great advantage and in such beauty of form the tragic aspect of the universe in conjunction with the trivial activities of mankind, that, as Mr. Abercrombie indicates, he may be said to have evolved what might be termed a tragic metaphysic.

Hardy's characters are never puppets manipulated or destroyed by a malicious Fate. Nature, Fate, Chance, or whatever one may term it, may carry out its inevitable and infinite series of "causes"; a thoughtless action, a hasty word, an inherited characteristic, anything of the slightest importance in itself may be instrumental in bringing about the calamity which ends in perhaps the downfall or death of a character or a series of characters. Nevertheless, one does not feel that those involved in the calamity have been the victims of a sinister influence.

However appalling the tragedy may appear, it is always felt that the sufferer—or perhaps he should be termed, the unfortunate finite consciousness struggling against the infinite world-process—has at least made a magnificent resistance. There is no tragedy where there is no resistance, and Hardy's characters always strive passionately against the inevitable. One might almost envy them their magnificent and heroic struggle against the ruthlessness, the inevitableness of the world-process, for life means constant strife and they certainly live to the full.

W. THOMPSON.

Acid Drops.

We deal elsewhere in this issue with the general aspects of the trial in "Monkeyville." It is a farcical affair, but it can be turned to good uses by Freethinkers if they use it properly. For example, we see it stated that the lawyer for the defence—reputed a Freethinker—intends to try and establish that no one can prove the Bible is contrary to evolution. He will get plenty of clergymen to support him in this, but it is an absurd position. What possible knowledge could a tribe of primitive Semites have of the theory of evolution? The plain teaching of the Bible is that of special creation which is the only theory possible to a pre-scientific people. To assume otherwise is to assume that the Bible is indeed the product of some supernatural intelligence, and one may as well join the Christian Church and have done with it. It should be our part to drive home the lesson that the Daytonites are quite logical in their contention—either the Bible or evolution, but you cannot reasonably and honestly have both.

America, says the *Daily Mirror*, is an odd place. It has on the one hand up-to-date and go-ahead progressible business men, girding at the backwardness of Europe, and on the other hand it has "strange, antiquated, Bostonian thinkers who deny evolution, assert Pilgrim Father morality, arrest the moral backslider, never go to theatres, and so on." And it suggests that these products of America should, after finishing with Scopes restore the Ptolemaic system, and imprison all who support the hypothesis of Galilee. But we are not sure that America is peculiar in this respect. It is not many months since the British press contained lengthy accounts of an impudent imposture in the shape of a faith-healing quack, and we are not aware that the *Daily Mirror* grew eloquent or sarcastic over this kind of thing in a society which considers itself civilized, nor had it anything to say against the prominent medicine men who countenanced the fraud. And, after all, these "strange antiquated Bostonian thinkers" are what they are because they are Christians and depend upon the Bible. Of course, the *Mirror* may reply that people here read the Bible in a different sense from these Bostonian thinkers. But even this is not correct of Christians generally. There are large masses of Christians who are as primitive as ever in their outlook, and if the *Mirror* wishes to see the people of this country without kind of ignorance against which it writes it might open its columns to some straight articles on the nature of Christianity. But we doubt if it would have the courage to do this.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw also writes, in the *New Leader*, on the Dayton trial, and girds at what he calls "the monstrous absurdity of Fundamentalism." Mr. Shaw prides himself on being able to see things exactly as they are, and if he is to live up to this, the correct description should be "the monstrous absurdity of Christianity," for that is really what it is. Fundamentalism is genuine Christianity, the only form of Christianity that is original, and which has a continuous history. To call it by a name which implies that it is some modern notion fathered by fools, is to mislead those who read.

Of course, it is said that many Christians now believe that the Bible read properly does not endorse the historic doctrines of Christianity. But that again is beside the point, which is not what Christians are willing to make the Bible mean in order to retain some sort of a hold on modern men and women, but what the Churches during the ages have taught the Bible to be. If that is not true the Churches stand as convicted impostors, and apologists should not be permitted to escape by putting forward so shallow a defence.

Another contribution comes from Sir Ray Lankester, who says that newspaper men have misstated the matter for the purpose of working a stunt. He says the real issue is that a school teacher has been discharged for not having kept his contract with the authorities. That is doubly wrong. No such contract as abstaining from teaching evolution was ever made by Mr. Scopes. And if that is all Sir Ray Lankester can see of public importance in the case, it is time he ceased contributing his views on public affairs.

The *Daily News* gives the following description of some of the Bedlam like scenes that are taking place at Dayton, with a curious Christian sect known as the "Holy Rollers":—

Under a tree with lamps hung on the branches, only a mile from Dayton, they held a service last night. They sang weird chants with repetition phrases like those of African negroes suggestive of jazz, beating the ground with their feet, body, and hands. Women indulged in epileptic jerkings and facial spasms and the men broke forth suddenly into half-coherent babbling, jerking themselves to and fro like horrible Voodoo worshippers. One man fell exhausted on the floor. Another went through a series of hoots and yells. Thirty children were sleeping on the ground round the circle. After three hours a woman placed a baby on the ground in the centre; twenty men and women crowded round babbling repetitions of religious phrases by the half-hour. The mother herself repeated the same invocation—"Jesus"—over two thousand times.

