

The FREETHINKER

FOUNDED · 1881

EDITED BY CHAPMAN COHEN ■ ■ EDITOR 1881-1915 · G. W. FOOTE

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper

VOL. XLVI.—No. 17

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1926

PRICE THREEPENCE

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Views and Opinions.

Burbank the Freethinker.

The death of Luther Burbank removed a striking figure from the world of experimental science. In his own way and in his own department he was supreme. He had Darwin's patience in the conducting of an experiment—it is said that he would sow half an acre and preserve but a mere handful of the things grown—and a profound conviction in the infinite plasticity of all forms of life, animal or vegetable. He gave the world an onion without smell, a plum without a stone, a potato which alone meant millions of dollars to the United States, with numerous new forms of flowers and vegetables and fruits. As Burbank saw nature there was no limit to the degree to which it might be modified. All was, as the Greeks said long ago, in a state of flux. Whatever be the question as to the machinery of evolution there was no doubt of its actuality. Luther Burbank was demonstrating this to the world every year of his life. The divisions between varieties might easily be bridged, and if between varieties there was nothing to prevent its being also done between species. The same patience, the same foresight, the same belief in plasticity and in the power of man's intelligence applied to human affairs, might quickly produce changes at the side of which the wildest revolution the world has ever seen would stand as a mere incident.

* * *

Science and Religion.

But there was one thing that Luther Burbank could not do—he could produce neither a religion free from nonsense nor a Christian apologist who would meet an opponent with absolute fairness. Perhaps he never tried, for his perception of the possible did not wipe out from his vocabulary the word impossible. At any rate the fact comes out very strongly. Luther Burbank was an unbeliever, a Freethinker; to use his own description of himself—an Agnostic. He did not believe in a God, and did not see the necessity for inventing one. Given the existence of natural forces that was enough. Adding God to them as one extra force did not explain the better what already existed, and only meant one extra force

of an utterly incalculable character with which to deal. And sound science dislikes and has no use for the notion of forces that do nothing and explain nothing. A public announcement of his position with regard to religion was made by him not long before his death, and wide publicity was given to it in the American press. Our own press would have kept the matter quiet, being, as Lord Beaverbrook said, a clean press, and therefore not above misleading by suppression. The announcement could hardly be called a blow to the Christian world because the number of Freethinking and non-Christian scientists is so great that one more or less can make no very great difference. The churches have indeed given up looking for a confession of faith in genuine Christianity from prominent scientists, and are content if they can extract from them the profession of a belief in a fundamental Force, an Ultimate Reality—spelt with capital letters by way of creating an impression, but bearing about the same relation to what the world has always meant by God that a horse-chestnut does to a chestnut horse.

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Dying Unbelievers.

We have been interested in noting some of the comments on the death of Luther Burbank, because they illustrated an aspect of Christian policy. Once upon a time the death of a Freethinker of note was invariably followed by the story of a death-bed recantation. The Infidel was depicted dying a miserable death, calling upon Jesus to save him, repenting of his wicked life, etc. This happened to Paine, to Voltaire, to Bradlaugh, and to Foote, although with a decreasing volume of publicity. Until recent times every good Christian expected a Freethinker to die in this way, and Christian preachers were not slow in giving them what they expected. A lie more or less did not matter, so long as the lie was told in the service of God. One of the religious tracts we treasure is that concerning the death of Thomas Paine, which bears upon the title page the effigy of a dirty, dissolute-looking scoundrel hugging a brandy bottle, and the rest of the tract illustrates the picture. And it should be noted that although leading Christians have given up the death-bed narrative, these tracts are still circulated without protest from these same Christian leaders. They have not yet developed to the point of disowning them. They will not tell the lie themselves, but they will take whatever profit may accrue from others telling it. Other times, however, brought other methods. Ingersoll said that the Christian Church only stopped burning heretics when the number of those who objected to being burned became unmanageable. So while Freethinkers were few, to tell lies about them was easy. But with Freethinkers numerous and well known, greater caution had to be observed. They could not be prevented living, and they were ultimately permitted to die without their death-beds forming the material for frightening timid Christians out of what little wits they possessed.

Insult or Compliment.

So developed a new method. The Freethinker did not die a Christian death, howling for God to save him. He had lived like a man and he was permitted to die like one. Still, on his own confession, he was a Freethinker, and something had to be done about that. Of course, if he was a bad Freethinker, if he was a drunkard, a thief, or a murderer, his case presented no difficulty. He was allowed the full benefit of his Freethought. It was only when the Freethinker behaved himself that difficulties arose. And a way out was found by saying that he was a Christian without knowing it. That was a common expression concerning Bradlaugh, and it is repeated by the *Christian World* in the case of Burbank. It is really both impudent and insulting. Men such as Burbank are not so mentally irresponsible as to require a Christian journalist to tell them what they believe or do not believe. When Burbank said he did not believe in a God, he meant exactly what he said. To believe in natural order or in natural causation is not to believe in God. You do not kneel in prayer to natural order, nor do you offer praise to natural causation. There is no more sense worshipping a mere force, whether it is called ultimate or otherwise, than there is in worshipping a stone image. God means, and always has meant, someone who can hear, who can attend, who can reward or punish, who can, as Lord Balfour puts it, take sides with man or against him. It is simply insulting a man's intelligence to say when he declares that he does not believe in a God that he is mistaken, and believes in one without knowing it. Freethinkers may be quite wrong, but they are not usually fools.

* * *

Christian Arrogance.

I would ask Christians not to imagine they are complimenting Freethinkers when they condescendingly say that a good Freethinker is a Christian without knowing it, or that he believes in a God without being aware of it. The degree of excellence attained by the average Christian does not impress the unbeliever, nor does the moral ideal held up by Christians impress him. It is the conceit of the believer, the profound egotism nourished by generations during which it was dangerous to question Christian claims, and when criticism was stifled by force which pays a compliment that is a veiled insult. Let anyone try and picture the average Christian evangelist loftily assuring a man such as Burbank or Bradlaugh that he is really as good as a Christian—in other words, “you are as good as me!” There is no wonder that Christians calmly assume that men and women ought to spend their day of rest in a way agreeable to Christians, that laws must be passed and maintained for the benefit of Christians, that the world would go to ruin in the absence of Christianity. The urgent lesson Christians need, as I have so often pointed out, is to realize that there are others in the world; that they stand for no more than one of the world's innumerable religious sects; that it is not they who are in a position to explain Freethought to the Freethinker, but the Freethinker who can explain Christianity to the believer. I have no desire to be thought as good as a Christian, nor to be assured that I believe in a God without knowing it. The Christian has a perfect right to attack my opinions; he has no right whatever to impeach my character or to insult my intelligence. I envy him neither his faith nor his deity. And I prefer the active hostility of the greatest bigot to the slanderous compliments of the milk-and-water believer.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The Bishop of Lincoln on Christian Love.

THE subject is highly interesting and its treatment by the Bishop arouses questions somewhat difficult to answer. The text is Colossian i. 3-7, in which the Apostle Paul gives thanks to God for the excellent manifestation of brotherly love so conspicuously made by the Colossian converts. Bishop Swayne says that “the Colossian Church was remarkable for this, the supremest of all Christian graces and virtues. They were noted for their Christian love.” Dr. Swayne is evidently an optimist who can say:—

From the very first, and always, the Christian faith has known how to touch and win men of all classes: the mighty of this world, the peasant, the business man; it has a message for them all. We know that in the first century of the Christian era there were a few distinguished people who became Christians, and we know also that the Christian faith did touch and did win from time to time the slave; and a very large part of that ancient society was servile. The Christian faith could do much to better the condition of the slave.

We notice the frequent use by the Bishop of the verb *could*. “The Christian faith *could* do much to better the condition of the slave;” but *did* it do much? Read what Lecky says in his *History of European Morals*, vol. ii., page 62: “The Christian emperors, in A.D. 319 and 326, adverted in two elaborate laws to the subject of the murder of slaves, but, beyond reiterating in very emphatic terms the previous enactments, it is not easy to see in what way they improved the condition of the class.”

Bishop Swayne is most anxious to produce the impression that the early Christians were people of considerable intelligence and culture. He tries hard to break the force of Paul's words in 1 Cor. i. 26-31: “Behold your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise, and God chose the weak things of the world that he might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea, and the things that are not that he might bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh should glory before God.” Commenting on that passage, the Bishop says:—

That means to say, the Christian faith had not touched very much the official classes, or the really wealthy men. On the other hand, as you study St. Paul's Epistles you will see at once that they must have been addressed to well-educated people. That is true of the apostolic writings generally. It is true, for instance, of such an Epistle as the Epistle to the Hebrews. Such a letter would have had no meaning except to people who were comparatively well educated. That is pre-eminently true of all St. Paul's letters. It is true, particularly, of such letters as those written to the Galatians, the Romans, the Colossians, and the Ephesians, all of which obviously implied, on the whole, a well-educated Church.

