

The

FREETHINKER

FOUNDED · 1881

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

VOL. XLIX.—No. 37

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1929

PRICE THREEPENCE

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Table with 2 columns: Article Title and Page. Includes 'War and Peace.—The Editor', 'The Tyranny of Words.—Minnermus', 'Causation.—Keridon', etc.

Views and Opinions.

War and Peace.

So far as the proceedings at the Hague and Geneva are concerned, the government has had what is called a "good press." It is symptomatic of the solidity and value of political opinion that this should be so.

War as a Luxury.

With all the talk about the saving of money, or making war a little less costly or dangerous than it is, I have not the slightest interest or sympathy.

strikes me as being a mixture of cowardice and stupidity. If war is to be, I see no reason why it should be cheap and safe for civilians.

\* \* \*

How to Kill War.

For this reason one welcomes certain passages in a speech made by M. Briand, and it would indeed be good if France, always a land of great ideas, in spite of its being the most military nation in Europe, were to lead the way to a new reformation as it did with the ideas of 1789.

That expression of policy is worth a great deal, although it has taken so long for these geniuses of politicians to recognize so elementary a truth.

The task of accomplishing (the abolition of war) is almost entirely one of social education. Beginning with the children our school histories should be rewritten, and in place of giving them a list of national heroes in the shape of kings and fighting men, they should be given accounts of the discoverers, the writers, the scientists, the reformers, who between them have given us all that makes for a genuine civilization.



nized. Attention should be called to the unrecorded heroisms of daily life; to the patient courage of the mother who may labour day after day to provide her children with food and clothing, to the bravery of the sailor, miner, or fireman, to the enthusiasm of the social reformer, to the sacrifices that good men and women are always ready to make for their ideals.

M. Briand appeals to the women, which is hardly fair, since there is the possible implication that the fault has rested largely with them. But after all, it is the men who have set the pace; it is the men who have made a parade of militarism in every country in the world, who have decked the principal officials of the State in the soldier's uniform, who have written the glorification of war which so largely disfigures our educational books, it was men who were in power and who precipitated the last war, and it is the men who even now will not have the truth told about the war, which might serve to disgust the rising generation with this brutal and primitive method of settling disputes. Women can exercise a great influence with children, but the ideals which they hold before the children will be largely those of the social environment. It is not enough merely to teach children to respect other nations—one wants to get above the idea of nationality altogether in thinking of the welfare of the world. The essential thing is that the new generation should grow up feeling that militarism is something outside of their lives, and when it does enter, it is in the nature of a violent and unwelcome intrusion. Military displays should be kept altogether out of civil life. It cannot be claimed that in the case of such things as the opening of Parliament the soldiers are there merely to keep order; they are there to familiarize the mind of the people with the glitter and display of the army. If these people at Geneva who are passing so many pious resolutions, and making agreements which they will probably break when circumstances favour the breaking, would combine on this simple plan of keeping the soldier out of civil life, and to abolish all military displays they would strike a greater blow at war than by any agreement to diminish armaments in order to make militarism be a little cheaper than it is to-day.

\* \* \*

#### Who Will Help?

This is a very simple reform. Is it too much to ask that the truth should be told about wars, and that instead of governments subsidizing films which paint war in attractive colours, they should depict the beastliness, the cowardliness, the treachery of war? But who will lead the way? Politicians will not be in a hurry. The most advanced will prate about peace, but give them the chance and they will take a prominent place in military manoeuvres which have no other justification than preparations for war and a perpetuation of the war-spirit. The newspapers will not do it. They know that flamboyant talk about our gallant army, and the fighting blood of our people is a far better selling line. It is certain, more certain than anything else, that the clergy will not help. At present many of them are talking about peace, but it is absolutely sure that if a war were declared to-morrow they would be playing the same game they have played at the out-break of every war. They would be preaching about a war of righteousness—as though any country ever indulged in a war of unrighteousness!—and if the war were on a sufficiently large scale, you have them preaching as in 1914-18, that the chief duty of every able-bodied English Christian is to kill as many of the enemy as possible. Walk round St. Paul's, or any of our cathedrals, and for one monument to a

great leader in letters, or art, or the pursuits of peace, you will find half a dozen to prominent soldiers. Cathedrals are decorated with tattered battle flags, guns have figured in St. Paul's, all an inspiration to the new generation to go and do likewise. These monuments should be relegated to a military museum, not exhibited in a place officially devoted to a gospel of brotherhood.

There is no single body of men who could do more, than the clergy to make militarism repugnant to the general mind. There is no body of men who will do less. They might well help by refusing to take part in military shows, to bless guns and battle ships, or to accept commissions in the army, or to wear military uniform. They could say as the Buddhist priests have said, "It is not our business to preach war or to encourage others to make it." What they will do in the future is what they have done in the past. They will preach peace while there is popularity to be gained from it; they will preach war when men's lower passions are excited, and when the need is greater than ever for teaching common sense, genuine brotherhood, and humanitarianism. No one could do more than the clergy; no one has done or will do less.

\* \* \*

#### Building a New Earth.

Hitherto populations have been trained in an atmosphere of nationalism with its accompaniments of suspicion, hatred, and militarism. The ruling classes have been, in most countries a military, or semi-military aristocracy. By tradition commerce has been looked down upon, science treated as a mere fad, and to look down on peoples of other countries a proof of one's own sound devotion to the country in which one was born. Never does the rising generation hear from its official teachers, not merely that war is undesirable, but that the very existence of large standing armies is a direct reflexion on our claim to be considered civilized. During the war we heard much of the cant, "Never again," even though anyone with common sense must have known that, settled as the war was, it would leave behind all the material for future wars. The soldier bulks as largely as ever in the educational air. The monument set up to Nurse Cavell is made to glorify the "patriotism" on which she turned her back. The "two minutes" silence is converted into a glorification of the evil which led to the death of the men whom the Cenotaph honours. Who of our leaders will tell the truth about militarism? It is not enough to say that war is horrible, every one knows that. It is not enough to say that it is a clumsy way of settling disputes, no one has ever said otherwise. The truth should be told about war, by those men whose position gives them the power to say it with effect. And the rising generation should be brought up in an atmosphere which leaves the soldier out altogether. War will never be killed by making it costly—that is indeed a suitable argument of our "Captains of commerce," with whom cheap production is everything. War will never be ended by making it dangerous. That is the policy of the coward. It will only be ended when we kill the idea of war, and we shall do that when we have it recognized as the beastly, brutal and brutalizing, savage thing it is. If M. Briand, representative of the most military of European nations, can get his own countrymen to set an example on the lines indicated, he will have done a work greater than anything the League of Nations has yet done.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

There can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven.—R. G. Ingersoll.



## The Tyranny of Words.

"We have done with the kisses that sting,  
The thief's mouth red from the feast.  
The blood on the hands of the King,  
And the lie at the lips of the priest."

Swinburne.

"Where the Vanguard camps to-day,  
The Rear shall rest to-morrow."

Gerald Massey.

SCIENCE and religion have never been friends. At the best they have been but nodding acquaintances; at the worst, open enemies. Scientific teaching and investigation, or, indeed, any form of intellectual liberty, has always been incompatible with assent to the dogmas of orthodoxy. The entire organization of priestcraft has invariably been brought to bear against science on the ground that it is a most powerful solvent of faith. This resistance of priests to the prevalent opinions of scientists has no indisputable claim on our respect. When we recall that the system of Copernicus, the discoveries of Galileo, the law of gravitation of Newton, and the Darwinian theory were all received in the same venerable quarter with the mentality of mules, we are inclined to attribute that resistance, not to the weakness of the arguments of scientists, but to the priestly dislike of knowledge itself.

Chemistry was opposed as an impious prying into the secrets of "God," and the early chemists were regarded, charitably, as agents of the "Devil," and treated accordingly. Physiology and medicine were opposed on similar grounds. Even the use of chloroform in childbed was opposed on the ground that it interfered with the alleged primal curse on women. Zoology and biology were also opposed bitterly by priests. They resented too close an inquiry, and preferred explaining natural phenomena by fables of their faith.

After many centuries of opposition, however, a lady attempted to build a bridge between religion and science. As the lady hailed from the land of tall buildings and tall advertising, the new evangel was not hid under a bushel. It was spread abroad in the approved methods of quack advertising, and the gospel according to Mary Baker Eddy has ousted the other evangel of Jesus Christ in hundreds of tabernacles. The newest of new Bibles, *Christian Science: Key to the Scriptures*, of which the American lady-saviour was the author, is now nearing its two hundredth edition, and is still selling rapidly.

A witty old eighteenth-century divine said that "Christianism was a feather-bed to catch a falling Christian," Christian Science appears to be filling the same humanitarian role. The new evangel has been received by tens of thousands of half-educated men and women, reverent of learning, but quite unable to discriminate it from its adulterated imitation. And Ma Eddy, quite as indiscriminating, and more mad, than any of her readers, was equipped admirably by a nodding acquaintance with theology, metaphysics, and a quack-doctor's vocabulary, to give them the thing they longed for.

Words were Ma Eddy's stock-in-trade. Her pomp of court and her priesthood were verbosity. There are five hundred pages of polysyllabic verbiage in her book, and scores of misapplied words to each page. To readers from Texas, Oklahoma, Utah, or the Pacific Slope, it might appear as a celestial revelation, but to a reader familiar with the sober use of scientific terms, her definitions and explanations are a delirious jargon. To use a beautiful and expressive Americanism it is simply "junk," if, indeed, it is not seriously open to a pathological interpretation. Ma Eddy's language is the bastard offspring of a

riotous imagination playing, in the light of half-grasped ideas from the scientists, upon resonant polysyllables. For instance, here is a — definition!

Matter, mythology, mortality; another name for mortal mind; illusion, intelligence, substance, and life in non-intelligence and mortality; life resulting in death, and death in life; sensation in the sensationless; mind originating in matter; the opposite of truth; the opposite of God; that of which immortal mind takes no cognisance; that which mortal mind sees, feels, tastes, and smells in belief.

The author of this evangel from Earlswood, this creed from Colney Hatch, this farrago of nonsense, has been appropriately hailed as a teacher "second only to" Jesus Christ. It was only proper, therefore, that she should regard matter, mythology, and mortality as synonymous. Even Christians, used to the stories of "Noah's Ark," "Jonah and the Whale," and the tangle of the Trinity, might jib at such colossal blunders. But there is no limit to the credulity of religious people.

The topsy-turvy nature of the new evangel is shown by another quotation from the latest divine revelation:—

The metaphysics of Christian science prove the rule by inversion.

For example:—

"There is no pain in truth, and there is no truth in pain."

