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Views and Opinions.

Dayton and Durham.

During the course of the Dayton trial the Bishop of Durham told a newspaper representative that the Christians of Dayton were sixty years behind the Christians of this country. So far as that is meant for a statement of fact it is not true. In hundreds of small communities up and down this country the Christians therein are precisely on a level with those of Dayton. The honesty of their belief has not yet been sapped by the knowledge they cannot altogether escape in cities and large towns. But the comment is worthy of notice. The Bishop of Durham believes that the Christians of Dayton are only sixty years behind the times. In other words, they are where all the Christians here were sixty years ago. Then our British Christians believed the world was made in six days some few thousand years ago. They believed the Bible was the word of God. They accepted it as true from cover to cover. They believed that man was miraculously created from the dust of the earth, and that woman was made from the rib of man. They believed that languages came into existence in a single night, and that God drowned the whole world because it did not come up to his expectations. They believed in a literal heaven and hell, in virgin births and resurrections, and in direct answers to prayer. They swallowed everything in the Bible and were sorry there was not more of it. That is where the Christians of this country were sixty years ago, and I agree with the Bishop that it ought to make those of to-day more charitable towards their fellow believers in Dayton. Ignorant as they are, they are not more ignorant than were our own grandfathers.

* * *

The Stupidity of the Pious.

Sixty years ago! It is only yesterday. But two hundred and fifty years ago one of the greatest of unbelievers, Spinoza, gave to the world a work in which he showed the composite nature of the Pentateuch, and the late origin of most of the Bible. And right through the eighteenth century the Freethinkers were trying to drive into the bigoted heads of Christians the same lesson. Over a century ago Thomas Paine riddled the pretensions set up on behalf of the Bible and exposed in plain language the absurdities of

the Christian religion. And Paine was slandered and lied about in consequence. And men were placed in the pillory, their ears were slit, they were imprisoned year after year, they were hounded out of public life, or were prevented coming into it. They were lied about, and slandered—living and dead—they were denied justice in the courts, and the rights of a common citizenship, for attacking the beliefs for which Dayton has made itself famous. And through it all, says the Bishop of Durham, the Christians of this country were still untouched, they were still as ignorant as Jesus and his immediate followers. What has led to the change on the part of Christians—such of them as have changed? They still have the same Bible. They have received no revelation displacing the old one. Why this change of attitude? The Bishop does not say—it would probably not pay him to say—that is, if he spoke the truth. It would not pay him to say that the real educators of the Christians were those who did not believe in their religion. That, after all, it was these imprisoned and maligned Freethinkers who knew the truth about the Bible, while it was the Christian clergy that spoke and upheld a lie. These bishops and deans and parsons admitted some of the truth when it could no longer be denied with safety. If it had been possible they would have kept the imposture intact until to-day, and there would be no difference between the Christians of this country and those of Dayton, U.S.A. The difference between them marks the influence of Freethought inside and outside the Christian Church. The real civilizers of the Christians are the unbelievers.

* * *

Our Modern Savages.

The Daytonites are sixty years behind this country. They belong to the middle of the nineteenth century. Well, well! But sixty years in the history of human culture is no great time. And time, in a cultural sense, is to be measured, not by years, but by stages. A man may live, in a physical sense, in 1925, but from the point of view of culture, may be living in the year 1000, or earlier. There are people living in Park Lane, whose income-tax papers are dated 1925, but who from the point of view of mental development belong to the Stone Age. It is a mere accident that places the Bishop of London in Lambeth Palace and sends him about his business in an expensive motor car. Mentally he should be living in a cave, and trudge along forest tracks on foot. And where are we truthfully to place the Bishop of Durham and his fellow believers? The Bishop has given up the belief in the infallibility of the Bible, but as a Bishop he must still believe in things that are intellectually not a bit more respectable. And it really will not do to disown one's mental relatives because one has altered the form of one's superstitions without changing their substantial nature. It is too much like the gentleman who gave up the errors of the Church of Rome in order to embrace those of the Church of England. And it is high time that the Bishop of Durham and his kind were made to realize that

to the genuine evolutionist there is no substantial difference between them and the Christians of Dayton whom they treat with such pitying contempt. Dayton and Durham, Canterbury and the Cave-man, they are all of a piece. The date one writes at the head of their letters, the kind of clothes one wears, the sort of house one lives in, are of no consequence whatever.

* * *

Back to the Cave-Man.

As a Christian the Bishop of Durham must still believe in a God. And to what stage of culture does that belong? Everyone who understands the subject knows that the pedigree of this belief can be traced right back to a pre-civilized period. We know that that idea was born in the cowering ignorance of the primitive savage. He is the true parent of Dayton and Durham. The same superstition that built the joss-house in the primitive forest built the lordly cathedral of Durham. Whether the Joss worshipped be called Jehovah or Mumbo-Jumbo makes no real difference. When the Bishop prays to his deity for rain, or for fine weather, for peace in the coal trouble, or for victory in war, is there anyone who can point to a substantial difference between that and the primitive medicine men trying to get the same results in the same way? Does the one Joss do any more than the other? The Bishop is right when he says there are not many gods, but only one. There is only one god, but he assumes many forms, and whatever he be called and in whatever language he be addressed, it is the same thing; that thing that was born of fear and ignorance, and which fear, ignorance, and cupidity have kept alive. To what stage of culture do the twin beliefs in prayer and miracle belong? To say that these belong to the mid-Victorian period is wildly ridiculous. Again, everyone knows that these beliefs were born at a time when a knowledge of natural causation was in its infancy. Then everything was possible, because nothing was certain, and, as Spinoza long since said, possibility and ignorance are synonymous mental states. The child believes anything may happen. The mature mind knows that only one thing can happen, even though our knowledge may not be exact enough to say what that one thing will be. Why, at the side of the beliefs the Bishop of Durham is paid to preach—one almost feels inclined to say paid to believe—the non-religious culture of Dayton represents a very advanced stage indeed.

* * *

The Incubus of the Faith.

There is just one other point that needs noting. What is responsible for the backwardness of the people of Dayton? What causes them to cling to opinions that the Bishop of Durham declares to be hopelessly out of date? Why was it that the Christians in this country were, sixty years ago, nearly two hundred years behind the best knowledge concerning the Bible, and about a century behind others in recognizing the truth concerning Christianity? Why was it that all attempts to make them acquainted with the truth were so fiercely resisted and Christians punished with imprisonment and torture their would-be teachers? One cannot assume that they wished to believe a lie. The answer is in each case the influence of the Bible and of the Christian Church. In every instance, at every place, it was the Bible and Christianity that stood in the way. There was no other reason why the truth should have been resisted. The backwardness of the people of Dayton, the backwardness of all the Christians in this country, sixty years ago and to-day, is entirely attributable to Christianity. In every case, in every place, it is Christianity that has stood as the champion of

ignorance against knowledge. No other reason can be discovered for it. And that is really an epitome of one aspect of the intellectual history of Christendom for the past sixteen centuries. From the first moment that the Christian Church had the power to oppose the growth of scientific knowledge it has done so. In England and America, in France, in Germany, in Spain, in Italy, wherever the Christian Church has gone it has stood as an active enemy of intellectual progress. In defence of its savage doctrines it has murdered and imprisoned, slandered and lied, invented and suppressed. Bruno at the stake, Galileo in his prison, are symbols of what the Cross has meant in the history of civilization. The Dayton case has given us nothing new. We have no law against teaching evolution in this country, but Christian ignorance and bigotry is still strong enough to make it impossible for teachers to teach it openly in the schools. But there is hardly a teacher in the whole of the country who would dare to tell his pupils the truth about the Bible. And if we have no law against teaching evolution, we have still a law which perpetuates the priest-made offence of blasphemy. The Judges of the Supreme Court in the State of New York have just ruled that the Bible may not be taught in the schools in that State as it is unconstitutional for the State to interfere in matters of religion. No judge could possibly follow that ruling in this country. The real lesson of Tennessee is not that the Christians of Dayton are sixty years behind some of the more astute Christians of this country, but that wherever Christianity is permitted to exert its baleful influence it is inimical to the best interests of civilization. The people are trying to get back to Jesus—to Jesus the believer in miracles, a flat earth, in angels and devils, a literal heaven and an eternal hell, and whose influence was seen in the killing of old women for witchcraft, and the burning of heretics for so many centuries. The people of Dayton have been trying to show us what getting back to the real Jesus means. The Bishop of Durham and all those who are more concerned in concealing the nature of their religion than they are with preaching it, do not like it. As a Freethinker, I thank them. I prefer honest ignorance to sophisticated and time-serving knowledge.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The True Light.

That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.—John i. 9.

SUCH is the text of a sermon by James Learmount published in the *Christian World Pulpit* of August 6. The discourse was preached at Southminster, in connection with the meetings of the Chelmsford district of the Essex Congregational Union. Like all his brethren, Mr. Learmount takes the existence of God for granted. "God is our life," he declares, "and without God we could not be." This is a testimony the truth of which the preacher neither knows nor can establish. It is an utterly unverifiable dogma. The same is true of almost every other statement in the sermon. Here is one of the queerest sayings conceivable: "The ascent of man to God is only possible because God is already attained by man." The attainment must be extremely inadequate, for of the ascent there is absolutely no evidence. In fact all Mr. Learmount's assertions concerning God spring from abysmal ignorance. Take the very first sentence as a sample: "Our hope of becoming like God lies in the fact that we are like him already." Our likeness to God is not a fact but a theological belief, or assumption; it is not a fact, nor is it based on any

fact. According to this preacher, "one of our greatest needs to-day is that we become convinced that we have an adequate God, a capable God, a God who is equal and more than equal to the universe and all its affairs." Now there is nothing more certain than the fact that we do not have such a God. We have not a God who is a success, which means that we have no God at all. The preacher says:—

Most of us admit that God made the world, that he had a purpose in creating it, and in creating us. We are told that when he made all things he said of them all that they were "good." We must see some signs, unmistakable signs, that the same verdict will be pronounced at the end. In seeking for signs of this we must ever remember that the individual soul's relation to God is the determining factor in its development. The soul of man is a bit of God, and if we treat it as purely a piece of earth, we shall reach—nowhere.