Very curious, but if the *Daily News* will enquire as to precisely what the early Christians meant when they said they were seized by the "Holy Ghost," and what were the experiences of possessed saints of the Christian Church, it will find that the kind of thing described forms the groundwork of the sense of personal communion with God. And the woman repeating the name of Jesus two thousand times is quite in line with the New Testament. Jesus gave the disciples power to work miracles "In my name," and the invocation of sacred names is a very common thing with all savages of getting supernatural aid. It is in scenes such as those described that one gets into touch with what an assemblage of primitive Christians must have looked like. It is only in the pages of the *Daily Herald* that they are presented as a gathering of "comrades" met to discuss a question of better sanitation or an increase in wages.

Once more we have to remark on the extremely little knowledge it takes to make a successful journalist. In the *Sunday Express*, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, commenting on the Dayton case, informs his readers that "Darwin discovered evolution.....His scientific theories are among the glories of England's learning." We can only hope that England's learning rests in more competent hands than those of Mr. Swaffer's. It may astonish that gentleman to learn that Darwin did not discover Evolution, nor in any of his books did he even propound a general theory of Evolution. Evolution, as a general principle, was recognized nearly 2000 years ago, but it was effectually suppressed by Christianity, and as a general theory was quite well known to scientific men, and had been well written about before Darwin had published a line. Darwin's contribution was the publication of a theory of the origin of species, which is only one part of Evolution in general. Perhaps the case may lead Mr. Swaffer to give up for a time communing with the spook of Lord Northcliffe and spend a few hours in reading something about evolution.

The religious fraternity are supposed to have the advantage of a good education, but we cannot understand the state of mind of the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Chaplain of the Savoy Chapel. His particular obsession at the moment is Bolsheviks, but even in that field, which has nothing to do with the Thirty-nine Articles, one expects to hear something approaching sense from a chaplain whose kith and kin are being educated at a time when the mass of English people are working for their living. The following extracts reads like jazz prose flavoured with the Irishman's bull that he smelt a rat and would nip it in the bud:—

I wish to thank the *Daily Mail* for its splendid stand, and hope that, without fear or favour, whether to rich or poor, it may continue to urge a Conservative Government to drop all mystery and, taking their courage in their hands, to strike, and strike hard, in the Name of an insulted Christ and for the honour of dear old England.

For the politics of this we do not care twopence; in the light of cold reason the last three lines are on a level with the emotional rant one hears from Salvation Army speakers at street corners. An appeal to prejudice, to ignorance, to stupidity is the line of least resistance that the chaplain takes with both hands; he would do better by killing bad ideas with better ones—but that might put a strain on a mental make-up that appears to fit the pulpit like a glove.

Our Eastern neighbours, the Chinese, in the person of General Feng Yu-Hsiang, seem to pick up quickly the bad points of Europe. The Kaiser, as an agent of God, was rather a poor fool, although we have not yet finished paying for his folly; the Chinese Christian General is now proclaiming that God has a special mission for him. We suggest that a tour of the cemeteries in France might now jog both of these warriors into sanity.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is in a fair way towards being canonized during his lifetime. With the late Anatole France he appears in a stained glass window recently unveiled in the Ethical Church, Queen's Road, Bayswater. We do progress, for the yesterday of theology might have found the eminent writer being the chief performer at Smithfield. All the same we should like to know exactly what are the services to humanity that Joan performed, and which are in the opinion of non-Christians worthy of canonisation?

The Rev. H. Dunnico, in a by-election, has been sizing up Mr. Lloyd George. The reverend gentleman accuses the notorious politician of being a Christian, and, furthermore, calls him a Bible-student. For proof of this he states that Mr. George, having it from the good old book that the years of man were three score and ten, was in favour of old age pensions for the poor at the age of seventy. This is a joke that deserves to be perpetuated with a stained glass window in Westminster Abbey.

The Archbishop of Capetown appears to be guilty of talking common sense. We do not know what the episcopal punishment is in cases of this kind, but we beg of him to persevere and we will continue to deal with the rabble of barbarian religionists until they follow his example. He states that the natives of South Africa feel slighted if not consulted on matters which concern them. This announcement may carry more weight than if it were uttered by John Smith; if it were carried out the white race would more easily do its duty as the first and foremost body to bring about the comity of nations. And if we became brothers on earth our social status in heaven would not matter.

Not for all time are Bishops going to have their feet in both camps. Mr. Cook, whether his economic views be wrong or right, has at least brushed theological gnats

out of the question. He states, of the Bishop of Durham, whose income is £7,000 per annum, that:—

It seems that the Church, as represented by the Bishop, is now more concerned with the strengthening of Capitalism than with ensuring a living wage for the miners who invest their lives in the coal industry.

This method of clearing the air might be followed by other members of the Labour Party if it were not for their early P.S.A. training—or their concern for the religious vote.

Logically the question of miracles must always remain a central one so far as religion is concerned. All belief in the efficacy of prayer and the operation of "Providence" implies the possibility or the probability of miracles. Time was when this was seen and admitted, and theologians fought hard for the reality of the miraculous. But the progress of science made the advocacy of miracles dangerous. People with only a moderate education had become more or less familiar with the scientific position, and to insist on the reality of the miraculous was to risk arousing doubts in their minds. So the clergy dropped talking about miracles, and trusted to the general haziness of the public intelligence to disown the miraculous on the side of science and common sense, while accepting it on the side of religion.