Yet Ma Eddy, with pain, regrets that ontology receives less attention than physiology, and relates the following improving anecdote, worthy of the saucy and mendacious Baron Munchausen:—

"It is related that a father, anxious to try such an experiment, plunged his infant babe, only a few hours old, into water for several minutes, and repeated this operation daily, until the child could remain under water twenty minutes, moving and playing without harm like a fish. Parents should remember this, and so learn how to develop their children properly on dry land."

This beats the audacity of *The Book of Mormon*, or the outpourings of Joanna Southcott. What, in the name of common sense did the lady-Saviour suppose ontology to mean? The congregations at Christian Science Churches may be better dressed and better spoken than the street crowd surrounding a quack doctor, but they are as credulous and as ignorant.

It was fitting that Ma Eddy should give her disciples a form of prayer and a confession of faith which bears the same resemblance to Christian forms that margarine does to butter. The high-priestess of the new faith strutted in borrowed plumes, and charged and charged her dupes three hundred dollars for a dozen lessons. No American cinema magnate, no oil-king, no provision profiteer, ever kept a keener eye or a tighter fist on money. Indeed, money is the only material thing in existence which Christian Science allows to be real. Ma Eddy was a religious "boss," like so many evangelists. She never allowed a dollar that had no friends to get by her alive.

What a searchlight this Christian Science Movement throws on religion in general. Its organs and progress can be checked and examined, for it is not lost in the mists of antiquity like so many other superstitions. What is as plain as a pikestaff is that its adherents are as innocent as Gold Coast negroes. When a person joins the Christian Science temples, he must leave his brains at home. He must leave them locked up in an iron safe, or have them removed by a skilled surgeon. If he should forget himself, and think but once, the bye-laws provide that he shall be fired out—instantly—for ever—no return ticket.



It is simply impossible to burlesque this Yankee Abracadabra. To make a serious examination of the claims of Ma Eddy is a waste of time and energy. For this nonsensical system makes us giddy and tired. Of all the strange, frantic, and incomprehensible books which have emanated from the half-crazy brains of religious maniacs, this book takes the first place. It is more incoherent than the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Beside it the "Revelation of St. John the Divine" is a plain unvarnished tale. The "Forty Coming Wonders" of old man Baxter is shrinking modesty compared with Ma Eddy's impudence. This American Bible fairly takes the breath away and makes the head swim. No other less colloquial phrase can so aptly describe the effect of claims so far transcending sanity.

One reels back from the insane heights of Christian Science to the simplicity of a system such as Secularism, suited to the requirements of the age, and freed from the absurd aberrations of ignorance. "Have you any religious views?" asked the mistress of the new maid. "No, madam, but I have some framed views of Margate," was the reply. After all, Margate is always preferable to Bedlam, and Thanet is far more peaceful than the pictured horrors of Hades.

MIMNERMUS.

## Causation.

I HAVE been asked many a time to express my views upon the nature of causation, *i.e.*, upon the relation or connexion between cause and effect. The request was due possibly to an impression that I was not explicit enough on the subject in my brochure, *Life, Mind and Knowledge*. Procrastination ("the famous thief of time") is alone responsible for this long delay.

To me the problem is, in the most absolute sense, a physical one. And I submit that we cannot understand the nature of causality if we treat it to any extent as a metaphysical problem, or as involving any metaphysical elements; and had Hume not approached it as such he would not have failed so egregiously.

Let us therefore start with a fundamental fact—*viz.*, that an event is not a spontaneous happening—an occurrence without antecedents. What then is the nature of an antecedent? A particular distribution of energy, and an event is a *redistribution* of it. Or put more precisely: An event is a phenomenon whose physical concomitant is a redistribution of energy.

Now there are five forms or sources of energy:—

- (1) Kinetic Energy (K.E.), that is, energy possessed by matter in motion, in virtue of its inertia.
- (2) The energy of chemical affinity. This energy, before it is capable of doing work, must be changed into a physical form. The source of Muscular Energy in the animal kingdom is of this kind.
- (3) The energy possessed by matter in virtue of its weight, *i.e.*, due to gravity. This energy may be either static as weight, or Kinetic when allowed to fall such as that possessed by a waterfall.
- (4) The energy possessed by heat, both in the molecular or radiant forms.
- (5) The energy possessed by matter when electrified, or by metals when magnetized.

And there are five modes of redistribution which we shall now consider in order.

(1) In the case of Kinetic Energy it is redistributed by transferring it from a moving mass to a stationary one, as exemplified in a game of billiards.

Now let us examine what happens when the moving ball strikes the still one. At the moment they

meet, a sudden change takes place that redistributes the energy of the little system. Before collision the stationary ball had no Kinetic Energy; while the moving one had some in virtue of its motion. But the moment they meet, the inertia of both masses comes into play. That of the still ball makes its mass resist being put in motion, and thus acts as a resistance to the moving ball; and instantly this resistance takes effect and stops its motion, its Kinetic Energy is converted into a thrust or force in the direction of its motion, which compels the stationary ball to move. And since the resistance and thrust are equal in magnitude, the second or still ball, if of the same size, will now move with the velocity which the first one had. It will therefore have the same Kinetic Energy as the first had. Thus the energy of the "two-ball system" has been redistributed—has been transferred from the first to the second ball.

The resistance offered by the still ball acted as cause and the coming to rest of the moving one was effect. Again, the thrust of the first ball played the rôle of cause, and the generated motion of the second was effect.

But both resistance and thrust, action and reaction, came into being simultaneously.

How in the name of all sanity could Hume declare that there was no "necessity" in the act of the still ball moving, and that no power passed from the first to the second! The impulse developed as its K.E. is destroyed is irresistible and the whole of this K.E. (or power to do work) is bodily transferred to the stationary ball. Metaphysics seems to deprive the learned and ignorant alike of common sense, and to blind them to the most palpable testimony of their senses.

Why, the impulse generated by stoppage of mass in motion is the fundamental factor of the foremost generalization of science—the conservation of energy. But for that thrust or blow, no energy could be conserved. When the energy of a moving mass is destroyed its inertia instantly converts it into a force irresistible enough to compel the mass that stopped it to acquire the same amount of Kinetic Energy, either as a whole (molar) or molecular, as heat. It was Hume's treatment of physical causation that engendered in me such a contempt for metaphysics in general. From his disquisition on causality no one could think that a science of dynamics existed, or if it did that it was beneath the dignity of a metaphysician to take notice of it.

(2) Let us now turn to consider the mode of redistribution when the energy is of a chemical nature. The stock example is that of gunpowder. When nitre (potassium nitrate), charcoal, and sulphur are intimately mixed together, they form a mixture possessing potential energy. For if the oxygen of the nitrate be suddenly released, it unites with the carbon, and with the sulphur to form carbon dioxide and sulphur dioxide respectively. And as these products happen to be gases at the ordinary temperature, and therefore require a big amount of "elbow room" which is denied them in the bore of a gun, the effect of the confinement is the same as the arrest of the moving billiard ball, *i.e.*, the Kinetic Energy of the molecules of which the gases consist is instantly converted into an impulsive force of immense intensity which drives out the projectile with great velocity. Thus the potential energy of the mixture is redistributed during the loud event—the firing of the gun. Before it can do work the energy has to be changed from chemical to physical, and the potential energy of the mixture appears as the Kinetic Energy of heated gases, which is again redistributed, partly as Kinetic Energy in the bullet, and partly as heat.



and sound—the last of two successive redistributions. And when the projectile comes to rest, there will be another, according to the kind of obstacle which destroys its K.E. The potential cause of the shot was the affinity between the oxygen of the nitrate and the carbon and sulphur.

It was dormant, however, until an exciting cause liberated the oxygen which instantly united with them, forming the gases in which the energy of the mixture was now stored as heat, and was obviously the first effect. The actual cause and effect in both cases emerges simultaneously during redistribution.

(3) A third mode of redistribution is met in the wrestling struggle that everlastingly goes on between Kinetic Energy and gravity, during which K.E. and gravity act as cause alternately.

The energy of the moving mass perpetually oscillate from static to Kinetic and vice versa. Every planetary system throughout the universe is kept in being by this rhythmic redistribution. Our own earth circulates round in its orbit because the earth's Kinetic Energy oscillates from static to Kinetic during its annual journey. This mode of redistribution is very interestingly exemplified in the swinging of the common pendulum.

When at the bottom point of the arc its energy is all Kinetic. When it reaches its extreme point on either side, it is all static, and immediately gravity begins to reconvert it into Kinetic again and so on forever, but for the resistance of air. The tension of the string simply deflects it at every instant from proceeding along the tangent at the point. In the case of the planets the string is the pull of gravity. And being that the orbit is an ellipse and not a circle, the pull not only deflects it from the tangential direction at every instant, but either increases or decreases its speed along the orbit; for a component of the pull, except at four points, will be along the tangent at the point.

The weight of a material substance is to man a perennial source of power by imparting static energy to it by the simple device of lifting it some distance above the surface of the earth, and getting it to develop Kinetic Energy, as it descends, to do work. The "lifting" is done on a mighty scale by Nature herself, by evaporating the waters of oceans and seas, which as vapour ascends high into the atmosphere, which then descends as rain to fill mountain lakes, and flow as rivers to operate industrial wheels and turbines on its way to its ocean home.

(4) There are two other states of energy whose redistribution is peculiar. Now, when a body is electrified it has a charge of either positive or negative electricity on it. And as there is a force of attraction between that object and another object charged with the opposite kind, they form a source of energy. And if the object is well insulated it will retain the charge indefinitely; and so its energy is stable.

Since charging an object implies a previous separation of the two kinds, discharging evidently means a re-union; and the energy liberated will be redistributed as heat, light, and sound. This mode of redistribution is exemplified on a gigantic scale by Nature during a thunderstorm. The causal tension or strain between the two opposite charges must be titanic, and when the insulation of the separating medium breaks down the lightning flash and the crashing roar redistribute the pent-up energy finally as heated air and torrential rain.

(5) A state of energy of a diametrically opposite kind is heat. The energy of a hot body is not stable, but is redistributed continuously without cease or stop—a redistribution that is called radiation. The molecular vibrations that constitutes the energy of the hot object transform themselves into ether waves,

with the result that the object gets cold; and should the heat waves impringe upon a material object it absorbs them and gets warm, and instantly starts to re-radiate them; and so on *ad infinitum*.

My conclusions are identical with those of the Editor, as given in his *Materialism Re-stated*. The difference is only apparent through my expressing them in terms of energy, probably from a habit, as the result of having lectured on mechanics for many years.

KERIDON.