Science teaches most clearly that the world was never made at all, but simply came to be by a slow and aimless process of evolution. They do not know in Tennessee that in the absence of evolution there could be no history. Evolution means change from form to form, and it is the enumeration of these changes that constitutes history. Even Sir Oliver Lodge does not believe in creation, matter being to him without beginning or end, but subject to innumerable changes (*Life and Matter*, p. 101). Mr. Learmount makes many quotations from Sir Oliver, but not one of them bears on the eternity of matter or on the evolution of man from lower and simpler species. No genuine evolutionist can find any sign of the working out of any purpose in the evolutionary process. Even Christian believers cannot tell us what is the purpose of their existence. Mr. Crane, a well-known writer, a Christian, and who was once a clergyman, is deeply convinced that God had a purpose in making him, but frankly confesses that he has not the ghost of an idea what it was. As a matter of fact there is no room for God and his purposes in the theory of evolution. It was the realization of this that made Darwin an Atheist long before he died.

Mr. Learmount is a long way from that wholesome realization. He has the audacity to attribute all his own ideas about the universe and all its affairs to God; and unfortunately some of these ideas are guilty of contradicting one another. Of this weakness there are several instances in the sermon now before us. Take the following:—

God has always been working for men, God has always been unfolding his will and getting his will done. The failure to respond to God has always been a general failure.....God has not left us innocent of the knowledge of how to live the triumphant life. Our religion can satisfy every need; it is the only thing that can break down the barriers between men and make them brothers; that we allege, have always alleged, but it has never been given a chance. Love of God and love of men is the one eternal religion in which all men will find themselves and each other.

Christianity is represented as the only perfect religion, which can satisfy every need and break down the barriers between men and make them brothers; but it is sorrowfully admitted that it has not achieved such noble ends because "it has never been given a chance." Ideally the Christian religion is positively perfect, possessing the power to set this disjointed world right, but practically, Providence has refused to give it a chance, with the inevitable result that it has proved a gigantic failure, vastly the greatest and most disastrous failure the world has ever seen. We seriously ask, what is the good

of possessing such a religion, or of believing in a God who never does anything at all? The perpetual inactivity and silence of God go far towards proving his non-existence.

One of the virtues of Mr. Learmount is that he does not claim that Christianity is the only true religion. Read this:—

Religion there has always been, always there has been this light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. I was brought up to think that the only true religion in the world was Christianity, and that all others were false. Our forefathers were all too eager to cage God for themselves, or to think that if the world got him they could only have him through them. Now we know better, we know that the nations of the earth are as eager for truth, and always have been, as we are.

To this liberal-minded preacher Confucianism, Buddhism, and the early religions of Egypt and Greece are true religions inspired by God. Of course, being a Christian preacher, Mr. Learmount must come to the following conclusion:—

Our Christianity, after all, is but the flower and fruit of all the good in the world. Our missionaries now do not point out the fact that the Chinaman or the Indian is a Heathen, but they point out the fulfilment in Christ of what all religions foreshadowed.

The great point in this sermon, after all, is that while religions are more or less true, Christianity is the truest of them all, and that, while Buddha was a great teacher, Christ infinitely surpasses him. In the attempt to illustrate this point a beautiful story is told of Gustave Doré, the French artist. It is as follows:—

Gustave Doré, the great French artist, was once travelling in foreign lands. On the journey he lost his passport. The passport was demanded of him by the customs officer. He told the customs house officer that he had lost it, but assured him that he was Doré, the artist.

He was not believed, for the man said mockingly: "Oh, yes, we have a good many like you. You are Doré, are you?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then; take this pencil and paper"—and he handed these to him as he spoke—"and prove it." "All right," said Doré. And with an amused smile playing on his face he took the pencil and began to make a little sketch of a company of peasants on the quay, with their piles of luggage, and the children playing about them.

The officer watched with amazement the growing scene on the paper, and then said, "That will do, sir. You are Doré, for no man but Doré could do that."

That is a lovely incident in the life of a great artist, but as an illustration of the supremacy of Christ it completely misses the mark. Doré did not try to show in that little sketch that he was the greatest artist in the world, his one object being to convince the customs officer that he was Doré. Mr. Learmount's ambition is to prove that Jesus is the greatest religious teacher the world has ever known, which is a task far beyond his powers. Indeed, there are sentences in this discourse which seem to cast a doubt upon the reality of the preacher's claim. The following extract might have come from a Buddhist:

I have often seen the Christ, have seen him work wondrous works in human lives. I did not call him the Christ at the time, and hence I lost inspiration and help, but looking back and around to-day I see him in every kind deed, in every bit of true work and life, for it is these things that are the light of the world, without them the world would be a dark, dark place.

If kind deeds and bits of true work and life constitute the light of the world, it inevitably follows

that Christ has no moral right to call himself the light of the world, for this light was to be clearly seen in all parts of the earth thousands of years before he was born, and it shines now in countries wherein his name is still unknown. We maintain further that this light is earth-born and as far as we know earth-bound. Sometimes it signifies instinct working blindly but most forcibly; but in the overwhelming majority of instances it means human reason and secular knowledge as guides to social conduct. In any case, there is nothing superhuman or supernatural about it at all. J. T. LLOYD.

Playing the Puritan.

Hebrew mythology contains things which are both insulting and injurious.—J. A. Froude.

John P. Robinson, he,
Sez they didn't know everything down in Judée.
—Lowell.

"A GENERAL protest against indecent plays is now to be made to the Premier." So runs a paragraph in the newspaper press, evidently inspired for general circulation. This amateurish attempt at camouflage thinly disguises yet another ecclesiastical attempt to limit the freedom of British citizens, or, at any rate, the liberty of the inhabitants of London and suburbs.

The Bishop of London, a prince of the Church, who humbly follows in the footsteps of the Carpenter of Nazareth, and cultivates piety on a little oatmeal, is one of the prime movers in this clerical campaign. The Bishop's Committee, having just finished the transformation of Hyde Park from a state of sorrowful sinfulness to a gladiatorial arena where Fascisti and Anti-Fascisti exchange swashbuckling blows, are now turning their glad eyes on the legs and lurid language of the London stage. With this object they have sent out for signature a petition to the Prime Minister asking that the licences of all Metropolitan theatres shall be placed under the London County Council. Presumably, the Bishop and his fellow Crusaders will, in the meantime, bombard the Throne of Grace so that as many godly Churchmen as possible shall be represented on the Council.

The memorial to Mr. Baldwin starts with the following preamble:—

That while in the past, the standard of stage plays and literary publications has been consciously restrained, in regard to the treatment of sex scenes and episodes, of late years the growth in certain directions of innuendos, suggestiveness, and daring scenes is a cause of much public concern.

This sort of nonsense may deceive the Aldermen and Councillors of the London County Council, but some of us who did not leave school at fourteen years of age know better. To read such allusion to the books and plays of the day, as if many of them were a noisome danger to society, is not pleasant. When such insults come from priests and their humble, obedient cats-paws, who thrust the open Bible into the hands of innocent childhood, our sense of justice is outraged. For there are things in that Oriental volume which are calculated to bring the blush of modesty on any face except that of a priest. Raw, naked filth, which cannot be read aloud to a mixed congregation, is forced compulsorily into the hands of every child; but masters of literature and the drama, who would present their puppets as sentient beings, must emasculate and etherealize them until they are the merest shadows of men and women, swayed by motives and temptations that would be held blameless by the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, and gain approval from Samuel Pecksniff himself. Clergymen attach such loose meanings to the words they fling abroad so recklessly, but how such men can read the

account of Ezekiel's banquet, or the story of Onan, and the adventures of the Patriarch Lot, without remark, and point the slow-moving finger of scorn at modern novelists and playwrights is inexplicable, except on the hypothesis that they are lineal descendants of Tartuffe, the embodiment of insincerity.

If the novels, plays, and books of the present day are likely to corrupt the morals of innocent artisans and blameless tradesmen, what in the name of common sense is the Old Testament calculated to do in the case of young children? In that Eastern book may be found plain, unvarnished accounts of rape, adultery, and unnatural vice, written with all the nasty particularity and love of detail, which is the peculiar birthright of all Oriental writers. The florid, heated rhetoric of "The Song of Solomon" leaves nothing to the imagination, and the least-lettered reader can appreciate the glowing periods rendered in the blunt, outspoken fashion of less civilized days. In short, owing to its peculiar position as a fetish-book, the Bible is representative of an outgrown period, and its Oriental nastiness actually begins where Occidental pornography leaves off.