But we see that a new work on the miraculous has just appeared by the Rev. Dr. Tennant, which we may find occasion to notice at length later. But in a review of the work in the *Church Times*, the writer agrees that we cannot think of the scientific presupposition of invariable causation within a closed order, but he argues that a miracle being essentially a direction of some event in this closed order by an outside power the possibility of miracle still remains. But assuming this possibility of someone outside directing natural events on particular occasions, it must remain true that their operation will to any observer continue in terms of natural causation. How then can one tell what is a miracle and what is not? Well, says the *Church Times*, you cannot. It must be a matter of interpretation. The belief in miracle, it says, rests upon the belief in God. With that we agree. If you believe in God, you ought to believe in his doing something. And if you believe he does something, then anything you see may be something he is doing. That is what the position of the *Church Times* and of Dr. Tennant amounts to. You believe in a logical absurdity because you believe in another absurdity beforehand. Then you prove the reasonableness of absurdity No. 2 by citing absurdity No. 1. Next you justify believing in absurdity No. 2 by bringing forward absurdity No. 1 as evidence. It is quite Christian.

It is a healthy sign of the times when reviewers roughly handle their victims in the question of the superiority of Christianity over Stoicism or Epicureanisms. Dr. William Fairweather, author of *Jesus and the Greeks*, is taken to task in a column and a half of the *Times Literary Supplement* for his concern in trying to show that Christianity as a guide in life is first and the rest of religions nowhere. The reviewer states that "the cause of Christianity is not served by our denying to non-Christian forms of conduct qualities which they really possessed." Further, he states that it would not be safe to use the book as an authority in any matter of doubt. With the technical side of the review we are not concerned; sufficient for us that the column and a half of criticism tells the author not to lay it on too thick, and incidentally proves that the parson should discriminate between what he writes for publication and what he unloads in the pulpit.

What appears to be a case of trespassing on the parson's preserves by a policeman is reported of a woman who was interrogated by Robert as to where she was going. "To heaven," she replied, so he took her to the police-station where she was fined for being drunk and incapable.

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. SILVERSTEIN.—We are waiting for the appearance of the report to write on the matter. The press notices have been written in advance. Thanks for sending.

E. SMEDLEY.—If you go round expecting religious speakers to tell you what exactly they mean by the phrases used, you are in for some disappointments. "Keridon" is replying to his critic in our next issue. It should have appeared in this, but it reached us rather late, and is crowded out this week.

C. M. MARSHALL.—Certainly *The Bible Handbook* would do much good in Dayton if the people could only be persuaded to read it. But one consequence of Christianity is to induce its followers to refrain from looking at anything that tells them their creed is wrong. The Daytonite is only an extreme specimen of a very common type.

A. R. THORNEWELL.—There is nothing in the letter that, so far as we can see, should have prevented the editor publishing it. But in these matters his is the final word, and there is never any haste to give attacks on Christianity publicity. The advice is always, "If you don't believe in Christianity, keep quiet." Christians have always preferred a hypocrite to a straightforward unbeliever, and always will.

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

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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.

Once again we venture to remind our readers of the good that may be done by taking a spare copy of the *Freethinker* and handing it to a likely reader. We ought to be as active as is the religious world in securing recruits.

Mr. Alfred Noyes in "The Torch-Bearers" is giving poetic recognition to the illustrious Fathers of Mankind. In his first volume he pays tribute to astronomers, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and the Herschels. In his second volume, *The Book of Earth*, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Linnæus, Lamarck, Buffon, Lavoisier, Goethe, Huxley, and Charles Darwin receive his praise. Leaving aside the technique, treatment, or poetical qualities in this work by Mr. Noyes, he is to be congratulated on his preferences, for it will only be by those unacquainted with his subjects who will assert that they are outside the sphere of poetry. A memor-

able line from the poet for each of these giants brings the poet to the hearth of this house called the world, whereas so much poetry is merely shouting against the wind unless it comes into our daily lives.

In a review of a book, *The Problem of Immortality*, by Radoslav A. Tsanoff, the reviewer sets about it in a fine style that we should like to see universal instead of particular. The critic will not accept the title; to our own generation he will not have it as a problem. And, writing of eminent scientists, who treat it as a question, he states that their considerations of it as such are not undertaken in the interests of religion or morals. Another good point that the lively critic makes is that we have no evidence that our individuality preceded our birth or will survive our death. We shall forgive the *Times Literary Supplement* for much of the mumblings of old men in its correspondence columns if it will encourage criticism of this kind which is the fresh air of intellectual life and a preventative against the printing press becoming clogged with useless books.

The following is from the *Daily Sketch*:—

Actually it is not Mr. Scopes, but the late lamented C. Darwin, who is on his trial. Charles must be blamed for the origin of speeches like those of Mr. Bryan. One serious omission of the stage managers lies in not engaging an orator at least as long-winded as Mr. Bryan to put the case for the monkeys. Surely one of our Simian cousins should be allowed to intervene as "an interested party," seeing that many of them may be just as anxious to deny kinship with Mr. Bryan as Mr. Bryan is to disclaim relationship to them.