That argument is in no sense convincing, for even to the Church of the twentieth century the Pauline Epistles are largely unintelligible and sources of strife and division. The study of them has never been productive of much love in Christian hearts, nor has it led men and women to undertake great adventures in social service. Naturally the Bishop thinks differently, nor is he likely to admit that morally the Church has always occupied an exceedingly low position. That was painfully true of it in apostolic times,

as Paul sorrowfully admits in some of his letters. Bishop Swayne paints the character of primitive Christians in wonderfully bright and dazzling colours:—

There were practically no hostels or hostelries in those days. Such as existed had a very low reputation indeed, and were little more than houses of ill-fame. It was quite impossible for Christian men to stay at such places. So as Christian men went on their way conducting their ordinary business, they naturally sought for and found welcome in the houses and homes of their fellow-Christians. That accounts for what may sometimes have surprised you: the great stress laid in the apostolic writings upon the virtue of hospitality. The clergy are to be given to hospitality. A bishop must be given to hospitality. If a woman is to be put on the number of the church widows, one of the conditions is that she should have lodged strangers. That was a common Christian duty.

Curiously enough, people of the world are capable of such charitable behaviour and often do actually engage in it in circumstances similar to those just described, and there are multitudes of Christians who neither exhibit nor possess brotherly love. There are millions of Buddhists who dwell in an atmosphere of love and experience supreme delight in the service of their fellow-beings. Love is a human, not a Christian, virtue. It was in operation in the world for countless ages before Christ was ever heard of, and it will continue to act after the name of Christ has been long forgotten. Dr. Swayne is radically mistaken in treating love as a Christian virtue. For example, he says:—

I always like to remember how, in the early days of the New Guinea Mission, there was a rocky point upon which shipwrecks often took place. The Mission, out of their slender resources, put up a simple little beacon light, a very small lighthouse, to save the men who were seafaring. It was not exactly the business of the Mission to maintain a lighthouse, and no doubt the structure they put up was a very poor one, but it was a great deal better than nothing. It has been replaced now by something much more effective. That, however, was Christian love. Here is a social service which has got to be rendered. Nobody else does it, so Christian love does it.

With all due deference to the Bishop we are bound to characterize his teaching as sheer nonsense. The New Guinea Mission would have been guilty of shocking inhumanity had it neglected to erect that lighthouse. There was nothing Christian about it at all. It was a solid human action, whatever the professed motive may have been. It is false to say that it was the Church that first cared for the poor. The poor were protected and helped in ancient Greece and Rome long before Christianity made its appearance. In the *Expansion of Christianity*, by Von Harnack, vol. i., page 24, we thus read:—

In the Roman Empire there had already appeared a universalism foreign to the ancient world. Nationalities had been effaced. The idea of universal humanity had disengaged itself from that of nationality. The Stoics had passed the word that all men were equal, and had spoken of brotherhood as well as of the duties of man towards man. Hitherto despised, the lower classes had asserted their position. The treatment of slaves became milder. If Cato had compared them to cattle, Pliny sees in them his "serving friends."

What noble language that when compared with Bishop Swayne's. His lordship admits that Aristotle was a great-souled man, and that there is a great deal to be said for such a man. "He is strong, he is determined, he is independent. But he is quite prepared to trample on those who get in his way if they deserve it, and he enjoys doing it. He is a man of

the world, and he knows his own world to the full." But the Bishop informs us that he lacked certain essential qualities which were not in existence until Christ appeared and revealed them. And this is the conclusion to which we are led:—

Christian love, then, came as something strange, hitherto unknown. The second century satirist, Lucian, in referring to the Christians, speaks of them on the whole unfavourably, as a foolish, simple, easy-going people, easily taken in and deluded, just the kind of people an impostor like Peregrinus would make a good thing out of. Christian loving kindness was a new thing, and seemed to be the sheerest folly. It was not utilitarian. It was not the result of careful calculation as to what attitude towards human life is best on the whole for men and women. It was not the result of an elaborate system of ethical philosophy. It had its roots deeper than that, because it was the instinctive response of all that is best and truest in human nature to a new vision.

The whole of that passage is a deliberate and contemptible libel against our nature, of indulgence in which most clergymen are perpetually guilty. They forget that they defame God the Creator in the very attempt to magnify God the Redeemer. The world is not quite so black as the pulpit depicts it, and the Church is not nearly so holy as its officials portray it.

J. T. LLOYD.

Holy Hatred.

If all religions but one are certainly wrong, what is the chance of one being certainly right?—G. W. Foote.

Though few,
We hold a promise for the race,
That was not at our rising.

—George Meredith.

THE clergy are always boasting that religion spells brotherhood, that unless the restraints of pietism are present mankind would inevitably lapse into savagery. This statement is constantly being made from thousands of pulpits, and, such is the value of repetition, that the ordinary citizen is impressed by it. But the statement itself is no more exact than the proud boast of a dozen newspapers that each one has the largest circulation in the world; or that somebody's patent medicine will cure nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. "Fishermen," says the old proverb, "must cry stinking fish," and the clergy suffer from the same defects as all other tradesmen.

That worthy citizen, Mr. Everyman, would not be so easily gulled if his educational career did not finish so early as his fourteenth year. At so tender an age his horizon is so limited, and the swans of his admiration so very likely to be geese after all. And when he has left school the incessant demands of earning his daily bread leave him scant leisure for the acquisition of knowledge other than what is necessary for his work.

Yet, did Mr. Everyman but read his newspaper with attention he would find much food for thought. For instance he would read that once more Hindoos and Moslems have been rioting in India, with the result that forty lives have been lost, hundreds of people injured, and a city partly burned. If he pursued his enquiries he would find that all this assault and battery was associated with religion; and all this periodic bloodshed was caused by fanaticism and ignorance.

In England a cow is a most useful, inoffensive animal, and not even a dairyman would think of committing murder for its sake. In India a cow is a

sacred beast, and the native press is constantly reporting murderous riots caused by religious bodies attacking one another because of opposing views regarding this alleged sacredness. The fiercest riots in India occur during a Moslem festival when a cow is decorated with garlands and led in procession to the place of sacrifice. If the Moslems approach a Hindoo quarter in this journey there is usually loss of life, for the Hindoos regard the cow as a sacred animal, and a stone being thrown, or a few insults uttered regarding "cow-killers," results in a blood-thirsty riot which only the police and military can quell.

The Hindoos, too, have large numbers of religious processions, accompanied by musicians and dancers. Should these processions pass too near a Moslem mosque where the faithful are at prayer a riot will take place and the streets run with blood.

The Hindoos are most credulous and most expansive in their piety. If similar-minded people lived in this country they would deify the London General Omnibus Company and the local gasworks. The Hindoos have hundreds of deities; but an Englishman has only one three-headed god which he worships on one day in each week and conveniently forgets on the other six. In plain language, both Hindoos and English suffer from the same disease of superstition, but the one has it badly and the other slightly.

Fortunately, religion is often tempered with discretion. In the last war a French officer noticed a gigantic Algerian soldier with his breast littered with a variety of religious emblems. Enquiring as to the cause, the black trooper smilingly said: "Much religion plenty much coffee." In India such converts are called "Rice Christians," and one oily Oriental will often figure in the reports of a dozen missionary societies, ranging from Presbyterian to Roman Catholic. Nearer home the phenomenon is not unknown of religious conversion in which the convert has his tongue in his cheek, one eye on a banking account, and the pious hope that his motives will not be detected.

But fanaticism, pure and simple, is the outcome of belief, and never of doubt. The believer thinks that he has the truth, and that he alone is wise. It is always the man who is cock-sure of his position who is so intolerant. And religious folk can be exceedingly egoistic. A story is told of a minister who had a fierce argument with a hard-shell female believer. "But," protested the parson, "if what you say is correct, yourself and your husband appear to be the only persons who will be saved." "Yes! that is so!" was the unexpected retort, "only I'm not quite sure of John."

England is no more exempt than India from religious rioting. Armenian massacres, and Russian pogroms, show that the east of Europe is as ignorant and fanatical as the Orient. In Ireland a prime factor in the eternal unrest in that distressful country is the continual conflicts between Orangemen and Papists. And, whilst religious bodies hate each other with a perfect hatred, they all unite in hating Freethinkers. The shooting of Francesco Ferrer in Spain shows quite clearly to what terrible lengths priests will go in their antagonism. Even in England a long list of prosecutions for blasphemy proves that the spirit of religious intolerance is not dead, or even dying. One of the worst examples of religious hatred was the long martyrdom of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, whose only crime was that he was the first Jewish officer to be promoted to the General Staff of the French Army. The nearest parallel in this country was the thirteen-years' battle of Charles Bradlaugh to enter the House of Commons as the elected repre-

sentative of the town of Northampton. Bradlaugh was an Atheist, and almost every pious person regarded him as accursed, and acted accordingly.

What is the reason of this universal hatred on the part of religious people? The answer is simple. They are the victims of Priestcraft, and of stereotyped religion. The Oriental believer, however ignorant he may be, is sincere. Religion to him is not a Sunday amusement, or a social decoration, or a moral police force. It is a passion that inflames his nature, and dwarfs his perspective of life. All other things are trivial in comparison with religion. Christianity is open to much of these objections; only there is less religion in it. A Christian grocer, for example, attends church and wails hymns on occasional Sundays, but all the week he is sanding the sugar, and devoting his time to the Mammon of Unrighteousness. The Moslem prays daily, and follows the strict letter of his religion. A Hindoo will not eat his food if the shadow of an infidel has fallen upon it, and people of another caste are untouchable. Both Hindoos and Moslems have been trained under despotism and superstition, and they are capable of the wildest fanaticism. But a world-epoch is dying, and a fresh page of history is being turned. On the huge mound of the past Nature tosses flowers. Of these many are frail, but one is the white flower of Freethought. It symbolizes the eternal quest of mankind for Liberty, which will one day make all things new, and will change the face of the earth. In that day superstitions will be transformed into the religion of Humanity, and Buddhism, Christism, and Islamism will all be as remote as when the star of Ormuzd burned out in the unquiet skies.