## Charles Southwell.

### A PROTEST AND A VINDICATION.

(Concluded from page 571.)

SOUTHWELL died, apparently of consumption, at the age of forty-six; he was one of those restless, eager, enthusiastic, impetuous artist-types that can do anything but make money, and can achieve anything but personal success. G. J. Holyoake began his public life as "curate" to Southwell; and this is how he speaks of his dead friend:—

Mr. Southwell had also a generous nature, which had no meanness and no pettiness in it. The poor envyings and little jealousies which often exist among leaders, he was very little troubled with. Under the misinformation of others he had a spasm now and then, but a frank explanation was always possible to him, and always successful. He was too generous to be envious in affection, and he was too strong to be envious upon necessity. (*Reasoner*, December 2, 1860.)

Holyoake knew Southwell intimately, as we have said before; Mr. Robertson was not born for several years after his death. It may be painful to say these things; but, if we can help it, Southwell's memory shall be rescued from undeserved and misinformed obloquy. Mr. Robertson's references to Southwell are ethically indefensible, appearing as they do in a "definitive" and considered History. Mr. McCabe's are even worse; as we shall proceed to show. Before we quote, however, we will state our view that Mr. Robertson does not appear to have troubled himself overmuch to ascertain the facts about this "imperfectly white sheep," or to be over-deeply read in his works. Most of them he does not mention. We cannot help wondering which, if any, he has read or even seen. Now for Mr. McCabe:—

He [*i.e.*, Holyoake] had known Southwell at Birmingham, but his pathetic and sincere references to the "martyr" are undone by the papers before me. Friends were subscribing a pound a week for the prisoner. In the caterer's manuscript-list of "necessaries" supplied, I find about four shillings' worth of cigars a month, much bear's grease, some silk handkerchiefs, and a generous supply of bottled stout. (*Life of Holyoake* (1908), i, 58.)

Here is Mr. McCabe, successful author (and he was successful, even in 1908), too careful and too timid to run any risks himself, grudging a pound a week to a man in quod for "blasphemy," prying into the past for evidence against him, and denying his claim to martyrdom because his friends provided him with a few cigars and a shillingsworth of hair-oil. It seems to us to be mean to the limit, this ungenerous disparagement of an heroic and original pioneer. Mr. McCabe might realize that he is enabled to "blaspheme" safely as he will, both here and in the States, just because Southwell had the pluck to elect to go to prison, and the wit to know the importance of his sacrifice.

We will please ourselves by quoting, as antidote to our anti-Southwell citations, from Charles himself; our quotation is from the pamphlet *A Plain Answer*



to the Query, Ought there to be a Law against Blasphemy? (1842):—

The intrepid Richard Carlile published the *Age of Reason* in spite of power, and though the clergy cast him into prison, they increased, not stopped the sale. That the *Oracle of Reason* will share the same fate should the clergy and magistracy of Bristol insist upon providing me *lodgement*—I doubt not. Richard Carlile lay nine years in prison rather than yield his right to publish his opinions. A noble, a great example of persevering endurance, such as the world's annals can scarcely parallel, nor do I hesitate to affirm that, by such voluntary suffering, he has done more for liberty, more for the freedom of the press than any man of the present age. The mushroom talking reformers of these times, who carp and cavil at him, remind one of

"The towering eagle, who, in his pride of place,  
Was, by a mousing owl, hawked at and killed."

He furnished the world a striking example, and a cheering one, of what even *one* cool, talented, determined head can effect. To him we owe the theological works of Thomas Paine—I do not think any other man in England would have had the sense and nerve to print the *Age of Reason*, in the very teeth of the clergy. Alone he did it, and like an eagle in a dove-cot fluttered the bigots.

There, from this "unbalanced and unstable young man," are sparks of the true Promethean fire. Southwell here towers above the jog-trotting, mediocre, respectable stylists as an eagle—to borrow from his own quotation—soars above an owl. How utterly mean and pettifogging sound the strictures of his "respectable" critics against his own generous and unmeasured praise of the superb and heroic Richard Carlile.

Let us be honest. It is not the self-conscious prose-merchants, the comfortable arm-chair-settlers, who win us our freedom. It is the rude, uncomfortable, fiery Bohemians, the tactless, unbalanced chaps who either go to quod or just escape going; Richard Carlile, Robert Taylor, Charles Southwell, Thomas Patterson, George Jacob Holyoake, Charles Bradlaugh, George William Foote, Joseph William Gott; all nineteenth century heroes; only two of whose portraits appear in Mr. Robertson's *History of Free-Thought in the Nineteenth Century*.

Poor Southwell! His luck is certainly out. When he was alive Christians imprisoned him for "Blasphemy"; now that he is dead superfine Freethinkers prove their gentility and gentlemanliness by kicking his corpse, although it was he and his like who made their lives easy—and even possible—for them. The erudite Mr. Robertson and the moral Mr. McCabe agree in deploring the vulgarity and tactlessness of the pioneers who cleared the way wherein they themselves walk so comfortably, and so honourably. We do not find the spectacle an inspiring one; and we are so rude and tactless as publicly to say so; hence this attempt to rescue Southwell's all but friendless memory from the strictures of the over-punctilious.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

It seems to me that a God who has made such a wretched failure of a world here (though personally, I have no reason to complain, so far) can hardly be trusted to make a success of it "over there."—*Otto Wettstein*.

Adhere to your act and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age.—*R. W. Emerson*.

In Rome, in 1849, I visited myself every convent. I was present at all investigations. Without a single exception we found instruments of torture, and a cellar with the bodies of infant children.—*Giuseppe Garibaldi*.

## A World Religion?

"GIVE us a religion for all men," is the demand of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, in the *Sunday Express* of a recent date. "What kind of a religion is it that all men should follow?" It is hardly necessary for a Christian parson to ask such a question. We know his answer in advance! Ask a Mohammedan, and he will declare for Islam; a Hindu, and he will advocate some Brahmanical cult or other; a Buddhist, one of the *yanas*; and so on, with all the rest. In the same paper appears a cynical commentary on Mr. Campbell's article in the news of the "row" in Palestine between the Jews and the Mohammedans, requiring the troops of "Western materialism" to bring them to a less religious frame of mind. A world religion? What a hope!

Mr. Campbell says that "Christianity did not begin as churches and creeds, but as the story of an Eastern teacher." It did not so, either! It began as a cult growing out of the older forms of paganism, and a fiction-story was written round it later on, very much as the tale of Jack the Giant Killer was written round an ancient folk-legend. Eventually the narrative became standardized as we have it now.

Mr. Campbell practically admits this when he refers to the parallels between the mythologies of Egypt and of Christendom in respect of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the dying and rising Saviour, Isis and Horus as prototypes of the Madonna and Child, and of the shrines of the latter in Southern Italy as originally dedicated to Isis. The real inference, namely, that Christianity is no more than the old paganism in a new setting, does not seem altogether to have escaped Mr. Campbell; though, of course, as a Christian clergyman, he puts it in another way. He says, "there has not been of necessity harm in the fact that Christianity has been able to gather up and make use of ideas and practices it found already existing." This is characteristic of the manner in which the Christian will always evade a plain issue, or twist it to suit his own purposes.

"Where harm resulted, it has always been due to a suppression of the spirit of the founder of Christianity by pagan morals." What was that spirit? So far as the character of Christ is expressed in the narrative of his life, it is a spirit of narrow bigotry. Everyone was to be "damned" who did not accept him at his own valuation, and also everything else, animate and inanimate (*vide* the stories of the money-changers and the barren fig-tree), which did not come up to his expectations. It was an ignorant and a superstitious spirit that believed in demoniac possession and the ability to work impossible "miracles." The reference to pagan morals, as inferior to those of Christianity, is an example of the Christian habit of slandering everything that cannot be claimed as emanating from itself. Pagan morality, certainly in precept, and more than probably in practice, was quite as good as Christian morality. At any rate the Pagan world at its worst could hardly have been so bad as Christendom during its period of apogee, the "age of faith." Mr. Campbell speaks of Christianity as "a moral dynamic and a way of life." Its history proves what kind of a "dynamic" it was wherever it succeeded in getting the upper hand. In proportion, as its power declines, the standards of morals and of humanity are observed to improve.

"It is a commonplace that Christianity created Western civilization," says Mr. Campbell. "This is true . . ." But—it is not true! Here we have an illustration of the manner in which the Christian obsession falsifies the plain facts of history. It is an example of how the acceptance of a fundamental falsity—namely, the story of the life of Jesus Christ as literally true—vitiates all subsequent conclusions and prevents a man from recognizing the truth when he sees it.

The progress of Western civilization has only been possible in so far as the superstitions inculcated by Christianity, and inseparable from the figure of Christ, are ignored. Our civilization advances, and continues to advance, in proportion as the Christian superstition is fading out of the minds of men. As regards its possible acceptance, in a modified form, by the followers of other religions, such a calamity would be impossible, for the



reason that the Christian theory is too puerile even for the Hindus and the Mohammedans, not to mention the Buddhists and the Confucians, who have a plentiful crop of queer superstitions all their own, but none quite so absurd as those cultivated by the priests of Christendom.

Mr. Campbell quotes Ghandi as saying that Christians "have no gospel to carry to the East," which is true enough in respect of supernaturalism. But, "our ideas of secular well-being are the very last thing that Ghandi wants India to accept." Of course! Ghandi wants to get "back to the Vedas," that is to say, back to the old days of superstition and barbarism, exactly as the Roman Catholic Church does. The secular ideas that are prevailing in the West are hated by the Brahmanical Hindus just as they are hated by the Roman Catholics—who are, after all, the truest Christians—for the reason that these ideas are inimical to, are a solvent of, religious superstition.

"Western civilization will soon become a world civilization," says Mr. Campbell, and he admits that it is "not Christian." Then, as a matter of habit from a Christian apologist, comes the usual deprecation of the "materialistic aims and methods" of our civilization. So far as modern civilization is less Christian, and so far as it is becoming more and more secular, so much the better, if this is what is meant by "materialism." But, in the worst sense of the word, when was Christianity anything else? Of all the religions that curse the world to-day, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism are the most realistically and brutally materialistic in all their conceptions, of the personal god idea, of heaven and hell with their rewards and punishments, and in all their articles of creed and belief where these are precisely laid down and defined.

We may arrive eventually at a world civilization, but never at a world religion; and there can never be a world civilization unless, or until, religion, the offspring of ignorance and superstition, is superseded by a purely secular philosophy of life and conduct.

