

To compare the beauty, fragrance, poesy, exquisite pathos, wonderful wealth of imagery, delicious examples of devotion unto death, music of nomenclature, indescribable coloring of surroundings, inexhaustible mine of physical grace, mental diversity and soulful exhortation — light, airy, feathery, filmy, gossamer fancies of mortal weaving, as well as the solid, deep substratum of equity, wisdom and justice of the Greek mythology, with the Jewish, would be like naming in the same breath the sweet, fragrant, delicious herbs of the garden and the s—kweed of the moor. And yet, this magnificent world of ours, in a moment of despair, having shed its ancient gods and standing naked of supernatural protection (to its imagined shame), put off its majestic toga that had held the barbarous world in awe and donned a Jewish gaberdine, grimy with the grease and gurry of a thousand years of Superstition! O, wonder not, enlightened sons of Freedom, at this strange and shameful act that man, fretted and pheesed by bonze, rabbi, fakir, muezzin, priest, parson, presbyter, sacerdote and medicine-man, doth not cry out as he should: O! a plague on all your gods! but yields him up to the new scheme of purgation and salvation without a murmur. Then again, politics throws him from his orbit, and he in his utter weariness lays hold of the skirts of the first poltroon who has a vision for the sake of votes.

Christianity, the moment it loaded itself with the degrading Superstitions of the Jewish mythology, became a grievous load for man to carry. There was no form of despotism, no flagrant violation of the rights of man, no outrageous suppression of the bounding force of the



human intellect, no merciless slaughter of those who dared to contradict the foul Superstitions of this mythology, no decrees of death at the stake or by *peine forte et dure*, that could not be fully justified by the rulings of Jahveh or his successor Jehovah.

It poisoned the Common Law and made woman the virtual slave of her husband, who might coin her labor into shillings for his selfish enjoyment, leave the marks of his lash upon her back, provided he did not seriously injure her; thrust her head into the witches' bridle or bind her to the ducking stool. They brought these villainous samples of Jewish law into our fair and free land, and it is less than fifty years ago that woman was so far freed from the domination of her husband as to be able to execute a contract, or upon being beaten by him to cause his arrest as for an assault; and it is to the teachings of that misshapen little Jewish energumen Saul, that woman is to-day regarded as a moral and intellectual weakling, unfit to govern herself, prone to evil doing, not entitled to the custody of the very children she bears, accorded as a criminal not a jury of her peers, but of her oppressors. And when peradventure, with Jehovah's nod of approval, linked to a man who proves to be a brute, she finds herself, under sacerdotal decree, within the limits of the Empire State and of many others, denied those sacred rights accorded the citizens of our Republic — "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and obliged in order to free herself from her worse than actual chains to resort to fraud, deceit, and perjury to circumvent the statute enacted at sacerdotal bidding. The man may steep his very soul in lust and lascivious-



of drunken and incestuous Lot by his eldest daughter.

David, the man after Jahveh's own heart, had numerous wives, but the one after *his* own heart is the adulteress Bathsheba, who, harlot that she was in nature, had caught David's lecherous eye by letting him see how very beautiful she was to look upon *in puris naturalibus*. Every one knows the vile tale how he murdered her husband and how the "funeral baked meats" did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables," and how she became the mother of Solomon, who holds the world's record as the most married and most "mistressed" of the human kind.

As to Rahab the harlot, it is agreed by most of the commentators that she was the "Rachab," one of the forebears of David, and the conclusion is inevitable that Jahveh must have "foreordained" that his ichor and this harlot's blood should run in one and the same channel some fine day. The stories of Dinah surrendering herself to Shechem, of Reuben's defilement of his father's bed and of the unspeakable conduct of Zimri and Cozbi and their revolting murder by Phinehas at the command of Jahveh so that he might appease his own wrath and stop the plague, are all too vile to be related here. The javelin stroke of Phinehas should be described as a master (and mistress) stroke.

As to the story of the Levite and his concubine, it seems to me so incredibly and damnably foul and fiendish that the wonder is that any tribe of savages would wish to spread it upon the record of their exploits, let alone the chosen people of Jahveh, one of the four great



gods famous in theotectics—the other three being Jehovah, his successor, Father Jove, and Allah.

The one harlot dear to the Jewish heart is Esther, who was soaked for six months in the oil of myrrh and for six months in certain "sweet odors" to fit her for the bed of that lecherous and unjust monster Ahasuerus, who put away a chaste wife to make room for her. It is a very pretty story in the sequel; but the moral is not fragrant, nor is it even sweetened by the blood of the seventy-five thousand foes slain by the Jews. But the fact of the matter is that under the rule of Jahveh the "woman that was very beautiful to look upon" seemed to possess a dynamic force of character very much akin to the courtesans of Athens, the demi-mondaines of Paris or the geishas of Japan. They pushed their offspring with a keen and remarkable energy, and these children of love were dear to their fathers. Look at David, fasting and lying all night upon the earth in prayer, refusing to rise or eat bread, while Uriah's wife's first child by him was sick.

