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The Record of the Christian Church.

THOSE who attempt the task of defending the Christian Church against the charge of being a persecuting Church, must face the fact that with no other religion has persecution been so thoroughly organized, so systematically and so persistently applied, or accompanied with so many elements of unredeemed brutality. In Rome, as we have seen, persecution for religion was practically unknown. In Greece it occurred but occasionally, and never so long as one left the established religion alone. Mohammedanism has had its persecutions, but these were against its better teaching, and it had its periods of glorious toleration and liberality. Buddhism has been altogether without it. With Christianity alone the persecution has been unbroken, unredeemed by any period when the heretic might live in peace until modern Freethought cut the claws of the Church. Nor did the Christian Church wait for the heretic to attack. It sought him out. It made it the duty of his friends, even of his own family, to denounce him; and it applied torture on a scale that stands unequalled for its savage ferocity. The defence of the *Church Times* is that this persecution was not due to the Church, but to the State using the Church as an instrument for its own ends. We have already given a general denial of this; it remains to furnish proof in some little detail.

* * *

How the Church Worked.

For some centuries after the passing of the repressive legislation of the fourth century—passed at the instigation of the Christian leaders—the Church was well able to hold its own without any special efforts. Its rule was for some centuries sufficiently strong to deal with individual cases as they arose. But about the end of the eleventh century and the beginning of

the twelfth, doubtless owing to the growing influence of the civilized Mohammedan world, heresies began to manifest themselves on a large scale. The Church met the danger with a steady elaboration of the machinery of persecution. It did not do this at the request of the secular powers, as the *Church Times* would have us believe, it urged, and when it could, forced the Secular State to co-operate. It was just as little inclined to protect the heretic against the fury of the Christian public. That, surely, is one of the strangest pleas ever set forth by a Christian apologist. Early in the eleventh century, at Albi, South of France, the attempts of the Bishop to imprison heretics created so much ill-feeling between the Church and the Secular authorities, that for a time the attempt was abandoned. Moreover the fact that regulations gradually grew in stringency prove that it was not the heretic that had to be protected from the mob, but the mob that was being used to help suppress the heretic. Again, at the Council of Toulouse, Pope Calixtus III was distressed to find that popular feeling favoured the heretic so greatly that the most he dared do was to sentence them to expulsion from the Church.

But the Church soon made its position stronger and its power over the secular powers greater. In 1139, the Second General Lateran Council under Pope Innocent II condemned the Cathari, a very powerful heretical body, and ordered the temporal authorities to punish all who favoured or defended them. The Council of Rheims, 1148, forbade any ruler to permit on his land any heretic, or to give him refuge. The Council of Tours, 1163, passed a similar decree, with the explanation that by being cut off from human society heretics might be led to abandon their errors. All secular princes were ordered to imprison heretics and confiscate their property. The Third Lateran Council, 1178, proclaimed a crusade against all heretics, and gave a two years' indulgence to all who took up arms in defence of the Church. The Council of Verona, 1184, commanded all princes to take an oath before their bishops to administer the laws against heresy with the utmost diligence. The Church held that one of the conditions on which the crown was held was that of extirpating heresy. And if anyone declined to carry out the decree of the Church, there was no hesitation shown in offering the kingdom to another. Every ruler in Christendom was made to feel that he held his crown at the good will of the Church, and in that superstitious age there was hardly one who dared to brave its interdict. Even so great a theologian as St. Thomas Aquinas laid down the rule that heretics were not to be tolerated, and if after the Church had in its tenderness given them two warnings, they still persisted in their heresy, it was the duty of the secular power to put them to death. We shall see later what its tenderness was.

Christian Truth.

The story of the organization of the principle of persecution by the Church is so monotonous that to multiply instances is to indulge in endless repetition, with a mere alteration of names and dates. So far from it being true that persecution came from the secular side, the fact is that over and over again the Church is found lamenting the lukewarmness of the secular powers in putting into force regulations which the Church had induced them to pass. The *Church Times*, in a glaring misrepresentation of the truth, says:—

The final triumph of the policy of persecution was the work, not of the Church, but of the State, not of some popes or theologians who believed "heavily," but of that gay, wise, relentless pagan, the Second Frederick of Hohenstafen . . . It was in 1224 that Frederick II . . . directed in his constitutions of Lombardy that heretics should be burnt at the discretion of the judge. In an evil hour the constitution of Frederick was incorporated into the Canon Law, and its effect was thereby extended to the whole Christian world.

I do not know a better example than this of the quality of Christian truth. Between that and a deliberate lie the only detectable difference is that the latter possesses a degree of moral courage that is quite absent from the former. For not only is the fact not mentioned that Frederick's chief aim in passing the regulations mentioned was to gain the good will of the reigning Pope, but these regulations were only incorporated into the civil code after the Church had been for more than a century actively employed in urging the secular authorities to do what Frederick did, and offering all sorts of bribes to induce them to do so. As it was, the Church received the regulations with enthusiasm. The Pope sent them to the University of Bologna to be read and taught as a part of practical law; they were promulgated by pope after pope, and all States were commanded to incorporate them in their laws. It was the duty of the Inquisitors to see that magistrates swore to enforce these laws. Some who declined to do so were removed from office. They were, it is true, incorporated in the Canon Law only after they existed in secular law, but, just as the Church had worked to get the secular powers to institute them, so it made it its business to see that they were rigorously enforced. In the political world so wholesale a perversion of the truth might ruin a man's reputation. In the service of Christianity wholesale lying has for too long been canonized for it to call for any particular comment—save from Freethinkers.

* * *

Church and State.

I might fill columns in showing the manner in which the Church everywhere forced the secular powers to embark on a policy of persecution. And when I had finished with the Roman Church, I could pursue the same plan with the Protestant ones. But it is not with the mere fact of the legal suppression of opinion that the chief villainy of the Christian Church lies. What does mark the persecution engineered by the Christian Church off from others is the stark brutality and sheer savagery of its methods. And in this it was wholly Christian. One reason why the Church created the Inquisition, and also why it had to educate the secular governments of the western world in the way it did, was because the Roman law had left it no machinery to carry out such a policy. The Roman trial was open and public. The accused was properly indicted, he knew beforehand what he was to be charged with, he could

employ counsel, and could cite witnesses. And anonymous charges were unheeded. The Church not merely permitted anonymous accusations, it invited them. Through the confessional it made the child a spy on the parent, the wife on the husband, the husband on the wife. It arrested without notice, it held the trial in secret, it usually permitted no witnesses for the defence, the accused man (or woman) was condemned without knowing who had accused him, or without having an opportunity of facing those who had brought the charges against him. To be suspected of heresy was to be robbed of all legal rights. To be found guilty was, if fortunate, to be outlawed, one's property confiscated, one's children declared incapable of civil rights, and to defend a heretic meant that one would join him in prison. The evidence of a heretic was not receivable. The lands of a temporal lord who neglected to clear his lands of heresy were declared forfeit by the Church, and might be occupied by a nominee of the Church. Every inducement to lying, to malice, to cupidity, that could be given, the Church gave. No such systematic demoralization of a people was ever attempted as was done by the Church of Christ.

Above all, there was the wholesale practice of torture. To lie for months in a cell, with scanty food, little air, and no light, was only the preliminary. There was the torture of the pulley, in which the prisoner's hands were tied behind his back, and he was repeatedly lifted by them and dropped suddenly to the floor. There was the water torture in which a man was tied to a ladder in a strained position, and water allowed trickle down his throat, and as many as twelve pints of water were used in this way. There was the rack (there were many forms of this) which gradually loosened every joint; the garrote for compressing the skull; the use of red-hot irons for branding parts of the body; tramping on the limbs which had been bound to a grated surface, etc., etc. Those who wish for detailed descriptions of these and other forms of torture may find them all detailed in the authoritative works of H. C. Lea on the Inquisition. Never in the world's history was torture applied on the scale it was applied by the Christian Church. And to add hypocrisy to villainy, when a confession had been wrung from the sufferer, he was made to sign a statement that the confession was given voluntarily. Finally, when the Church handed the heretic over to the secular power it did so with the proviso that there should be no shedding of blood. Yet, say our modern apologists, it was not the Church that burned the heretic, but the State. The best comment on this is that the Church granted an indulgence to anyone who should contribute wood for the burning. And to that I need only add that in Spain there was no more popular method of celebrating a royal wedding, or visit of some powerful ecclesiastic, than that of arranging an *auto-de-fé*, with its burning of a number of heretics. It was truly an act of faith—of the Christian faith.

* * *

The Cost of a Creed.

Well would it have been for the world had the influence of the Church on the world ended with the burning of the unbeliever. That was only the beginning of the evil. From the Church the use of torture spread to the civil law. The use of brutality in defence of religion accustomed men to its use for offences that were not religious. Always and everywhere the influence of Canon Law on civil legislation has been in the direction of narrowness and brutalization. It lowered the tone of public life and brutalized and mentally emasculated

the race. Generation after generation the Church went on teaching by both precept and practice that the greatest danger a man could face was the danger of searching for truth and broadcasting his discovery. It sanctified hypocrisy and glorified brutality. It separated the credulous sheep from the enquiring goats; it destroyed the goats and said to the believing sheep, be ye faithful and multiply. It carried out for hundreds of years a policy which secured—not the survival of the unfit, for they who did survive were in great measure the fittest in relation to the deplorable environment which Christianity had created—a survival of the undesirable. That the world of to-day is not better than it is, is very largely the fault of the Christian Church. That it is not worse than it is, is due to the fact that large as the net was that the Church cast, great as was the power it wielded, it could never quite suppress the tradition of a better past, nor quite prevent the slow maturing of the non-religious forces of social life.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The Canon's Roar.