E. J. LAMEL.

### Acid Drops.

Technically, man is the most intelligent of animals. But there are some incidents that make us wonder whether this is so. On Sunday last, at Sydenham Baptist Church, Darmouth Road, Forest Hill, a number of sheep invaded the building. The men were listening to the sermon. The sheep, the lower animals, went up to the aisle, and one lying down before the pulpit, listened for a moment and then said "Baa." All the human sheep would have listened to the end without having enough courage to make so intelligent a comment on the preaching. The sheep were finally turned out. Preachers never can stand straightforward criticism.

A reporter on the staff of a Methodist weekly has been prowling around Wester-Super-Mare on a Sunday. He saw much that suited his peculiar taste. But he shall speak for himself:—

It is very amusing to note that one of those special commissioners who write up seaside resorts for the dailies, complained bitterly that Bournemouth was too goody-goody, and (he) found pleasure in what, to my mind, were the very things that tend to mar that lovely place. Here, at Weston, the fine new Pavilion has no doorway from the road into a crowded bar. Most of the amusements were closed down, including the cinemas. I don't understand why the various amusements and stalls on the new Pier were as busy as on week-days, or why a putting-green on the front was open, but probably the Council has no control. . . . The Salvation Army, of course, is always on the beach.

Of course, it is a sad shame the killjoys cannot persuade the Council to prevent all amusement on the Pier. We resort that the Methodist notion of the ideal holiday visitor on Sunday is one where there is nothing for him to do but walk about bored. If only they can be bored sufficiently, there is some hope of boredom turning them towards the chapels and churches,

A reader of the *Methodist Times*, who seems to be a parson, is much concerned about the decay of public worship among members of Methodist chapels. He thinks it is hopeless to appeal to members who pursue relaxation and pleasure all day long on Sunday—they are "too far gone!" As a forlorn hope, he has a go at others, in this wise:—

I do appeal for fair play, and the good old British spirit on the part of those who still do believe both in religion generally and in public worship as a regular and ordained means of sustaining the religious spirit in the community, but who are nevertheless helping to starve out the old traditional services by their half-hearted attitude towards what they believe good in the abstract. . . . This miserable response to the efforts of ministers, choirs, and church officers to obtain larger congregations at ordinary services is rapidly becoming a scandal.

We are deeply pained to see that Christian men and women are transgressing the canons of British fair-play. To refuse to go regularly to church and support the minister's "ordained means" for providing the necessities of life—namely, the collection-plate—is scandalous behaviour indeed! By the look of things, the churches will soon require to concentrate, not on roping in the outsider, but on attempting to reclaim their own members. This is a highly depressing state of affairs, when the B.B.C. and the popular newspapers have been working so very hard to bring religion to the masses. The best thing to be done is to tell God all about it once again.

At a Liverpool meeting, members of the Stage Guild approved of the Sunday opening of theatres. Mr. Walter Ashley thought Sunday the best night for the public. At present, he said, the theatres are sacrificing the best night of the week to the opposition. Mr. Quinton McPherson said that no one loathed working seven days more than he, but he thought it necessary in the interest of the profession. For our part, we think that Mr. McPherson was ill-advised to speak as he did. To advocate seven-day opening of theatres gives Sabbatarians a point for opposing Sunday opening. "In the best interests of the profession" it would be sufficient for theatres to open the six days of the week when the public is most free to patronize them. This naturally includes Sunday, the day when theatres can most usefully serve the public.

A short while ago a schoolmistress visiting the Continent declared there was much interest in religion in Germany. In quoting her remarks we said then that some visitor here would soon be declaring the opposite. At the World Conference on Adult Education, at Cambridge, Dr. Karl Achtrich, of Dresden, said:—

In his experience the working-classes of Germany were so hostile to the religion of the Churches, and so habituated to destructive argument that no approach by intellectualizing religion would be successful. The one effective appeal would be on the ground of personal experience, mystical rather than intellectual.

Be that as it may, Dr. Achtrich hands out (unconsciously a handsome compliment to the German working-classes when he implies that they reject religion on intellectual grounds. On the other hand, he slanders them by suggesting that they can effectively be appealed to by means of a nonsensical rather than an intellectual religion.

At the same Conference on Adult Education, the Rev. Dr. Yeaxlee thought that the teaching and spirit of Jesus had an increasing hold upon the working-class people in England. But these people, we learn, complain that the professing Christian is inconsistent; they are also unwilling to assent to the theologies and the interpretation of the Bible given in the Churches. Therefore, says Dr. Yeaxlee, they do not turn to the Churches for religious education. But, says he, there is growing evidence of a demand for study of the Bible and of the history and philosophy of religion, by means of adult classes such as those organized by the Divinity Lectures Committee. With Dr. Yeaxlee we fear the wish is farther from the thought. There is pretty clear evidence that the working-classes of England show less



interest in Jesus and his teaching than they have shown in any previous period. There may be a small number of the working-classes attending religious studies. But we should say nine-tenths of such students are connected with some church or chapel—a considerable number of them belong to the unfortunate tribe of local preachers.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the American broadcasting sermonizer, preached the League of Nations Assembly sermon at Geneva. One gem of his was: "Even when Christianity fell far short of its Founder's ideal, it gave men and society a spiritual culture that no other religion has ever done." To judge by this, we should say it is time the League of Nations stopped officially attending Christian services. Stupidly arrogant claims such as Dr. Cadman made for his particular dope are not likely to be well received by non-Christian members of the League of Nations Assembly.

In *Radio Times*, a reader compares the manner of speaking of lecturers and announcers with that of the wireless preachers. Too often, he says, the religious address sounds artificial and the language stilted. Well, what is the poor preacher to do? He knows it is fatal to discuss "sacred" subjects as one would the art of planting potatoes, or any other ordinary subject. His special difficulty is making solemn nonsense sound sensible. And no doubt the Lord inspires him to make use of artificial diction and stilted language as a means for overcoming the difficulty.

M. O. Sale, in a humorous weekly, has some neat hits at our Puritans:—

Self-denial is an odious and peculiarly Anglo-Saxon virtue which we have all got to fight against. Other nations do not give way to it.

The chief reason why the virtue of self-denial in this country is really a vice is that it demands an audience. . . . It seems that the main plank in a campaign of goodness is to be snugly unctuous about it. From this to wanting to force your own virtues and idiosyncrasies down everybody else's throat is an easy stage.

It is time that a stiff counter-attack was made against the self-deniers, the Puritans, and the kill-joys. If they could be made, for a while, to go without going without, and especially to go without their essentially selfish pleasure of trying to make other people go without, England would be a happier place.

Still, would it be ethically right to attempt to make England happier by denying kill-joys an essentially Christ-like pleasure?

"Onlooker," of the *Daily Sketch*, recently visited the bathers in the upper reaches of the Thames, where there are no kinds of cover for disrobing. His conclusion is:—

The behaviour of the virile young man and splendid girls would have been irreproachable in a Bible-class. That is true Progress.

The comparison is not a particularly happy one. Prurient prudes whom Bible classes produce would no doubt find plenty of grounds for denouncing the bathers. For one thing, the bathing and sun-basking is done on a Sunday. For another, it is exceedingly shameful for virile young men and splendid girls to exhibit to each other God's own image clad merely in a bathing costume. Still, it certainly is "true progress" when men and women can associate in a healthy pastime with their minds free of Christian prudency. We daresay "Onlooker's" remarks will send some of the pious up the Thames looking for evil which doesn't exist. Seeking shocks is a pious enjoyment, and the true-blue prude never misses an opportunity for that.

The Archbishop of Canterbury asks the denizens of his diocese to offer up earnest prayer for the Church's mission in the Empire and, in particular, for the forthcoming Lambeth Conference. His Grace ought, we think, to have warned the prayists against petitioning for anything beyond heavenly guidance. To ask God to send intelligence or even common sense to the Conference is a risky business. The Bishops wouldn't know

quite what to do with such strange gifts. Maybe the Lord is aware of that. For, to judge by utterances in Conference, he only appears to forward the gift of solemn nonsense.

Sunday dog racing has been stopped at Chelmsford on the action of the Lord's Day Observance Society. As we have said often, any entertainment to which admission is charged is illegal, and the magistrates who grant such permission are acting altogether outside their legal powers. If the Chelmsford folk care to arrange for free admission to their sports, with a charge for reserved seats, the Lord's Day folk may go and whistle. On the other hand, we should like to see the Lord's Day Association take every case where there is a charge for admission into court. They would win, and if they acted in this way it would soon mean a sweeping away of this ridiculous piece of Puritanism. We daresay the Sunday bigots know this as well as we do, which is why they do not move. The only thing is that the growth of Sunday entertainments will perhaps drive them to take this last desperate step. Then we shall see what will happen.

A twelve year old boy was rescued from the sea at Bexhill by a bathing attendant. The mother of the boy gave the man two shillings, but on second thought asked for a shilling back. On the face of it, we should say that if it had been the mother who had been saved, a shilling would have been all it was worth.

The Rev. Mervyn Canby is leaving Goole for another living. On the eve of his departure he told his congregation that the congregations had been growing less and less, the Church of England had no success in Goole. There had been a steady decline all the time. Yet another indication of the tremendous revival of religion that is taking place in all directions.

The "Cowboy baronet," Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, is also Vicar of Londesborough, and has been telling the readers of *Reynolds* what, according to the Bible and in his opinion, heaven is like. It appears that he assisted the head of a theological college, in America, to work out the size of the heavenly city. The walls are 1,000 miles long and 240 feet high. In the walls there are three gates made of pearls. There are three thousand streets, and each building is 1,500 miles high, and has 392,000 miles of floors. There are 27,320,832,000 rooms. So, he explains, that to him heaven is a very real place, where he expects to meet his Saviour face to face. Now we know something about it, but we should also like to know something about the internal management of these flats—how they are run, what kind of trouble there is with servants, and how long one will be finding Jesus in these 27,320,832,000 rooms. It will be very tiring running round the lot inquiring "Have you seen Jesus?" The cowboy baronet appears to be quite an acquisition to the aristocracy of England. And the readers of *Reynolds*! What kind are they that the editor can safely serve up such undiluted piffle?

In a religious weekly, a correspondent says he visited a Nonconformist church in a well-populated district, and only about twenty-five people had troubled to attend the service—a small percentage of the actual church membership, and a negligible portion of the Christians located in the neighbourhood. He adds: "And where were the children, the potency and promise of the country? We saw none!" We suggest that to remedy this deplorable state of affairs the B.B.C. had better be persuaded to increase the potency of its Sunday dope. A little more "fear of the Lord," and a stoking up of hell-fire doctrines, would soon scare backsliders into the churches. Preaching "God is love" won't do the trick.

Says a writer, literary people rarely commit crimes. Possibly the awful consequences of the crime committed by the literary gents who gave the world the Bible appals them.