When we come to the new regime under the transformed Jahveh we find the scarlet woman still in evidence, the woman who was a "sinner" who bathed Jesus' feet with her fast-flowing tears, and of whom he said that "as she loved much," she was entitled to the greater forgiveness; the woman of Samaria and the woman to whom he said, "Neither do I condemn thee." Very poetic and dramatic; but morals should never be sacrificed for a denouement. Nature never forgives, why should a god of man's creation presume to do so? Nature is never sentimental, she strikes no

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attitudes, sends no messages to John. She says: Break my laws and I will punish you. Cease and I will heal you. Man could give no better proof of the truth that he himself is the power behind the celestial throne than by the fact that he at times destroys his god by laying too great a task upon him or by summoning him to do a thing sure to injure the credit of his priesthood. Father Jove's priests were very careful in this respect, they always made his oracles capable of a "yea" or "nay" interpretation. It is the only safe way.

Jehovah, the softened and etherealized Jahveh, was no sooner seated upon his throne than the sacerdots, while bidding him not to let loose fire or thunderbolts upon the earth, not to wipe out a great city through the agency of one or more of his angels of destruction, not to smite the scoffers with disease or pestilence, none of all these, but nevertheless committed the most woe-ful error of calling upon him to descend to earth himself, in any form he might choose to assume, and through the agency of a daughter of Eve to incarnate himself. Jahveh, not a great lover of women 'tis true, had never in his wildest manifestations of affection for his people ever dreamed of doing such a thing. Only Father Jove had dared to walk on earth for that purpose. It was an awful risk, and could the sacerdots have foreseen how the miracle would live to rankle in minds "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," they never would have sanctioned it; nay, never would have given it a moment's serious thought.

Had the new god only been better advised, he would have at least imitated Father Jove and made his descent

upon earth, in a form so poetic, so mysterious, so alluring to chaste imaginations that the incarnation might have been rather suspected than asserted, might have been an "it is said," or an "it is claimed" or a "one might almost say." But no, he came from his throne-room in the clouds as a tall, handsome, so to speak, god-like figure, one of the most dazzling and imposing members of the theocorp, not bearded, true, but male, masculine, muscular, manly, he gradually clothed himself in visibility, and his raiment assumed the glow of phosphorescent light as twilight falls; he stood in the presence of a dark-eyed and full-tressed maiden espoused to a just man —

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Had I continued, it were needful that my pen be dipt in ink of crimson hue that the glow of shame should redden this page, for here was an act that smote the white and velvety cheek of female Chastity a stinging blow, which still echoes in the ears of self-respecting womanhood. Here was a deed that spat upon the modesty of mankind and outraged human reason and laughed it to scorn, — a deed that set the horns of cuckoldom upon a pure man's brow; and as Gabriel spread his wide-extending wings there came rippling down the sides of sky-piercing Olympus the ribald laughter of the assembled gods, for Great Pan was not dead yet. Nay, the blood of that day's victim still smoked in the grooves of the white marble floor about the altar of Father Jove, the holy Vestals were that



moment crossing the Forum and the people were kneeling and kissing their shadows as they passed, and the sweet boy Ganymede, with laughing eyes and rosy fingers, was washing the wine cups of the gods in water that spouted from the rock at the stroke of Pegasus' hoofs, and the Graces had begun to dance before the king of gods and men. The deed was done, and there, amid the dark foliage of the tree of Superstition grafted upon Ignorance, hung the largest and fairest fruit it had ever borne, red and ripe to rottenness, and Mankind reached up and plucked and ate till the qualms of satiety checked them, and, as they ate, they spat the seeds out upon the rich black soil beneath their feet.

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If the Jewish mythology were but illumed with the rush light of common morality, it might, in spite of its filth and obscenity, enjoy to a greater degree the respect of human reason, but almost from cover to cover, with here and there an exception, it is fairly encrusted with theft, fraud, deceit and chicanery, and Jahveh is himself the chiefest sinner of them all. Could any more cowardly and dishonest act be conceived of than the manner in which he caused the walls of Jericho to tumble down flat, and then instructed his people to walk in and destroy man and woman, young and old, but to take good care to put all the silver and gold into the treasury of the house of the Lord? Now it may be seen where the world learned the gentle art of indiscriminate slaughter and pillage in war times. And when the kings of the Amorites gathered against them, Jahveh said unto Joshua, Fear them not, and then



proceeded to cast down great stones from heaven, and killed more of the enemy than the children of Israel slew with the sword.