"A man like Montaigne was more modern than a man like Knox, and I cannot see for the life of me why any civilization need become like Knox in the far-off hope of becoming like Montaigne."—G. K. Chesterton.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, and it would be unwise to lay too much stress on a pronouncement made recently by Canon F. L. Donaldson concerning the Labour Party. Speaking at Cambridge Park Hall, Wanstead, the reverend gentleman declared that the Labour Movement was "an instrument of God," and he likened the birth of the new social ideas to the birth of Christ at Bethlehem. As a nation we had adopted "a practical paganism" in our social life. At the Pan Anglican Conference, he said, over four hundred bishops agreed that it was questionable whether the present social system was compatible with the teachings of Christ.

This soothing syrup was swallowed with delight by a large and enthusiastic audience, who, in all probability, felt that this was almost equivalent to an ecclesiastic blessing of the Labour Movement, which had become respectable in one little hour. But, as Matthew Arnold once observed, "miracles do not happen," and a cold-blooded examination of the Anglican Church's relation to the Labour Movement does not show that there is any undue priestly desire to quit the quiet anchorage of Toryism for the stormy seas of Democracy, despite the fervid rhetoric of Canon Donaldson.

Unlike the Christian Trinity, Canon Donaldson is only one person, and not three-in-one. And, unfortunately, there are over twenty thousand other priests in the English State Church who show no signs of being sympathetic to Labour aspirations. The Canon, and a mere handful of enthusiasts, only represent a very tiny minority. They may make a noise, but they only represent themselves, and not the historic Church whose uniform they wear.

Indeed, this sudden fondness for the Working Class is an ecclesiastic novelty. Sixty years ago the then Bishop of London declared in the House of Lords, that it had been the peculiar glory of the Church of England during the time he had been one of its ecclesiastics to have nothing to do with party politics. Despite the smooth words, the fact stands that neither within nor without the House of Lords before 1884 did the bishops of the Established Church give any support to Liberal measures for the enfranchisement of the working classes. On several occasions they voted against any such enfranchise-

ment; and as far back as 1820 they opposed Lord John Russell's Bill for disfranchising certain "rotten" borough, and as late as 1894 they gave their votes for limiting and restricting the representation of the people on Parish Councils. In the long battle for the great Reform Bill of 1831, the Bishops were conspicuously hostile to the party of reform, and their opposition in the House of Lords provoked popular reprisals in the country. None of the numerous Acts of Parliament passed for the prevention of bribery and other corrupt and illegal practices at elections received the blessing of the Episcopal Bench. Let the record of votes and speeches in *Hansard* tell how far our "pastors and masters" disliked popular government, and how they "had nothing to do with party politics."

And even to-day, how many of the bishops in the House of Lords can be counted as real friends of the Labour Movement? How many of the bishops could the Labour Party in Parliament and the Trade Union Congress rely upon for the support of Labour legislation in the Upper House? In its weakness the Labour Movement found the Bench of Bishops always among its worst enemies. To-day, when the Labour Movement is a real force in politics, and a power in the country, the bishops speak smooth things of it. Even so, the Right-Reverend Fathers-in-God begin and end with words. The forty bishops on the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords do not translate words into action, but show their hostility to all really progressive measures in no uncertain fashion.

The Anglican Church is in itself an undemocratic institution, and is a survival from the bad old days when democracy was of little or no account. The reigning monarch is always head of this State Church, and forty of its bishops are "lords" and have votes in the Upper House of Parliament. These bishops live in "palaces," and wear dresses which cost two hundred pounds apiece. Their salaries range from the modest £2,000 yearly of the Bishop of St. Alban's to that of the £15,000 accorded the Archbishop of Canterbury; the whole Bench of Bishops receiving, yearly, about £181,000. The Anglican Prayer Book is distinctly Royalist in tone, prayers being included for individual members of the Royal Family. Until a few years ago, a special form of service was actually included to commemorate "the martyrdom" of King Charles the First, of indifferent memory.

It is as reasonable to expect democratic aspirations from such a body of priests as to expect a leopard to shed his spots. Canon Donaldson may "roar as gently as a sucking dove," but his priestly colleagues are enmeshed in the web of the "Thirty-Nine Articles" of a State Church, and are as fearful of "ratting" as other members of the Civil Service.

The Church of England has always been the enemy of social reform, and is only becoming polite to the Labour Movement because it is a little fearful of its own future. Despite its boasted "spiritual" origin, the State Church is a purely secular Parliamentary creation. It was made by Parliament, and it can be disestablished and disendowed by the Legislature. Whether the Bishops are to be taken from the House of Lords, or the House of Lords from the Bishops, will be a political question of the near future. If the Labour Party is wise it will work out its own salvation without the interference of "witch-doctors" masquerading as Democrats to suit their own purpose.

MIMNERMUS.

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement.—*John Stuart Mill.*

Holy Taboo: The Life Shield of Superstitions.

It is recorded in the sixth chapter of second Samuel that, when King David was bringing back the ark (a wooden box said to be containing the decalogue) which the Philistines had captured, Uzzah, one of the two men in charge of the cart upon which it was conveyed, put forth his hand obviously to save it from falling; and because he thus dared to touch the sacred object with his hand, "the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him for his error; and there he died before the Ark of God."

This is a vivid picture of the fatal consequences that infringing the taboo associated with sacred objects, however innocently or even meritoriously made, might entail. The superstition has had a world-wide vogue from savage times till now.

Be it noted that human sacredness is quite a different affair from the religious variety, and must not be confounded with it. The latter is due to some assumed association with the gods and the supernatural. For instance, their names were sacrosanct, indeed, so much so that they were usually avoided, and some paraphrase substituted. Similarly their abodes—places where they were supposed to dwell at times—shrines, temples, churches, chapels, are all sanctuaries, *i.e.*, holy places. In like manner their priests were sacred, as they presumed to be the medium of communication between the gods and man. And above all, the messages they delivered were considered more sacrosanct still, for were they not God's own words? Are we not assured of this by the usual introductory formula: "The word of the Lord came unto me saying"; or "Thus saith the Lord"; or some equivalent phrase.

Human sacredness, on the other hand, implies that an object or place is hallowed in memory by ties of affection. The religious kind is a metaphysical *vener* with which an object, place, time, or idea is suffused in order to awaken a feeling of reverence or awe in the votary of a cult towards anything associated with its god.

But allied with this awakened emotion of veneration was a feeling of *dread* which is menacingly implied in the word Taboo, for virtually it is equivalent to saying: "Don't touch"; "Don't get near"; "At your peril, leave alone."

Its action is much like the barrage created by a cloud of poison-gas thrown around a garrison or a regiment to protect it from attack during war. In much the same way the *vener* of sanctity, when it assumes the phase of taboo, tends to ward off the inquisitive and sceptical mind from peering into the contents of a creed and applying the tests of verity to be considered later on.

But for this shield of taboo acting like a cloud of poison-gas, there would not be alive to-day a single religious superstition. This fact is well attested by the existence of what is known as the mythology of Greece and Rome. These myths, legends and miracles however infinitely grotesque and palpably impossible, were, once upon a time, implicit beliefs. No votary ever had a shadow of a doubt in their objective verity. How then did living creeds become dead mythologies? What effected so catastrophic a change? A new religion invaded the territories of the Olympian Gods and overthrew them, and their cult vanished with them. There was now nothing left to be protected with the *vener* of sanctity, or shielded with the poison-gas of taboo. The holy *vener* and barrage were transferred from the cult of the fallen gods to serve that of the invader in the same manner.

As an aid to understanding the *modus operandi*—the how it acts to achieve its end—I propose to trace the evolutions of the process from its initial stage to its final development as exemplified in the history of Christianity.

The process of laying the *vener* was preceded by a fierce conflict between the forces of sanity and those of insanity. For over three centuries a "civil war" raged, which was fought with notorious ferocity. The more aggressive section demanded that the new cult should be considered as an outgrowth or offspring of Judaism; that the new and the old cults were continuous, just as the oak and the acorn are.

It was that contention that gave the party a semblance of a right to appropriate the sacred book of the Jews, *i.e.*, the Old Testament, and use it as if it were its own. But the sanest among the votaries of the new cult perceived that to adopt the Old Testament as its sacred book was a policy beset with difficulties.

In the first place it would mean taking over the Hebrew God, Jahweh, as its own deity—an act that would *ipso facto* belie its claim to be a monotheism—a one-god religion. That act of indiscretion was the *fons et origo* of the internal convulsions that at last found vent in that volcanic upheaval known as the dogma of the trinity—a veritable island pushed from the ocean floor.

Again, it was further realized that, taking over Jahweh as a Christian deity was beset with another difficulty besides that of belying its monotheistic pretensions. His character as revealed in the Old Testament was utterly incongruous with the Godhead of the Gnostics and Neo-platonists. He was cruel, despotic, jealous, revengeful, changeable, given to favouritism as an Eastern potentate, and in all things behaved like a common magician. That was why the great Marcion, in his system, gave Jahweh the lower rank of Demiurge or "world-maker," a status given to Jesus by the writer of the fourth Gospel. This was made as a compromise that would enable the devotees of the new cult to recognize the Old Testament and its deity, without ignoring his utter unworthiness to figure as Supreme God.

The fierceness of this early struggle was due to its monotheistic assumptions. A monotheism is by nature a religion that inspires its priesthood with a dominating and supercilious arrogance. But a pseudo-monotheism, such as Christianity was, intensified this hauteur into a malicious intolerance—an attitude quite unknown in the polytheistic world. It was the glaring self-contradictions made to co-dwell in the Trinity dogma, that imparted to the "orthodox" or aggressive section its fiendish virulence. Where reason is strangled, full rein must be given to the passions if victory is to be secured.