The action of the Bishop of London's precious committee is, as the Prayer Book says, "a matter of supervision." As Christians, their duty is to save people from the wrath to come, and not to poke their noses into matters which can safely be left in the hands of the Judiciary and the Police. Nosing out prostitution in the dark hours in the London parks; searching theatres for possible suggestiveness in sex matters; reading novels for the purple passages; may amuse the Bishop's Committee in the scant leisure of the Christian life, but can only arouse amazement on the part of quiet citizens. If this Committee had any real, serious reason for safeguarding the interests of the young, they would see at once, that, if an ordinary novel or a play will corrupt a young boy, their Oriental fetish-book will corrupt a regiment. No novelist nor playwright would dare to fill his pages with detailed accounts of incest, rape, and unmentionable crimes. He would be imprisoned and his books seized and destroyed. Yet the clergy force the Bible, which contains all these things, and others as bad, into the hands of every child in the country. Instead of prating of indecent plays, instead of advertising pornographic books, let the clergy, for once, set an example. Let them cease to force into the innocent hands of little children, a volume which they dare no longer read aloud in its completeness to a mixed audience of adults. Until they consent to do this they merit the title of "chartered libertines," for in playing the Puritan they have played the fool.

MIMNERMUS.

A MANIFESTO.

We have thoroughly examined the teachings, character, and effects of the great popular institution known as the Orthodox Church; we have inspected its leading doctrines, and satisfied ourselves they are only the modified superstitions of barbarous ages, the natural offspring of man's primitive ignorance. We have studied the character of the institution and its leading monds, and find in them nothing superior in point of wisdom or merit to those entirely secular. We have traced its effects upon the world and we discover them to be of the most pernicious character. We therefore hesitate not to pronounce it a great delusion, a gigantic error, inconsistent with all the dictates of reason, and incompatible with all the revelations of science, and therefore in the highest degree destructive alike of the virtue, the progress, and the happiness of mankind. As such we shall spare no effort to expose its fallacies, demonstrate its absurdities, explode its dogmas, and disintegrate its constituent elements.—Lester F. Ward, *America's greatest Paleobotanist, in the first editorial in his Free-thought journal, "The Iconoclast."*

The Oriental Mysteries and Christianity.

IV.

(Continued from page 486.)

THE Mysteries of Tammuz—known to the Greeks as Adonis—were of immemorial antiquity. Already 3000 B.C. we find it a highly developed religion. Professor Langdon cites a Liturgy where Tammuz is lamented as:—

Him of the plains have they slain,
The shepherd.
The wise one.
The man of sorrows why have they slain.

Here we find Tammuz invoked under the name of "The shepherd," and "the man of Sorrows," two of the titles afterwards applied to Christ. Nor were these titles merely accidental. They were used in the same sense as the followers of Christ used them. One of the principal acts in the mysteries of Tammuz is the search of the mother goddess for her lost son and lover, of which Professor Langdon remarks:—

The Babylonian liturgies, which were sung at the wailings for Tammuz, make it clear that religious and theological ideas are uppermost in the minds of the worshippers. It is not the love of woman separated from a lover by death that impresses us chiefly in the Babylonian myth. It is rather *the love of the goddess for perishing humanity* which induces her to undertake this hazardous journey.¹

Nor have the scholars who brought these things to light been inspired by an infidel desire to find evidence of Christian ideas in these ancient times. Quite the contrary, for instance, more than thirty years ago four Babylonian sealed cylinders, showing a woman with a child upon her lap, were discovered. Menant, the French scholar, suggested that they represented the French scholar, suggested that they represented the Ishtar and Tammuz. But, says Langdon: "The connection with the Christian figure of the Madonna and Child would then be so obvious, and the further inferences so far reaching, that the identification has been held to be doubtful."²

Later on a liturgy in the Berlin Museum came to light, proving that Menant's suggestion was correct. The suggestion would never have been doubted but for the religious bias. We learn from the same authority that this "Mother Goddess" is called "the virgin queen of heaven" (p. 52). Of Tammuz, Professor Langdon observes: "More important is the doctrine that held Tammuz to be a god of healing, and bestower of health" (p. 33). And of another inscription he remarks: "Tammuz here appears once more as the deity who eats the consecrated bread and drinks the holy waters, and he is implored to cast out devils" (p. 35).

Compare also the triumphant refrain—taken from the section which closes one of the services celebrating the return of Tammuz from the underworld of Hades—with the hymns of triumph with which Christians celebrate, at Easter, the resurrection of Christ:—

Inini to her sacred women cried.
In heaven there is light, on earth there is light.
Magnified is he, Magnified, magnified, is the Lord.
Magnified is he, magnified; my peace may he bring.

Note also the light in heaven, and the promise of peace, as at the Nativity (Luke ii., 9-14). "At Byblus," says Sir James Frazer: "The death of Adonis was annually mourned, to the shrill wailing of the flute, with weeping, lamentation, and beating of the breast; but next day he was believed to come

to life again and ascend up to heaven in the presence of his worshippers."³

The true name of the god, he further observes, was Tammuz, the name Adonis was derived from the Semitic word Adon, meaning "lord." Sir James points out that in "the Old Testament the same name, Adonai, originally perhaps Adoni, 'my Lord,' is often applied to Jehovah. But the Greeks, through a misunderstanding, converted the title of honour into a proper name."⁴

That the mysteries of Tammuz were perfectly well known to the Hebrews, and even practised by them, we have the explicit testimony of the Bible itself.

Professor Sayce tells us: "It was a myth which was the common property of the whole Canaanitish race. Even within the courts of the Temple of Solomon, in a chamber where the elders of Judah sat, surrounded by the images of their tokens upon the walls, Ezekiel (viii. 14) saw the women weeping for Tammuz."⁵

Professor Langdon thinks it probable "that the service of wailing for the dying god, the descent of the mother, and the resurrection, were attended by mysterious rituals. The actual mysteries may have been performed in a secret chamber, and consequently the scenes were forbidden in art."⁶

Of the antiquity of this 'mystic cult of death and resurrection,' as Professor Langdon terms it, there is not the slightest doubt. He himself says it "can be traced from before 3000 B.C." Mr. Theo G. Pinches, the well known archaeologist of the British Museum, gives a translation of a lament for the death of Tammuz, which he says, "present to us at first hand what the Babylonians of the oldest times believed concerning the myth of Adonis and Aphrodite." He places it "earlier than 3,800 before Christ." It commences "Shepherd, lord Tammuz," and entitles him the "Branch," a name frequently applied by the Hebrew prophets to the coming Messiah. "Dionysos was known in the Mysteries under the name of the Branch."⁷ Mr. Pinches also gives a translation of another text, concerning the descent of Tammuz into Hades, which alludes "to the rising of the Lord." Christ is also supposed to have descended into Hell before he rose again from the dead. Ishtar is also supposed to have descended into Hades. St. Chad Boseawen says it "is in reality a species of miracle play, which was part of the liturgy of the great festival of the mourning for the dead Tammuz, so universal throughout the East."⁸

The legends and ritual of the Phrygian God Attis were very similar to those of Tammuz. Attis also met with a tragic death; there was also a period of mourning and fasting, corresponding to our Lent, and at the same time of the year. An effigy of the god was laid in the sepulchre. Says Sir James Frazer:—

But when night had fallen, the sorrow of the worshippers was turned to joy. For suddenly a light shone in the darkness: the tomb was opened: the god risen from the dead, and as the priest touched the lips of the weeping mourners with balm, he softly whispered in their ears the glad tidings of salvation. On the morrow, the twenty-fifth day of March, the divine resurrection was celebrated with a wild outburst of glee, which at Rome, and probably elsewhere, took the form of a carnival. It was the Festival of Joy (*Hilaria*).¹⁰

³ Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, p. 126.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 6.

⁵ *Contemporary Review*, September, 1883.

⁶ Langdon, *Tammuz and Ishtar*, p. 24.

⁷ *Knowledge*, for March, 1895.

⁸ R. Brown, *Great Dionysiak Myth*, vol. i., p. 148.

⁹ Boseawen, *The Bible and the Monuments*, p. 163.

¹⁰ Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, 1906, p. 170.

¹ S. Langdon, *Tammuz and Ishtar*, p. 17. The italics are ours.

² *Ibid.*, p. 24.

His birth was also miraculous, his mother being a virgin. We do not claim that all the details of Christianity were known to the Egyptians and Babylonians. But we do claim that the miraculous birth, the expiatory sacrifice of a Saviour-God, for the salvation of his worshippers, and the resurrection from the dead and ascent to heaven; the very foundation and kernel of the Christian religion, were well-known articles of faith many thousands of years before the advent of Christianity. When these primitive cults spread to other countries, they, like the snowballs, gathered as they went. Under the influence of Greek, Hebrew, and Roman ideas they crystallized, during the lapse of ages, into the Christian faith we know to-day.

W. MANN.

(To be Continued.)

Religion at the Seaside.

On and off I have spent a part of my annual holidays in the Isle of Thanet during the past forty years—staying at Ramsgate and visiting in turn Margate, Broadstairs, Minster, and the surrounding country. Naturally in these years I have come to know and understand the people and their customs. When I first went to Ramsgate I was struck by the large number of missionary enterprises that were carried on on the sands as well as on the shore. These missionaries looked upon the vast crowds of visitors who had come to the seaside for healthy recreation and change of scene, as just the sort of material to work upon in the propagation of their glorious Gospel of "rescuing the perishing" from the wrath of an infinitely wise and good God who had designed, in his mercy, to save a few credulous persons who believed in his Gospel, and consign the rest of mankind to a lake of fire that burned for ever and ever. From early morning to dewy eve these Gospel bangers held forth; and from time to time enlivened their proceedings by singing hymns of the Sankey Moody type, generally about the glory of being "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Often they managed to get a large following. People who belonged to churches and chapels, came and rendered assistance by singing as loudly as they could, absolutely careless of the comfort or amusement of those who were taking part in, or being spectators of, entertainments, in close proximity to their meetings. Later on members of the "Salvation Army" made their appearance on the sands, and with their band and shrieking sisterhood carried on their campaign, much to the annoyance of "The Niggers" and other entertainers who were trying to please the public at the same time.