## National Secular Society

The Funds of the National Secular Society are now legally controlled by Trust Deed, and those who wish to benefit the Society by gift or bequest may do so with complete confidence that any money so received will be properly administered and expended.

The following form of bequest is sufficient for anyone who desires to benefit the Society by will:—

I hereby give and bequeath (*Here insert particulars of legacy*), free of all death duties, to the Trustees of the National Secular Society for all or any of the purposes of the Trust Deed of the said Society, and I direct that a receipt signed by two of the trustees of the said Society shall be a good discharge to my executors for the said legacy.

Any information concerning the Trust Deed and its administration may be had on application.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FREETHINKER ENDOWMENT TRUST.—Miss E. Watson, 2s.; L. Walpe, 4s.

J. MEERLOO.—Mr. Cohen debated with the Rev. Graham Barton at Bishops Auckland, some few years ago. The best comment on the discussion was the report in the local press.

A. B. MOSS.—Good wishes are never too late. Thanks, We hope your holiday will do you all possible good.

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 National Secular Society's office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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

When the services of the National Secular Society in connexion with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. R. H. Rosell, giving as long notice as possible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Sugar Plums.

On Friday, October 25, a public debate will take place between Mr. Chapman Cohen and Mr. Shaw Desmond, on the subject of "Does Man Survive Death." We hear very good accounts of Mr. Desmond as a speaker and debater, and the better he is the more enjoyable the discussion is likely to be. An announcement of the discussion will be found on page 591 of this issue, and we advise an early application for tickets. All seats are likely to be taken before the evening of the debate.

Concerning our reprint of Mr. Hannen Swaffer's note that George Bernard Shaw lectured at Battersea Park for the National Secular Society. Mr. Shaw now writes to the *Sunday Express*, that Mr. Swaffer is mistaken, he is not the "George Bernard" named. He adds:—

When its (The National Secular Society) most famous

President, Charles Bradlaugh died, and it was casting about for an alternative successor to G. W. Foote, with whom some of its leading members had quarrelled, I was invited to address it on the subject of progress in Freethought. I complied; and my lecture threw the Society into convulsions . . . I was not offered the vacant Presidentship.

Mr. Shaw's memory must have misled him. (1) There was never any doubt as to who would succeed Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Bradlaugh nominated Mr. Foote himself. (2) As Mr. Shaw was not a member of the N.S.S., he was not eligible for the Presidency. If it was ever suggested to him it must have been by some sheer outsider, or by someone who was "pulling his leg," and that with a man of Mr. Shaw's build it is really not so very difficult. (3) Outside the statement of Mr. Shaw, there is no evidence of any "convulsion" overtaking the Society as a consequence of his lecture. Perhaps he means that it ought to have gone into convulsions. (4) I can assure Mr. Shaw, and others, that it was not, and is not, the policy of the N.S.S. seeking outsiders for the Presidency, or even as members, no matter what kind of a name they may have, or how ever great their position. Men and women who join the N.S.S. come to it; they are not begged to join, however great their position, or however famous their names may be. The democracy of the N.S.S. quite excludes that particular species of tuft-hunting.

### A Sunday in Plymouth.

MAKING a holiday tour in Devonshire, I found myself, on Sunday, August 11, in Plymouth, and thought I would "sample" some of the religious organizations of this interesting city. On Saturday I had stood upon the stone which marks the site where, 300 years ago, the Pilgrim Fathers set sail in the "Mayflower," to find "liberty of Conscience" in a new world.

I had just finished reading Upton Sinclair's *Profits of Religion*, and it was with a strange emotion that I thought of that great Republic across the ocean—home of "graft" and the worship of the dollar, but also the home of Sinclair himself, as of Robert Ingersoll—not to mention Mark Twain, Whitman, Emerson and a host of others.

On Sunday morning, then, I visited the "First Church of Christian Science."

The service was conducted in what, I believe, is the usual custom, by two "readers"—a lady and a gentleman—each reading from the Bible being followed by an extract from the works of Mrs. Eddy. Verses from the Bible were repeated by the congregation, these followed by "Mrs. Eddy," and the same procedure was adopted with the "Lord's Prayer." Apparently no individual expression is permitted at these services, a printed programme, giving references to all the quotations.

The subject for this day was "spirit"—and before the "sermon" of patchwork quotations, there was a reading of the story of the feeding of the multitude with five loaves and two fishes, also one from "Mrs. Eddy" explaining the hidden meaning of it all.

From the "sermon" itself *i.e.*, extracts from the Bible and Mrs. Eddy read alternately, I gathered that matter does not exist. God is Spirit and God is everywhere. And it follows that pain, disease and misfortune do not really exist, except in our foolish imagination.

I was amused at one or two items. For example, in the congregational repeating of the "Lord's Prayer," the phrase "Lead us not into temptation" was followed by an extract from "Mrs. Eddy," to the effect that God would never lead us into danger or temptation. It was evident that: "They didn't know everything down in Judee," as John P. Robinson said—not even the Lord himself.



It was announced that the Reading Room was open to all, and that amongst other advantages, the works of Mrs. Eddy in *braille* were provided!

It does seem strange that if there "aint no sich thing" as blindness, except in our foolish imagination, they should go to such trouble and expense.

A numerous and well-dressed congregation it was, and a goodly number of automobiles were drawn up outside to take them back to lunch. I wondered if they would *really* be tired and hungry if chauffers and cooks were to go on strike.

I had had enough of fashionable "morons," and decided that in the evening I would visit the "high brows." So I found my way to the Unitarian Church in Trevelle Street, and listened to an interesting address upon industrial unrest, and the need for what the preacher called a "Christian" spirit in dealing with the special difficulties of our time. The Christian spirit, I found, was another name for trying to give a square deal, and to see the other fellow's point of view—an ambiguous use of the word "Christian." It would be just as well to refer to it as the Shakespearian point of view—one can find quotations in Shakespeare, as in the Bible, to support almost any chosen line of thought and conduct. As to the great Christian Church, one has only to read industrial history to find that it has always been on the side of the task-master. And how it would repudiate the right of the little Unitarian community to speak for it—even to *call itself Christian!*

The sermon was thoughtful and scholarly. It contained nothing to which one could take much exception unless he were either a "die-hard tory," or a revolutionary communist. I came away with the impression that nothing had been said, but that it had been said very well indeed.

I used to have a great respect for the Unitarian Church, and there is no doubt that many of these old fusty buildings bear witness of valiant deeds and noble struggles in a time when to depart from orthodoxy was a crime. But in these days of many sects and "fancy" religions, no great courage is required to be a Unitarian. In fact this Church offers a safe refuge to a kind of Freethinker who wishes "to make the best of both worlds," *i.e.*, to avoid the odium attaching to plain Freethinking, while keeping his individual liberty of thought.

But that advantage is no longer theirs alone, since Bishops and Deans of the Established Church, as well as leading Congregationalists are openly disclaiming what were formerly regarded as the truths of revelation, and one wonders what the Unitarian Church does stand for, in our day.

Perhaps its work is completed. I counted about twenty persons in the congregation and, presumably, this is the only Unitarian Church in the City.

There is an old Unitarian Church (at Devonport) which still advertises itself as "The Old Chapel," and retains many of the original features, but, alas! it is now dedicated to the worship of Bacchus and does a roaring trade. I will wager that there were more than twenty people there on Sunday evening.

I wandered later into the market place, hoping that I might come across a Secularist meeting, but could not find one, listened for a while to a very earnest address from a sort of Communist, then to a lady who, with the Bible in her hand, was showing up "Popery," and finally betook myself to the Hoe. There I found the multitude, enjoying themselves in a healthy pagan manner, while a good military band regaled them with selections from "The Mikado," etc. This, I thought, is practical Secularism—"one world at a time." To slightly alter a phrase often applied to good Freethinkers, "they are Secularists without knowing it."

A.H.M.

## Sense or Sermons?

SOME time ago there was a furore created when a useful pedant with an unconscious sense of humour stated that *The Wreck of the Hesperus* was an undoubted, however beautiful, myth, since official inquiry had established the fact that no ship of the name of *The Hesperus* had ever been wrecked near the region that had been selected for it! A long fellow had told a tall story, and our adult children, true to type, had taken the utmost resentment against the knave who had tried to tell the simple truth about it. That is not in the least degree surprising, though, for children generally resent things that are for their own good. Some of the youngest of them have not so far quite forgotten us for pointing out to them that Santa Claus, however pretty a story, is *merely* a story, and has absolutely no foundation in actual fact. Others of the *grown-up* children—and they are by far the greater number—will bear umbrage against us till their dying day, simply because we have sought to convince them that everything in the Bible must not be regarded as model veracity. They have some justification in this, of course, since it must be extremely difficult for them to excuse their hatred when they repeatedly tell us that they love their neighbours as they do themselves, and that this action is at all times just and sane. Moreover, they can never again enjoy the books of Hans Andersen and Grimm without a terrible, lurking feeling that perhaps the stories are not altogether true!!

However these things may be, it is certain that there are half re-actions in the mental processes of the more daring of these babes. Sluggish resolutions not to believe *everything* they read in the Book of Books are welling in the brains of some of our beneficed clergy. The day may even be nigh, my dear Freethinkers, when they will partly support you in challenging the story of Jonah, and when they will discountenance the tale of the Red Sea. I take courage to make these suggestions from the fact of a recent article in the *Morning Post*. The Reverend L. B. Ashby, Rector of Dickleburgh—which does not seem to me a suitably-named benefice, owing to its assonance with "dickie-birdie"—has been writing about *The Presence of God*.\* He says that there is one foundation that makes religion secure, and that that foundation is our inner conviction of God's presence—which, he admits, is or may be the last resort of the believer. Let us examine this last resort: Inner convictions are those ideas deep-rooted in the brain before the entry of reason or controversy, and which remain, though perhaps vaguely, in spite of the most lucid, established reason. They people the darkness of our childhood with grim figures and ghoulish, horrible forms. It is our inner conviction that the phantoms we see are *real* ones, although the reason of all sensible adults say that there cannot be such things. I will admit that the uninformed child and the infant have no such fears, any more than they fear what they see; and that these nightmare apparitions of children are directly due to the fact of adult interference: but in so far as we must gain the larger part of our ideas and impressions from association with other humans, I am right in maintaining that these are the inner convictions of our childhood. Moreover, these first convictions are seldom ever really eradicated, but either carry on with their work unknown and uninterfered with, or suddenly spring to renewed energy and to our consciousness upon the re-enactment of a dim event, or the reading of a popular "thriller," for instance.