KERIDON.

(To be concluded.)

Rationalism and Education.

IV.

THE slow progress of education in ancient Egypt and other early Oriental States was obviously a natural and inevitable feature. The peoples were passing through a stage of original and unassisted social evolution; and, as Professor Breasted remarks, they "suffered from a lack of freedom of the mind—a kind of intellectual bondage to religion and to old ideas." These ideas were, of course, substantially of the order that arose during the Stone Ages, and included universal and intense belief in many gods, spirits, witches, fiends and devils, whose assistance might be secured, or who might be cajoled or vanquished by ceremonies, magic spells, magical names, "words of

power," and the like. This procedure continued throughout old Egyptian times. As late as 200 B.C., a ceremony was performed each morning to make the sun rise.

Some education was given in Egypt, but it was no doubt mainly confined to the priestly class and the "scribes," who did the recording, letter writing and the like for the community. Nothing that may fairly be called even the beginnings of a scholastic system appeared in Egypt during the 3,000 years following the invention of writing. Nor did educational writing—theory or philosophy—begin. The same remarks apply to the other early Oriental nations, though a number of records show that some individuals highly appreciated learning, as, for example, Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, who boasted that his father instructed him not only in riding and in shooting with the bow and arrow, but in all the wisdom of his time.

In Greece, however, advance towards rationality, and in education, was much more rapid. The Greeks came into contact with the 2,000-years-old civilization of the Ægeans; the Phœnicians brought their goods to sell, and with them writing; and somewhat later the culture of Egypt and of Babylon was filtering in. Hence, though the Greeks were barbarians until after 1000 B.C., in the course of the succeeding two centuries they—that is, the men of the towns—had replaced their shaggy sheepskin clothing by the *kiton* of woven wool, had begun to cultivate the land, had learned to write, and were setting down some of their traditional oral literature, the Homeric verse. (It is of interest to note that in Palestine at the same time the barbarous Hebrews passed through the same stage as a result of their contact with the 2,000-years-old civilization of the Canaanites.)

During the following two or three centuries the Greek intellectuals largely freed themselves from their older traditional spiritist beliefs. As Professor Reischer remarks, they "passed from attitudes of faith to attitudes of scepticism or rational belief." Thales (seventh century B.C.), who had received the results of Babylonian astronomical observations, "boldly proclaimed that the movements of the heavenly bodies were in accordance with fixed laws," and were therefore not dependent on the will of gods. Rapid advance in knowledge and thought ensued; and between 500 and 200 B.C., a scholastic system, for boys of the more well-to-do classes, at least, and the means of higher education, were instituted. Educational writings also appeared, culminating in the astonishingly wise presentation of the case by Plato, though this great thinker, naturally enough at the time, did not arrive at the idea of the desirability of education for all the citizens—to say nothing of the slaves.

As the Romans absorbed much of the Greek culture, they too made great progress; and before the fall of the Western Empire a State system of schools for the sons and daughters of the citizens had been established. And when we remember that State-aid for education did not begin in this country until 1833, it is rather startling to find that in Rome the payment of stipends to teachers began under Vespasian (69-79 A.D.); that under Severus scholarships were provided to enable poor boys to get an education; that Constantine issued educational laws, "in order that they might more easily instruct greater numbers in liberal studies"; and that under Gratian, in 376 A.D., a schedule of teachers' salaries was issued."

But although the Romans, like the Greeks, made some progress in rational thought, there was still a

great deal of the more ancient superstition abroad, and science, the most powerful antidote, was neglected. Even "wise old Cato" (234-149 B.C.) gives a magical cure for a fractured hip:—

"Take a green reed, three or four feet long, split it down the middle, and let two men hold it to the hip bones. Then begin singing in different measures:—

'Hip, hip, hurrah!
Through your broken sore I trow,
You will come together now.
Hip, hip, hurrah!
Bones are crushed and far apart—
Come together by our art.'

The slaves, who became so numerous, included a vast number of war captives from many countries. Probably few of them had received education of any kind; and as their children would not attend the Roman schools, there would be little, if any, improvement from generation to generation. These people would bring with them many beliefs of the more primitive kind; and there was a widespread tendency to adopt the cults of older gods and goddesses, such as the Greek Aphrodite, the Semitic Astarte, the Persian Mithras, the Phrygian Cybele and the Egyptian Isis. The Teutonic barbarians—some of whom were settling in the Roman Empire, as soldiers, slaves, etc., from the beginning of the fifth century—were, as we know, steeped in magical and spiritist lore. It is therefore scarcely surprising that, after the turmoil and confusion of the barbarian attacks and the fall of the Empire, the Christian theology, with its tales of magic, miracle and *faerie*, was, without much difficulty, imposed upon the whole mixed mass of people. An essentially anti-intellectual and anti-educational ecclesiastical system was then developed; the educational institutions of the West disappeared, and a thousand years of darkness ensued.

J. REEVES.

Funeral of John Thomas Lloyd.

THE funeral of Mr. J. T. Lloyd, who died on Wednesday, February 7, took place at Paddington Cemetery, on Tuesday, February 7. There was a large gathering of friends of the deceased and numerous Freethinkers from all parts of London, including: Messrs. Dixon, Shambrook, Lazarnick, Silvester, Collet Jones, Le Maine, S. Samuels, H. Samuels, Blazer, Kerr, Quinton, Cayford, Reynolds, Saphin, Wilson, Williams, Clifton, Marlowe, Dixon, Heath, James, Judge, Wood, Snelling, Moss, Corrigan, Hill, Meerloo, Jones, Hart, Wilde, Shephard, F. Mann; Mrs. Shepherd, Misses Kough, Stanley, Perkins, Michael; Mr. & Mrs. Rolfe, Mr. & Mrs. Parkin, Mr. & Mrs. Neate, Mr. & Mrs. Leate, Dr. Williams, and Dr. Graham.

MR. CHAPMAN COHEN (President of the National Secular Society) delivered the following address:—

My Friends! It is my lot to-day to carry out a duty which is one of great difficulty. There is nothing harder than to stand at the graveside of a dear and dead friend and try to put one's feelings into words. Set phrases and prepared formulas ring very hollow on such occasions, and I have no desire to affront either the living, or the memory of the dead, with the coined cant of irrational emotionalism. I think, perhaps, the best attitude, as such times, is that of silence. It is especially so when we are dealing with one who, all his life, has stood for Truth, and has fought so strenuously for sincerity and veracity. And yet, somehow, feelings struggle for expression, and in the case of a man like John Lloyd it is imperative that something should be said of his life and character.

In a short autobiography published many years ago, he told us how, as a young man, he entered the ministry of one of the largest and certainly one of the most rigid of the Christian sects. He told us how full of high hopes and ideals and resolutions he was when he entered the

service of that Church. And his success was marked and rapid. He became the popular minister of a large church in a great town, and later he was welcomed as a preacher in America, and in many parts of England. One can readily realize that, with his peculiarly sympathetic nature, with his eloquence, his ability and his literary taste there was no position in the Presbyterian Church that might not have been his, had he remained with it.

But his intellectual sincerity was his religious undoing. Doubts began to creep in about the truth of the oracles he had to deliver. Had he been built on ordinary lines he might have done as so many thousands of other men in similar positions have done and are doing—he might have stifled his doubts, explained away some difficulties, and ignored others, and then remained to the end in a position of peace and power. But that was not his way. He looked at his religion and found it untrue, at other religions and found them useless—and, with only a pause sufficiently lengthy to enable him to make sure that he was on the road to Truth, he came out. He threw everything on one side, everything except self-respect—and without that the world is not worth much to a man of his stamp. Without a single look back, without a single regret for much that he had given up, he came out and joined a party which had nothing to offer him save the opportunity for work in the task of mental emancipation, and which gave him the opportunity of expressing whatever opinions he held without let or hindrance. It was said of Garibaldi that, when he asked men to join his army of emancipation, he offered them the hard earth for bed and a dry crust for rations. John Lloyd came amongst a party that had little more than that to offer. But they could offer him esteem and affection, and I think they gave him these without stint.

One might have imagined that, joining the ranks of the National Secular Society, he was a man who loved contest, and took the same delight in mental warfare that those of a coarser grain do in physical contest—yet there was no man who was less inclined to conflict than John Lloyd. He shrank from it. He had a strong dislike to personal contest and personal conflict, and I think that came from his extreme sensitiveness, a sensitiveness that was in the best sense of the word womanly, in both its extent and its expression. There was with him a curious combination of physical timidity allied to great mental strength, courage and determination. Once his mind was made up there was little use trying to move him. Once he saw which road was right, he took it without counting the consequences. And that was another element in his character. He looked as little at consequences as does a child, and to the end he retained a certain child-like simplicity, which endeared him to all who knew him.

But he was, above all, a man of his word, and I remember a striking instance of that. For many years he was a constant correspondent of that very great and world-famous woman, Olive Schreiner. He had very many letters from her, and one or two that I saw contained an expression of opinion of him which any man might be proud of, coming from such a source. When Olive Schreiner died all those letters were destroyed, much as he valued them. And he told me that he did that because he promised her that when she died they should be destroyed. Having promised, his word was kept.

It was this combination of qualities—unswerving truth, moral strength and determination—it was this that endeared him to all who knew him. And not only his new friends, but those who had been his followers while he was in the Presbyterian Church, continued to hold him in high esteem; and this is saying a great deal, when we consider that of all the causes of hatred there is nothing which produces so much hatred and intolerance as religious differences. It says something for John Lloyd that a great many of those who sat under him in his church, admired and respected him in his new walk in life.

It is often said that a man who makes good friends

excites equally strong antipathies. John Lloyd appeared to be one of the few exceptions to that rule. He had many friends but very, very few enemies. He made friends readily and kept them permanently.