But "little Tommy," an old favourite on the sands, was much too clever to be upset in that way. In a competition with Salvation lasses beating their tambourines, Tommy would suddenly appear in a quaint "make up" and blow a blasted big trumpet quite out of tune with that being played by the Salvation Army, and, with a funny grimace, send the crowd of listeners into roars of laughter. And so we had religion and the grotesque fun of a born comedian served up as a strange mixture before an audience that often found it difficult to appreciate either. But in recent years the scene has changed. Instead of allowing entertainers to appear on the sands without let or hindrance the Local Council now make them compete for their stands, and the entertainment is consequently greatly improved. Also the many religious missionaries that were wont to hold forth on the sands have now disappeared, much to the gratification of the pleasure-loving people who patronize

the variety of shows on the sands. Also individual evangelists have disappeared, and even on Sunday Ramsgate is now comparatively a quiet resort. To-day the great feature in Ramsgate is to see the march past of the members of the Salvation Army with their large and most efficient band—and to contrast it in one's mind with the early bands of the Army under General Booth the first. But, of course, everybody does not want to be converted to what "Minnermus" calls "the religion of the big drum." A good band is a great attraction at any time; but when the band is silent, and we have only the fervid exhortations of an ignorant fisherman, or the awful drivel of an earnest but not well-informed "Sister in the Lord," the critical among the audience are apt to beat a hasty retreat, before even they have contributed their mite towards the inevitable collection.

Mention of fishermen reminds me that fishing is one of the chief occupations of the natives of Ramsgate. In the winter months these brave fellows go out into the North Sea and fish for a living. They are a splendid body of men, but, like the alleged apostles of Jesus, who were said to be fishermen, they are steeped in superstition and naturally are easy victims to the pious puerilities of the priest, the parson, or Salvation Army captain. Consequently we are not surprised to find that a large number of them, together with their wives and families, are members of the Salvation Army at the seaside. Years ago families coming from London or the suburbs to Ramsgate and other health resorts used to make it a rule to pay a visit to the parish church, if for nothing else than for the ladies to give a fine display of the latest style in dress or for the gentlemen to join in the responses, and declare that they were "miserable sinners," though most of them neither thought nor believed what they said. To-day, however, there is palpable evidence of a great falling off of the congregations at the seaside, not only at the Anglican Church, but at nearly all the dissenting chapels also. I peeped in at some of the little Bethels on Sunday and found them but very sparsely attended. Moreover, the military band engaged by the Council drew a large audience at Ellington Park in the afternoon, while in the evening the well-trained Municipal Orchestra played selections from Wagner and T'schaikovsky, and there was not a single religious item on either of the programmes. All this, I think, goes to show that we are gradually weaning the masses of the people of the idea that Sunday is a day for religious observance only and helping them to make of it instead a day of recreation and real enjoyment. Of course, the activity of the religious bodies is still manifest in many ways; but they have had to learn the lesson, painful enough to them at times, that religion is not everything in the lives of the people, and that it has to be subordinated to the general social well-being of the people. My love of controversy on religious and cognate subjects caused me to enter into an argument with several Christians I met on the East Cliff during my stay at Ramsgate. "The Monkeyville Trial" was being pretty freely reported in the daily papers, and that formed the subject upon which I gradually drew my Christian friends into discussion. Very soon they made it clear to me that they still believed the Bible to be true, and to be what they call "God's Holy Word," and that they were as strong and sincere Fundamentalists as the inhabitants of Dayton itself. Of course, I had my laugh at the Bible Story of the Hebrew God making man out of dust—and as dust will not cohere without liquid—making a flesh-and-blood man out of mud. Naturally, I told my friend that I did not see anything very elevating in that theory. But

when I began to show my friend that all existing animals had evolved from pre-existing animals—from the highest to the lowest—and that, to use the language of the late Christian Scientist, Professor Henry Drummond, "we carried within our bodies the scaffolding of our early ancestry," he opened his eyes with amazement, and said that he could not believe it. "Besides," he said, "you want to do away with God altogether, and I could not discuss with a man who has no belief in God."

"Which one?" I asked.

"There is only one," he replied emphatically.

I pointed out that there were several mentioned in the Bible, and that old Jehovah himself was so jealous of them that he made one of the commandments to read: "Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

That was a settler. My friend said that he could not possibly continue to discuss with me because I neither believed in God nor his Holy Word. So we did not pursue the subject further. It is quite clear to me from the various discussions in which I have taken part that there are still a large number of Bible idolators in this country, and consequently a large amount of Freethought work must be done before we can hope to get them to discard these old beliefs and accept the latest deductions of modern science.

I am glad to say I met several resident Freethinkers at Ramsgate and had a pleasant time with them, and induced some of them to become regular subscribers to the *Freethinker*. And so, although I am now seventy years of age, I still carry on the glorious work of spreading the seeds of Freethought whersoever I go—by land or by sea. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Acid Drops.

An interesting article appears in the *Spectator* of a recent date on the Dayton trial. The writer is the editor of the *American World's Work*, and he rightly attributes the backwardness of the people of the Southern States to the grip the churches have on them. The advances in other States served to drive them back more and more to the fundamental Christian position, hence their name of Fundamentalists. And he pens the pregnant sentence that "when a Church gets in the dogmatic mood, it reaches for power to train the youth of the land, for that is the easiest way to perpetuate a fixed system of religion and almost the only way." That has a lesson for the people in this country as well as elsewhere.

He also scores a distinct point when he says that if in no other country could a law like that of Tennessee be passed, it is not because the people of small towns elsewhere know more of science than do the people of Dayton, but because in other countries the people do not insist upon their beliefs so independently. That is a point well worthy of consideration.

But for sheer calculated confusion we commend an article by Father Ronald Knox in the *Evening Standard* of August 6. Father Knox confesses to but a languid belief in evolution, which says but little for the solidity of his own learning, but says that parents have a right to say what kind of education their children shall have, and even if the evidence for evolution were overwhelming, it is not the kind of knowledge that must be imparted to every human being if he is to become a good citizen. It is a doctrine of the laboratories. And he says that although children would like to hear about descent from pithecanthropos, he would not give it to them.

But, as a matter of fact, parents do not, as such, and individually, decide what kind of things their children shall be taught, and for the simple reason that large numbers are quite unable to make the choice. Moreover, it is strange that while an acquaintance with some elementary scientific truths are held to be not essential to turning out good citizens, Father Knox apparently holds that teaching Christian legends as sound science and literal history is. The cultivation of a spirit of truth is not essential, the inculcation of lies as truth is, for a story that might be permissible as mythology does become a deliberate lie when it is put before children as actual truth. Finally, Father Knox holds that the teacher is "a paid servant and must do as he is told. We rather fancy that a better view is that the teacher as a member of the State, and as one who may have a higher interest in his work than that of drawing a salary, is fully justified in refusing to put before children as true things which he knows that educated men all over the world know to be false. Father Knox helps us to understand why Christianity has had so evil an influence on the progress of the race.

Over the name of "Filoque" a writer in the *New Age* discourses at some length in favour of the retention of the Athanasian Creed in all its pristine purity, and views with disfavour any amendment of this jumble of words. Curious arguments are brought up to support his thesis; here is one that is illuminating in perhaps a different sense than that intended by the writer: "The 'broad-minded' vicar who goes to the pub, and drinks like any ordinary man, which is quite a good thing to do, unfortunately *talks*, there and elsewhere, also like any ordinary and sometimes an irresponsible man." Clerical authority has made its mark in the brain of anyone who can write in this style; Sartor Resartus has been written in vain, and the *New Age* should begin to look about for a new title.

The Bishop of London's Committee has decided to organize a petition to the Prime Minister for stronger censorship of plays at London theatres. We may conclude that the Bishop of London's bag from London parks has been disappointing. We trust that the pay-box of London theatres will give him a fight for his money, and it may do worse than tell him and his committee to set about censoring the Bible first. People are not obliged to go to the theatre, they cannot get in by putting a button in the collection bag, and the projection of social questions on the stage finally disposes of the Church as a pot-bound institution.

We are informed by a daily paper that: "The service at St. Bartholomew's Church, Heigham, Norwich, last night was conducted entirely by wireless. A loud speaker occupied the pulpit." This should be used as a good argument against the payment of tithes; it is just possible, however, that the pulpit is coming down to the level of the pews.

A "Broad-minded Catholic," in the *Daily Herald*, is up against the resolutions passed by "Catholic Societies" about birth-control. If he gets much more broad-minded he will fall out of bed, and then he might be able to stand on his own two feet.

A choice bouquet has been handed out to missionaries by Mr. A. B. Swales in the House of Commons. Apart from the impertinence of white people who go abroad to preach the gospel that will not work at home, they usually blunder into countries where the natives, out of politeness merely tolerate them. Mr. Swales can evidently fix the function of these unwanted commercial travellers of salvation; he said: "Economic imperialism uses the language of patriotism, and even of religion to disguise its motives." A little truth speaking, a word in season, things to be called by their proper names, and there would be less trouble to be cleared up by force in the name of a righteous war.

If the misery from Palestine could be weighed and its effect on history traced, it would be a country best honoured by being forgotten. We notice that the Palestine Government is proposing to erect plant for the recovery of some billions of tons of salt from the Dead Sea; with the scheme in operation we trust the export of this commodity will be the cause of less trouble than the famous "good news" that makes men bite off each other's ears.

The Minister of Transport is out to make war on sandwichmen. If he really must attack this miserable way of earning a living let him not overlook the young knights of the Church who parade with boards advertising the cleansing power of blood—and other balderdash.