Can a god cultivate bravery among his people by telling them not to fear outside nations, that he has so arranged things that one of his men shall chase a thousand? Can a god improve the morals of a people by permitting a woman to steal her father's images and then cover them with her skirts and add the crime of deceit and falsehood to theft? Can a god increase the honesty of his people by informing them that they may sell the flesh of an animal that has died upon their hands to the stranger, but not to their own people?

Can a god expect to correct the morals of his people by such a code as the one Jahveh engraved on a stone tablet furnished him by Moses? Where are there any commandments on that tablet against harlotry, concubinage, criminal assault, seduction, polygamy, usury, human slavery, pillage and slaughter in war, even of women and children?

Can any god think it unnecessary to punish such a bestial and unspeakable crime as Amnon's? Can any god imagine that the good morals of his people will be the better conserved by reading such obscene descriptions as contained in some of the chapters of Ezekiel? Can it be possible that an omniscient god would not be perfectly well aware of the evil effects destined in future centuries to flow from such a command as: Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live? To think that this majestic world already in possession of the superb system of Roman jurisprudence should, even under the guidance



and direction of a strongly organized sacerdotaly, have permitted a petty god set up in one of the mentally and physically dirtiest corners of the earth's surface, so to infect it with the rabies of Superstition as to slay one hundred thousand innocent human beings, men, women and oftentimes, children, at such a command! The world will never know the exact numbers that were slain, often two to three thousand in a single community, under most appalling torture. Why did not this "jealous" god, so anxious always to keep all other gods out of his domain, hurl one of his thunderbolts or even a huge stone, as he had done before, when assisting his people in battle, straight at the head of the witch of Endor, at that famous *seance*, and get, *himself*, the credit of having killed at least one witch? And to think that our fathers brought over to this fair land of Freedom and the rights of man this hellish Superstition, and that nineteen innocent beings, men and women, met their death as its victims before our fathers' eyes were opened and they realized that their minds were under the spell of inherited delusions which for the nonce had transformed them into monsters of cruelty! But before the end came to this sudden and tempestuous storm of Superstition, freedom's air was polluted by the terrible spectacle of one execution by *peine forte et dure*, the life of a brother man crushed slowly out of his body by superposed weights! Oh, think of the unspeakable horror of it! Giles Cory was his name, and a shaft of the blackest marble should mark his grave to be an eternal reminder to the citizens of our Republic of the abysmal depths to which

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ious Superstition is capable of sinking; and not until our beloved land has been purged of this awful crime by the disappearance of the last kneeling, shivering, cringing, mumbling worshipper of shadowy gods on shadowy thrones, should that black column be replaced by a snow-white one.

* * * * *

Rechristening Jahveh Jehovah has not helped the world any, save as a diluted poison is less harmful than full strength. True the bloody sacrifices have been dropt, Jahveh no longer enjoys the sweet odors of roasting meat laid upon his altars, nor does Jehovah keep up the war upon the gods of Egypt.

However, as I have shown, the theocorp was largely increased by the addition of three new members and by great swarms of female angels—a thing always abhorrent to Jahveh. These changes naturally called for an enlarged sacerdocy, for it must always be borne in mind that the two always balance each other—god-ridden, priest-ridden—and the poor, ignorant wretch has more prayers to mumble and more tax to pay to keep his soul in a salvable condition. It was, in other words, the same old Superstitions, only clad in prettier garments, with altars gaudy enough to satisfy the most *exigeant* with a glitter of candles and glory of stained glass, past anything the world hath ever witnessed in the matter of temples reared to please the shadowy gods on their shadowy thrones.

But in spite of it all, Lazarus continues to rot on Dives' marble doorsteps, and the dogs are at their old tricks. The window opens and the bones are scrawled



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But in spite of it all, Lazarus continues to rot on Dives' marble doorsteps, and the dogs are at their old tricks. The window opens and the bones are scraped



off the plates for them. Let all the members of the new theocorp watch out, for the modern Prometheus is unchained, and he "walketh upon the wings of the wind." Some day he may get so high as to discover, as did the Great Pompey when he drew the veil aside, that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, there. It would have been expecting too much to look for an abandonment of the old Superstitions by the founder of the new religion. What's in the blood must out. Not a drop of his but tingled with Superstition. Prophets are virtually compacted of Superstition. They must bless with uplifted hand, they must curse by book, bell and candle. Jesus of Nazareth had two defects that must ever make a prophet dangerous, he was sentimental and superstitious; the first saved his life long enough to make a career; the latter rendered him powerless to lift man up a ten thousandth part of an inch socially and ethically. Save my soul? Save my body first. John was brutally honest, and was cut short, as honest men always will be while Superstition reigns.