Now, we have gathered to say farewell! We leave him to his eternal rest and turn again to the world of duty and of life. And I would like to close upon that note. Death has been made the occasion of a great number of idle and often terrifying superstitions, and we would, if we could, rob it of all that. I do not mean that death is not a sad thing. It is that, it must be that—it ought to be that. Nothing can ever rob death of sorrow. Whenever death comes, whether it comes to the young, the mature, or the aged, it always has in it the elements of the unexpected. The dying may be ready for death—the living very seldom are, for each death has its own particular break of routine, its peculiar story, its own individual grief. There is nothing I could say that would take that away from death. I could not if I would, and I would not if I could. The sorrow attaching to death is fundamentally human, and the memories we have of our dead become in time some of the sweetest memories that we possess. But we do insist that the call of life should be paramount. Death has its place in life. It is death which gives importance to life just as life gives the significance to death. The cradle and the grave are two sides of the same thing—the one gives and the other takes, and the sorrow we feel at the grave is the price that we pay for the pleasure we derive from the cradle.

Over 400 miles away from here there is to-day being laid to rest a great soldier whom men have honoured for his courage, for his devotion to duty, whom the Press of the country have been loud in praising. We to-day are standing at the graveside of another soldier—a soldier in a great army, which generation after generation recruits its ranks from all those who are interested in the fight against tyranny, injustice and superstition. There will be no great monument raised to John Lloyd, there will be no votive tablet placed in any national institution; but I venture to say that the work that he did, the sense of duty that he showed, the courage that he evinced, will bear their fruits for future generations long after the monument of the soldier has fallen into ruin and the tablet of the politician has fallen into dust. It is that lesson I think we ought to take with us from here. We are bidding good-bye to a brave fighter—we are taking into our daily lives the inspiration of a life well led. It is to John Lloyd, a fearless soldier in the Army of Progress that we now say, Farewell!

Submission.

My old friend Fate has got me by the throat,
He never lets me go.
My friend! my foe! for I would have you note
He never lets me go—
Nor spares one blow.

He surely cannot have much time for you,
He spends so much on me;
Such notice flatters, for it must be due
To something fine in me . . .
What can it be?

When first he bullied me or knocked me down,
I gave way to despair:
His advent now I greet without a frown,
But often with an air
Quite debonair.

With humble pride I bow to Fate's decree,
For always I reflect
That as he makes so much of me
I must of some importance be,
And grow in self-respect.

BAYARD SIMMONS.

Acid Drops.

The Vicar of Peckham, Rev. T. Batterby, says the times will be all right if we let God have his way. Poor deity, he is always trying to do what is right, but someone inevitably gets in his way, and won't let things happen as he wants them. When the Christian deity follows the others of the world's gods, we suggest that a fitting epitaph would be "He meant well," or "Died of Frustrated Endeavours."

Clevedon (Somerset) Councillors are very much disturbed over a proposal to permit bathing on Sundays. These pious people are very much shocked at the idea of anyone wishing to wash in sea water when there is an opportunity to bathe in the blood of the Lamb. We suggest that the clerical opposition might be overcome if the charges for using bathing tents were given over to the churches and chapels. They would then decide that the end consecrated the means.

A writer to the *New Statesman* says that at Edmonton, out of a population of 73,000, the number of adults in six churches numbered only 168. But the B.B.C. would have us believe that it is these people who are clamorous to have sermons and services broadcasted in order to assuage their spiritual hunger. Well, as *Punch* once said, we believe them, but we know people who don't.

In centenary articles on George Meredith, several scribes take delight in telling the world that Meredith was a snob. One writer says that Meredith apparently was ashamed that his father was a tailor, "so much so that he kept the fact carefully hidden; yet his *Evan Harrington* is the fiercest attack on snobbery in the language." Another says:

Both *Evan Harrington* and *The Egoist*, two of his best novels, are satires of insular snobbishness; and in them he flayed himself—for to the end he was ashamed of his humble origin and hated to be reminded that his father was a tailor!

Meredith's detractors have been so very eager to call him snob, that one is inclined to suspect the truth of the charge. The probability is that Meredith was not "ashamed of his humble origin." But, living in an age of almost universal snobbery, he preferred to avoid exciting snobbish prejudice against himself and his books, in order that the man himself and his achievements might be judged each on his and their own merits. What no doubt he ought to have done was to adopt the practice of some modern very class-conscious labourites. He should have thrust truculently upon all and sundry the fact that his father was a working-man—as if the fact were especially meritorious. Then his detractors would have lauded him to the skies.

The Rev. W. Russell Maltby is still having "lucid intervals" in the *Methodist Recorder*. A correspondent raised the question of whether the present difficulty of the Wesleyan Church (presumably, shrinkage in worshippers) is due to "over-emphasis of the intellectual approach." Mr. Maltby replies:—

I do not think we have ever been too intellectual . . . There has never really been the slightest danger of our being too intellectual. Indeed, we need far better thinking than we boast of at present . . . one of the things they (preachers) need is to have better minds, and minds in better repair.

We agree with the "lucid interval" of the reverend gentleman—there is little danger of the Wesleyan Church becoming too intellectual, so long as it believes in a creed like Christianity and the Wesleyan interpretation thereof. Was a silk purse ever made from a sow's ear?

The *Methodist Times* says that organized Christianity is receiving some hard knocks in this present age. From many quarters the Churches are being severely criticized. There are critics who talk as if the Christian Church was an effete institution, destined shortly to disappear. Our contemporary adds:—

Some of the severest critics are to be found within the Church itself, holding influential and, in some cases, lucrative positions therein. We notice that they do not talk of resigning from these positions. They are very careful to accept the mess of pottage, and at the same time retain hold of the birthright.

Our friend might just as well have completed the story, by mentioning that some of the hardest knocks the churches are getting, come from critics who want nothing to do with the mess of pottage, and who wouldn't touch the birthright with a barge-pole. It reeks too much of the slime primitive man crawled out of.

Sir George Newman, in the *Schoolmistress*, says:—

Life is good and death is good, if each be in its time. It is suffering in childhood and premature mortality which bring sorrow to the world. It is the neglect of hygiene which costs a nation dear, in money and in life. It is the inhibitions and restrictions of ignorance in a right way of living which impose upon Great Britain much of its annual burden of disease, its millions of weeks of lost time owing to sickness, its tens of thousands of premature deaths, its numerous lunatics, "deficient" persons and dullards, and its vast company of those who exist and toil far below normal health, capacity, and contentment.

There are fifty thousand Christian priests in the land. But we are not aware that anything they teach would be likely to have any improving effect on the state of affairs deplored by the Chief Medical Officer. On the contrary.

Prayer saves patriotism from becoming jingoism, says the Bishop of London. If the reader doubts this he should run through the words of that edifying prayer, the National Anthem.

A picture in a pious contemporary, shows five grinning men of God standing round a piano. A footnote states that the five provided the whole of the programme at a Saturday concert in Bradford. "Father, forgive them"—they think it is good for trade.

The solid blessing that comes with age, says a writer, is the dropping of illusions, and the increasing ability to distinguish true values from false. This may explain many things, but one at a time will do. For instance, it may explain why man—who presumably has left adolescence some way behind—is dropping the illusion that religion and priests are essential guides for civilization on its way towards advancement.

Dr. R. J. Campbell discourses, in *Reynold's Newspaper*, on "The smiling face tonic." The Doctor affects to believe that if everyone wore habitually a grin like the proverbial Cheshire Cat, this gloomy old world would be ever so much brighter. Maybe so. Perhaps a helpful suggestion towards securing this universal grin would be, that the Churches should collect and burn all those millions of gloomy pictures of the tortured face of their Christ. One thing the Doctor ought to have done; and that is, warned his readers not to take their grin into a House of God. A grinning face in Church gets one suspected of unbelief. And a grinning concourse of worshippers would sap the morale of any priest.

Brigadier-General A. J. Kelly says that young people of the present day want warmth and colour in the church service. If that be so, we wonder the young people do not patronize the Salvation Army. In "blood and fire" there is surely warmth and colour

enough to satisfy anyone. The truth of the matter is that young people of the present day are not hankering after church services of any kind. If they want warmth and colour they patronize a picture palace, variety theatre, or concert hall. We may add that the "spiritual uplift" they get there has one advantage—it doesn't fuddle their brains.

Toc H., says Mr. P. N. S. Graeme, has become the religion of the younger people of this country. This is one of those more-or-less truthful statements that will be confirmed in due course by the neat crop of pulpit diatribes accusing the younger generation of being unutterably pagan.

The Bishop of Manchester: "It does not matter twopence how you spell a word provided everybody knows what it is." Quite so. New presbyter is old priest writ large. One may spell priest as presbyter, or parson as medicine-man. Everybody in these days knows what it stands for.

A school producing blotting paper persons is not a school, declares Mr. Farr Davies. In their search for a better name for Sunday schools, godly leaders of the schools might get a suggestion from Mr. Davies' statement. In a purely helpful way, we suggest, noting the kind of intelligences produced by the Sunday schools, that "Human Blotting Paper Factory" would be apt enough. One drawback—the ribald might suggest that the initials, H.B.P.F., stood for "Heavenly Bunkum Purveyed to Fledgelines."

The new Slade Professor of Art, Mr. R. Gleadowe, says: "We have built a million houses, but how many of these can we look at without shame or disgust?" If the millions of pounds spent on building and repairing Houses of God had been devoted to erecting houses for men, there might be little occasion for shame and disgust. Of course, this is still a Christian country, therefore there need be no surprise at what we have got in the way of kennels for humans.