Canon Barnes is somewhat like Satan rebuking sin. In a sermon at Bath Abbey he stated that superstition was the bane of both religion and medicine. What, one may ask, is the substance of the Thirty-nine Articles? What is the virgin birth, and the resurrection but the be-all and end-all of his profession? And if these things were reported as happening to-day, who would believe them? The Canon wants to have it both ways, and one would like to know what it is he wishes to keep, in his mental attitude—his position or his salary?

In reading a review, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, of Mr. Hiliare Belloc's *History of England*, we came across the following gem, which is typical of muscular Christianity: "The 'Germans' began to live a partially civilized life only when Charlemagne knocked Christianity into their heads with sword and battle-axe." This, we presume, is a case of that humility which hikes people into heaven, and incidentally proves the methods of peaceful penetration by those who are beloved by Popes. There may be some connection between an image of a slain man, a bloody vocabulary, and the *deeds* of those who deal in words.

Up to the present ministers of religion have been prohibited, along with bankrupts and imbeciles, from being elected to the Borough Councils. A private Bill, introduced by Mr. Greenwood, Member of Stockport, has now become law. Parsons may now be elected. Imbeciles are still excluded.

Dr. Jacks, in the *Hibbert Journal*, has been giving an eye to M. Loisy's work on St. Luke. He sees much in an examination of works so drastically edited in Church interests that Catholics will, he thinks, have inevitably to ask themselves whether the later manipulations are more inspired than the original narrative. So much for the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture; and it is not only Freethinkers who make these criticisms now. We see theologians gnawing the musty parchments of the past, presumably in the interests of the life to come. Could futility be more aptly summarised?

As the Church bell clangs summoning the drowsy worshippers to prayer, the aeroplane is busy up above, using up petrol and scaring swallows and sand-martins. As Capek says, we shall have war, because we have a new war machine—whilst the press and pulpit are all silent and all damned.

There is no need to go to Dayton; look at the *Daily Herald* instead. A correspondent who is mentally distressed about the whole story bleats for information which is supplied by the editor. As he knows that a whale's mouth is narrow, the correspondent concludes that the fish must have been a shark. We believe that the bump of credulity prevents the entry of any elementary knowledge of air; this correspondent states that the invention of the whale is from the enemies of the Bible—can it be that the writer is pulling the editor's leg or does he want to "get back" to Tennessee?

We have every sympathy with the Rev. Stewart Bernays, Rector of Finchley Parish Church. He has found torn-up letters in the churchyard; one, to judge by a fragment, was part of a love-letter, and he threatens to piece together the fragments of the next that he finds and post it on the Church door. We have every sympathy with the reverend gentleman in his protest against litter, but will not his action have the effect of scaring away customers for the marriage service. And what, after all, is a churchyard but nature's waste-paper basket?

Pastor Jeffreys, who is running a faith-healing mission in South London, has all the usual tales of miraculous cures, which contain the usual amount of religious truth. Recently he published an account of two children, born deaf and dumb, who were brought to his services, and who spoke so that the audience could hear. The *Referee* is asking the pastor for the names of the children, and proof that they were born deaf and dumb. Of course, no proof will be given. Pastor Jeffreys knows that the kind of religious intelligence to which he appeals does not want any proof, will believe anything it is told, and will pardon any amount of deliberate lying, so long as it is in the name of Jesus.

But apart from the crowd of credulous unthinking people to which Pastor Jeffreys directly appeals, there are the other Christians in this country who know quite well that these men are telling lies to the people. What efforts do the leading Christians of this country make to induce some element of honesty and truthfulness into Christian propaganda? None at all. They know quite well the lies that are being told; they know that if the leading clergymen in every denomination were to agree to publicly protest against these lies being told, they could be stopped, but they remain silent. It helps to keep Christianity going. And in the history of the Christian religion, lying for the greater glory of God has been one of its most persistent features. Politics is superlative truthfulness at the side of it.

Evolution and Modern Knowledge is a work just published by Blackie & Son at the healthy price of 2rs. which is one way of seeing that too many copies are not read. In it a number of people give their views, and among them, of course, some parsons. And one knows beforehand what they will say. Thus, Canon Wilson offers us the quite gratuitous information that as geology, paleontology, and embryology have proved the truth of evolution, we must now take it as "a further revelation of truth by God to man." But perhaps the Canon will inform us why it was necessary to give man an altogether wrong conception of things in the beginning, so that he might correct them later, when man had found out the truth by himself? Was there any great need to tell a man a lie in the beginning and save the truth till the end? Is there, after all, anything so terribly difficult in understanding evolution that God could not have told man all about it, say, six thousand years ago. The worst of these apologetic parsons is that they invariably make their deity to be a first-class idiot in the act of trying to demonstrate his supreme wisdom.

We protest against the incivility shown towards the Bishop of Durham at a meeting of miners. The Church's disagreement at one time was expressed in terms of fire; the gentle irony of history in this case is apparent. The Church at one time thought by burning books that it burned ideas; the miners must not take their example from the Church in using another medium. The Bishop as a preacher of the gospel of poverty is an anomaly; the wills of bishops are a testament to their bletcher about the things of this life, and we sincerely hope that plain speaking by the miners will put and keep the Bishop of Durham in his right place, which is at the head of a creed as straight as a corkscrew. There is no room these days in economic struggles for those whose mental make-up can only darken counsel.

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.

F. W. HAUGHTON.—The only thing that can be done to make men such as Mr. W. Hugh Jones realize that the Bible is not history, or to make them cease telling others that it is, is to weaken the belief in Christianity in the heads of those who listen. The talk about the greatness of the Bible, etc., is mere secondhand chatter. It is there to hand, speakers of a certain type know they are on safe ground, and they use it. If they were asked to prove what they say they would find it impossible.

D. MACFEAN.—Why should Christians change? When a people start with a revelation from God Almighty, telling them the undiluted truth, there is no need for change. And experience has shown Christians that every time they change they lose something. Hence the struggle to keep as they are.

J. E. ROOSE.—Your letter, coming from such a distance, necessarily reaches us a long time after the matter appeared, and at this date we do not think it would do any good to reopen that particular correspondence.

H. R. WRIGHT.—Card overlooked. The Jewish Life of Christ is not a lampoon, although it suits some Christians to pretend that it is. Neither is it historical in the modern sense of the term. You will find a very good account of it in Baring Gould's *Lost and Hostile Gospels*.

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

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

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

Orders for literature should be sent to the Business Manager of the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and not to the Editor.

All Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "The Pioneer Press," and crossed "Midland Bank, Ltd., Clerkenwell Branch."

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

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

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

Sugar Plums.

Our American friends appear to be able to do a great deal of "globe-trotting," and we have had quite a number of pleasing surprises this year by their turning up at the Freethinker office. Among the most recent were Dr. Noyes, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lewis, of New York, both well known to us by correspondence, but not until now, personally. We were bound to take Dr. Noyes' word for it that he was over seventy years of age, but we could only think that his fine up-standing build and youthful air generally gave the lie to this statement. He is as full of enthusiasm as ever for the Cause, and we hope he will be with us for many years yet to give Freethought a helping hand where possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are at the other end of life, but their affection for Freethought is marked, and they appear to spare neither time nor energy where it is concerned. Mrs. Lewis was over in Europe as part of the American delegation to Paris in connection with the Jefferson celebrations, but they were good enough to say that they could not return home without seeing the editor of the Freethinker. Both Mr. Lewis and Dr.

Noyes were very pressing that Mr. Cohen should visit the States, but he had to decline. He has more than he can do in this country, and much as he would like to make the personal acquaintance of American friends in their homes it is not practicable at present. But we were pleased to learn how high the good old Freethinker stood in the affection of American Freethinkers. We hope it will never be led to do anything that will lower it in their estimation.

Mr. Lewis was naturally pleased over his recent victory in the courts which decided that the taking of the time of children in the State schools to teach religion was illegal. It was a great victory, gained along the right lines, and although this verdict applies to New York State only, we understand the issue will be raised elsewhere, and we hope with the same result.

The *Christian World* calls attention to the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States disallowed the right of the State of Oregon to make compulsory the attendance of children in the State schools, so long as they were attending denominational ones. Curiously it does not notice the decision of the same court which disallowed the right of the State of New York to take part of the school time to teach religion. Perhaps it does not like to remind Nonconformists in this country of this rather—to them—unpleasing fact. It might encourage the movement on behalf of Secular education.

Mr. J. M. Keynes, the well-known economist, was married the other day to Mademoiselle Lopovka, the well-known dancer. The marriage took place at the Registrar's office, Camden Town. The *Daily News* says:—

This is a kind of marriage ceremony which is more and more favoured. It may be because of the increasing realization of the importance of marriage as a civil contract as distinct from a religious one. It may be part of that drastic return to the bare bones of essentials into which orange blossoms and organ music do not fit.

One cannot expect the *Daily News* to see in the increase of civil marriages evidence of increasing rejection of religion—at least, we ought not to expect it to say so. But we are glad to see the *Daily News* referring to the civil marriages as offering the essentials. One day it may summon up courage to tell its readers that in strict law the civil marriage is the only legal marriage in this country. The religious ceremonies which accompany the civil ceremony when it is performed—by the permission of the Secular authority—in a Church, is of no more consequence to the law than if it were accompanied by jumping over a broomstick. It is only as a State servant, licensed by the Secular State to play the part of the registrar that the parson is permitted to perform a marriage ceremony.

Mr. F. Larsen, Secretary of the Finsbury Park Branch, wishes to make a special appeal to members and friends for their support at their meetings in Finsbury Park on Sunday mornings. We hope that North London Freethinkers will see that the appeal does not pass disregarded.