Our reverend friend next states that the root of all religion is a personal conviction of God, in our souls. Patience!—It is extremely *like* the ministry to fix their "unshakeable" dogmas on the rock of hypothesis, and to attempt to prove their hypothesis by *another* one! What do they or the pseudo-scientists mean by all this talk of the Soul of man? and why do they declare it *ex-tant* in man and non est in a rhinoceros or a red herring? According to them, the soul is an entity distinct from the brain, and without tangible detail. Yet they admit

\* "A Plain Man's Sermons," in the issue dated August 10, 1929.



it to be correlated to the brain. This creates a terrible muddle; because if the soul has dominance, then it permits the brain to dictate bestiality to the body; and if the brain has the dominance, the soul is likely to suffer even greater degradation, although it alone will be held responsible at the Day of Reckoning; whilst if they are inter-dependent, then the blame must be divided—in which task I certainly would not envy the Deity!—and either the soul must perish at the death of the body, or the brain must share post-corporal life with the soul! Incidentally, if the soul is independent of the brain, why does it never manifest itself during coma or laziness of the brain?

The Defender next says that it is a comfort to know that if all sacred literature were destroyed, religion would still persist. This is no more proof of the authenticity of religion than the belief in Messrs. Andersen and Grimm would be of the truth of their tales, when all copies of their books had been destroyed. Our friend is here probably playing upon the fact that loss of material evidence of a cherished article impresses it the more firmly in the mind of its owner or peruser, as witness the fact that the persistence of Homer's work, right down through all the ages, is greatly due to the fact that it was initially and for long after only to be known by rote. Cite also, if you will, that a man's or woman's tender regard of a dead beloved one is much intensified by the fact that the mind is now the only possible means of enjoying that regard. Not only these, but religion has never been much dependent upon literature for its survival, since the essential vanity of the central idea—the holy goodness and importance of such a corrupt and poor body as man—has from the first made an indelible impress on the imagination of man.

Observe this also in connexion with the statement that loss of biblical literature would not destroy the conviction that God is in our presence—Deism, in some form or another, persists amongst even the most savage and illiterate humans, yet it is mutually discredited by savage and civilian: all theories of a God are what the pedantic call "subjective," at any rate in a national or sectarian sense. The whole truth of the matter is that every people on earth is troubled by the theory of religion, whether scripturally or orally; and that these ideas are now too old in the scheme and inter-relation of what their very own opinions on the matter are. How can they? they who have endured centuries of religious banter and fanatical dogma, of ideas partly their great-grandfathers' and partly their fifty times great-grand-uncles'-grandfathers'-foster-mothers' opinions on it! No man has brain or imagination enough to trace through all these the infallibly personal thoughts of any person nowadays on the complicated subject. Not only that, but no child could be taken in early infancy, kept immune from all human association until years of maturity, and then be brought forth, its education having been rigorously censored beforehand of all references to religious matter, and got to pronounce a disinterested and unbiased opinion on the matter. It would, from the necessity of circumstances, be influenced by the absence of human company, by the harshness and kindness of Nature, by the vastness of other things as compared with its own miserable self, and by the fact of it being its own colony of emotion and thought. Yet that child would be infinitely better as a source of impartial information than one kept untainted by human association of any description; because, apart from the fact that it would revert to animal conditions—which would not argue much for the benevolence and omniscience of its Divine Father—it would be more than ever affected by the eeriness of the wind passing through the trees, the enormity of the skies, the unaccountability of the fixed stars in their places, and the crushing need for human company. It must therefore be evident that no really impartial judgment could ever now be given, even if I have argued dangerously near to the lines of pantheism. That, after all, is the nearest approach to a rational religion, and is only to be condemned in the main for this reason, that if the individual were in part God, he would be required by all the rational laws of preservation of the divine body to look after that part of God over which he had most control—which would be *himself*, and

would be tantamount to worldly selfishness! and, what makes the whole idea ridiculous, as part of God he would be obliged to see to the welfare of the constitution, since trouble regionally would affect him also; yet in doing this thing he would exercise the power of God complete, and would thus become a usurper God.

As evidence for the presence of God, our doctrinaire instances someone who felt this "presence," and who experienced it as he had that of a tune he knew without knowing anything of its source. But where is the miracle here? what is there unusual to psycho-analysis in the fact of someone being highly impressed and actuated by a long-forgotten dream, word, or act? And who has not felt that "great hush," that "great void," which has followed the exit of an ideal or a comfortless material aid? Who has felt great love and not been heartfelt anguished at its departure? Our sterner literature is full of such experiences, which, happily, do not always attach divine significance to themselves.

There is little else in the cerebral gentleman's article to which space need be given—here, at any rate. Two points only need be remarked upon. Firstly, he literally *shoves* divine interference into the crises of our poor lives. Most of us, we will admit—although the reverend gentleman typically takes it for granted, ignoring the exceptions in the sweet and uneventful lives of the wealthier faction of most congregations—have had at least one terrible crisis in our lives, in which we seemed to see everything depending upon our ultimate decision. If we saw a little less clearly than the Reverend I. B. Ashby what was right to do, we at any rate made a decision, since the pangs of protracted worry were more than we could bear, anyhow. He, however, can see with the clear vision of the seer that what we decided was a moral issue, resolved from moral promptings—although he does not explain why it is that the Deity will keep us in such suspense on these occasions, nor why he, the Reverend Ashby, give us a certain amount of credit for coming to a decision to which we were largely aided! since the "unseen Someone" was "smiling approval and encouragement upon us." What, like all other seers, he can *not* see, is that which is very obvious. In this case, the obvious thing is that we have alternated between the one thing and the other, until our trains have become so exhausted by their effort that they are glad to have arrived at *any* sort of decision; besides which, it is a philosophical irony that a problem only considered once in each aspect has not had ripe enough reflection, whilst anything more than that is liable to make the problem a dilemma, whose ultimate end is no proof of the person's actual *wish*. His other point is that we realize The Presence through sin—which is the ungraceful stumbling-block of theology at large. Who with any claim to clarity and sanity can stipulate good and evil? So far as I know, the problem of those two qualities has been meat for the best philosophers of all ages—men who have had infinitely greater reason and caution than the maudlin ministry, even if they have had less unconscious humour. Mere "do this" or "do not" does not constitute morality. We are too complex and component from all the ages to be justified in accepting the dictates of older regimes, and too young and impressionable to be wise in heeding the dogmas of mushroom morality. The relation of body to mind is too intricate and faulty in detail to admit of a prescribed order of action—which is why Society is foolish and criminal in imposing such a thing. Let single-thought brooders resolve as they may, the only clear course is to act as the moment or ruling impulse directs, and judge the morality of the thing by the extent of harm or help done to self or those affected—I admit that this is the question philosophically considered, and that philosophy is apt to lead us to an *impasse*. Nor do I so recklessly advise anyone as *really* to suggest action by the first impulse—it would probably lead to anything from a fine to suicide or murder. But it should be remembered that the *parson*, so far as he has been able to, has philosophized on the question of religion, and that if he challenges me to treat the matter from a less mundane standpoint, I shall be entitled to ask him to give the initiative by being a little less mystical.

I find that fifty-two of these sermons will be published under the title of "A Reasonable Faith for a Plain



Man." It renders comment almost as silly as itself! All that I have to say in conclusion, then, is that there is certain to be an opportunity for the reader to endure such empty rhetoric and novelism as I refer him to the article under discussion, which *must* be read to do either the reverend gentleman or myself full justice. Let the reader now turn to such uncanny stories from a ca' canny writer. If religion can offer him amusement, then it is not after all without a good use. For myself, I can only find exasperation in it, and do my own humble little bit towards ensuring that a more enlightened age will command lazy rascals and low-down comedians to seek an honest living or do their begging frankly.

THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT.

### Pelton Polemics.

THERE are some merry souls in King Coal's dominion at Pelton, in the County of Durham. The Vicar of Holy Trinity, at that place, has discovered the importance of being earnest. He calls himself the Rev. Father Ernest A. Merryweather.

This gentleman bewails the fact that England is becoming a heathen country again. As there are quite a number of "heathen" clergymen about, and a fair number of heathen followers, and always have been, it does not appear probable we shall ever be quite clear of them.

He says, "John Bull's mind is now a religious tangle." We thank thee, Merryweather, for that phrase. Probably it may be by reason of the alert propaganda carried on by the Chester-le-Street Secularists.

The rev. gentleman belongs to what is called the "High Church" Party. He likes to coquette with Rome. The English Church embraces a vast variety of opinion. You can have "high" or "low"; "broad" or "narrow"; simple or complex; sacerdotal or evangelical. It is ready to adapt itself to all requirements. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The Rev. Merryweather has offended some of his people by praying for some poor soul in Purgatory. But that, it seems, is a minor offence. If folks are content to believe that any of their deceased friends are in that unhappy position, it is only humane to exert themselves to provide release. For a consideration Ernest is willing to do his best.

The Pelton people should recollect that Hell and Purgatory are two of the greatest assets of any church. Where would the church be without these Torrid climes? of what use would it be to save a lost soul, if there were no super-heated furnaces to save them from? There would at once be a slump in the price of Durham Coal.

Our clerical zealot lashes out with a fine impartiality. "County Council religion produces arrogant pagans and self-satisfied heathens." And "if a pagan House of Commons forces us to pay for such detestable irreligion, there is no reason why we should agree with it."

So that Boanerges is "up against" the Mother of Parliaments as well. There is no limit to his martial zeal. He is anxious to command the applause of listening senates.

We suppose this rev. gentleman would be quite willing to accept the help of the local Council, or even the House of Commons itself, if they would agree to teach his particular dogmas. His doxy is the true orthodoxy. It will be useless to tell him he may be mistaken. My religion right or wrong is the slogan of the Pelton Vicar. Still he might remember Oscar Wilde's dictum. "There's none of us infallible, not even the youngest."

In his haste he declaims against being forced to pay for teaching of which he disapproves. He forgets the unfair position occupied by the Established Church, and, indeed by all the other churches. He says nothing about the Pagans being forced to pay for the upkeep of quite a lot of fancy religions. The boot is really on the other foot.

And what is the matter with the Pagan ideal anyhow? We have yet to learn that in civic duties, morals, social and political institutions they fell short of our would-be reformers. I suppose it never enters this clerical mind the idea that Pagan morality will compare favourably with anything produced at Pelton.

"Great God! I'd rather be a Pagan Suckled in a creed outworn,"  
as be compelled to listen to the stuff about penance and absolution, and auricular confession, mouthed by Father Merryweather.