MIMNERMUS.

A Penny Bottle of Ink.

It has often been remarked how small and apparently trivial a circumstance will alter the whole current of a person's life. One does not realize at the time how such a circumstance is going to affect us, or what changes it is destined to bring about in the future. It is only when we look back over our life's journey that we see the incident in all its significance, and recognize it as a kind of signpost which directed our steps along a strange and unusual path. These reflections are prompted by the remembrance of just such an incident in my own life, and one which opened up for me a whole world of thought and experience to which I would otherwise have been a stranger. But for it, the readers of the *Freethinker* would never have had the good fortune to peruse the innumerable columns of sound philosophy, of sparkling wit, and profound wisdom which have from time to time appeared in its pages over my humble signature. Indeed, the very production of them would have been impossible, and I might still have been wandering in the maze of theological speculation.

Like many other Freethinkers in their youth, I was taught to believe that the most important thing in life was religion. The Bible, the Shorter Catechism, and sermons were almost the only mental food I knew until early manhood. Having left school about the age of ten to work for my daily bread, the extent of my education may be imagined. As a boy, it is true, I had won the annual Sunday-school prize for scripture knowledge, but of any other kind of knowledge I was woefully ignorant. The Christian account of the origin of life and man's relationships was to my simple mind a sufficient explanation, and one not to be questioned. At the time of

which I speak, I had, however, discarded the belief in hell and future punishment, but only because of the conviction that they were not sanctioned by New Testament teaching. For the same reason, I had ceased to regard the clerical profession as a Christian institution. But I was an active religious worker in the Church, and also in the Christian Evidence Society, of which I was a member. The state of my mind, which was permeated with religious thoughts, but destitute of anything in the shape of intellectual education, may be readily imagined. But the fates unexpectedly intervened, and changed the whole current of my life and thoughts.

I was at that time the youthful manager of a small branch grocery establishment. And one day a parson appeared at the counter to make some purchases. He demurred to the price of some article he had asked for, and sneeringly observed: Ah, yes, of course, you are the middleman. The poor fellow was probably only repeating the meaningless phraseology with which one of his bishops had tickled the ears of a Co-operative Congress. I felt inclined to remind him that he also was a middleman, and a useless one at that, but let the matter pass. The parson and his insolence might soon have been forgotten, had it not been for another incident which immediately followed. As he was leaving, there passed him in the doorway a shabbily dressed man, old, at least in appearance, with the look of having seen better days. He also was a middleman; he was peddling penny bottles of ink! How well I remember after the lapse of all these long years his tall, gaunt figure, slightly stooping, his threadbare clothes frayed at the edges, and his worn-out boots. We are admonished in the old book as to our courteous treatment of strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. It is a wise admonition. If my visitor was not an angel in the ordinary sense, he was certainly an angel of light bearing a message of mental emancipation and moral goodwill. It is said that many a warm heart beats beneath a ragged coat; but it was a novel experience to find that such mean apparel clothed a human *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a cultured moral philosopher, and a person of the highest intellectual attainments. Not that I knew anything at that time of an *Encyclopædia Britannica*, any more than I did of moral philosophy or intellectual pursuits. It was this chance meeting that led to my introduction to a world of higher thought and aspiration.

After a social exchange had been effected, and a penny bottle of ink had changed hands, we got into conversation. The subject of paramount importance to my mind was, of course, religion; but here was a kind of sinner I had not met before. He blankly refused to admit the moral depravity of the human race or the need of Christian salvation. He gently and effectively countered all my arguments and pleadings with a knowledge that astonished me, and which brought my lamentable ignorance into strong relief. He probably recognized in me a type of mind he must often have met before, and made allowances for my mental limitations. That meeting was the beginning of many more, and of a friendship which lasted until his death some two years later. I began to look forward to his visits, and gradually we assumed the respective positions of teacher and pupil.

My old friend must have been a born teacher, and I have often marvelled since at the infinite patience and painstaking care that he exercised to instil into my untutored mind a knowledge of those fundamental laws of thought which govern the process of reasoning. I do not think that up to the time of our meeting I had ever come across such a word as logic,

and certainly knew nothing of its meaning or application. The discovery that many of the terms in common use were only counterfeit coins circulating as genuine in the mental currency, was to me a revelation. It gave me the same kind of shock that one experiences when a trusted friend turns out to be false and unworthy. One of the difficulties of a teacher of such subjects, I imagine, is to adapt his instruction to the mental level of his pupil, but this strange tutor could simplify the most abstruse truths in such a way that my ignorant and ill-formed mind could grasp and comprehend them. Not that I understood their full significance all at once; it was only by the constant use and application of the logical principles he had taught me that I learned how invaluable they were in the search for truth. But I soon perceived how mean and pitiable were all the argumentative defences set up to safeguard the Christian belief, as well as the great conspiracy of silence which discouraged their free discussion. Indeed, the ease and freedom with which my old friend was wont to discourse upon the most sacred subjects was something entirely new to me. But with the gradual strengthening of my mind which such exercises entailed, I began to understand something of the meaning of mental freedom. One of the monumental works my tutor recommended for study was *Supernatural Religion*, one of the most powerful and destructive attacks upon the Christian faith that was ever penned. I need not detail all the incidents of my journey towards the Freethought position; I am only putting on record the peculiar circumstances that led to my steps being turned in that direction.

If my old friend was a destructive critic of theology, his ulterior aim was to impart the knowledge of a saner basis of life, both ethical and social. He used to say that logic, ethics, and social science were the three great studies of mankind, and so I believe them to be. Our conversations, or more correctly, his lessons, on these and kindred subjects are among the pleasantest recollections of my life. I can recall a memorable August Bank Holiday, when all the world and his wife were on pleasure bent, that we repaired to a public park where all forms of amusement were in full swing—boating, tennis, croquet, bowls—and amid all the holiday activity we ambled round and round the park lake, like the peripatetic philosophers of old, our minds away back in ancient Greece among its philosophies and its gods. What a strange and novel experience that was to me to be lifted mentally out of present surroundings, and transported into such an interesting world of thought and imagination; to be listening to the wisdom of one who himself might have been a Thales, a Pythagoras, or an Aristotle.

That was thirty years ago. But I have never ceased to wonder at the novelty of an experience which changed my old mental outlook. I take my hat off in reverential homage to the remembrance of this old pedlar of penny bottles of ink.

JOSEPH BRUCE.

Taking their (in Hebrew) literature I cannot see that it deserves the praises that have been lavished upon it. The "Song of Solomon" and the book of "Esther" are the most interesting in the Old Testament, but these are the very ones that make the smallest pretensions to holiness, and even these are neither of them of very transcendent merit. They would stand no chance of being accepted by Messrs. Cassell and Co. or by any biblical publisher of the present day. Chatto and Windus might take the "Song of Solomon," but with this exception, I doubt if there is a publisher in London who would give a guinea for the pair.—*Samuel Butler.*

The Pulpit and the Press.

AN EPISODE.

WE have in this country some fifty thousand pulpits ringing with a single message and a single name every Sunday, yet the preachers therein can hardly be said to have justice done them. They speak only to their congregations, often scattered and thin, and while, for the most part, those, the great majority, outside the churches have still a certain respect for the message and the name, are indifferent to, or little interested in, the work of the churches—as, indeed, they are to less doubtful activities. This work, also, receives but little notice in the press, and unless the preacher is very truly Christian and long-suffering in spirit, he is apt to feel a “noble irritation,” which, on occasion, drives him to epithetical denunciation of the outsider and especially the “other-sider,” a fatal lapse from the age-old pose and repose of the pulpit and the pew. Even the man of God, unlike Sterne’s unforgettable *Franciscan*, has not outlived resentment, nor bows his head, nor lets his staff fall upon his threadbare sleeve: He has his ego still to satisfy: There was a limit even to the patience of Job.

On the other hand the preaching Freethinker is still more unjustly dealt with. Our great free press is fettered in many ways, not least by the churches themselves. The case for Rationalism is only grudgingly allowed in the press. It flames up here and there, at sporadic interval and place, only to be quietly extinguished before the thorns and rubbish opposed to it have even been scorched. When truth and falsehood grapple, even in the press of to-day, this is how it works out. If too strong and obvious, the secular case will not appear, or only an emaciated shadow of the original article. If timid and tasteless, it may have room, but might as well not appear at all. Another case of heads I win, tails you lose.

A local exception we think worthy of note: Percolations from the debate in Stratford Town Hall, and from the *Manchester Evening News* of February 3, had appeared in our local sheet, the *Ardrrossan and Sallcoats Herald*, these, later, very pointedly amplified by an Ayrshire Freethinker, Mr. John Hayes. The latter, just poor pebbles from the great quarry of Freethought, made quite a loud splash in the local atmosphere, and roused the ire of one very excellent but dogmatic minister, the Rev. W. McNeil Biggam, the same that, some years ago, got a little the worst of an encounter with Mr. H. G. Farmer on the subject of Beethoven’s religion. Being a good musician himself, and jealous of the good name of his favourite composer, Mr. Biggam was naturally indignant about the aspersion of Atheism on Beethoven, whose church music had seemed to the minister as pious as, but even grander than, Handel’s.