The West Ham Branch has arranged an excursion, to which all members and friends are invited, it is to take place on Sunday, August 23. The destination will be Broxbourne, and the train will leave Stratford Station at 10 o'clock. The tickets will be one shilling and ninepence each. Tea has been arranged for.

Mr. George Whitehead commences a week's lecturing in Leeds, from August 15 onwards. The meetings will be held in the Town Hall Square, and if Leeds friends will only get busy, it should serve as a starting-point for some good work to be done during the coming autumn and winter. Leeds is a big city, with thousands of Freethinkers, and there should be going an active propaganda all the year round.

Religions Historically Considered and Modern Science.

DISCUSSIONS on religious systems, however tolerantly treated by scientists, invariably degenerate into a "cross-word" puzzle. Religion offers the puzzle freely enough, but has to leave it to scientists to unravel it. Science then makes clear to all how much—or rather, how little—there was in it after all. Then the "ungrateful fraternity" feel aggrieved at the scientists' *logically* deduced findings, and grumble. They should have offered a cleverer trick in the first place, that is all. All religious systems progress through the same stages, and can and have been followed in their evolutionary development, after which they become quite naturally acknowledged as the basis of any man's belief, because they are intrinsically all alike, and the sense (common sense) underlying the crude style of the illustration of the ideas intended to be conveyed, appeal to all, however much the ignorance of the ages during which they were evolved, must be excused for the incorrectness of their deductions, or the crudity of their representations.

In all animals, the logic of "motherhood" appeals to their "knowledgeable instinct" long before that of fatherhood becomes possible, and whether as monkey or man, or the hyphenated period, the same truth applies to us. This is the reason why the earliest religions depict prolific animal forms as representations of the "Great Mother" idea or "multiplying power" ruling, in the earthly universe. The earliest mothers in Egypt "as goddesses" or the personifications or pictorial illustrations of such, necessary to illustrate and convey such ideas, are therefore animals. The hippopotamus, with which the rivers of Africa teem, or the domestic cow, or "tame" variety. Just as Isis sitting on the horns of a cow, became the later Virgin Mary, sitting on the crescent moon.

Such attributes, pictorialised in their mind, describes this to which they offered their homage, not to the figures themselves. This was merely a wilful derogatory Christian attempt to sever themselves from their own origins! Thus, should they have desired to worship a great swimmer as a "god" or "type," they would have given him the form of a frog to swim, from a human illustrative point of view—rather than as a fish, and so on. Hence our "Mother Earth" from which all living things spring. The later "Mother Goose" (the goose was another Egyptian symbol of motherhood) who laid the golden egg, *i.e.* our "literary" goddess type, the Virgin Mary, who produced similarly also from a lowly origin *her* golden egg, *i.e.* the Sun, her son, for Jes-us means "the sun" (Jes). Mary as representing motherly love is the Meri of the Egyptians (Mer means motherly love), Isis (Egyptian) becoming Astarte (Greek), or Eostre (Saxon) or our British "Easter," thus constituting the whole pedigree of the words historically, always with the same representative signification. Just as the same Virgin idea pedigree called Maya—from which we get the month of Mary, or May—starting from India as Dehane, produced the Greek Daphne and our "dawn," *i.e.* the mother, or dawn preceding the birth of her sun (son). It is always the same idea. None can nor have ever yet been proved to have been historical, and they all similarly shone at the birth of their sun, quite naturally.

Only far later on "we" arrived at the understanding of fatherhood, for we are speaking of the early childhood of intellectual man. At this time, man, recognizing logically a prior cause, fatherhood ousted

motherhood in man's estimation of natural history wonders, and we arrive at that time when obelisks and posts were erected as symbolic illustrations in his honour all over the world. This is the reason why Jesus, *as representing manhood* (as the sun-god, "Sunday," our Lord's day, etc.) is never found crucified on the cross in the earlier development of this latest literary variety, illustrating the one and only system including all religions.

He always stands at the side of the cross, it being represented by a plain post, with his eyes open, typifying both the god idea, as a man with his powers in full health and strength. The later priestly literary matter agglomerated itself later on. No Virgin Mary was known at the beginning of Christianity either. The earliest form of these religionists were the Jesenes (Jes is Jesus, or the Sun, or Essenes, a Buddhist form, who worshipped the rising sun. The rest is "development." Just as in cannibal days, either in the East or the West, men partook of their gods in order to infuse into themselves the essence of his attributes. This later one was replaced by symbols in the shape of bread or corn (producing flesh) (goddess Ceres) and the red wine representing blood. These both existed together in the Egyptian Eucharist! with its cakes marked with the sign of the cross and distributed on the Egyptian Good Friday with the three finger prints of the trinity, which still exist, together with such later original (!) Christian attributes as the gold dish on the altar facing East to represent the sun, together with the Eastern window where, as in Druidic days, the sun's rays passed over it.

Very few people indeed are aware that the heathen creed as known, is the Christian creed itself, without the alteration of a single word, showing that the child is now ashamed of its parent, and therefore has belittled all heathen ideas and discouraged their study, knowing well his own origin. This is the only case known where the child has been wise enough to know his father. All Christian feasts are the heathen feasts preserved because they could not kill them, and so instead they are rechristened and carried on, on the same lines, and have been doing so ever since, under false pretences. Everything Christian is heathen, and everything is built up from the "mystery" (in the early stage of human intellectual childhood) of our being, the rest accruing from our feelings of gratitude to the beneficent sun in giving us light and warmth, and watching over us by day. All very pretty and very true.

All religions depend upon the sun for worship when analysed and examined from their historical origins, and this sun, together with the whole universe of actions and matter, represents solely the interactions of atomic electricity and nothing more. Science today is unaware of the existence of anything which is not entirely and only constituted of electricity, anywhere and everywhere, and therefore it is, logically, and by the consensus of the scientific learning of the whole world, that the conception of an originator of the one and only power of which we are cognisant, *i.e.* electricity, must embody our ideas of a "first cause" or "Deity." ELECTRON.

We must, it is true, hasten to add that it is exactly the weightiest and noblest principles of Christian ethic—brotherly love, fidelity to duty, love of truth, obedience to law—that are by no means peculiar to the Christian faith as such, but are of much older origin. Comparative psychology proves that these ethical principles were more or less recognized and practised by much older civilized races thousands of years before Christ.—Ernst Haeckel, "The Confession of Faith of a Man of Science."

The Racing Tipster.

A MORAL STORY.

THE vulgar-looking man sat opposite to me in the train. He was a red-faced fellow of about thirty, and everything about him was vulgar; from his loud check-cap—from beneath which there crept a heavily-oiled "cow-lick" curl—to his bright yellow shoes, and purple socks. His features had an unmistakable "doggy" look, and his general appearance was reminiscent of a racing stable. I judged that he was a racing tipster. Lest there be any misapprehension, let me hasten to explain that I am not an authority on racing tipsters; neither have I, to my knowledge, ever had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a racing tipster, but I rather pride myself on my judgment in such cases, and that is what he struck me as being. He was the type of man who would call a bar-maid Nellie, or Phyllis, and be right first time—from which it will be gathered he must also have been something of a psychic. The possibility of being alone with this atrocious-looking individual on a fifty-mile non-stop run rather appalled me. He was not the kind of man whose acquaintance one could take a pride in. I am, I flatter myself, more cosmopolitan than critical in my friendships; I can "chum up" even with a parson, on the "God made him, therefore, let him pass for a man" principle; but the vulgar-looking man was quite impossible—he was, in fact, the vulgar limit. I had a feeling that he would endeavour to get on friendly terms with me—probably invite me to "ave a swig" at a bottle of beer, or ask me if I knew anything good for the three-thirty—and my face blanched—at least, I think it did, although I admit I am not quite clear as to what one's face does when it blanches. The situation was distinctly unpromising. I therefore buried my head in the copious pages of the *Times*, and hoped for the best.

I was just in the midst of an article dealing with the "gravity of the present situation" when the vulgar one observed, in tones that implied it was merely a conversational sprat to catch a mackerel, that it was a beautiful day. I agreed (I could hardly do otherwise), but my agreement carried with it the implication that further conversation was not desired. He—in the thick-skinned way of racing gentlemen in general, and tipsters in particular—was in no way abashed.

"Not too hot," he continued.

"N-no!" I replied.

"We certainly can't complain about the weather we've had lately."

I replied crushingly—at least it would have crushed anyone but a racing tipster—that the weather was much more desirable than some people's conversation—"and," I added savagely, "there's all next week's weather hasn't been touched."

I was just resuming my reading when the sporting prophet interrupted me with a remark about the earthquake in America, and seeing the situation was hopeless, and feeling that a small-sized earthquake there and then might be a desirable consummation, I laid down my paper, and decided—in racing parlance—to let him have his head.

The conversation—the major portion of which was carried on by the racing gentleman—was not quite so tedious as I had anticipated. He commented, with a fair show of intelligence, on various items of current interest. He was quite *au fait* on the political question; and he knew as much about international finance as a man can know without being a bore. In short, he was interesting if not inspiring, and I began to regret my hasty judgment concerning his *bona fides*, and actually found myself warming towards

him; although, of course, regretting that a gentleman of such sound judgment generally had such shocking sartorial and tonsorial tastes. I reflected that possibly the purple socks might be the colours of the tipster's union, and cow-lick curls the badge of all their tribe. It struck me as curious that he never broached the subject of racing, on which he could doubtless speak as one having authority; and feeling that his reticence was probably due to a very laudable desire not to approach a subject which might be distasteful to me, I—in the warmth of a new-fledged friendship—decided to pave the way for him.