Prebendary C. Dunkley, aged 80, has retired from the chairmanship of Staffordshire Education Committee. He has held the post since the inception of the Committee. That length of service ought to have enabled the late reverend gentleman to do quite a lot of useful work in the way of safeguarding the ecclesiastical industry. Perhaps it will be possible to fill the vacancy with someone whose only interest is in education.

Birmingham City Council is to be asked to sanction a payment of £30,000 for the acquisition of 157 acres to be used in playing fields. Can nothing be done to curb this modern craze for the cult of the physical to the neglect of the spiritual? Let us hope no wretched materialistic citizens will petition the city fathers to open the new playing fields to children for games on Sunday.

Miss Rose Fyleman has been asked: What can the nation reasonably expect to get for its expenditure on education? Her reply is: "Men and women with well-trained minds and bodies." As regards well-trained minds, the nation may reasonably expect them, but getting them . . . ! What the products of the nation's schools choose for mental sustenance—the daily and the Sunday newspapers—reveals how wide is the gap between expecting and getting. Still, perhaps our educationists do their best with very inferior human material. We will leave it at that. We dislike to put the onus on the teachers.

This week's profound thought. Dr. T. R. Glover: "I think that the Christian religion will either go or remain." So be it! In fairness to the semi-reverend gentleman we will add his concluding thought: "but that, if it is to remain, it will not combine with the other religions." This piece of profound thinking concerns a suggestion that the Christian religion will, in the future, combine with the other chief religions in order to survive. We, with Dr. Glover, believe there is no need for it to combine to enable it to survive. All that is required is for it to be spring-cleaned, white-washed, re-papered, and decorated. If well and truly done, the work ought to give the Christian religion a new lease of life. When the lease has run out, no one can say quite what may happen. All one is justified in prophesying is that the Christian religion will then either remain or go.

The Rev. Owen Watkins, Deputy Chaplain-General to the Forces, is the godly Methodist who runs around telling pious people pious tarradiddles about the soldiers who served in the late war—how religious they were, and how they all prayed before going into battle, etc. Naturally one expects a good story from him about Earl Haig. Mr. Watkin's latest true tale concerns a visit of Haig to a Corps Headquarters. The General, it appears, asked to see every member of the staff, even the most junior officer. After all had been presented and had received the usual kindly and encouraging words, Earl Haig said to the Corps Commander: "I asked to see all the staff." "You have seen them all, Sir," was the reply. "What," said Haig, "has this Corps no deputy assistant principal chaplain?" The Commander replied: "I'm sorry, Sir, but I thought you meant combatant officers. I will send for him." On the arrival of the deputy, etc., chaplain (a Wesleyan—the Rev. Owen T. Letcher), Haig greeted him most cordially, talked with him for a longer period than he had done with any of the others, and when he had finished turned to the rest of the staff, saying: "In my opinion this man and what he stands for is more important than all of you."

A jolly good story is that. Its weak point is that it is not true to nature. Knowing parsons, we cannot imagine one, as related in Mr. Watkin's tale, allowing himself to be kept out of the picture, when the chief General came a-visiting. And that last remark of Haig's wants some swallowing. It suggests that if only Corps Headquarter Staffs had been composed of parsons, the war might have been won in three months instead of years, and the famous "Backs to the wall" message of 1918 would never have been needed. Dear Mr. Watkins—do tell us another!

The Great.

I LOVE the subtle Art that knows the dance
Of words that melt the heart and burn the eyes,
But more the spirit free who knows the lies
Of clever twist and turn, nor looks askance;
The genius of the soul who dares advance
Without Conventions favour or disguise,
Or fall a victim, so he nobly dies
Among the great rejected—on his lance:
He sensed the "wonder" of the beaten way
Who could not break the bonds of vulgar birth;
Who, though he wrought the gold from meanest
clay,
Yet could not soar beyond the common earth:
Who feels full Life—and speaks beyond his day,
For him is Greatness, and divinest Worth!

WM. J. LAMB.

When truth is revealed, let custom give place; let no man prefer custom before reason and truth.

St. Augustine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those Subscribers who receive their copy of the "Freethinker" in a GREEN WRAPPER will please take it that a 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.

FREETHINKER ENDOWMENT TRUST.—"The Flea," 2/-.

J. HEWITT.—We are never offended at plain speaking motivated by interest in the Cause. On the contrary, we welcome it, although we do not always find we are able to act on it.

J. BRIGHTON.—Glad to know that the Chester-le-Street friends have found new premises, and hope they will be found better adapted to the needs of the Branch.

E. J. LAMEL.—Next week. It will be quite in order then.

J. ALMOND.—There is no compulsion that a child shall have the religion of its parents entered on the register of either elementary or secondary schools. Unless the teacher receives notice, in either case, that the parent or guardian does not desire the child to have religious instruction, it will receive the religious instruction given. But no inquiry should be made by the teacher. The parent's wish in the matter is authoritative and final.

C. LONG.—We should very much like to see the *Freethinker* on sale at twopence, or—better still—at a penny. But the only way in which this can be done is by increasing the numbers of subscribers to a point that will warrant the reduction in price, or by some millionaire taking the increased loss on his shoulders. The burden might only be for a time, but it has to be borne while it is there.

C. A.—We are obliged for what you have done to make the *Freethinker* better known in your district.

L. THOMAS.—It is waste of time looking for sense in a sermon. One ought to consider the feelings of the congregation if a parson were to spring such a surprise on it.

O. M.—We have no room for lengthy didactic poems.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

To-day (February 19) Mr. Cohen visits Nottingham. In the afternoon, at 2.45, he will speak in the Mechanics' Institute on "The Priest and the Child," and in the evening he will be at the Victoria Baths, Sneinton, and will speak on "What the World will gain from Unbelief." Next Sunday (February 26) Mr. Cohen will be lecturing in Glasgow.

We have received a number of letters from readers who have sent to the B.B.C. protesting against the broadcasting of religious sermons and services unless opportunity is granted for the other side to state its case. We do not think that the B.B.C. can for the future honestly proclaim that they are not aware there are many who object to these religious talks. We say "honestly," and we use the term bearing in mind that we are dealing with Christian propagandists. We hope those interested will keep up the bombardment.

We observe that quite a number of people, including Mr. Winston Churchill, have fallen foul of the rule that no controversial subjects shall be permitted over the wireless. And they all agree that the health of public life depends upon the open discussion of disputed matters. We quite agree; and if that applies to scientific, political, and sociological subjects, we are puzzled to see why it will not apply to religious subjects. Do they wish us to understand that religion is the one subject that cannot stand public discussion? We are of that opinion ourselves, and believe that religion cannot stand the test. But does Mr. Churchill and the rest believe this? We should much like an answer on the subject.

There are two pamphlets on sale by the Pioneer Press which should be of great interest to all, in view of the discussions about the new Prayer Book and the Sacrament. They are *The Cake God*, by C. R. Boyd Freeman, and *God Eating*, by J. T. Lloyd. The first is very racily written; and Mr. Lloyd's pamphlet is a very comprehensive (considering its size) study of this survival of primitive religious cannibalism. The price of each is 3d. The two will be sent, post free, for 7d.

We have again to acknowledge many letters sent us concerning the death of J. T. Lloyd. All are in high praise of his ability and his character, and bear witness to the affection and esteem in which he was held. One gentleman who was present at the service at Paddington Cemetery suggests that the address there given might be reprinted separately as a memorial. We appreciate the double compliment thus paid. But the address was taken verbatim by our old friend H. R. Clifton, and is reprinted in this week's issue.

We have several times referred to the enormous trade that goes on in charms, mascots, and the like. The other day we received from a firm in Shaftesbury Avenue, a gold-plated lucky charm, with an invoice for 1/- . It was accompanied by a notice that it will bring luck to all who handle it, as it is after a design that has been in use for some thousands of years. But as we did not order it, shall not pay for it, and will not return it, it is evident that the "luck" it carries does not refer to the sender. He will experience bad luck to the extent of the postage, plus the cost of the charm.

In *The Religion of Tibet* (John Murray 3s. 6d.), Captain J. E. Ellam gives a very interesting account of the religious beliefs of this little-known part of the world, which is plainly set down, without any of the usual "mysterious" flummeries with which so many European writers play on the foolishness of their readers. Incidentally there is a good account of primitive (Atheistic) Buddhism which will be very welcome to many readers of this paper. The following summary of the Buddha's attitude towards established religious beliefs is striking, when one reads in this connexion the attitude of the New Testament Jesus towards intellectual matters. Said one of the followers of the Buddha:—

Brahmans and sectarian teachers visit us and preach their respective doctrines, each one solemnly asserting that what he teaches is the only truth, and all the rest are false: on this account, Lord, doubt has overtaken us, and we do not know whom to believe.

The Buddha replied: It is the nature of things that doubt should arise. Do not believe in things merely because they have been handed down for generations and in many places; do not believe in anything because it is rumoured and spoken of by many; do not believe because the written statements of some old sage are produced; do not believe in what you have fancied, thinking because it is extraordinary it must have been inspired by a god or other wonderful being; do not believe anything merely on the authority of the priests. But whatsoever accords with experience, and after thorough investigation is found to agree with reason and experience, as tending to promote the weal and welfare of mankind; only that should be accepted as true.

If only the New Testament had risen to that height, or the Christian Church worked along those lines, what oceans of blood might have been saved, and what centuries of frustrated effort avoided!

Hwuy-Ung Looks at Us.

(Continued from page 102.)

HWUY-UNG is approached by a would-be missionary. The dialogue, here much abbreviated, is now given in conventional English for the reasons before stated.

Clergyman. My dear sir, I feel very desirous to have the views of an educated Chinaman on matters of religion. If you will kindly satisfy my curiosity, I shall be grateful. Do not fear to offend by speaking out plainly.