The result of the Hayes’ letters was a church notice, “The Implications of Atheism.” We took the liberty of being present, when, after the devotional preliminaries, the text was given out: “The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.” Very apt, no doubt, not very original, but a testimonial to the “fool” who said “in his heart,” that is, honestly, there was no God—and yet Burns has said:—

The heart, aye’s the part, aye,
That makes us richt or wrang,

followed immediately from the rostrum, and the saint in silk and sulks, abuse instead of argument. We noted hurriedly a few of the choicer expletives etc., such as “Insolent attack.....ignorant and brag-gart Atheist.....abundant space in a decent family newspaper.....I protest against it, I say it is in-

decent, an outrage, it ought to cease, it must stop!the editor should exercise control or forfeit the respect of all Christian people.....those who turned their backs on God could not live a good and full and happy life.....gradual enlightenment, from God, what a grand thing!.....the ethics of Confucius—see the state of China to-day.....Christ was the only truth,” etc., and so on to his feeble conclusion. Regarding Confucius, as well blame the priceless ethics of Marcus Aurelius for the fall of the Roman civilization. Burns satirised such silly talk in four of his deadliest lines:—

Morality, thou deadly bane,
What tens of thousands thou hast slain:
Vain is his hope whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice.

But, alas! while a quite correct, we fear the foregoing is but a crude summary of a cultured sermon. If a bad reasoner the average clergyman is an excellent showman, a perfect actor, imposing at last even on himself. On the soft pedal the organist discourses divinely. With humble but proud dignity the pastor ascends the pulpit, sits, and bows his head in prayer. He is apart with God. The fingers keep the eyelids closed while the good man asks that strength be given him for his task. But we wonder what he thinks “in his heart”; we ask, in real sympathy, what are his private griefs, doubts, fears. Too heavy, perhaps, for mere earthly and rational help or consolation (a lack of faith this) and so he compounds, of what “is” and what “is not,” a sanctuary immune from the all too clamorous questionings of the actual world, even of such an intellect as his. Even in this very church is the brief record of a predecessor who “turned Atheist.”

His after fate no longer heard,
Untold in pious strain;
No more he now expounds the Word—
Or only in disdain.

The soft pedal again and the preacher moves away—some impish voice whispers within us: “Exit God!” at the vestry door the breeze rustles his shoulder silk. He is gone, as he might have flown, to a better world. We suppose we must be respectful, if not reverent; and we are, as always, when we see consummate acting.

ANDREW MILLAR.

Acid Drops.

The *Sunday School Chronicle* graciously congratulates the Manchester City Council on its decision, by 52 votes to 15, not to permit Sunday games in the public parks. “Great pressure,” says our contemporary, “has been brought to bear upon the Council to grant this concession.” This means, we take it, that the bigots suspecting the vote would be in favour of Sunday games, frightened the majority of Councillors into voting against the proposal. That is a truly glorious victory for the bigots, but what a sorry exhibition of moral cowardice on the part of those Councillors who were scared into voting against their honest conviction! If anyone deserves congratulating it is each of the fifteen Councillors who voted in favour; they are obviously men of sturdy principle not to be intimidated by Sabbatarian threats.

But what does the *Chronicle* mean by “grant this concession”? What the Council has now done is to grant nothing, but has withheld a right—the right of the citizens of Manchester to use their own parks for the purpose of quite wholesome recreation, the purpose for which the parks were designed. The *Chronicle* also remarks that it deeply regrets to see the *Manchester Guardian* in its leading article steadily advocating Sunday games in public parks, and does so on the ground

that the older attitude towards Sunday observance can no longer be maintained. The *Guardian* argues, too, that because individuals are able to play on private lawns, the public parks should be open to citizens who possess no such advantages. It contends that games help to make Sunday a reservoir of bodily as well as spiritual strength. The *Sunday School Chronicle* thinks such reasoning specious, though we note it does not point out the error in the reasoning. It contents itself with saying that the tradition of Sunday as a day of rest and worship is a precious heritage "worth making a sacrifice to conserve." We like that! The Sabbatarian is not required to make any sacrifice whatsoever. He is free to treat Sunday exactly as his conscience suggests, but he withholds this freedom of conscience from his fellow citizens. He is merely required to leave others to do as they think fit with their own leisure hours, but his precious conscience has so little a sense of justice behind it that he cannot permit to others what he claims as a right for himself. What we are almost inclined to suggest is that the Sabbatarians ought to be compelled to play games on Sunday in order that they may learn the elements of fair-play!

There is a profound truth in the saying that religion is caught, not taught, affirms the *Sunday School Chronicle*. Still, even a malady like religion is hardly incurable. Many a man suffering from religious brain-fever caused by an overplus of the "Blood of Jesus" has been cured by a strong dose of Freethought. And this restoration to health is brought about by the only kind of "spiritual healing" which dispenses with Faith—it relies rather on the power of intellectual sanitation.

Freethinkers will have to cease protesting against the devotion of the B.B.C. to religious services. A correspondent of the *Daily Express* writes that while the broadcast religious service was proceeding on Good Friday he distinctly observed the sign of a cross in the clouds which hung for a long time between heaven and earth. Lord Beaverbrook, it must be remembered, prides himself only on having a clean press. He does not mind a silly press, and the *Daily Express* and other papers can always find space for this kind of communication. Give the public what it wants, not what it needs, is the rule by which these great newspaper men are guided.

Here is a sample of the religious talk served up in the *Radio Times* by the Rev. W. Leicester, of Stoke-on-Trent:—

God is essential to man; we cannot dispense with God and live. Nations have tried to do so and have signally failed. Babylon substituted earthly pageantry and material wealth for God, and she has fallen into oblivion. Ancient Greece deified culture and she perished from the dry rot of vice. Imperial Rome resorted to military force and civic statesmanship, and has become a mere shadow shape of history. Judea was built up on orthodox creeds and religious institutions, but even they could not prevent Jerusalem's overthrow. When a nation loses God it loses everything. When it turns its back on God it signs its own death-warrant and seals its own doom.

This is quite extraordinary history, but it is on a level with the religion served out by the B.B.C., the managers of which are evidently under the impression that anything to be religious must be silly. If Mr. Leicester will take the trouble to acquaint himself with the facts he will discover that in almost every case it was the more religious nation that went down before the less religious one. And when a man speaks of Babylon, which, like Egypt, was saturated with religion, having gone down because it had forgotten God, one can only think of Voltaire's description of the prophet Habbakuk as being capable of everything. One would think that the real lesson of the cases paraded is that religion is quite powerless to save a nation in the absence of conditions and institutions that are sound and healthy. And if such conditions prevail it can well do without religion.

According to a newspaper report, a Hull vicar writes in his monthly parish magazine: "It will come to a pretty pass if we have to display notices in our churches, 'Ladies requested not to powder during prayers.'" We sympathise with the reverend gentleman as powdering the nose cannot be dealt with by the Brawling Act, but we think that if the women do not take him seriously the business is finished and his church could be used for the diffusion of ideas more in keeping with the times. When the churches in general do this without the safety of the six feet above contradiction, and the buildings are regarded as centres of culture, we promise them a new lease of life, for many of the churches are beautiful, wrought by human hands, and, as architecture, are monuments to the skill and craft of those who have taken their wages and gone home.

Dr. T. R. Glover struggles gallantly in his fight to make sense out of St. Paul. In his weekly sermon in the *Daily News* under the heading of "The Life of Faith" he concludes with a significant remark that carries in it an echo of hope, for he comes nearer perhaps than he wishes to a human basis on which professional medicine men will be superfluous:—

If all life is to be based on some faith, surely it is better to have faith in an ultimate decency of things than in mere magic, and, better still, to believe in the greatest conceivable view of God, when there is at least a good presumption of evidence to justify experiment.

Thomas Hardy, with methods peculiarly his own, had to attack established conventions with "the decency of things" in view, and this is true of many other artists who have had to make the walls of Jericho fall down in order to remove mountains of ignorance built up mainly by the efforts of our witch doctors called priests. We wish Dr. Glover every success in his decline and fall from St. Paul to his belief in the ultimate decency of things; Nietzsche's approach to Paul was always made whilst wearing gloves, and the good sense of intellectual people will finally succeed in placing the converted Saul as Prince of Mystery-Mongers.

The late W. H. Hudson, who specialised in natural history, was not particularly in love with his fellow-beings. We are reminded of this by a notice of Mr. Richard Kearton's book, *A Naturalist's Pilgrimage*. Writing on lynching in America, Mr. Kearton states: "Personally I am not in the least particular how a bestial blackguard is put out of action. Guns, swords, or ropes are all good enough for me." The author, of course, has a perfect right to his opinion, but a probing into the origin of the negro's presence in America would, or perhaps ought, to temper Mr. Kearton's judgment. In the shipment of slaves to America, pious blackguards were foremost—this was the cause. The effects of miscegenation are shifted on to the shoulders of governments as its problem, and this is also true of the effects of our own missionaries' efforts with their blatant superiority abroad. They go there to teach, but should go to learn, but as they are the surplus at home the chances of this happening are very remote. And, then, guns and warships have to clear up the mess.