"Tell me," said I, endeavouring to look worldly, without appearing to be horsey, "what do you think of the proposed licencing of bookmakers?"

"I know what I think of bookmakers: they are blood-sucking parasites; and I should like to see them all done away with."

His undoubted earnestness rather surprised me. I can well believe that tipsters as a class have no particular affection for bookmakers as a class, but to suggest doing away with them altogether struck me as being a curious measure to adopt. Bookmakers are undoubtedly social parasites, who prey on the credulity of the public, but equally so are tipsters. I could not therefore see the logic of my friend's position. If bookmakers disappeared, so, presumably, would tipsters, like Othello, find their occupation gone.

"Tell me," I persisted, asking an old theological conundrum, "what would you put in their place?"

"Put in their place, sir? Put in their place," he retorted, with rising anger (it was a subject on which he evidently felt deeply), "why nothing, sir, nothing!"

"Er—then you don't favour the legalising of betting?" I ventured. It seemed to me an extraordinary position for him to take up. I felt glad I had broached the question, I was evidently going to hear some strikingly original views, straight from the horse's mouth, as it were. I wished that that ardent social reformer, Lord Danesfort, had been present.

"Legalise betting, sir? I should think not. Betting is the greatest curse—next to the drink—that afflicts our civilization, sir. Legalise betting? What! lend the sanction of the State to a crying evil that is ruining homes and turning men from God? Never, sir, never. I tell you, sir—and I am glad to be able to testify—that betting would have ruined me, and nearly did, had it not been for the grace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It was the Army, sir, the Army that brought me the message of salvation, and I thank God as 'ow I can say to-day— But I get out here, sir, p'rhaps you'll take this copy of the *War Cry* and read it on your journey. Ah! betting is rotten, sir, rotten. Good-day!"

I think, on the whole, I would rather he had been a racing tipster!

VINCENT J. HANDS.

Jesus: Political Economist.

"MR. BERNARD SHAW admits that the greatest political economist of the age is Jesus of Nazareth."

These amazing words, uttered by Mr. Lloyd George recently, stagger the senses.

So now Jesus is to become a political economist; in fact, the greatest political economist. How Mr. Shaw came to his conclusion it is difficult to understand, and I really cannot guess what made him "admit" it. But, of course, Mr. Shaw, being a cynic, is above all criticism. Personally, I cannot find in the Bible any indications of this new trait of Jesus's character. I cannot find any sayings attributed to him which would indicate that he had even

an inkling of political economy. Certainly we find no mention of it in the record of his life. Far from deliberating upon the discrepancies of political economy Jesus did not say one word of either industry, commerce, or finance. He could have praised the efforts of the scribes and the leaders among the people, and have indicated what his views on the country's affairs were. But neither directly nor indirectly can we credit Jesus with having endeavoured to buoy industry with his religious agitations, neither can we regard him as one who had done anything to alleviate the lot of the poor classes of his day.

If he disliked rich men it was not because (as many people think) they were opposed to the welfare of the poor, but because they were stumbling blocks to the success of his career as a religious reformer.

And surely a system of political economy cannot be a success if he fails to diminish or destroy poverty. Such a system, to be successful, must lead to national prosperity, and this cannot be achieved unless poverty is swept away, and the working section of the community placed above the fear of starvation.

Jesus failed to establish a system, either religious or political, whereby poverty has diminished or the lower working classes been safeguarded. He is described as a man who wished all men equal, a desirable if impossible attainment; yet we find St. Paul distinguishing between man and man: "Servant, obey your Master".....

Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Shaw are only concerned with the ultimate effect of the teachings of Jesus. I note that the words "is the greatest"..... are used by Mr. Lloyd George to indicate, possibly that the political economy of Jesus still holds sway..... We are not concerned now, therefore, with Jesus himself. It is the Christianity he left behind which is the "political economy." And Christianity, we must remember, has forced itself into our social, political, and military laws; it has done more than merely to contribute to form those laws, and if systems of national government in Christian countries are inadequate a principal cause is Christianity.

It has been pointed out that the great reformers in legislation have been Christians. Shaftesbury with his Factory Acts, is an outstanding example. We must bear in mind, however, that if a Christian brought about the emancipation of factory workers it was under Christians and by them that these new laws became necessary.

Laws have done nothing to lighten the burden of the poor except to establish poor law and workhouses. Of what, then, does the political economy of Jesus consist? If it has failed to improve the social status of the poorer classes, in what can it be called great?

It is monstrous that such ridiculous statements should go unchallenged, coming as they do from well-known men, for they are readily accepted by the credulous people, with the result that Jesus may become the greatest Political Economist as well as the first real Socialist, an idea which some people still have.

G. A. BELLONI.

MR. G. WHITEHEAD'S MISSION.

Our missionary reports seven exceptionally good meetings at Blackburn at the time of writing, another in contemplation for last Sunday afternoon before beginning the week's mission at Nelson. The Blackburn crowds have been very appreciative, and although opposition has been offered from the platform, it has been quite fair. Mr. Sisson, of Bolton, will address two meetings at Blackburn to-day, and it is hoped that Sunday meetings will now be an established feature in this town. This week the meetings will be held in Victoria Square, Leeds.—E.

The Way of the World.

THE PURITAN PORTRAYED.

At his worst, he is in literature and art what the grinning yokel becomes when he enters a museum for the first time and sees nude statuary.....He tries to infect the rest of us with his prurience, and when he fails, he declares that we are shameless. He has been called a "snouter" with the happiest aptness, for he discovers obscenity as a hog finds truffles, and there are many who savour the delicacies dug out by his probing snout. He is the greatest salesman of pornography, for he has turned into scandalous successes books which had previously enjoyed the quiet appreciation of a limited public.....He credits us with his own intentions. In his professional capacity he has acquired a taste for the *Ragionamenti* of Aretino, for Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, for the suggestive passages in contemporary literature. He has a monopoly of procuring them and a talent for discovering what he is looking for in easily available books, which has surprised even their authors. He would hate to see everybody as deeply immersed in such works as he is.....He is the representative man of the botched and intimidated.—Ernest Boyd, "Portraits, Real and Imaginary."

ALDOUS HUXLEY ON "PROFESSIONAL MORALISTS."

The fuss was ridiculous, for Mr. Coward's play ("Fallen Angels") is not in the least unpleasant. The professional moralists of the evening papers made a bad choice.....If we are to believe the evening papers, the public doesn't like unpleasantness. It wants the characters in its books and plays to be good; or, if unpleasant people must be brought in, it demands that they shall be counterbalanced, conquered, and put to shame by the virtuous. And if it doesn't want these things—well, it ought to. Are the evening papers right?.....Evil fascinates us as such (and don't the journalists know it? What sells their paper is not the grave, more-sorrowful-than-angry denunciation of unpleasant authors; it is the lively lengthy descriptions of murder, fraud, lust, and cruelty on the other pages). We like police news and unpleasant fiction for the same reason as we like chatty actresses and the Prince of Wales, happy endings and the lives of saints. We like them because they show us what we might be potentially or ideally, but in dull fact are not..... Little Judas and his kind are scapegoats. We live respectable lives and they sin for us.—Aldous Huxley, "The Nation."

ANATOLE FRANCE DISCOURSES ON RELIGION.

Suddenly he asks me: "Have you been freed?" I stand perplexed: I do not know precisely what he means. Freed from what? From military service?

He makes himself clear.

"Have you been liberated from religious beliefs? Oh, the question is not in the least indiscreet. I say that to you, just as I would say, 'Have you a good digestion? Is your liver all right?' People are born churchy or unchurchy, just as they are born with a tendency to arterio-sclerosis, cancer, or consumption..... He who is born an unbeliever, remains one all his life, and *vice versa*: he lacks the organ of superstition. In relation to heaven he is a eunuch. I had that infirmity or, if you like, advantage.....That is why I enquire with such sympathetic interest about you..... He turns again to his magnificent *La Bruyère*. He reads: "It is a very serious thing to die." He shuts the book with disgust, and jeers: "What foolery! It is no harder than to be born. It is the end of the curve. Everyone is successful at that.—J. J. Brousson, "Anatole France Himself," pp. 21-22.

MR. HILLAIRE BELLOC HEARS THE TRUTH.

Mr. Belloc carries stone-throwing and uncharitableness to a pitch that is almost pathological. A man has to have been dead a very long time before Mr. Belloc

has a good word for him, and even among the dead only those get a meed of praise who can be used in some way as sticks to beat Mr. Belloc's living enemies. In the whole of this book (*The Cruise of the "Nona"*) there are only, I think, two living people who get a word of praise; one of them is Mussolini; but then, as Mr. Belloc tells us, Mussolini has taken as one of his "first principles the restoration of the crucifix to the schools, and insisted upon the official world hearing Mass." On the other hand, Mr. Belloc is continually abusing, condemning, delivering judgment against other people—politicians, Germans, lawyers, scientists, Jews, historians, dons, capitalists, Labour leaders, writers—they are all of them corrupt, liars, swindlers, bullies, and thieves, and verily there is only one righteous man in the city, and his name is Hiliare Belloc....it is amusing to see him, after spending pages in sticking pins into scientists and Protestants for believing in quackery, suddenly turn round and solemnly discourse about what he calls Catholic civilization," the most astonishing farrago of history, pseudo-history, theology, Mumbo-Jumbo, and personal prejudice that any sane man even in a dream has ever mistaken for the truth.—*Leonard Woolf, "The Nation."*

Correspondence.