And the Mayor of Durham, Mr. W. W. Wilkinson agrees with the Vicar. Durham must be in a parlous state. Can any good thing come out of Chester-le-Street. Since the remains of St. Cuthbert were removed to Durham, and a lively branch of the N.S.S. was formed at that place?

One may venture to assert, quite modestly, that all these people have a mistaken view of Materialism, Paganism, and Modern tendencies. They are hide-bound in their outlook, and hopelessly reactionary in their attempts to throttle opinion. They desire to have the Star Chamber in use again. Believe with Merryweather, in these absurd dogmas about purgatory, penance and the like, and you will be a "merry old soul." Disbelieve them, and you will be a fit subject for the Inquisition, for the rack, and the thumbscrew, and the gibbet. Keep on disbelieving and you will at last be cast into outer darkness to gnash your teeth, and where it will be impossible even for Merryweather to assist you.

ALAN TYNDALE

### A Missionary Hymn.

GREAT the crowd 'neath Dogma's cloud in Mystery's temple kneeling,  
Still enthralled by specious creeds from a barbarous day,  
Priestcraft's subtly chosen words, while brighter parts revealing,  
Screen from over-trustful minds their falseness and decay.

How shall Truth find entrance where the churches hold dominion?  
Narrow minds devised the tests standing in her way;  
Wide before the portals spread endowments of Opinion,  
Truth no more may enter there while those obstructions stay.

While their rays dispel the haze of highly-prized illusions,  
Spectral terrors also fade where Light and Truth hold sway.

Visions dear may disappear but, free from these confusions  
Sons of Earth may walk erect and tread a clearer way,  
Full responsibility unflinching, Man will shoulder;  
Nobler, more humane ideals endeavour to portray.  
Loose for aye the Dead Hand's clutch; fling wide the shrouded windows;  
Let the light of Truth come in, shine whence-so-e'er it may!

Minds to clear from baseless fear should be our pride and glory.

Man's ideals are warped and scared by threats of endless woe.

Fades the light where Christian blight still spreads the horrid story,

Sowing fear on every side that priestly power may grow.  
Harps of gold and bliss untold are promised by the preacher

But the pay is far away from dupes who build his nest.  
Bribe or threat have never yet ennobled any creature.  
Clear away these holy shams; the honest truth is best!

E. HORACE JONES.

The human race, in all countries, has become the prey of the priests.—D'Holbach.

What strange rage possesses some people to insist on our all being miserable! They are like a quack, who would fain have us believe we are ill, in order to sell us his pills. Keep thy drugs, my friend, and leave me my health.—Voltaire.

Scepticism is the highest of duties, and blind faith the one unpardonable sin.—Huxley.



Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREETHINKER."

THE WICKED ATHEIST.

SIR,—In spite of present education and opportunities for obtaining information and knowledge, it is apparent that many people have an entirely wrong conception of the word "Atheist," and to the majority an Atheist is synonymous with an immoral sensuous libertine. It is significant that the average Christian appears to consider a Buddhist or a Mohammedan a superior person to an Atheist, simply because the followers of these Oriental religions believe in something, whilst, they say, an Atheist believes in nothing. The Christian's reasoning seems to be that for those who are not Christians, it does not matter what their beliefs are as long as they acknowledge some god or supernatural being. It does not occur to the Christian that the Atheist does believe in something, and something very definite and capable of indisputable proof.

The Christian will often say in shocked tones: "But how can you imagine this world without God to create it?" My reply is that I see no reason for believing in a god at all, as something could not come from nothing and everything is the result of Evolution and not Creation. Another favourite question of our Christian, is: "But what have you as Atheists to offer us as against Christianity?" This seems to indicate that it does not matter much to the Christian what the truth is, as long as he has some belief which satisfies him; which brings the matter down to a political basis.

It is exceedingly amusing to hear Christians standing up for their faith, in the vague hope that one day they will be rewarded by going to heaven, whilst the wicked Atheists will be condemned to everlasting torment.

J. LAURENCE BISBROWN.

THE LAY OF A B.A.

SIR,—Thanks, no doubt, to some postal prank, my corrected proof did not reach you. Of your courtesy please grant me an inch to point out an error or two:—

Paragraph 2: "Lion's Den" should be "Lions' Den." (I am not the *only* Lion, fortunately.)

Paragraph 5: "expand out" is cruel tautology. I wrote "expand *our*," "our" in italics.

Paragraph 6: "the ethics of Hollywood" should be "the loves of Hollywood," which, I gather are far more important. Same paragraph, there should be no "a" before "philanthropy."

V.B.N.

MATERIALISM AND PHRENOLOGY.

SIR,—Mr. Taylor's letter on Materialism and Phrenology is most interesting, because it calls attention to one of the most practical and fascinating Sciences of the human mind. I have discovered it to be the only theory of the mind which explains the existence of so many contradictions in myself and my fellows. No other theory throws such light on the combination of acquisitiveness and generosity, of sensuality and spirituality of cowardice and courage existing in the same personalities. Thought has built up the structure of the human brain, and its development indicates its possibilities. The interplay of environment and educational influences upon these developments produces the character of the individual, but how intensely valuable is it to know ones capacity and endowment, and these can be estimated by a trained character reader. Properly taught and understood there is no subject which can so effectively solve many of the problems of life, and you are rendering very valuable service by making such facts public. Congratulations.

R. W. COUSINS.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

SIR,—I agree with you that Eddington is wrong in drawing a line between the domain of science and that of religion. But the domain of science as described by you strikes me as being really the domain of a religion—a false one. Science "frames descriptive formulas . . . which enable us to understand what is going on—and foretell." But I have never met any such formulas. There are some useful rules-of-thumb. I rely on them for want of a better; so much so that two years ago I spent a hoarded £5 to go and see a total eclipse (spoiled by rain). But I can see nothing solid and certain in such rules, nothing to enable me to say, "I know it will happen." In other words, there is no "must," no "ought," just what you say yourself a column later, without seeing that you are contradicting yourself.

"Scientific laws are products of the creative imagination," you say. Quite so! Just like gods, only with less ground. For in assuming that gods order and arrange" (say) the fall of a stone, I am at any rate reasoning from the known (Me) to the unknown. If I assume that things happen without any gods, I am jumping clear into a void, "a region in which the (anti) theologian can wander at will," to quote your phrase with an *anti* added.

You do not seem to know what "ought" means. It has nothing to do with action "according to a standard pattern," nor with "experience of the past." When I say a man ought not to do a thing, I mean I do not like him to do it, and that my dislike is permanent and deep-seated. I do not care a straw whether my ancestors approved his act, nor whether my neighbours do. I don't. For all I know you may have the kind of conscience you describe. I have not. You say Eddington must be expecting us to receive his argument in accordance with mental laws, not with an "autonomous mind." But you dispose of your own argument by not accepting his! That an argument may have a precisely opposite effect from what was intended is, not an absurdity as you say, but a daily experience. At any rate it is a weekly one with me when I read your arguments.

Your final paragraph about religion being founded on ignorance, is another fallacy. No one consciously ignorant can accept any religion, not even your scientific one. To be religious, you must be quite sure something is true. (That the something is usually a lie is irrelevant.) Religion, like science, is based on spurious certainty.

C. HARPUR.

Society News.

N.E. LANCASHIRE.

MR. CLAYTON's meeting at Sabden, on Wednesday, drew a very large crowd, and, as was to be expected there was a lot of vigorous opposition after the lecture. Enfield, on Friday, kept up its reputation as a stormy place for Free-thought lecturers. A defender of the faith took the platform, but soon developed stage fright. We were subjected to much crude and venomous criticism from a big crowd. The evening meeting, at Burnley, on Sunday, was very successful. A local preacher and several others gave opposition. Some Catholics who interrupted were not to be found at question time. The Colne meeting was uneventful, excepting for some interruptions from a drunk.

MR. G. WHITEHEAD's second week in Manchester provided eight meetings. The two addressed on the Sunday in Stevenson Square, which is the Marble Arch of Manchester, attracted a good number of interested people, especially in the evening, when questions kept the speaker engaged to a late hour. Exemplary order was maintained. The six meetings held in Salford started quietly, but towards the end of the week became restive owing to the excitability of the Catholics. On two evenings matters got very lively, but a distinct effort to break up one meeting failed through the firmness of the lecturer, backed up by the support of the bulk of the audience, which resented the Catholic attempts at hooliganism. One of the interrupters made the mistake of occupying the platform, and the reply



considerably reduced his fervour. The excitement helped to attract crowds which originally had not been in evidence, and by the final meeting quite an enthusiastic spirit prevailed, which found rest in an ovation at the end of the lecture.

For the whole fortnight the members of the Branch attended well, and their presence undoubtedly helped to preserve order, when otherwise there might have been "a rough house."

Until Friday, September 20, Mr. Whitehead will be in Glasgow.

#### WEST LONDON BRANCH.

OUR meetings at Hyde Park that were and are being carried on right through the Summer on week nights, as well as Sundays, are well attended, and a great deal of appreciation is shown by the numerous letters we receive weekly.

Provincial, Colonial, as well as Foreign visitors, who are to be seen at our meetings express their delight in the work of the N.S.S. here.

It is a pity that the thousands of sympathizers do not show a little more goodwill in a more practical way, to enable us to carry our Freethought Philosophy further afield.

The meetings at Ravenscourt Park have also become an institution where a good audience gathers to hear our lectures.

Many thanks are due to Messrs. A. H. Hyatt, J. Hart, Charles Tuson, Edward Betts, and our old pioneer, F. Schaller, who, in spite of his advanced age is always ready to lend a hand—B.A.L.E.M.

#### Obituary.

ON Tuesday, September 3, the remains of Constance Ada Clarke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Clarke were buried in Brookwood Cemetery. After a painful illness of two years duration, the end came at the early age of twenty-one.

As a lover of nature, it is fitting, her last resting place should be in the beautiful surroundings of Brookwood.

The burial was quiet and dignified, and a Secular Service was read by R. H. Rosetti.

#### O SORROW!

Why dost borrow  
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—  
To give at evening pale  
Unto the nightingale,  
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

#### O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow  
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?  
A lover would not tread  
A cowslip on the head,  
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—  
Nor any drooping flower  
Held sacred for thy bower,  
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

#### To Sorrow

I bade good morrow,  
And thought to leave her far away behind;  
But cheerly, cheerly,  
She loves me dearly;  
She is so constant to me, and so kind:  
I would deceive her,  
And so leave her,  
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

John Keats.

#### Rationalist Press Association (Glasgow District)

Grand Hall, Central Halls, 25 Bath Street

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1929 at 3 p.m.

#### Professor J. W. GREGORY, D.Sc., F.R.S

Glasgow University.