The following letter, signed W. R. Saunders, appears in the *Clerk* for April, and will interest some of our readers:—

One of our members who was unfortunate enough to be unemployed, applied for a position on the Clerical Staff of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, of Leman Street, E.1. In due course he was requested to attend at the offices of the C.W.S. for an interview with the manager. After being closely examined as to his previous employment, the employment of his father, sisters, brothers, etc., he was questioned as to his religion. Our candidate, being one of those "hot-headed, misguided young fellows" of whom one hears so much to-day (probably the aftermath of the war) replied that he was an Atheist. This reply evidently greatly shocked the manager, who proceeded to vigorously attack the would-be employee for his views.

Ultimately he, the manager, stated that there was in his office a Christian Fraternity, and they found that as a result of this little society, they were able to perform their duties with greater efficiency, etc. Needless to say, our Atheist did not get the job.

I do not intend to expound on the merits or demerits of a Christian Fraternity in an office, but I do suggest that one expects better things from the C.W.S. However, I do not think that the manager in this case was acting under instructions from the higher authorities, neither do I think that the majority of active co-operators in this country would countenance such a question being put to a prospective employee. It is a well-known fact that certain commercial employers are in the habit of questioning workers on their politics, and whether they are Trade Unionists, but I have not previously heard of a case of a man or woman being asked to testify on their religion, except in the case of religious societies.

Personally, I look with some trepidation to my next interview with an employer. I shall expect to be asked such questions as :—

“Do you believe in the Darwin theory of evolution? Is it your opinion that pressure should be brought to bear upon the Ecclesiastical Authorities to force them to open Joanna Southcott’s Box?” etc.

Possibly the commercial training colleges will include in their syllabuses a course of training for the answering of such questions to the satisfaction of an employer.

This is not a bad illustration of the mean kind of persecution that goes on all over the country. But the Christian employer would often much rather have a hypocrite with a profession of belief, than a straightforward employee who made no secret of his unbelief.

The Annual Conference of the National Union of Teachers had before it the question of religious instruction in the schools, and a resolution, moved by Mr. Williams, of Liverpool, expressed the opposition of the Union to imposition of religious tests in the appointment of teachers. The newspaper report before us goes on to say : “The Conference applauded the declaration that teachers generally desired to give Bible teaching, and that the teaching of the New Testament was the most powerful of moral dynamics.” Unfortunately, this sort of statement fails to carry conviction. We do not mean that a great many teachers may not sincerely believe that the New Testament ought to be taught in schools. Other people beside teachers believe that, and there is no good ground for believing that teachers are any better authority on the nature of morals than are other moderately educated and thoughtful people.

What we mean is that as the majority of teachers are afraid of offering opposition to religious instruction because of the persecution to which they would at once be subject, their formal profession of adherence to some form of religious instruction fails to carry conviction. That is one of the consequences of the cowardly persecution carried on by Christians. Where it is made a condition of safety to profess conformity, the profession of necessity cannot guarantee genuine conviction.

Further, so long as religion is in the schools the opposition to religious tests of some sort is quite unreasonable. No teacher objects to tests as to fitness in any other direction, and there is no reason, so long as religion is in the schools, why there should not be tests for that. The wrong lies not in the existence of tests, but in the presence of religion in a place where it should not be. If teachers will only say, what a very large number of them believe, that morality can be taught without reference to any form of religion whatsoever, and that the modern State is absolutely unwarranted in introducing the religious opinions of any sect—no matter how large—into the State schools, then they will be occupying a quite impregnable position. But the teacher who claims that the New Testament, or any other religious document is necessary for the teaching of morals, proclaims himself as unfit to be entrusted with the teaching of children of the nation. He is a sectarian protesting against sectarianism.

Writing on Liberalism and freedom, the *Daily Chronicle* declares :—

Freedom of thought is the basis on which all other freedoms stand or fall. And the true Liberal is he who is most alive to the obstacles which limit thought—sloth, ignorance, habit, prejudice, apathy, routine, rule of thumb, conventionalism, and that counsel of despair which teaches that great reforms can be achieved only very slowly and by very small advances.

We are glad to note this commending of freedom of thought, but we cannot help wondering just how deep is our contemporary’s belief in that principle. If the *Chronicle* really means to take its stand upon freedom of thought will it manifest its conviction in practical fashion? It has ample opportunity. To begin with; it can print reports of Freethought lectures. It can advocate the repeal of the Blasphemy Laws. It can dispel ignorant Christian prejudice against Freethinkers. It can discourage bigoted attempts to prevent people’s employing Sunday as a day of recreation just as freely as they may think fit. It can condemn the fettering boycott on Freethought papers and books. But we fear these suggestions for achieving true freedom of thought will not commend themselves to our contemporary. It is so much easier to talk about freedom in the abstract rather than to put it into practice.

For the first time a Highland golf club has decided to permit the playing of golf on Sundays. Now we shall be expecting a demonstration from the churches on account of this new infringement of the “Sawbath.”

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, designed to remove certain legal disabilities under which Roman Catholics suffer in this country, has passed its second reading, and goes to the Standing Committee. We have nothing to say against the removal of any disabilities that affect Roman Catholics, but we question whether Roman Catholics would be equally ready to welcome the removal of the Blasphemy Laws. Christians are the first to squeal at laws that oppress them, and the first to support laws that restrict the freedom of others.

Professor Henry, of Queen’s University, Belfast, has had the courage to publicly advocate the adoption of a policy of Secular Education in National Schools. Needless to say the clergy of Belfast do not like it, and a lively discussion is going on in the *Belfast Northern Whig*. The editor, as usual, is seeing to it that the majority of letters are on the religious side. This will serve the usual purpose of keeping the general public in the dark as to the number of those who would support Professor Henry, and prevent it knowing the strength of the case against religious instruction in State schools.

Away in the north of Scotland the Nairn Operatic Society has been getting into trouble. It appears the Society had arranged for a performance of German’s “Merrie England,” but in deference to the feelings of the Episcopalians, postponed it on account of Lent. The performance took place, however, in the week before Communion, and that upset the Presbyterians, and the ministers of the town drew up a solemn protest against anything of the kind being done. They denounce the “audacity” of the musical society for arranging an opera during the week when their members “are preparing their minds and hearts for the Lord’s Table.” The ministers threaten to debar anyone from the Lord’s Table who attended the performance. We suppose that, in the long run, the Presbyterians of Nairn will have to settle down to the situation, but the incident is enough to show that the spirit of Christianity is still active when it has a chance of expressing itself. The notion of a number of churches wishing to stop a performance because it occurs at the same time as their own, is a sample of that egotism and impertinence which is so large an ingredient of Christianity wherever it is found.

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.

C. J. KNOX.—Thanks for copy of letter, but we are afraid our readers would not follow the points in the absence of the original lecture.

J. M. SPENCE (Ohio).—Glad to hear you are renewing your acquaintance with the *Freethinker*, and also joining the N.S.S. If we do come to the United States we shall be delighted to have a hand-shake with you.

S. JAMES.—Of course there are good things associated with all religions. What the *Freethinker* aims at doing is separating the essential from the unessential. To say that when men give up religion their morality weakens would be, if true, one of the severest indictments one could frame against religious teaching. It amounts to saying that the truly moral impulse received from religion is so weak as to be almost non-existent.

J. HARRINGTON.—The writer in the *Calcutta Statesman* who quoted "Professor" Price against evolution must have been frightfully ignorant when parading that gentleman as a scientific authority. His scientific qualifications are about as near nil as is possible. *Organic Evolution*, by R. S. Lull (Macmillan), will give a very plain and comprehensive statement of the whole subject of evolution.

R. G. McDONALD.—There is very little that is fresh in the article. It offers only one more instance of the extreme arrogance of Christians who see nothing out of the way in asking the rest of the population to act so as not to run counter to their religious opinions.

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

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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.

We again remind Freethinkers all over the country of the Whit-Sunday Conference of the N.S.S. Those who are able to take a holiday might easily spend it in a worse way than attending the Conference. Whether at Birmingham or Manchester there are plenty of places of historic interest and picturesque beauty. We shall be publishing the Agenda in the course of a week or so, with other items of interest relating to the Conference.

The discussion at Burslem between Mr. Cohen and the Rev. Mr. Mason passed off pleasantly enough, but the size of the audience was not what it should have been owing to an unfortunate mistake in the advertising. Those on the spot had decided that newspaper advertising was enough, and Mr. Cohen had not been informed

of this. The consequence was shown in there being only a few hundred people present when there should have been several thousand. However, it is a mistake that will not occur again.

Mr. Mason is a very earnest speaker, but with a curious conception of Christianity. He appears to be taken up with the Labour movement, and so aims at squaring his theology to suit his politics. The New Testament seemed to be, in his opinion, little more than an early edition of the *Daily Herald*, and Jesus Christ chiefly interested in the reform of the land system and the destruction of capitalism. That is a form of theology that threatens to become popular with a certain type of preacher, but which, we imagine, would soon disappear with a change in political circumstances. Still, the debate attracted attention, and much support was given to the Freethought case by a number of young men present. There should be a Branch of the Society formed at Hanley, or thereabouts, in the near future.