I. The subject is a delicate one, and, I fear, unprofitable; unless considered from an impersonal point of view and as a simple statement of facts.

C. Quite so. In China, I am told, you have three religions in a way fused into one.

I. Yes; Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. The *literati* to which I belong follow the teaching of Confucius, incorporating more or less the doctrines of Lao-tsz and Buddha. Confucianism is really, *per se*, less a religion than a system of ethics treating of man's duty to himself and to his fellow-man; the spiritual wants being supplied by choice from the other two religions.

C. Did Confucius exclude the conception of a God?

I. He spoke of a "God All-Wise, Equable, and One." But he rarely refers to the subject in his writings. For him God was "The Great Unknown," whose attributes no man could ever hope to define.

C. All men, however low in the scale of humanity, admit some superior Power.

I. So I believe. But it is in the definition of that Power that they disagree.

C. And consequently establish different religious sects.

I. Which seems to prove the impossibility of definition.

C. Christianity, however, teaches us to believe in a personal God.

I. Anthropomorphism; that is, one after our own likeness.

C. Having in the superlative degree the qualities of goodness, loving-kindness, mercifulness.

I. In fact, human characteristics, though rare, amplified.

The Clergyman then goes on to speak of prayer and says:

If the privilege of prayer were denied me I should feel helpless and desolate, abandoned and alone; one lost in the wilderness.

I. Practically speaking, I don't think that is generally the consequence of non-praying. There are many who lead good lives, who do not pray, yet are happy.

C. Such people in time of affliction or on their death-bed nevertheless appeal to God.

I. That I admit; but then body and mind are weakened. There is the old fear of the unknown, of what might be, that prompts what is then deemed to be the safer course.

C. I have no doubt whatever that God hears our prayers when they are deserving.

I. The efficacy of prayer must depend on God's intervention in human affairs. Admitting this pragmatism and His justness and mercifulness, how can we reconcile that with Nature's cruel law that in all the realm of living things the strong kill the weak in the struggle to subsist?

C. The ways of the Lord are above reason.

Thus, Tseng Ching, did we debate with the utmost cordiality on a subject I have usually avoided as leading to personal rancour; from which I had to fly for refuge to a discussion on the weather.

(But the Clergyman returns to the debate)

I. Our *literati* might ask: what authority have you for your teachings?

C. Our answer would of course be—the Holy Bible.

I. What if they denied that authority in the same way that you would disallow the Koran, the Analects of Confucius, the doctrines of Brahma, of Buddha, of Lao-tsz? In the opinion of our *literati* our three religions contain no less lofty sentiments in their scriptures. Indeed, they assert that Chinese religious literature is the purest of all others, and that in their rites there have never been sacrificial nor licentious ceremonies. They maintain further that these books ever compare favourably with that part of the Bible called the Old Testament.

C. As a matter of fact, our exhortation is mostly prompted by the New Testament. Where have you the sublime injunction: "Do good to them that hate you?"

I. Buddhism enjoins that we must "overcome anger with kindness; wickedness with good actions." Lao-tsz said: "Recompense injury with kindness." Confucius, more practically, told us that we should "recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness."

(The question of "original sin" is raised which Hwuy-Ung says would not be readily accepted, especially by Confucians.)

C. Still, it would be indispensable for us to require that belief; otherwise the death of Christ, the Redeemer, would be without meaning.

I. Most of us believe with Mencius that: "All men are naturally virtuous, just as water naturally flows downward." Confucius says: "All men are good at birth; but not many remain so to the end." We cannot lock upon a new-born babe as a sinner.

C. Yet our faith is that God sent on earth His only Son to atone by His death for the sins of the world.

I. It will be difficult to persuade our ignorant villagers that God sent His only Son to the world for our salvation: firstly, because they would deny the necessity for redemption; secondly, because to them God is inscrutable, unimaginable; they could not believe that God had a Son or would send Him to this little planet.

C. For all that, there are many millions of civilized, cultured people who do believe it, as you must know.

I. I do. Yet I have heard that there are numbers, outwardly Christian, who actually give the matter little thought, engrossed as they are in money-making; and many others who are convinced that Christ was but a human being of exceptional virtue.

C. It is no new opinion to deny the divinity of Christ. Argument, reasoning, imagination, eloquence and persuasion are as the ineffectual waves, beating against the rock—the rock of the Faith! I pray God that one day the scales may fall from your eyes.

I make no further response to the clergyman, thinking it more agreeable to change the subject and inquire when he was about to start on his long voyage.

(The Clergyman resumes the discussion another day.)

C. I want a representative of the Chinese *intelligentsia* to give me their opinion about Christianity. I think they will agree with me that its influence has made the world better, happier and more civilized than any other religion.

I. I am afraid they won't agree with you on that point. That improvement, they would say, is due

rather to the progress of science and experience. But in some respects they hold that the world is more sinful than before, owing to aggregation of the population in the cities . . . Mammon, as of old, is now the god most worshipped . . .

C. But why should Christianity be blamed for that?

I. They say it should, if it were believed, have a restraining influence . . . Our Confucians reproach Christians for their infraction of Christ's fundamental law: "Love one another," as proved by their sanguinary civil and foreign wars. They ask: Where were the love, humility and toleration enjoined by the Founder of your religion when, at one period thousands of Protestants were tortured and burnt alive by Roman Catholics, and, at another, thousands of Roman Catholics were tortured and burnt alive by Protestants—when both sects, with a trifling difference in dogma, called themselves Christians? We have had Confucians, Taoists, Mahommedans, Buddhists and Christians living for centuries together in peace and in free exercise of their separate religions. The words *heretic*, *schism*, *sect*, have no meaning for us.

(Hwuy-Ung goes on to charge Christians with professing one thing and practising another, even in their dealings with each other.)

C. But surely your critics of our Church do not tax us all with insincerity and hypocrisy.

I. By no means. Your churchgoers we look upon as unreflecting, placid people, who consider it proper to attend, setting a good example to others, and confirming themselves as respectable and worthy citizens. The other days of the week are devoted to the real religion of money-making, when most of the religion of Sunday is ignored . . . Of course I don't doubt that many who go to church sincerely believe that it is a safeguard against a possible punishment hereafter . . . We regard the conjecture of heaven and hell as the invention of priestcraft to gain ascendancy over men's minds.

C. We no longer entertain the idea of a material hell of everlasting fire.

I. Yet Christ speaks of it; it is preached.

C. We do not expect our congregations to split straws. If Confucius did not admit of a future punishment for sin, what deterrent was there against wrong-doing?

I. Simply the sense of right and wrong as taught by fathers to their children; and the maxims of the Sages. We have our rewards and punishments here on earth. Here are heaven and hell. Mencius tells us that, "Calamity and happiness in all cases are men's own seeking."

C. But we constantly have before us examples of callous criminals who show signs neither of fear nor repentance, and who enjoy their ill-gotten gains and the good things of life.

I. You do not punish madness nor lunacy. There are innumerable grades of mental abnormality in victims of heredity, disease and undeveloped brain . . .

As I noticed that the Rev. Selby Smythe was becoming wearied by the closeness of our discussion, I asked him if what I had heard was true—whether he was soon going to leave us . . . I told him I should be sorry, for he had been very friendly.

E. J. LAMEL.

(To be concluded.)

Rousseau was perhaps the first writer of wide influence to paint the black iniquities of social injustice, not as inevitable evils, but as mere accidents, the results of men's blunders and crimes.—D. C. Somervell.

In Quest of the Beautiful.

VIII.—PHILOSOPHY.

WISDOM, someone wrote, was the art of being at home in the world. Tentatively, I had reached out to many books, read them, absorbed them, and taken the advice of Montaigne to make them part of oneself. But there was still lacking that straight way to harmonize with those visions of beauty that had beckoned me onwards with friendly signs. Philosophy could not be put on like a garment; it must grow into one's life. And philosophy from books was one thing; philosophy from life itself was frequently another. A certain distrust of bookish knowledge came along after the unsuccessful attempt at making theory fit with practice. There were ways and modes and attitudes to be gathered from the best that India could give me, but in themselves, they were incomplete. Indian philosophy is the nearest approach to Coleridge's definition of life being all thought, but this was the opposite of the Greek conception that life was action. Well, what is life? Is it not a blend of both? If I could therefore take the best of philosophy from India together with the best from Greece could I not, in some way, continue my quest? There was a stern discipline required to cut through the jungle of Hindu mythology; there was the noting of its parallelism with Greek mythology, until I came to something in the Vishnu Purana, and the Mahabarata worthy of concentration and study. To the same fountain as Emerson I had found my way in the Vishnu Purana; "The earth is upheld by the veracity of those who have subdued their passions." Emerson wrote this in a slightly different form, but my feet were covering the same ground that others had been over in a similar quest. Rabelais also had been to this place, but, when the myth and superfluous bewilderment were ignored, there were truths worth the search. Parallel almost with the writings of Spinoza, I found the following foundation of the thought that the truth shall set you free: "The mind of man is the cause both of his bondage and his liberation: its addiction to the objects of sense is the means of his bondage; its separation from objects of sense is the means of his freedom." In other words, possessions possess us. Here then was Beauty in another form, but she had to be striven for; she did not appear now in the external form I had encountered when a child. More arduous was the quest, but the white light of truth was a compensation, and more difficult was it to retain and use this revelation in daily life. It was easy to run the eye over this and similar passages, but the struggle began when I tried to incorporate it into everyday existence, and many times I failed.