In any case, even if the prosecution is able to prove that humanity is in no way related to apes, it will be hard to convince the world that some two-legged humans are not descended from asses.

We have frequently advised Freethinkers of the necessity of sticking up for their principles. Here is an illustration to the point, which comes from a correspondent whose name for the moment we withhold. A young man who had lately become interested in Freethought asked a prominent member of the Socialist Society to which he belonged about introducing the *Freethinker*. "Don't do it," he was urged; "you should keep that sort of thing to yourself. It will lose us votes at the election." Now that is precisely what we have said time after time, and the advice came from a professed Freethinker. And on that all we have to say is that a man who will hide his opinions to get votes will not be long before he is willing to sell them for either votes or profit. If we are to get honesty in public office we ought to see to it that men with a strict sense of mental straightforwardness are placed in them. Working men have only themselves to blame if they do not make those who put themselves forward for leadership realize that they want, above all, honest men. And men who are ready to hide their opinions and profess those in which they do not believe can lay no claim to that title.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Whitehead's meetings at Swansea have continued to be highly successful up to the end. Large crowds have been waiting for him every evening, and the closest interest has been displayed by them. Eighteen new members have been made as a result of the meetings, and the local Branch is determined to make things move in the place. And in Wales generally there is room for it.

JESUS.

But it is easy and reasonable to believe that an overwrought preacher at last went mad as Swift and Ruskin and Nietzsche went mad. Every asylum has in it a patient suffering from the delusion that he is a god, yet otherwise sane enough.—G. B. Shaw, in his Preface to "Androcles and the Lion."

Jefferson the Freethinker.

Address delivered at a banquet of the Freethinkers' Society of New York on the evening of April 13, 1925, at Hotel Belleclaire, 77th Street and Broadway, New York City, in honour of the 182nd anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson.

HERESY is still the greatest crime in the catalogue of man's misdeeds. You may be guilty of theft, you may be judged a forger, you may be socially and morally a brute and a reprobate, you may be a child beater and a wife deserter, aye, even a murderer, but with it all, if you are a religious believer, if you are "one of the fold," you may still have the respect of your friends, loyal supporters and heroic defenders. No matter how honest you may be, no matter how noble your character, or the loyalty of your bond and the sacredness of your word; no matter what intellectual achievements you may have attained, or accomplishments effected for the common good, if you are mentally above the rabble; if you have the courage of your convictions and exercise your prerogative of free speech and tell the world your honest thoughts; if you insist that ignorance and superstition should not usurp the throne of authority, you will be guilty of heresy, and conviction carries with it the stern sentence of ostracism.

It is needless for me to tell you, that of the men most responsible for the establishment of our Republic—both in principle and in fact—Thomas Paine stands in the very forefront; and that because of his heresy, because of the expression of his religious conviction, due recognition and a rightful place in the niche of America has been denied this author-hero of our country.

And on a par with Thomas Paine as one of the early patriots of the Revolution—and as a brother infidel—stands Thomas Jefferson.

Were it not for the fact that Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence, and held high governmental positions in the Republic—from that of Governor of a State to the Presidency of the Nation—he would to-day be suffering from lack of recognition for his services to the cause of Freedom, to the same degree that the author of *The Age of Reason* and *The Rights of Man* has endured for more than a hundred years.

The great triumvirate of America, the three men upon whose brows rests the glory of the conflict, one in actual military duty, and all three in the intellectual battle of independence—are Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, and Thomas Jefferson. Were it not for these three men, the Republic would never have been established and George Washington could not have been the first President of the United States of America.

The passion of Jefferson's soul was Liberty. His torch burned brightly with the fire of freedom. He could not see man as Man until he was mentally and politically free. He knew that the oppression of tyrant kings and that the shackles of slavery were the milder forms of subjection under which man was made to suffer. He knew that mental bondage, slavery to superstition and fear, was the greatest obstacle to the emancipation of man. Jefferson had vision enough and forethought enough and intelligence enough to know that when man became mentally free, the shackles of all other forms of slavery would inevitably fall from his side. Once man was emancipated from degrading and enslaving superstitions, once free of the fears of religion, then priests could not beguile him nor governments enslave him; and then prejudice, that poisonous viper of human life, would be obliterated for ever.

The grandest law that was ever written upon the statute books of this or any other nation is the Statute of Religious Freedom which Jefferson drafted for the Virginia Constitution. Until the enactment of this provision for liberty of conscience, anyone who denied the existence of God, or the Trinity, or the Bible to be the Divine authority, was not permitted to hold civil or military office, and was subjected to every penalty that an ignorant and vicious hierarchy could inflict. A father was even denied the custody of his own children.

But Jefferson knew that if the American Colonies were to prosper both as a government and as a nation, there must be a complete separation of Church and State. He knew that a church, supported by the State, was just as much an enemy to man whether it existed under a monarchy or under a Republic. The injustice was the same, and bloodshed and disruption would be the result.

For eight long and tedious years he faced the united opposition of ignorance and bigotry and entrenched superstition. He silently endured the vilification and calumny of his enemies; and when victory was won and the Statute of Religious Freedom was enacted, a new dawn and a new day brightened upon the land, not only for America, but also for the world.