#### "The Interior of The Earth"—Earthquakes and Volcanoes

Questions and Discussion.

Silver Collection.

## SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, Etc.

Lecture notices must reach 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.5, by the FIRST POST ON TUESDAY, or they will not be inserted.

#### LONDON.

##### INDOOR.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1): 11.0, Right Hon. J. M. Robertson—"The Transformation of Christianity."

##### OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N.S.S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand): 3.15, Mr. B. A. Le Maine—"Facts and Fiction."

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith): 3.45, Messrs. C. Tuson and J. Hart.

WEST LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Hyde Park): 12.30, Mr. J. Hart; 3.30, Messrs. J. Hart and E. Betts; 6.30, Messrs. A. H. Hyatt and B. A. Le Maine. Freethought meetings every Wednesday at 7.30, Messrs. C. Tuson and J. Hart; every Friday, at 7.30, Mr. B. A. Le Maine. The *Freethinker* may be obtained during our meetings outside the Park Gates, Bayswater Road.

SOUTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Clapham Common): 11.30, Mr. J. Hart; Brockwell Park, 6.30, Mr. J. Hart; Wednesday, Clapham Old Town, 8.0, Mr. L. Ebury; Friday, Liverpool Street, Camberwell Gate, 8.0, Mr. F. Mann.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N.S.S. (Regent's Park, near the Fountain): 6.0, Mrs. R. H. Rosetti—A Lecture.

WEST HAM BRANCH N.S.S. (Outside Technical College, Romford Road, Stratford, E.): 7.0, Mrs. Grout.—A Lecture.

FULHAM AND CHELSEA BRANCH N.S.S. (corner of Shorrock Road, North End Road): Saturday, 8.0; Effie Road, Waltham Green Station, Sunday, 8.0—Various Speakers.

#### COUNTRY.

##### OUTDOOR.

GLASGOW BRANCH N.S.S.—Ramble to Millar Craig. Train leaves Queen Street 11.50 for Milngavie.

MR. J. CLAYTON will lecture at the following places: Sunday, September 15, Accrington, 7.0; Monday, September 16, Worsthorne, 7.30; Wednesday, September 18, Nelson, 7.45; Thursday, September 19, Sabden, 7.45.

LIVERPOOL (Merseyside) BRANCH N.S.S. (Beaumont Street): Monday, September 16, at 7.30, Mr. J. V. Short—A Lecture. Tuesday, September 17, at 8.0, Edge Hill Lamp, Mr. P. Sherwin—A Lecture.

CHESTER-LE-STREET BRANCH N.S.S.—Thursday, September 12, 7.15, White Lion, Houghton—Speakers, Messrs. T. Brown and J. T. Brighton. Friday, September 13, 7.0, Queen Street, Spennymoor, Mr. J. T. Brighton—"Will Christ's Teachings Benefit Humanity?"

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE BRANCH N.S.S. (Town Moor, near North Road entrance): 7.0, Mr. J. C. Keast—A Lecture. A good supply of literature is available.

#### Miscellaneous Advertisements.

WANTED—Man or woman to address envelopes on the typewriter or in clear handwriting, at home or in our office.—Apply, LYCEUM INSTITUTE, 85, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

WANTED—G. W. Foote's Debate on the Right Hour Question.—A. G. BARKER, 29 Verulam Avenue, Walthamstow, E.17.

## UNWANTED CHILDREN

In a Civilized Community there should be no UNWANTED Children.

For an Illustrated Descriptive List (68 pages) of Birth Control Requisites and Books, send a 1/4d. stamp to:—

J. R. HOLMES, East Hanney, Wantage, Berks.  
(Established nearly Forty Years.)



**A GREAT BOOK—  
AND A GREATER MAN**



**THE THINKER'S LIBRARY.**

**THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES**

BY

**CHARLES DARWIN**

Sixth, Final, and Copyright Edition.  
448 pp. Clothette, 1s. net.

No book has worked so great a revolution in human thought as **THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES**. Its publication marked the beginning of a new era, an era in which the doctrine of Evolution is increasingly recognized as the key to the past and the hope of the future. "As an explanation of Evolution, Darwin's ideas still hold the field."—J. B. S. HALDANE.  
"The wealth of facts, the soberness of judgment, the scrupulous fairness of the argument, make the **ORIGIN OF SPECIES** a classic of science."—Prof. JULIAN HUXLEY.

THE

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
CHARLES DARWIN**

160 pp. Clothette, 1s. net.

Every one has heard of Darwinism, but few know anything of Darwin the Man. Here we have the story of his life in outline, sketched by himself, and supplemented by a chapter of Reminiscences by his son, Sir Francis Darwin, and another dealing with the great scientist's religion.

**PREVIOUS VOLUMES IN THE THINKER'S LIBRARY**

- FIRST AND LAST THINGS** By H. G. Wells
- EDUCATION** By Herbert Spencer
- THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE** By Ernst Haeckel
- HUMANITY'S GAIN FROM UNBELIEF** By C. Bradlaugh
- ON LIBERTY** By J. S. Mill
- A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD** By H. G. Wells

Each volume bound in Clothette.  
1s. net. By post 1s. 3d.

Full particulars of the Rationalist Press Association Limited, under whose auspices the above-mentioned volumes are being issued, together with a specimen copy of "THE LITERARY GUIDE," free on application.

Of all Booksellers, or direct from

**WATTS & CO.,**

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

**"Does Man  
Survive Death?"**

A DEBATE BETWEEN

**CHAPMAN COHEN**

Editor of "The Freethinker" and

**SHAW DESMOND**

the well-known Novelist

AT

**Caxton Hall, Westminster**

ON

**Friday, October 25th, 1929**

at 7 p.m.

Prices of Admission:—Reserved Seats—Stalls, 2s. 6d.;  
Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. A limited  
number of Platform Seats, at 5s.

Tickets may be obtained at the offices of the "FREE-THINKER," 61, Farringdon St., E.C.4, the NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY, 62, Farringdon St., E.C.4, and the RATIONALIST PRESS ASSOCIATION, 4, Johnson's Court, Fleet St., E.C.4. An early application for tickets is advisable.

**Two Books for Thinkers.**

**MIND AND REALITY**

— AND —

**LIFE, MIND & KNOWLEDGE**

— BY —

**J. C. THOMAS, B.Sc.**

(Keridon).

The Rt. Hon. J. M. ROBERTSON is in full agreement with the Author's philosophic attitude, and highly appreciates the "pungency and alertness of his handling and especially his strictures on the Metaphysician."

Price, 6d. each.

Postage for the 2 copies 2½d.

**CHEST DISEASES**

"Umckaloabo acts as regards Tuberculosis as a real specific."

Dr. Sechelaye in the "Swiss Medical Review."

"It appears to me to have a specific destructive influence on the Tubercle Bacilli in the same way that Quinine has upon Malaria."

(Dr. Grun in the King's Bench Division.)

If you are suffering from any disease of the chest or lungs—spasmodic or cariac asthma excluded—ask your doctor about Umckaloabo, or send a post card for particulars of it to Chas. H. Stevens, 204-206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20, who post same to you **Free of Charge**.

Readers, especially T.Bs., will see in the above few lines more wonderful news than is to be found in many volumes on the same subject.



## FREETHOUGHT & LITERATURE

By MIMNERMUS.

The Attitude of Great Writers towards  
—Religion and Freethought.—

Price One Penny. Postage ½d.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.4.

## THE OTHER SIDE OF DEATH.

A Critical Examination of  
the Belief in a Future Life,  
with a Study of Spiritual-  
ism from the Standpoint of  
the New Psychology.

By CHAPMAN COHEN.

Paper Covers . . . . . TWO SHILLINGS  
Postage 1½d.  
Cloth Bound . . . . . THREE SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE  
Postage 2d.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.4.

The Bible and Prohibition.

## BIBLE and BEER

(Issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.)

By G. W. FOOTE.

A careful examination of the Relations of the Bible  
and Christian leaders to the Drink Question.

Price - Twopence. Postage ½d.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.4.

## MATERIALISM : HAS IT BEEN EXPLODED ?

Verbatim Report of Debate between

Chapman Cohen and G. E. M. Joad.

One Shilling Net. 3 3 Postage 1½d.

Revised by both Disputants.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.4.

## The Secular Society, Ltd.

Company Limited by Guarantee.

Registered Office: 62 FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Secretary: MR. R. H. ROSETTI.

THIS Society was formed in 1898 to afford legal security in the acquisition and application of funds for Secular purposes.

The Memorandum of Association sets forth that the Society's Objects are:—To promote the principle that human conduct should be based upon natural knowledge, and not upon supernatural belief, and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action. To promote freedom of inquiry. To promote universal Secular Education. To promote the complete secularization of the State, etc. And to do all such lawful things as are conducive to such objects. Also to have, hold, receive, and retain any sums of money paid, given, devised, or bequeathed by any person, and to employ the same for any of the purposes of the Society.

Members pay an entrance fee of ten shillings, and a subsequent yearly subscription of five shillings.

The liability of members is limited to £1, in case the Society should ever be wound up.

All who join the Society participate in the control of its business and the trusteeship of its resources. It is expressly provided in the Articles of Association that no member, as such, shall derive any sort of profit from the Society, either by way of dividend, bonus, or interest.

The Society's affairs are managed by an elected Board of Directors, one-third of whom retire (by ballot), each year, but are eligible for re-election.

Friends desiring to benefit the Society are invited to make donations, or to insert a bequest in the Society's favour in their wills. The now historic decision of the House of Lords in *re Bowman and Others v. the Secular Society, Limited*, in 1927, verbatim report of which may be obtained from the publishers, the Pioneer Press, or from the Secretary, makes it impossible to set aside such bequests.

*Form of Bequest.*—The following is a sufficient form of bequest for insertion in the wills of testators:—

I give and bequeath to the Secular Society, Limited, the sum of £—free from Legacy Duty, and I direct that a receipt signed by two members of the Board of the said Society and the Secretary thereof shall be a good discharge to my Executors for the said Legacy.

It is advisable, but not necessary, that the Secretary should be formally notified of such bequests, as wills sometimes get lost or mislaid. A form of membership, with full particulars, will be sent on application to the Secretary, Mr. R. H. ROSETTI, 62 FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

## GENERAL INFORMATION FOR FREETHINKERS

INFORMATION on Withdrawal of Children from Religious Instruction in Public Schools. The Right to Affirm. Church Attendance in the Army and Navy. Secular Funerals. Civil Marriages, etc., etc.

Post Free - - - TWOPENCE.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 61 FARRINGTON STREET, E.C.4.