The London Branches commence their open-air work with the first Sunday in May. On Sunday, May 2, the West Ham Branch holds its first meeting outside the Technical Institute, Romford Road, at 7, and during the six week-nights following Mr. Whitehead will speak each evening at 7.45. In Victoria Park, the Bethnal Green Branch will also commence operations on May 2, and we hope that East London Freethinkers will see that both Branches receive every possible support. The name of the lecturers, with their subjects, will appear week by week in our Guide column.

We are asked to announce that Mr. G. Bedborough will open a discussion at the Rationalist Press meeting-place, 5 Johnson's Court, on "Is Rationalism Constructive as well as Destructive?" on the evening of Tuesday, April 27, at 7.30. The meeting is open to the general public.

Glasgow Freethinkers are informed that Mr. F. Mann, of 34 Trefoil Avenue, is the newly-elected Secretary of the Glasgow Branch of the N.S.S. We understand that the Branch has had a very successful year, and is looking forward with confidence to what lies immediately before it.

THE HUMAN DARWIN.

A writer in the *Methodist Recorder* is greatly pleased with a story he has encountered, which runs thus:—

A tall, bearded man, looking severe and worried, sat at the desk in his study, working anxiously. The law of his house was that he must not be disturbed during the time set apart for his labours. But as he sat so engaged, the door opened quietly, and the chubby face of a four-year-old boy peeped solemnly in. Gravely addressing the tall man, his father, the little boy said, "If you'll tum out and play wiz us, I'll give you sixpence." The big stern man got up from his desk, stole out on tip-toe, went and played with his tempter, and did no more work that morning. He was one of the greatest thinkers the world has ever known. His name was Charles Darwin.

Says the Methodist writer, "that story is a gem! I have always had an immense admiration for Darwin, not merely as a thinker but as a man of splendid simplicity and greatness of character. He will stand higher than ever in my estimation now!" We rather fancy that this story pleases the narrator because in his youth he was probably told that the great agnostic was a very wicked man, and that all such men are bad parents. Hence, to learn that an agnostic father is much like an ordinary human father, comes as a bit of a surprise. Still, we are glad to have this unsolicited testimonial from a Methodist—that Darwin was a man of splendid simplicity and greatness of character—even though it is a little belated. At this rate of progress, in about twenty years time Methodists will be saying similar things about leading Freethinkers whom the last generation delighted to place in a prison cell.

The Cycle of Energy.

II.

(Continued from page 251.)

INERTIA.

WE now turn from relative or mutual attributes of matter to a property which may be considered as absolute in the sense that it is not contingent upon the existence or presence of any other portions of matter. This property is the very antithesis, the extreme opposite, of those already considered. Instead of being a one-directional capacity to change its position in space, it is emphatically an *in*-capacity to do so, and for that reason it is called Inertia, *i.e.* inertness or self-helplessness; and yet in spite of their conflictive nature, they are apparently simultaneous attributes of the same mass.

So true it is, that its auto-mobile power can take effect only by overcoming the resistance offered by its inertia, that is, by "doing work" upon it. It may pertinently be asked, "How is it possible for attributes so absolutely antagonistic to reside in, or be constituents of, the same substance?" Is matter, in truth, a house divided against itself within which a perpetual struggle obtains. The fact cannot be denied, it must therefore have a deeper significance than a fact that is mystified by no inconsistency. It seems to enforce the conclusion that the auto-mobile properties do not belong to the material substance alone, but that the medium participates in developing them, and that what we call a "pull" is in reality a push by the ether or whatever name we give to it.

In consequence of the resistance offered by the inertia of mass, its propensities to self-motion have acquired a new name. They are no longer mere tendencies to set their own mass in motion, but energy or capacity to do work. It is from this "domestic struggle" that the idea of energy gets its meaning; and more, it is the *fons et origo* of all cosmic evolution.

To use a crude metaphor, matter is both an extreme collectivist and also an extreme individualist: one links it to all environing matter while the other places it in severe isolation from all.

The principle of the conservation of energy is implied in this opposition between the fundamental attributes of matter and is susceptible of easy theoretic demonstration—a kind of *a priori* proof. And, again, let me state that by energy we mean a capacity to overcome resistance whether it be that of inertia or that of the powers of self-motion.

Though these attributes are so essentially antagonistic and conflictive in their nature, yet they can form alliances out of which two kinds of kinetic systems of paramount importance emerge. One of them is accompanied by a redistribution of energy while the other is effected without any. Let us consider the latter first.

In virtue of its property of self-helplessness, a moving mass would move for ever in a straight line with uniform velocity and constant energy. As this condition does not, and cannot, exist in a space thickly dotted with masses of matter, such an endless excursion is obviously impossible, but its equivalent is easily attainable if an alliance is formed between inertia and the forces which integrate matter into solids. To spin round a circle is equivalent as far as kinetic energy is concerned to moving in a straight line.

The reader must bear in mind that the property of inertia makes matter, if in motion, resist change of *direction* just as much as it does change of *speed*.

To pull it out of the straight line can be effected only by doing work upon it, *i.e.* by overcoming its intrinsic resistance to change whether of direction or of speed. If, therefore, a solid body is made to rotate on an axis, real or imaginary, every particle of which it consists, is at every instant drawn from the line it tends to move in—*viz.*, its tangent at the moment, along which it would go if the body suddenly became a loose mass of sand grains. This deflection is effected by the combined action of the gravitational and molecular forces which make and keep it a solid. Between these and inertia there is a continuous tug of war with the result that a rotatory mass may have uniform angular velocity.

We have examples galore of this alliance: in the flywheel of all machinery, and in the revolving planets and suns scattered throughout space, *which gives our own world its alternate night and day*.

We will next consider the alliance which does involve a redistribution of energy. Imagine two portions of matter separated by a definite interval and free from extraneous influences. Under the urge of mutual approach they begin to move towards each other, and will continue to do so until virtually in contact. When that condition is reached the propensity which made them approach is no longer an energy, but merely a binding or integrating force. As there is no space interval left, further approach is impossible, and no work can be done upon their attributive inertia.

During the time of approach their rate of motion was continuously increased; for the action of its auto-mobile impulse was not a momentary "pull" as is the case of starting a cart or a train. The mutual "pull" is continuous, and as the reaction is always the same, the same "amount of motion" is continuously added to that already gained. The speed is therefore said to be accelerated. The space interval that vanishes as the objects approach reappears in the motions acquired; and the inertia of the masses, acting like a cup, receives and retains the energy lost by the approach, and as the "cup" is filled by the movement of the masses, it is known as kinetic.

If, now, they approached along the same line and made direct impact, the collision would have converted molar energy into molecular or heat, which acts as a sluice through which material energy flows away from matter into its ocean home—the ether.

But suppose it was not a head-on collision, but that they passed each other as two trains do on different sets of rails. If, now, the self-moving propensities could be switched off as they were passing each other, each mass would, in virtue of its acquired motion, tend to move for ever in a straight line with the velocity it had on passing. But the auto-mobile forces are not switched off; on the contrary, they are as active as ever, only with reversed effect. They retard the motion at the same rate as they engendered it on approach, and will obviously take the same time to destroy it as it did to create it, with the result that each mass will be carried as far beyond the meeting point as they were distant from it at the start; and as they are for an instant without any motion just as they were at first, the cycle is completed, having passed the kinetic phase on the way when the auto-mobile forces were reduced to zero. After an instant of immobility, they again become obedient to the mutual "pull" and at once begin to repeat their excursions in the reverse order and so on for ever. It will be observed that the space factor changes its side twice during each complete cycle, and the energy in consequence alternates from static to kinetic and *vice versa*.

The above assumption is no fantasy. It is realized

throughout the material universe as solar systems and probably as sidereal systems as well. Revolving planets circulating round a sun exemplifies on a scale of colossal grandeur a working alliance between the auto-mobile urge called gravity and inertia. And we have an example of the same alliance between gravity and inertia in the swing of an ordinary pendulum.

All that is necessary to put the masses on different "rails," so as to avoid a head-on collision, is for one of the pair, in this case, the planet, to have acquired somehow, a uniform motion of its own, such as the push we give a pendulum to start it. Then the alliance between gravity and inertia will fully account for the behaviour of planets pacing elliptical orbits. The year with its seasons is the direct offspring of this alliance. At four points of this orbit the "pull" of the central body is at right angles to the direction of its uniform motion, and is spent entirely upon pulling the planet out of its rectilinear path; no increase nor decrease of motion is effected. These points are the *solstices* and the *equinoxes*. At the latter, the earth's energy is all kinetic—the energy stored up in its moving mass in virtue of its inertia. At the former it is all static, i.e. due to its position or distance from its correlate—the sun. The cycle begins at one solstice and ends at the other, having on its way passed through the kinetic phase at the vernal equinox; the cycle is then repeated in the reverse order, on the other side of the ellipse.

What, then, are impulsive forces? What relation have they to those which we have already considered.

They are incomplete energy cycles. An impulse, a blow, a hit, an impact is an energy cycle stopped by an obstacle at the kinetic stage; and the intensity of the blow is inversely as the time taken by the obstacle to stop it. When this occurs the molar energy of the mass is instantaneously changed into the molecular, i.e. the energy of the masses as a whole is transferred to the molecules or constituent particles—a form that is known as heat. Now heat, as we said above, is a sluice through which material energy of all kinds flows away to its ocean home—the ether; through which it radiates to the infinites at the speed of light. If it chances to meet matter, before it has become powerless through infinite expansion, some of it will be reabsorbed and the surface of the object will become warm as the earth is warmed by the sun. But it is only for a trice; away it speeds again as radiant energy.