Jefferson believed in the aristocracy of the mind, but in the democracy of man. Some of the other leaders of the Revolution believed in the aristocracy of man and in the democracy of mind. They believed that a select few should be the leaders and the rulers of the masses, and that the masses should believe all that the leaders and rulers dictated. Jefferson believed that the masses should possess the power of government, and that the individual should be the master of his mind.

Washington and Hamilton, particularly, strove for the establishment of the aristocracy of government, and went so far as to favour the establishment of a State Church. Jefferson knew that as long as the Church had the support of the State it would usurp the right to regulate the people's lives, and that all forms of despotism and tyranny, with their attendant horrors of persecution and torture, would follow.

Jefferson knew, and felt no hesitation in saying, that "millions of innocent men and women, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, and imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity. What had been the effect of coercion?" he asked; "to make one half of the world fools and the other half hypocrites?"

He did not want an Inquisition in America—he looked with horror upon those instruments of torture which had so torn and mutilated the tender flesh of man.

He knew that the Church and the priests could not be trusted with the people's sacred rights of freedom, and again said:—

In every country and in every age the priest has been hostile to liberty; he is always in alliance with the despot, abetting his abuses in return for protection to his own. It is error alone that needs the support of government. *Truth can stand by itself.*

Armed with these facts and with undiminished courage, Jefferson defeated the efforts of Washington and Hamilton, and to his everlasting credit, to the everlasting benefit of this country, no State Church was established. And were it not for Thomas Jefferson—and I say this after a full and thorough analysis of the facts at my disposal—this country to-day would not be a Republic.

Jefferson not only thwarted the efforts of Hamilton and others to establish a State Church, but he also thwarted their efforts to establish an aristocracy. It

was through the efforts of Thomas Jefferson that the first ten commandments, the very bulk of our liberties, famous as the Bill of Rights, were incorporated in our Federal Constitution. It was Jefferson—equally as successful as Lincoln—who preserved the Union; Lincoln from Secession and Jefferson from Aristocracy. One in an intellectual battle, the other in a military one. And, like Lincoln, during his political campaign, Jefferson had to contend with the accusation of being an Infidel.

JOSEPH LEWIS.

(To be Concluded.)

Blasphemy and Bluff at Blackpool.

BLACKPOOL! redolent of happy memories: playground of the proletariat—as pagan as ever, even as on that memorable day, August 4, 1914, when I stood on the promenade and read, with mingled emotions, of the outbreak of that bloody conflagration the meaning of which I but vaguely understood, and the end and consequences of which no man could foresee. And so again I rejoice in the paganism of Blackpool. To be sure, Blackpool is not so thoroughly pagan as I should like to see it: Churches and chapels there are in abundance, and salvationists and revivalists even endeavour, with little success, to obtain a hearing on the sands. But the dominant note is a healthy, happy worldliness; people are too much bent on extracting the most from the living present to listen to the visions of dead and gone mystics, or dwell unduly on a very dubious paradise to come. Religion, in the holiday atmosphere of Blackpool, becomes, therefore, something in the nature of a freak; a mental and emotional abnormality—which indeed it is. Once again, then, I “thank whatever gods there be” for the paganism of Blackpool.

It is instructive as well as entertaining to watch the proletariat (I use the term purely for the purpose of alliteration, and not through any particular love of it) at play. In some respects it is a measure of human progress; a standard by which to judge how far mankind has travelled towards a rational civilization and how far we have still to go. Judged from this standpoint the position is not very inspiring, and were I a high-browed philosopher with a cut and dried scheme for human redemption I should have to lament the fact that in a world distracted with so many sore afflictions, the masses could find nothing better to do with their time and money than to indulge in a wild orgy of sensations on switchbacks, joy-wheels, and divers other inventions for inducing temporary hysteria. I am not, however—praise the pigs—a high-browed philosopher; I am a very homely mortal with all the weaknesses of my kind, and my philosophy—if I possess one—finds therein no condemnation for the harmless diversions of men and women compelled by the necessities of life to work eight hours a day for most of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year at monotonous tasks that leave them quite unfitted for a rhapsodic contemplation of the higher æsthetics. Besides:—

A little folly now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Herbert Spencer was extremely fond of billiards (he once observed rather tartly to an opponent who had vanquished him and injured his pride: “Proficiency at billiards is evidence of a mis-spent youth!”), and our own Mr. Cohen is a perfect demon at bowls—I was positively staggered when he showed me an umbrella he had won at this ancient game.