CHRISTIANS AND FREETHINKERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—I have received a copy of the *Freethinker* with a hint that I might comment on some of your strictures on recent utterances of my fellow-Christians. The subject is not inviting. Supposing they have spoken unadvisedly: there is nothing surprising in that. I have done so scores of times myself, and am no longer surprised or alarmed by any wild talk, either by Christians or Nothingarians or Atheists. Nor again would it profit if I traversed your comments on what is, after all, a superficial matter. Such disputing only leads to jangling, and the world—since I wrote last to you—has developed such anxieties and imminent perils that I feel out of tune for jangling, especially with people who seem to be seeking truth.

But with your leave I will recall to your readers the reason why it seemed advisable to bring our correspondence to a close. At first, my hope was that while you expressed disagreement with the theistic position you would indicate what your own principles are; your fundamental belief as to how this world came to be what it is; whether our love of beauty, for instance, can be explained by "Atheistic" evolution: above all, what reasons you have for thinking some conduct of life good, some bad. If you had given me any inkling as to these questions I should have tried to show that some of your principles were identical with my own; and finding first where we agreed, I should have tried to tackle matters whereon we differed.

But it was not to be. Nobody gave any hint of his deepest view of life, but nearly every writer said he thought mine nonsense. Silence, sir, is not always golden, though it is very often: this reticence anyhow made all further effort on my part necessarily abortive.

A homely illustration may help. Tom falls in love with Jane, and discloses his happiness and anxiety to Tim. But Tim not only is astonished at any friend of his thinking Jane worthy of love, but has long been trying to persuade himself that she doesn't exist, though very many of his friends are sure she does. Tim tells Tom frankly but courteously that he must be the victim of an illusion. Tom takes grave exception to this statement on the ground of his own experience, though he admits that the experience cannot be logically explained. Now Tim, all the time is in love with, and hopes to marry, Susan, a lady of very different complexion and demeanour from Jane, but meantime he spends his scanty leisure in telling all who will listen that Tom, poor fellow, is in love with a phantom: Jane, to wit; though Jane is a damsel of ampler build than Susan, and Tim goes on to make still more acid remarks that he has no notion what Tom means when he talks of

love at all. Next, Jack comes on the scene, a practical engineer, who believes in pistons but not in emotion, and has never had the faintest notion of what it is to love a human being. He roundly tells Tom and Tim they are both fools, but that Tim is the greater, for having fallen in love with one fair lady himself he girds at Tom for loving another. "Yet," says Jack, "you would not like it much if he fell in love with the same." What answer Tim made to this sally is not recorded.

The analogy breaks down here and there; but the gist of it holds good. I assume that you, sir, and your readers have some principles as to Right and Wrong, to which you are devoted. My conviction is that your devotion to them is very similar to the devotion I render to the Creator of this Universe: and it is probably ardent in proportion as it is believed in, though incapable of logical proof. The story ends as follows: Tom, hearing the facts, wanted to show Tim that they both were cheered, uplifted, and blessed by the same experience, and that it had been known as a wonder in human life for many ages; but he failed: for Tim never told him there was a Susan in the case at all. But with Jack Tom held his tongue, knowing that Jack could not understand a word of what he could say.

E. LYTTLETON.

FREETHOUGHT AND—OTHER THINGS.

SIR,—The fifth "Sugar Plum" in your issue of July 19 raises again the question of how far should one conceal one's principles in an easy going world. It is most frequently raised in the form, What should a clergyman do who, having established himself in a church, finds himself no longer able to believe what he promised to believe? And, judging by discussions I have read, Freethought opinion is divided; some say he should "carry on," and others say he should "chuck it."

But the question does not always arise in that acute form. Your correspondent, A. W. Malcolmson, raises it amusingly in his letter on page 461. He calls himself a Vegetarian-Atheist, and his feelings seem to be hurt when he finds that there are vegetarians who are not Atheists, and Atheists who are not vegetarians. With which of these two Nonconformists is the poor man to break? In the "Sugar Plum" to which I have referred the conflict is between Socialism and Atheism. There are many Socialists who are Atheists (Bradlaugh, e.g.), and there are Socialists who are not Atheists (Lansbury, e.g.). The writer of the "Sugar Plum" appears to think that a vote is something of value in itself, and that a Socialist-Atheist would be prostituting his Atheism by concealing it in order to get a vote for Socialism. But the vote is only a means to an end, and the man who seeks it must decide whether if he cannot have both, which is unlikely, he would prefer an Atheist-Capitalist state of society, or a Theistic-Socialist state of society.

Or take another case, my own, for example. I am an Atheist, a Socialist, and a choral singer. As a choral singer I sing the "Messiah," the "Stabat Mater," the "Dream of Gerontius." I am also expected at the end of a performance to join in singing that silly doggerel, "God Save the King." Now, if I insist on my Rationalist and Socialist points of view I shall have to resign. Is it worth it? Do I advance either of my beliefs by throwing a bone of contention into a choral society?

There are many debating societies where there is a rule that religion and politics are not to be discussed. A stupid rule, which means that the members cannot be trusted to discuss such subjects rationally. I was once in a debate in a Unitarian church on the Existence of God. Those who still refused to believe were, however, congratulated by the chairman, a dear old Unitarian minister, on the "reverent" way in which we had carried on the discussion. I wondered whether there was a reverent and an irreverent way of proving the famous Pythagorean proposition.

Or, in conclusion, take the cognate point raised in your "Views and Opinions," of July 26, the conformity of a University professor. Suppose one is searching for a cure for cancer, who thinks himself on the trail, but

can succeed only if he has the resources of a University behind him. He is an Atheist, and to confess his Atheism would mean the sacrifice of his hopes for humanity. What would you advise him to do? It appears to me that we are very much in the position of an army, the advance of which must be on the whole front to win. It would be suicide serving no useful purpose for a general to rush in advance of his men to enter the deadly imminent breach. Victories are largely contributed to by men who have but little courage yet advance with the main body. I think the best advice for the vegetarian-atheist, the choral-atheist, the cancer research-atheist, is to carry on, but not to venture too far in advance of the main body of support.

France, Aug. 3.

F. J. NANCE.

NAMES OF THE BIBLE.

SIR,—In his letter Mr. E. A. Phipson says "there is nothing unprecedented in the fact that biblical names are seldom repeated." Mr. Ireland was, of course, referring to names of persons, and the following from the adjoining countries of Babylonia and Assyria will, I think, be in favour of his contention that the Bible is probably a faked book from beginning to end.

In the list of Babylonian Kings we find, Nebuchadnezzar IV., Nerodach-beladan III., Ninip-kudur-wzur II., Kadasman-bel II. In Assyria, Shalmaneser IV., Assur-dan II., Hadad-nirai IV.

The compilation of the Bible may, however, be considered from another point of view. Until the post-exilic books were written there was no mention of the dragon, except a solitary instance in the Book of Deuteronomy, which book, as every Freethinker knows, is said by Bishop Colenso to have been forged by Jeremiah. The grossest piece of forgery and plagiarism is the Book of Revelation, but that is too big a matter to enter upon now.

W. CLARK.

LOGIC AND SCIENCE.

SIR,—I wish to thank Mr. M. Barnard for his very pertinent query; and I hope to be able to answer it as fully as possible in next week's issue. As my meaning is badly conveyed by my brief allusion; and as the analogy I made is not true as I expressed it, I am glad of an opportunity to amend and correct.

KERIDON.

THE ORIENTAL MYSTERIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a quotation from my work, *Christian Beginnings*, in the article on "The Oriental Mysteries and Christianity"—II., in your issue of July 26. The quotation is from p. 89 of my work, and is quite correctly cited. In it I say that there is no evidence in early times for any Galilean Christianity. But whereas the context in my book makes it quite clear that by "Galilean Christianity" I mean communities of believers in Jesus, who, after his crucifixion, were living in Galilee, Mr. Mann, the writer of the article, seems to understand "Galilean Christianity" to mean the tales about the life of Jesus in Galilee.

My remarks in my book had nothing to do with this latter question: I was only concerned to maintain that all the believers in Jesus after his crucifixion settled themselves in Jerusalem, even if, like Peter, they were Galileans, and that Galilee did not become a Christian district.

F. C. BURKITT.

Thus too his Grace the Archbishop of Aix perorating once, with a plaintive pulpit-tone, in these words: "Tithe, that free-will offering of the piety of Christians"—"Tithe"—interrupted Duke la Rochefoucault, with the cold business manner he has learned from the English, "that free-will offering of the piety of Christians; on which there are now forty thousand lawsuits in this realm."—*Thomas Carlyle, "The French Revolution."*

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

LONDON.

OUTDOOR.

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

FINSBURY PARK BRANCH N.S.S. (Finsbury Park): 11.15, Mr. Lionel Dawson, "Did the Christ of the Gospels Ever Live?"

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

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Brockwell Park): 3.30 and 6.30, Mr. R. H. Rosetti will lecture.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY.—Ramble to Rammore Common and Leith Hill. Conducted by Mr. F. M. Overy. Trains Victoria 9.25 a.m., London Bridge 9.25 a.m. (L.B. & S.C.R.). Cheap return to Dorking, 3s. Leave train at Box Hill. Will all ramblers bring lunch and verify times of trains please?

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

COUNTRY.

OUTDOOR.

BLACKBURN SECULAR SOCIETY (The Market Ground): 3 and 7, Speakers: Messrs. W. Addison and Will Sisson.

BOLTON SECULAR SOCIETY (The Town Hall Steps): Friday, August 14, at 7.30, Speakers: Messrs. Addison, Partington, and Sisson.

LEEDS BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Square): Every evening, Mr. G. Whitehead's Mission.

NEWCASTLE BRANCH N.S.S. (Town Moor, near North Road entrance): 7, Debate between Mr. Carlton and Missioner, "Would Christ's Teachings Benefit Mankind?"

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