It is thus clear that when an alliance is formed between the conflictive and incompatible motor attributes of matter, stable systems are formed; and energy tends to remain in the material system. When no such alliance occurs, all is chaos, and energy, via heat, tends to return to the ether as radiation, of which sporadic moieties may reappear in material substances which happen to come in its way, but which soon quits it again and returns once more to its etheric home. This is not a cycle but a circulation from ether to matter, and one that curiously resembles that effected by the waters of the ocean as they circulate from sea to land in cloud and rain and river.

Chemical energy differs *toto caelo* from the physical in respect to propagation and must therefore be considered separately.

KERIDON.

(To be Concluded.)

Religious formulæ I think we may say that he [Dickens] hated; and equally that he had little use for ministers of religion.....If Dickens ever conceives of a church as a tabernacle of any faith, I have yet to find the passage.—"Q." "Charles Dickens and Some Other Victorians."

Hypocrisy.

O for a forty-parson power to chant
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! —Lord Byron.

THOUSANDS of histories have been written dealing with different subjects. Histories of kings, emperors, and popes. Histories of philosophy, science, morals, and crime; but, so far as we are aware, there is, as yet, no history of Hypocrisy. Some day a treatise will be written upon the subject, and one of the chapters should be devoted to the question, "Why are the English people regarded abroad as the most given to cant and hypocrisy?"

For our part, we do not think that the charge is true, as applied to Englishmen in the mass; but it is undeniable that the charge is true of a certain proportion of the nation. A proportion, moreover, which, by means of its noisy vociferation, leads foreigners to place more importance upon its utterances than the relative smallness of its numbers entitle it to.

Some years before the war, we were returning from Paris to London, when one of our travelling companions, a stranger to me, began holding forth upon the dreadful wickedness of Paris, as he had seen it. To our experience, so far as morals were concerned, there did not appear to be a pin to choose between London and Paris, except that, at that time, solicitation was allowed in London, but prosecuted in Paris; but then we had not been to the trouble of seeking out the worst side of Parisian life. No doubt there was an immoral side to Parisian life, but so there was to London life. What large city, indeed, could afford to throw stones at another in this matter? But this darker side has to be sought for. A Frenchman, listening to our countryman's tirade, would have regarded it as a typical piece of English hypocrisy; for it is well known that the peculiar and exciting cafés and cabarets in the Montmartre district are supported almost entirely by foreigners, mostly British and American; the real Parisian is not seen at these vulgar and tawdry show places. Our Frenchman would declare that these English followers of Stiggins and Chadband go to these midnight haunts and enjoy themselves, and then return to England with their tales of French depravity, and he would put us down as a nation of hypocrites.

Take the case of Charles Stewart Parnell. Parnell was a great political genius, he was also the only man capable of controlling the Irish party and bending it to his will. By organized opposition, he held up the parliamentary machine until it almost ceased to function, and by continually transferring the Irish vote from one party to another, held the balance of power. Gladstone was converted to Home Rule for Ireland, not because he suddenly saw it was a righteous cause, but because he saw that there would never be a moment's peace until the Irish got it.

Parnell was within sight of victory; he was within an ace of settling the age-long strife which had resulted in such untold misery and bloodshed, when suddenly, out of the blue, came the O'Shea divorce case, in which Parnell was cited as the co-respondent. Captain O'Shea was granted a divorce upon the grounds of his wife's adultery with Parnell.

Now Parnell was not a woman hunter; he had a reputation, among his friends, of disliking women and avoiding their society. Mrs. O'Shea herself had invited Parnell to dine with her friends, but without success; she was told that she would never succeed. Regarding this as a challenge, she actually rode down to the House of Commons and sent in her card to Parnell, who came out, and it was a case of love at first sight, with results as terrible as those due to Helen of Troy.

After the verdict, the Irish party met and unanimously affirmed their continued confidence in Parnell as their leader. But they had reckoned without the Nonconformist conscience. "In England," says Mr. St. John Ervine, "there were rumblings in the dungeons of Dissent." The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, from the platform of St. James's Hall, wrought himself into a "state of hysteria, and had the hardihood to denounce Parnell as "the most infamous adulterer of this century."¹ As the same writer observes: "There was not at this time in Ireland any demand for Parnell's deposition. There was, on the contrary, a demand that he should be kept in it" (p. 273-4). Mr. T. M. Healy, afterwards the most determined opponent of Parnell, spoke of the Nonconformists as a "howling pack," and declared: "We'll teach these damned Nonconformists to mind their own business" (p. 272).

It was not, then, in Ireland that the revolt against [Parnell's] authority began. It was in the conventicles of Nonconformity, and, later, in the ranks of the Irish Home Rulers in England. These last had been the first to choose him for their captain: they were now the first to throw him over.

Many Liberals maintained that Parnell must continue at his post, and Mr. Gladstone seems to have shared their opinion. But the Dissenters were stirring themselves against him. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes roared like a demented fishwife on the platform of St. James's Hall and through the columns of the *Methodist Times*. Mr. E. T. Cook—unexpectedly encountered in this crew—opposed himself, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the continuation of Parnell's chieftaincy. Mr. W. T. Stead, a popular sensationalist, who reduced decency to a newspaper stunt, and thereby made it an offence to decent people, could not content himself with the pages of the *Review of Reviews*, but had to overflow into a pamphlet entitled *The Discrowned King of Ireland*, in which a sort of sanctimonious scurrility burst into spate. The favourite argument of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Mr. W. T. Stead was that a man who had committed adultery could not be trusted to be honest or honourable in any other department of life. They seemed not to have realized that they were condemning as destitute of honour or honesty the majority of those who had ruled England for centuries.—*St. John Ervine*, "Parnell," pp. 275-6.

The great moral standpoint adopted by Mr. Gladstone—after the Nonconformists had delivered their ultimatum—was highly hypocritical, for Gladstone had known all along of the liaison between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. When Parnell absented himself from the House, which he often did for long periods, the only way of communicating with him was through Mrs. O'Shea. Mr. Gladstone himself communicated with Parnell in this manner. Upon one occasion he sent his private secretary down to her house at Eltham; at other times Government messengers. Many personal letters passed between Gladstone and Mrs. O'Shea. No wonder then the indignation at "the hypocrisy of a religious scruple so suddenly afflicting a great statesman at the eleventh hour. For ten years Gladstone had known of the relations between Parnell and myself, and had taken full advantage of the facility this intimacy offered him in keeping in touch with the Irish leader."²

Viscount Morley, who was Gladstone's right-hand man, and fully in his confidence, would have denied the charge if it had been untrue, but when Mr. Morgan put it to him that Gladstone "knew all along the nature of Parnell's relations with her,"

Morley replied: "I dare say he did. Mr. G. was a man of the world. He knew that in politics you have to take men as you find them. I remember Lord Granville once said to me: "I have known five of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers, all of whom have committed adultery," and he started guessing who they were."³ Which also proves the truth of Mr. St. John Ervine's statement, that by declaring "that a man who had committed adultery could not be trusted to be honest or honourable in any other department of life. They seemed not to have realized that they were condemning as destitute of honour or honesty the majority of those who had ruled England for centuries."

In his pamphlet, *The Discrowned King of Ireland*, Mr. Stead gives extracts from all the leading and most influential Nonconformist papers, which proves clearly that the whole strength of the Nonconformists was thrown against Parnell. We do not see why these utterances should remain in the obscurity which doubtless these papers to-day would prefer to cover them for ever.

The *Methodist Times* declares: "Of course Mr. Parnell must go. We apologise to our readers for even discussing so obvious a fact.....If the Irish people deliberately accept such a man as their representative, they are morally unfit to enjoy the privilege of self-government."

The *Christian World* gives warning that: "Mr. Parnell must not be deluded by the sympathetic speeches of his Irish friends into the belief that immorality will be condoned in his case by the people of this country."

The *Christian Commonwealth* does not hesitate to say that "it will be better to run the risk of wrecking the party than to endure his leadership for another hour."

"Public opinion," says the *Freeman* (Baptist), "revolts against the spectacle of a convicted adulterer leading a Parliamentary party."

W. MANN.

(To be Concluded.)

Atheism and Birth Control.

ALTHOUGH this journal is not concerned with any discussion on the purely economic aspects of Malthusianism, yet owing to the hopeless confusion existing as to the meaning of the term, I trust I shall be pardoned if I deal a little more fully with it than I have previously done.

Few books have been so fiercely discussed or have had such far-reaching effects as Malthus's famous work on *Population*. Yet few books with such a reputation have been so little read. It is really funny to hear the various opinions formed on the great economist, opinions based not on what he actually said, but on what his critics either thought he said or what they thought he ought to have said or on what other people who opposed him, have said. For the moment let me admit that *everything* Malthus said need not have been necessarily right. We Malthusians are concerned with his general law—that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence. That proposition has never been refuted. Lots of great men have tried their utmost to shake it but in this year of grace, 1926, it is admitted by nearly all great economists as quite irrefutable. Of course, it goes without saying that lots of small men—to wit, Communists and Socialists

¹ St. John Ervine, *Parnell*, p. 272.

² Mrs. O'Shea, *Charles Stewart Parnell*, pp. 163-4.

³ J. H. Morgan, *John, Viscount Morley*, p. 87.