It was of blasphemy, however (please pardon my “however’s.” I try so hard to keep them at a

minimum) that I purposed—*inter alia*, as the lawyers say—writing. ’Tis a hard word, my masters, but I confess that to me “it has a quaint and not unpleasing sound.” I found it on the Pleasure Beach—a Noah’s Ark—an old *Freethinker* cartoon come to life—Blasphemy incarnate! There was Mr. Noah, attired in a frock-coat and high collar, peeping out of a window; and also several other windows out of which peeped the heads of many weird-looking animals. Mrs. Noah, in a bonnet and veil, and shawl and skirt, sat on the edge swinging her legs in a gay manner that belied the sanctimonious look on her face; whilst Ham sat in a similar position holding a bottle of Bass. The price of admission to this wonderful show was sixpence, and the blasphemy was worth it. Outside was a large card bearing a rhyme which began as follows (short interval to permit reverent agnostics with delicate susceptibilities to retire to the ante-room):—

’Tis writ Noah built himself an ark
Of Gopher wood and hickory bark.
The animals walked in two by two:
The elephant and the kangaroo,
Followed by Noah and his family crew.
For forty days without a doubt
There was only water inside and out;
So with no other drink on this excursion,
Noah sought a means of some diversion
To help pass the days of the earth’s immersion.
And finally, to his intense delight,
He discovered a brew that would make him tight.
So when at last the flood subsided,
He fell for the booze as you and I did.
Now when Ham found the patriarch pickled,
He told his brothers—he was so tickled.....

And much more bad rhyme to the same effect. One really wonders what the Watch Committee were doing to permit it—but there it is, and all who run may read. No one appeared to be shocked, although it is certainly calculated to shock a devout believer and incite him to assault and battery—but probably “devout believers” steer clear of the Blackpool Pleasure Beach; yes! most probably. Crude as it is, it is, in its way, a sign of the efficacy of pioneer freethought.

So much for the blasphemy—now for the bluff. Readers of this journal are aware that my many-sided interest in life also embraces what is termed “psychic phenomena.” I noted, therefore, that psychic charlatans of the hand-reading, fortune-telling class seem to abound at Blackpool—and, unfortunately, they seem to thrive. On the aforesaid Pleasure Beach is one Madame Dorée (real name probably Sarah Smith) who claims to be a clairvoyant of remarkable powers. She gives public demonstrations of clairvoyance and thought-reading, again for the sum of sixpence, to as many of the public as can be induced into the show. Now I have always admitted the *possibility*—holding, as I do, that thought is the result of a purely physical process—of thought transference; I have witnessed much that has passed for thought transference, but as it has never been under strict test conditions I have never admitted its validity. Out of curiosity, and not doubting that the whole show was trickery, I followed the wonder-gaping crowd inside. Trickery it was, and, at times, of the very crudest kind. It began with the naming of cards indiscriminately (?) taken from a pack owned by Madame Dorée’s partner! Nothing supernatural here—albeit the lady was securely blindfolded (?)—by her partner! Next she described the appearance, general characteristics, and fortune, of a lady and gentleman in the audience—I happened to be the gentleman chosen, of which more anon. Then there was the usual reading of Treasury Note

numbers, coin-dates, etc., and description of articles owned by members of the audience; birth-dates and ages. The audience fairly gasped when she told a little girl she was twelve years old and her name was Isobel—philistine that I am I gathered that the information had first been imparted to Madame's partner! A thrill also ran through the audience when she said she "sensed" that a gentleman—roughly described—in the audience had been very anxious for her to describe something he had on his watch-chain—a masonic charm. Seeing that Madame had collected his ticket at the door, and he also sat in direct line with Madame's partner, I again decided, philistine-like (Oh, ye of little faith!) that it was not "evidential," as Conan Doyle would say.

Being a little undecided on some points I visited the show again. On the first occasion, as I have said, I was chosen for description by Madame Dorée. Clothing described accurately (she took my ticket, at the door!); hair given as *brown* (it is *fair*—oh! Madame, so simple a slip!); eyes—couldn't catch, description was gabbled so fast; wide brow—a deep thinker (this pleased me!); fond of sport (M'yes—pole-axing parsons) and *rather* fond of the ladies (a "palpable hit"!); prospects good, etc. The lady described had a "lovable disposition" (they always have! I have known some of the vilest shrews described as "lovable" when they've "passed over") and this pleased her, of course; thereafter she was on Madame's side! The lady's nerves were, however, in a bad state, and Madame advised her to take something—I couldn't catch what—in hot milk, etc.

At the second show, it happened—pure coincidence, of course—that the lady chosen for description again had a lovable disposition, her nerves, too, were in a bad state, and again Madame prescribed. The gentleman chosen was another "deep thinker, fond of sport, and *rather* fond of the ladies."

My analysis of the show was as follows: The "thought transference" was done by code, it appeared to me to be a variation of the Zancig code, rather cleverly done but without the Zancig touch,—Madame said "six" and then "sixteen" once when the correct number was *twenty-six* (she'd got the "six" all right!). The articles were of limited number and range (she claimed to do eighty to a hundred at each show of twelve minutes!) and *were always handled by her partner*, although she had led the audience to believe she could penetrate pockets and bags by clairvoyance. The descriptions were, of course, easy. She collected a few tickets at the door—about half a dozen—and chose her two victims. The physical description capable of immediate test was only a general one and gabbled so fast—contrary to her usual mode of speech—it was almost unintelligible; the rest was vaguely general and generally vague, and, as I have shown, followed stock lines. The show nevertheless greatly impressed the people present, and what more would you? They like to be coddled. It never occurred to them to ask themselves why—if she had the marvellous powers claimed—she was reduced to doing that for a living! I afterwards ascertained beyond a peradventure that the show was a fake.