Separating the gold from the dross, there were choice thoughts to be found in the Bhagavad Gita. I found excellent schooling in prudence, fortitude, meditation, and exercise in these and others gave an increase to the powers of intuition which were dynamic if always used in the mood of disinterested interest; but here again, it was a hard task, but when once undertaken, there was nothing but burnt boats to be seen if I looked backwards. How well did my contact with Indian literature ratify the opinion of Schopenhauer: "Nowhere in the world is there a study so beneficial and elevating." In the "Light of Asia" there was a delightful introduction to a mode of conduct that offered no threats and no rewards, but as far as finite knowledge went, it was a strong staff to use, and the difference between a staff and a crutch is the difference between Eastern thought and Western religion.

In the essay of Plotinus "On the Beautiful," there is a heavy demand made on the intellect in order to gain an appreciation of his aim. He considers the Good as the fountain and principle of the Beautiful. Something tangible, in a world of abstractions, I found in his definition that the beautiful was the receptacle of ideas. This is a very generous definition, but it was a valuation made by a good man, if we are to believe what fragmentary records we have of his life. According to the introduction to the Select Works of Plotinus, "this philosopher was easy of access to all his friends and

adherents, and, although he lived in Rome for twenty-six years, he had no enemy in that city. Noble persons of both sexes at the point of death committed their children and their property to Plotinus, as to a certain sacred and divine guardian. If this be true, then his valuation that the beautiful is the receptacle of ideas is perfectly clear and easy to comprehend. The only difficulty with Plotinus is the number of his commentators who bring to him preconceived ideas, axes to grind, and perhaps the fatal facility of patronage.

In line of historical descent with this illustrious name is that of George Santayana. This modern philosopher trims and guards the sacred flame of philosophy in language that is like, for want of a better description, volts of electricity. In compression, in substance, in obscurity being the exception and not the rule, George Santayana is one of a few who knows what he means, and can transfer his meaning to paper. In my quest it was so that I should find him. He writes: "There is a sense—a somewhat esoteric sense—in which such essences as beauty may be called 'the most real things in the universe.'"

On this, my pilgrimage, I must ask you to stay and look at the pictures I have seen. Here is a landscape extending from the beginning of Time, and in one part of it, Santayana has contributed his share in the following language, at the same time enriching the word spirituality and making it possible for universal acceptance. "Spirituality comes precisely of surrendering this animal arrogance, and this moral fanaticism, and substituting for them pure intelligence: not a discoursing cleverness or scepticism, but perfect candour and impartial vision. Spirit is merciful and tender because it has no private motive to make it spiteful; yet it is unflinchingly austere because it cannot make any private motive its own." There, then, particularly in the end of this passage is the beauty of the lady's-smock in the meadow. What is this I am saying? Confusion? mixing ideas with ideals, with the characteristic touch of the mystic? What connexion or association is there with a flower and philosophy? My own philosophy has told me that I cannot have nor want, one without the other, and there I see the figure of the Beautiful in both. "It cannot make any private motive its own"—what is this but looking on life through the clear windows of disinterest in preference to looking through the coloured windows of desire, possession, or personal advantage? The same detached beauty is the four, veined petals of the lady's-smock, clustered round with human association was plainly visible in the calm beauty of this passage that made the way straight—and difficult, but not to be given up for that reason. In pursuing external beauty I had only made a circle returning to myself, but, I came back laden with treasure, had robbed nobody, had hurt no feelings, for beauty was like the sun described by Shakespeare in "The Winter's Tale," in the words of the exquisite Perdita:—

"The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike."

And then came the revelation of beauty in the lives of those by whom I was surrounded. What unwritten history to me was there in a pair of woman's hands, in a pair of labourer's hands, in the wrinkled and time-beaten face of a sentient being, in the tone of a voice, in an attitude, in a growth of character; it were best to forget the worst—to let it go quickly through memory's sieve, to follow beauty for she had not played me false. Rather she led me to take up the quest, and at a certain time, without promise and ostentation, that which I sought came to me; there was no desire for roving about in the vast fields of speculation, for she had taught me reconciliation to myself.

TRISTRAM.

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

Thomas Hardy.

MEDIOCRACY:

The Ravings of a Thirdrate Mind.

PROLOGUE:

The following are a series of monologues inflicted upon Mary, the wife of Joseph the Carpenter, by Rachel, the wife of Isaac, their nearest neighbour. They are pieces of Rachel's mind concerning the doings of Jesus, Mary's eldest son. The author challenges any psychologist or student of human nature to prove that they are not authentic.

MONOLOGUE No. 1.

CONCERNING THE THREE WISE MEN.

LOOK here Mary, you're spoiling that boy of yours, you know you are. Don't look at me like that. You know perfectly well that I am only telling you for your own good—and for his. Spoiling him now will only make it harder for him later on. Letting him wander around, filling other children's heads with nonsense, instead of helping his poor father with his work!

Oh, "children should have a certain time for play," should they? Very well then, but let it be reasonable play. My Benjamin came to me yesterday with a cock-and-bull story about clay birds being made to fly. Me? I turned him up side down and gave him what was coming to him in double quick time. And if you had any sense you would do the same to your boy.

"I can't allow for a child's poetical imagination," can't I? You'll be saying next that I haven't any imagination myself—when everyone knows I have imagined more scandals than any other woman from Bethsheba to Dan. The trouble with you is you've got inflated ideas about the child, merely because three wandering sheiks took notice of him when he was tiny. All Bedouins are robbers, as everyone knows, and you wouldn't find me accepting presents unless I knew they were honestly come by. Not that I am blaming you, my dear, but then everyone knows how particular I am about such things, and it takes all kinds to make a World. And after all they may have been all they said they were, but then again they mayn't. Now the Governor's wife stopped her chariot and patted my little Isaac on the head and said he was "a darling little thingey-wingey," but you don't find me boasting about it all the time, nor giving my child a mistaken idea of his own importance. Though, of course, a thing like that, and the Governor's wife . . . why it might lead to anything!

Oh, you "heard Angels singing when he was born," did you?

Now Mary, my dear, don't get ratty. I haven't said I don't believe you, of course you heard them, if you say you did—we all know what it is to suffer from milk-fever. When Rachel was born I thought I was peeling onions with King Solomon and Moses; delirious for three days I was!

Well, if you won't take good advice you won't, but don't blame me if that boy comes to a bad end.

MONOLOGUE No. 2.

CONCERNING THE HARMFULNESS OF THOUGHT.

WHAT'S that?

No, of course Jesus isn't with us.

Lost him, have you? Well Mary I must say you're not fit to be trusted with a child, why can't you look after him? You would lose your head if it wasn't screwed on firmly. Going around star-gazing and dreaming the way you do, and that husband of yours is pretty nearly as bad as you are, which believe me is saying some! No, he isn't here, and what's more I haven't seen or heard anything of him since we left Jerusalem. If I was you I'd start right back to the City now. Of course I don't want to discourage you, and I do hope you will find him, but it would merely serve you right if you didn't.

Now what's the good of starting to cry like that?

Crying won't bring him back if he's dead, which he very likely is, considering the number of ways in which a child could get itself killed in Jerusalem, and, of course, a bad penny always does turn up, so if he were still alive you would probably have heard something about it by now.

Perhaps he isn't dead, he might have been kidnapped by the Bedouins and sold into slavery, in which case it isn't likely you'll ever see him again, or he might have . . . well, I do think she might have had the decency to listen to what I was saying, even if she was anxious to find the child!

[Later]

Ah, there you are, well I'm glad you found him; didn't I tell you that you would, and that it was silly to upset yourself the way you did?

Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you naughty boy, giving your poor dear mother such a fright?

I hope, Mary, you gave him the thrashing he deserved.

What's this I heard about him arguing in the Temple. It was in the Temple you found him, wasn't it?

Disgraceful! Think of the precociousness of it! Arguing with his elders and betters. I'm sure I never heard of such a thing. I would like to see any of my children dare to do such a thing, and you wouldn't find cleverer children than mine anywhere in the world, and they never dare disbelieve anything they are told, much less argue about it!

"Everybody got to think for themselves?" Rats! Don't you believe it my dear. I'm sure I never think, and I'm not going to start now. Do you know Mary, I do believe you actually encourage that child to think and otherwise misbehave himself. Well, you will only have yourself to blame if he comes to a bad end, which I have always said he will.

That's what comes of going and living in Egypt among foreigners. All foreigners are light-minded and full of queer ideas. I don't believe in travel, it unsettles the mind.

Are there many cabarets in Alexandre, and is the night-life there quite as bad as they make out? Well I never, fancy living in a place and not finding out about things like that!

ETHEL BREE.

An American Epic.

THERE is something Homeric about the publication of Dr. Charles Drake's two poems "Theodicy," and "Chronosophy," which his daughter, Mrs. L. Clarke, (Kerwin Press, Chicago) has just published (price three dollars). Mrs. Clarke was only six months old when her father died. It has been the aim of her life to let the public see the work (or works) which gained her father the title of the "Hermit Bard."

In this gigantic volume of over 400 pages, Dr. Drake, in common with Wordsworth, Whitman and every other great poet, has a considerable percentage of the unreadably dull, or amusingly unimportant, or merely commonplace writing, starting nowhere and leading there—but "even Homer nods." Let readers take all that for granted and save me illustrating my complaint. It is a much greater pleasure to say that there are whole stanzas of charm and merit. There is a glow of very unusual sincerity about most of it. And there are ideas which if rarely original express admirably ideas too seldom expressed. In point of fact Dr. Drake must have been a very original genius and a courageous one. He was a popular surgeon, whose last years were darkened by a trial for murder. The fact that he was triumphantly acquitted only adds to the pathos of the period of strain which was only ended by death.

Dr. Drake, as the curious title of his first poem suggests, was a Voltairian deist. As however he sums up man's relation to the deity:—

That man's whole duty to his God is this
Consult the means that lead to happiness,
That they are always found in Virtue's ways—
When Reason dictates, intellect obeys.