⁴ Stead, *The Discrowned King*, p. 18.

—have also tried their hand at refuting Malthus, mostly with abject failure. When a determined Communist like Dr. Eden Paul is not only an ardent Malthusian, but maintains that without Birth Control no "ism" could possibly exist, we need take little notice of street-corner orators. England, he considers, is grossly over-populated—and will be till her population approximates no more than twenty millions. The Malthusian puts the problem of food almost above every other problem. The question of feeding adequately a rapidly growing population is the real riddle of the universe. How to distribute the food that is grown is another great difficulty. It has not, as far as I am aware, ever been scientifically tackled. Now we admit the gravity of both these problems. They are not easily solved. No great agriculturist has shown clearly and unequivocally how we can maintain our present standard of living and comfort and yet grow abundant and nutritious food. In England we cannot grow tea or rice or bananas, to name but three staple foods. We have to pay for a tremendous amount of food from other countries with our manufactured goods. How otherwise can they be paid for? Then the question of industry and manufacture comes into the discussion and more problems are created.

Communists, who can bear no discussion or brook no rival, settle all these riddles as easily as picking flowers. They present no difficulties whatever. "Food," they cry with scorn, "we'll put you on the land!" "Houses?" they shout with contempt, "why, we'll make you build 'em!" Just as easily as that!

That the future holds boundless possibilities in new discoveries of all kinds, including the possible production of food in immense quantities, we would be the last to deny. But that time has not yet come, and we refuse to take refuge in vague prophecies of the wonderful paradise which, we are so often told, the scientist will create for us with his magic conglomeration of elements, or the Communist is so certain he can give us if only he were allowed complete control of everything—including your tooth-brush, I suppose. When the Malthusian talks of "over-population" he does not mean there is no room for a given number of people in a given land. Only the other day I heard a Communist triumphantly refute the "drivel" of Malthusianism, as he politely called it, by pointing out that the population of these islands could easily be put into the Isle of Wight. Had he said Hyde Park, I could have agreed with him. But it is quite easy to put people into a country and another matter altogether to feed them, and that point was discreetly but severely left alone. It is no answer whatever to say, "We'll put you on the land"—that might bring the food and, again, it might not. What we want is far more detailed information than such a popular slogan even hints at. The particular Communist mentioned above, however, sinned in good company. Listen to what such a well-informed and capable journalist like Mr. A. G. Gardiner has to say about "over-population": "The world is over-populated, when in that vast country of Australia there are not two people where we have 700, and in America there are not ten where we have 700!" Here you see, Mr. Gardiner imagines that if we have 700 people to the square mile in England, we ought to get the same number quite as easily in Australia. Dump the "over-populated" anywhere and everywhere in Australia, I suppose he means. Lots of room for them, anyway, in that vast land—as there is, for that matter, in the Isle of Wight. But the food, my dear sir, the food? Mr. Gardiner evidently had an uneasy suspicion that people

dumped into Australia would require feeding, so he proceeds to satisfy that imperious demand in two sentences: "Why the food resources of the world have hardly begun to be realized. Irrigation, machinery, science can *double* and *treble* the supply of food if it is required." (Italics mine.) Could anything be easier? Just irrigate this bit of land, plant that piece of machinery there, and get science to work and there you are! *Treble* our food supply—nearly as easy as picking up the aforesaid flowers.

One must turn to Professor East's famous work, *Mankind at the Cross Roads*, for a detailed examination of the food problem. Therein the reader will find a thorough description of all the lands where food can be grown, and how long we in England, for example, can expect to import food. He will also find a complete answer as to why population increased here during the nineteenth century, and why it is quite hopeless (and certainly not desirable) to expect the same increase during the twentieth century. When the anti-Malthusian has taken up Prof. East's book and riddled its positions with detailed replies, he will be able to talk with some authority on the "drivel" of Malthusianism.

I have written at some length on this aspect of the question so as to be able to deal more fully with Dr. Marie Stopes. As the reader of this journal is aware, and as all who have heard her know as well, she is unable to mention Bradlaugh without libelling him. So in her work on *Contraception*, she can hardly mention Malthus without showing her supreme contempt for that great economist. And yet I have a grave suspicion she has not even read him. How otherwise can be explained, taking into consideration her great scientific training, her hopeless confusion as to what Malthusianism means?

As an example, she protested, the last time I heard her, that we were quite wrong in calling ourselves Malthusians. We ought, she gravely assured us, to call ourselves Placians, as we were advocating something at which Malthus himself would have shuddered. Here is a specimen of the confused thinking which pervades so much of her work whenever she mentions Malthus. We call ourselves Malthusians because we admit the law of population he put forward; the question of Malthus's *remedy* for over-population is another matter altogether. The *remedy* may be right or wrong; it may be early marriage or even Communism, but whatever it is, it is not *Malthusianism*. In her book, *Contraception*, she quotes, evidently with gusto, from Dr. V. Robinson's *Pioneers of Birth Control*: "Destiny concocted a greater irony when she made T. R. Malthus the unwilling father of the Birth Control movement. This clergyman was a timid bird in the sociological aviary and he turned in despair from the daring eagles he hatched. Malthus was *not* a Malthusian."

This egregious nonsense was quite to Dr. Stopes's taste, but the confusion as to what is Malthusianism is greater than ever. Malthus was not an unwilling father of the birth control movement, as he knew perfectly well what his views implied about contraceptives also. He was a Church of England clergyman, and though there is precious little Christianity in his famous work, yet as he was living in an age which shuddered with horror at the *Age of Reason*, it is not surprising that he had not quite reached the position of Dr. V. Robinson or Dr. Marie Stopes on the question of Birth Control—a position which they have to thank Atheists like Bradlaugh and Francis Place for, to say nothing of a large number of lesser Freethinkers who suffered persecution and even imprisonment for their now popular but then hated opinions.

But the interesting portion of *Contraception* is that which deals with Francis Place—the great “discovery” of Dr. Stopes. I will discuss this in my next article.

H. CUTNER.

Correspondence.

“THE UNITY OF LIFE.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “FREETHINKER.”

SIR,—Does the writer of the excellent and instructive article, “The Unity of Life,” that appeared in the *Freethinker* of the 11th, mean it to be a repetition of the teaching of ancient mythologists centuries back when they asserted their Isis, a representative of the atmosphere, said: “I am all that was; I am all that is; I am all that shall for ever be”? This statement, it appears, is teaching, under a veil, the Atomic Theory. The same mythologists proclaim that plants are possessed of a soul. In so saying, were they teaching the unity of life under a veil to the ignorant and uninitiated in the secrets of their religion, which was nothing if it was not the worship of the powers of nature under a veil? The veil has been a curse to humanity in the past, as well as in the present age.

R. YOUNG.

PENITENCE.

Penitence is unconditionally approved. Its merits are the theme of many pulpits. In fact, though, the call to penitence should always be accompanied by a warning of its dangers. A man whose carelessness caused the accident which killed his friend, was overcome by remorse and committed suicide. Emotion had beaten reason. Could the suicide bring back the dead friend? No. Would the friend have wished it? Never. Was it absolutely certain to cause much further suffering? Assuredly. Temporary insanity.

The lives of some of the medieval saints are too nauseous for modern reading. Some from penitence, practised such deliberate and persistent neglect of cleanliness that loathsome diseases resulted. Again, of course, insanity. To-day such excess must be rare. But penitence still has its dangers for those of a certain type. They make a cult of sackcloth and ashes. They give themselves up to selfish inaction and useless gloom. Insanity might be too harsh a word. Shall we say, sloth?

Suppose that two men steal, are punished, and come penitent from prison. One of them declares that he is the chief of sinners—the competition for this position seems to be most severe among those least qualified to fill it. By too much concentration on one selfish subject he induces chronic melancholia, and ends his days—not at his own expense—in an asylum. The second merely works until he can, and does, repay with interest what he has stolen. He then goes back to work. The first is undeniably the more pictorial; the second seems the more practical.

And that brings us to the root of the whole matter. Penitence which is not a stimulus to good action is rightly suspect. We cannot always repay to the person wronged the wrong we have done. That should not discourage us. Good is not lost. The excellent system of bookkeeping prevalent in the city of London and elsewhere is not necessarily for all purposes final.—Barry Pain, “*Nash's Magazine*.”

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S.

We were sorry that the audience was so small last Sunday, for Mr. Rex Roberts's “Random Reflections” produced a good discussion. We hope that our members will make a good rally for our final indoor meeting of this season. They will be rewarded by one of Mr. George Ives's interesting addresses on “The Plight of the Adolescent.” To Freethinkers this subject should be of very especial interest.—K. B. K.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

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LONDON.

INDOOR.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (St. Pancras Reform Club, 15 Victoria Road, N.W.): 7.30, Mr. George Ives, “The Plight of the Adolescent.”

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Oliver Goldsmith School, Peckham Road, S.E.): 7, G. F. Holland, “The Drama of Tehehoo.”

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (South Place, Moorgate, E.C.2): 11, Professor G. Salvemini, “The Legacy of Mazzini.”

OUTDOOR.

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

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

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Brockwell Park): 3.30, Mr. J. J. Darby, “Religious Intolerance.”

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

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

LEEDS BRANCH N.S.S. (Trades' Hall, Upper Fountain Street): 7.15, Mr. J. Walker, “The Satire of J. S. Clark.”

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