It will interest readers to learn that the well-known Blackpool spoof-artists, the Ellis family, who specialize in phrenology, have a reading of the heads of Thomas Paine (*Tom Paine*, of course), Robert Owen, and Wordsworth among others—don't ask me how they got them. Paine was very intelligent but lacking in the moral sentiments ("The world is my country—!"); Owen had an excess of moral sentiment and poor intelligence; Wordsworth ("We are Seven") had "the good qualities of both and none of their defects," Blimey! VINCENT J. HANDS.

"The Coming of the Warriors."

ON lonely Easter Island, away in the South Pacific, on the wild uplands of Peru and Guatemala, scattered over the Polynesian Islands, hidden away in the waste places of Siberia, even at our doors, are found the remains of the old civilization that came out of Egypt many centuries before the Vikings raided our shores or the Romans dominated the world. The man who built the Megalithic monuments and polished the stone implements found where old irrigation systems and disused gold mines crumble away in untrodden parts of the world, carried the culture of old Egypt in every direction, making the earth productive and civilizing the primitive peoples with a thoroughness that even in these days of hustle makes us pause and wonder.

Mr. W. J. Perry, from whose book, *The Growth of Civilization*, I have got these facts, has some very interesting things to say about the growth and spread of what he calls the Archaic civilization. His theory of its origin and the cause of its wanderings is simplicity itself. Professor Elliot Smith holds the opinion that the kingship, which was an integral part of the old culture, first began with the man who evolved the notion of damming the Nile and making use of its waters in the cultivation of the land. He would, by his service, be elevated in the minds of his countrymen and naturally would seize the opportunity of making most of the honour. Mr. Perry, on the other hand, starts the king away from the astronomer who enabled the people, by his predictions to make the necessary preparations beforehand for the coming flood. That would be a recurring piece of magic and entirely outside the comprehension of the common people. Which ever way it was, the idea of the overlord would soon develop the trimmings of kingship and, in the course of a few ages, the identification of the earthly king with a heavenly one, along with the symbolical and ceremonial paraphernalia, would be complete. One of the results of the fruitfulness of the Nile valley was the growth of many of the arts of peace; the most striking being the art of architecture. Springing from the calculations in connection with the rise of the Nile came the calendar, and shipbuilding and navigation followed on. Pottery and the craft of weaving, if not invented on the Nile, were, at least, found there first of all, and the technique of pottery decoration reached a high state of perfection. They invented the mummification of bodies, which carried along with it a whole host of beliefs which have had immense influence on the growth of civilization. And it appears that all this wonderful manifestation of human ingenuity arose among themselves. Little or no evidence is available for outside influence; Egypt was the birthplace of civilization.

What started the Egyptians wandering is problematical. The necessity for the Royal house to hive off may have been one cause, the kingly desire for gold and other precious things may have been another. It is significant that the remains of archaic culture are invariably found where gold abounds or has been mined in times past. In the time of the Kings of the First Dynasty, the exploiters had reached India; the great ruling family there, the "Children of the Sun," had their origin in the valley of the Indus, the nearest point to the central culture. In San Cristoval of the Solomon Islands, Dr. For discovered a culture, Egyptian in every detail. The rulers buried their mummified dead under a pyramid, and the author quotes Professor Smith to the effect that the technique of mummification in the Torres Straits is the technique that the Egyptians took many centuries to elaborate. In Greece, in the

Mycenaean Age, some 1200 years B.C., the form of burial of the rulers followed that of Egypt, the bodies being embalmed in the same way and the tomb itself modelled on that of the Pyramids. This type of grave has been found in the Orkneys and in Ireland. In New Caledonia, the chiefs call themselves the "Children of the Sun," and, when dead, are mummified. So it was in Tahiti and in many other places in the Pacific.

The men who carried these ideas across the world were in search of gold. They discovered most of the existing gold fields and pearl beds. Ages ago the gold mines of the Klondyke were being worked by them and their polished stone implements have been dug up on the gold fields of California and New Guinea, on the Ural Mountains, and in Rhodesia and Sumatra. They were not mere gold getters; they established themselves along the gold-bearing rivers and formed permanent communities; their irrigation system remain, along with their monuments, to testify to the enduring nature of the settlement.

Many centuries must have slipped past while the Archaic civilization was bringing these things into being. In some places, India, for example, it seems to have lost touch with the parent culture and developed marked characteristics of its own, but generally the mark of Egypt is unmistakable. One noticeable thing about it, wherever it is met, is the almost total absence of lethal weapons. They had copper knives and polished stone hammers, but all the evidence goes to show that they were used in peaceful ways. The civilization which flourished thousands of years before Christianity came on the scene was, in essentials, a peaceful civilization.

Civilizations come and go. They rise up to the peak, glitter in the sun for a while, and then decay. The earth is littered with the débris. With the Archaic civilization, however, there was no long process of decay. There was a comparatively sudden stoppage; some disruptive force appeared and swept the Egyptian culture out of existence. That force had need of gold, but not by way of mining; it had need of food, but not by way of patient labour; it was the factor that since then has had a hand in the destruction of one civilization after another, and, in Mr. Perry's opinion, it is the only real danger that seriously threatens our own.