"Chronosophy" is a much more ambitious work, per-

haps of much later date than "Theodicy." It is more tuneful, not merely because the author's stanzas run to more orthodox form than the other (which is written in a "Butler's Hudibras" free style), but because it has actual poetic attractiveness.

In this poem he attempts to tell the story of earth's birth and growth, as a cultured geologist, opposed to the absurd tales of "revelation," might have told it in Dr. Drake's day (the author died in 1866). We can only quote a single stanza, but it is worth reading the whole of this section:—

Now loftier forests rear a sombre shade
Of simplest forms—the densely studded earth
Was drear and sad—no blossom deckt the glade—
Of fragrance still a universal dearth.
No Flora yet, nor Ceres had given birth
To flower or fruit—for, all the surface reared,
Was clothed with carbonaceous air—nor mirth
The lonely gloomy forest-land had cheered
Nor sound or song of man or beast was heard.

I think John Davidson himself would have enjoyed this poem: if he could overlook the American spellings.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

Correspondence.

"TOWARDS THE ANSWER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

SIR,—It seems now that "Querulous" had an ulterior motive in writing about Zeno's paradoxes and telepathy—namely to "protest against such books as *Towards the Answer*, which claim to be, and may be accepted by some, as scientific." Wherein is the book *not* scientific? Can Querulous name any other book on the subject that treats the subject *as a whole* in an equally scientific manner? The book is thoroughly rationalistic and agnostic and a protest against it in the *Freethinker* (of all journals) is something extraordinary. Is any writer at the moment using greater freedom of speech in castigating the obscurantists?

William Repton, in the *Freethinker*, said of the book: ". . . discourses with conviction on difficult subjects . . . following his line of thought logically, come out into the broad daylight . . . carries on the tradition of Spencer . . . an antidote for woolly thinking."

Macleod Yearsley in the *Literary Guide*, said: "I repeat, the book is done well . . . it is commendable."

Sir Arthur Keith wrote: "If the answer is to be found, it has to be sought for along the lines you have followed. I would commend your book to all who are in search of the answer."

After this, I need not worry about Q.'s opinion.

In his first letter, Querulous said, I have given a fool of a solution to a problem based on Zeno's paradoxes. I asked Q. to give us *his* solution. He has not done so—I do not think he has one to give.

He asked about telepathy, and in good faith I told him how to set about getting proof for himself. Instead of taking the obviously straightforward meaning of my words he tries to convict me of inconsistency by bringing words out of their context. In one place I said close acquaintance with mediums is followed by scepticism. The context showed that I meant scepticism of the "spirit" theory of mediums' "revelations." When I said that a scoffing sceptic would spoil a "sitting," I obviously meant scepticism of the telepathic theory *and* the bona fides of the medium (especially the latter). I can be sceptical of the spirit theory, but quite friendly as regards telepathy and the bona fides of the medium, without any inconsistency. I can be a scoffing sceptic as regards Q.'s knowledge of Einstein without *this* scepticism spoiling a sitting with a medium.

Of course, if Q. has made up his mind, that settles the matter. But he should not enter on a public correspondence unless he has the intention of really helping on the elucidation of the matter in hand.

C. R. BOYD FREEMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Boyd Freeman's letter in your issue of 5th inst., states that the solution of Zeno's Problem should include a determination of the fraction of an inch at

which the common sense analysis ceases to be correct. The common sense analysis is correct so far as it goes, but, by its method of looking at the matter it deliberately prevents itself from finding the solution. It is true that at no point of Zeno's construction does the fast train pass the slow one. That is because he deliberately chooses as his points, members of an infinite series. Unless he lives for ever, he can never come to the last term. It is obvious that the number of points which can be chosen is infinite, because in any given length there are an infinite number of points, and in any given period of time there are an infinite number of instants. All that Zeno proves is, that if one train does pass the other, it does so at a point beyond any given by his construction. In the words of C. D. Broad, he assumes that "what is beyond every one of an infinite series of points must be infinitely beyond the first point of the series."

To demand that I should visualize a solution is to demand that I should visualize an infinite series, which is impossible. But the fact that an idea or an operation cannot be visualized does not affect its truth. For example, it would be impossible, I think, for any one to visualize the deduction of Maxwell's Laws regarding the propagation of electromagnetic waves, but that does not affect the validity of the deduction.

J. D. WRIGHT.

Society News.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

DESPITE the heavy rain, there was a good attendance at the Bristol Street Schools, to hear Mr. Whitehead give an extremely interesting lecture dealing with "Some Important Lessons from History."

As the lecturer had to leave rather early to get his return train home, there was only a short space of time available for questions and discussion.—D.M.C.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH.

LAST Sunday was devoted to discussion. Mr. Jackson led off with a vigorous attack on the recent articles in the *Freethinker* by Mr. C. R. Boyd Freeman. His case was that the principle point raised in these articles—the sex element in connexion with the confessional was grossly exaggerated. The discussion proved lively, and interesting. Further matters raised in connexion with Dreams, Relativity, and the relation of Freethought to Politics. The evening was well spent, and generally enjoyable. To-night Miss Seid, of Southport, will lecture.—A.J.

MANCHESTER BRANCH.

IN the afternoon, owing to the absence of Mr. E. Egerton Stafford, of Liverpool, the Branch President, Mr. A. C. Rosetti, stepped into the breach and lectured on the subject of "Religion and Freethought." Considering Mr. Rosetti had no notice that his services would be required, his lecture was quite effective, and resulted in a number of questions being asked and suitably answered. At night, Mr. Stafford lectured on "Christ in China," and dealt with the conditions and customs of the Chinese, and the activities of the missionaries. In the ensuing discussion, a member of the audience, who had spent many years in China, supplemented the lecture by relating some of his experiences in China. He emphasized the kindness of the Chinese to their children, and remarked that the Chinese placated all the gods by joining all the religious institutions. Mr. Bayford presided in the afternoon and Mr. S. Cohen at night.—F.E.M.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH.

IN spite of the inclement weather a fair attendance assembled to hear Mr. R. B. Kerr, the majority present agreeing with the lecturer as to the reality of progress, in spite of a certain amount of opposition from our Socialist friends.

Mr. G. Whitehead opens this evening on "What is Psycho-Analysis?"—K.B.K.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

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

LONDON.

INDOOR.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (St. Pancras Reform Club, 15 Victoria Road, N.W.): 7.30, Mr. Geo. Whitehead—"What is Psycho-Analysis?"

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (30 Brixton Road, S.W., near Oval Station): 7.15, Mr. C. E. Ratcliffe—"Can a Christian be a Socialist?"

SOUTH LONDON ETHICAL SOCIETY (Oliver Goldsmith School, Peckham Road, S.E.): 7.0, Free Sunday Lectures. G. F. Holland—"The Degradation of Beauty."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (The London Institution Theatre, South Place, Moorgate, E.C.2): 11.0, C. Delisle Burns, M.A., D.Lit.—"Great Britain and India."

THE NON-POLITICAL METROPOLITAN SECULAR SOCIETY (34 George Street, Manchester Square, W.1): 7.30, Mr. F. A. Hornibrook—Lecture and Demonstration: "Physical Fitness." Thursday, 7.30, Mrs. Ratcliffe—"Should Married Women be allowed to engage in Paid Occupations?"

OUTDOOR.

FULHAM AND CHELSEA BRANCH N.S.S. (corner of North End Road, opposite Walham Green Church): Saturday at 8.0; (World's End, Chelsea): Wednesday at 8.0. Speakers—F. Bryant, G. H. Barnes and A. J. Mathie.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park): 12 noon, Mr. James Hart—A Lecture; 3 p.m., Messrs. Hyatt and Le Maine; 6.30; Messrs. Jackson and Campbell-Everden. Freethought lectures every Wednesday and Friday, at 7.30. Various lecturers. (Ravenscourt Park): Meetings suspended till finer weather.

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

CHESTER-LE-STREET BRANCH N.S.S. (78a Front Street): 7.15, Mr. S. Lambton—"From Polytheism to Monotheism." Chairman: Mr. H. North.

GLASGOW SECULAR SOCIETY, Branch of the N.S.S. (No. 2 Room, City Hall, Albion Street): 6.30, Mr. E. Doran will lecture on—"Socialism or Free Thought."

LEICESTER SECULAR SOCIETY (Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate): 6.30, Seymour Cocks—"Foreign Affairs."

LIVERPOOL BRANCH N.S.S. (18 Colquitt Street, off Bold Street): 7.30, Miss Seid, of Southport—A Lecture.

NOTTINGHAM.—MR. CHAPMAN COHEN will lecture in the Mechanics' Institute at 2.45, on "The Priest and the Child"; and in the evening, at 7.0, at the Victoria Baths, Sneinton. Subject: "What the World will Gain from Unbelief."

OUTDOOR.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N.S.S.—Meetings held in the Bull Ring on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 p.m.

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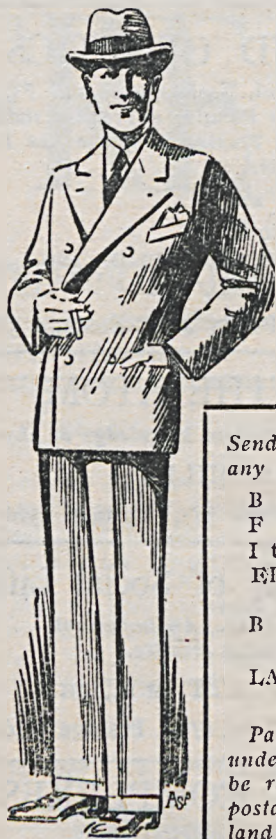
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PRINCIPLES AND OBJECTS.

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