It was the coming of the warriors that destroyed the fruit of ages of peace. On the boundaries of the great civilization, in the regions of Mongolia and Siberia, lived hordes of warlike nomadic tribes of little culture. What they had came from their neighbours; their contributions to civilization amounted to nothing. They were parasitic; always pressing towards the highly-organized peoples whose wealth tempted the greed of the Turko-Tartars of the plains. Forever fighting among themselves, when one more skilled in military matters subdued his rivals, the united horde moved to attack the people of the south. They never moved against the pastoral people of the north; the irrigating, sedentary denizens of the river valleys was the easiest prey for the Genghis Khans and Attilas whose passage across the continent was as destructive to culture as a host of locust is to the vegetation in its track. When the Mongol, fighting and burning his way, first burst out of the steppes, the force of his advance carried him across Europe as far as France and threatened Imperial Rome. The Celts and Teutons from central Europe and the forests of Scandinavia overran the countries of the Mediterranean and destroyed the wonderful civilization of Crete. Another Asiatic eruption conquered China and India, and to this day an Asiatic tribe, militarist in every fibre of its being, sticks like a leech to the eastern part of Europe. In Africa, the

same sequence of events took place. The Bantu tribes, possessing little or no culture, swarmed out of the north-east highlands to feast on the riches of Rhodesia and to annihilate the civilization that had grown up in the countries south of the Sudan.

If one could stand off and view our civilization as we scan those of the past, it is just possible that we would see something similar to what took place thousands of years ago. A civilization kicking its last. Then, uncultured barbarians were pressing in towards the centre, eager to plunder the wealth garnered through long years of endeavour; now, cultured barbarians, or rather, scientific barbarians, are preparing to exploit the riches of the uttermost parts of the earth. And both processes mean the same; the destruction of the cultural achievements of the peoples concerned. The destructive force need not come out of the Northern forests; it has never died out, although it once took up its abode in the haunts of peace. It has been obstructing the forward march of things since that day when the first "great commander" set his face towards the South. All that is connoted by "Militarism" is in ascendant; the warriors are coming again.

H. B. DODDS.

Correspondence.

THE THEISM OF HAMILTON FYFE. TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is surely blind in one eye. With his right eye he sees the cruelty inflicted upon horses used in human warfare; but with his left eye he is blind to the cruelty inflicted daily upon millions of other noble and sentient animals such as oxen, by being brutally butchered that he and others may feed off their dead bodies; and what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve.

What God does he worship? A god who created oxen to be dismayed and stricken with panic by the smell and sights of slaughter-houses reeking with the blood of their fellows? To be almost driven mad with fear, and then to be brutally done to death by blows, on the forehead or in the eye, from a pole-axe? or to lie slowly dying, their beautiful, anguished eyes reproaching the savagery of men? If such a Creative Power exists in Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's imagination, it is not god but a devil that he worships: a Principle of Evil, a Power of Darkness, a Prince of Hell. Only a diseased imagination and a depraved taste could believe that a Deity credited with perfect love and wisdom would allow any of his creatures to be born for the purpose of being slaughtered, even by means of a so-called "humane killer," that their dead bodies might find a sepulchre in the stomachs of men and women.

There is no possible excuse for dragging or driving oxen into the slaughter-houses with such heartrending results. The men and women who know that all life springs from the same source, that flesh-eating is entirely unnecessary for human food and well-being, can never be guilty of such cruelty and cannibalism. Millions of beautiful, noble, sentient oxen are done to death every day, yet men like Mr. Hamilton Fyfe make no protest against the bloody holocaust, but acquiesce and participate in it; they are blind in one eye.

What a callous nature and what a theist mind are here laid bare!

A. W. MALCOLMSON.
(Vegetarian Atheist.)

NAMES OF THE BIBLE.

SIR,—Did the following peculiarity ever strike you? During the whole period covered by the Old Testament the names of the characters are scarcely ever duplicated. Only one Adam, only one Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, and so on. This speaks volumes for the genius of Ezra. He gave new names for each successive new character. That this would be impossible

in actual history can be demonstrated by a glance at the Royal Family of England.

During a period of only nine hundred years we have had four Williams, eight Henrys, seven Edwards, five Georges, three Richards, two of James, and two of Charles, and yet during a period of four thousand years the names are scarcely ever repeated.

J. IRELAND.

Mr. G. Whitehead's Mission.

Mr. Whitehead reports unflagging enthusiasm up to the very end of his three weeks' visit to Swansea. The local Branch gave splendid support and the zeal of two of our members merits special mention. Mr. Nicholas walked seven miles every evening to be present at the meetings and Mr. Tucker, a veteran of seventy-three, did not miss one of the gatherings. Sales of literature and collections beat all previous records. Mr. Whitehead is in Manchester this week and then goes to Bolton.

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.

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INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (South Place, Moorgate, E.C.2): C. Delisle Burns, M.A., D.Lit., "The Arts and Civilization."

OUTDOOR.

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

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

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

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Brockwell Park): 3.30, Mr. F. Shaller, a Lecture; 6.30, Mr. B. Ralph Brown, a Lecture.

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

COUNTRY.

OUTDOOR.

BOLTON BRANCH N.S.S.—From July 18, Mr. G. Whitehead's Mission.

NEWCASTLE BRANCH N.S.S. (Town Moor, near North Road entrance): 7, Mr. F. B. Carlton, "Did Jesus Ever Live?"

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