Look at the almost childish trick of the tribute money: Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up and when thou hast opened his mouth thou shalt find a piece of money, that take and give unto them for me and thee.

Upon reading these words, Humanity's lips are prone to twist into the rictus of a smile; but the smile dies and the groan escapes.

But there is even worse than this. Jesus gave full and absolute credence to that Munchausen tale of



Jonah. Nay, he made it the very test of his godhood: An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas, for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.

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Our fathers dreamed a dream. It was to shut Superstition out of the Republic, or at least so to dilute its poison that in good time it might lose its hellish powers entirely. But it was too soon even to begin dreaming. However, much has happened since those days, and there is certainly a streak of light in the Orient of Truth and Enlightenment.

This Republic was never intended to have even the semblance of any religious bias. It was to be a purely secular government in the full sense of the term. Many of our fathers were deists, some agnostics and some out and out materialists.

Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, makes us appeal to "Nature and Nature's god," evidently meaning these words to be an implied protest against mixing up the rights of Man with any form of revealed religion so called. The Framers did not allow the word "god" to appear in the Constitution. *Ex necessitate* it crept in on the margin in the A. D.

Early in the last century our Government put itself on record as being, strictly speaking, as much Mohammedan as Christian. In looking over the writings of Washington, I found but one mention by him of the name of Jesus. His theocorp, I imagine, was like



himself an abstraction of frigid purity. It is said that he was once caught praying. If so, his powder supply must have been very low.

Instinctively an enlightened mind hates Superstition. He feels as a temperance man does among drunken roysterers.

There was an early movement in New England to kill the Superstition of the "virgin birth" by the propagation of unitarianism and transcendentalism.

During my school days in Connecticut I have no recollection of ever having seen any church steeples or crosses; nor do I remember that there was any notice taken of Christmas or Easter. We boys had a counting-out rhyme, one line of which ran thus:

Harum-scarum, virgin-marum.

There being little or no sacerdotal influence or surveillance, hundreds of Romanists coming to this country, especially Irishmen, dropt their religion with their O's into the ocean on the way over.

Superstition sits lightly upon the shoulders of the enlightened man, and a single word will bring him to his senses. But now all is changed. Superstition, feeling itself in danger, has fallen back and thrown up the trenches of "privilege," "constitutional rights," "freedom of worship." Threats of anathema are hurled at the indifferent, and live curses flash about the head of the backslider. With that defiant air, so characteristic of Superstition, the sacerdote now wears the scarlet badge of royalty or the purple of the noble, conferred by a triple-crowned monarch, allegiance to whom



they do not abjure upon taking the oath of allegiance to the Republic. The more shame to them.

Nor are they the only Ephesians who are desperately shouting: Great is Diana! The Protestants, scenting the morning air of infidelity, as they term it, are greatly disturbed, although I fail to see how a man can be "unfaithful" to a god whose very existence he denies. They insist upon your having some kind of a god, although he be as faint as an idea of an idea. It isn't so much your soul that they want to save as it is the confession that you have one to save, if you should want to save it. They are like the drinking men who make a wry face when they see a man cold sober in their midst.

To sum up then, in spite of our common schools, academies and colleges, in spite of our thousands of liberal publications, in spite of our libraries of scientific books, in spite of our lectures on the evolution of the universe, in spite of the spread of free thought and the manifest weakening of many of the old theories, yet Superstition still exhales a certain "odor of sanctity," and thousands of sensible men and women sit Sunday after Sunday and listen with grave faces to the reading of fabulous doings and monstrous tales that surpass the imaginative fertility of the Arabian Nights. Our children, fresh from their school books, from which they have learned that the earth-ball, like the gyroscope, is supported in space by the incalculable swiftness of its revolutions and that stopt for the thousand-millionth part of a second it would fall, yet there stands the gowned priest drawling out the fantastic story of the



petty Jew warrior; or the child, knowing from his physiology that putrid flesh is as dead as the rotten spot in his apple, must sit and listen to the tale of Lazarus; or, having learned to his delight from his Natural Philosophy how to create a rainbow, must give ear to that bit of sacerdotal ingenuity by which the Jewish tribal god Jahveh is given the credit of having first for a specific reason set this bow in the clouds; or, knowing from his astronomy that the beautiful summer clouds are but thin water mist tinged by the sunlight and floating over his head but a mile or so high, must he, to the wicked enslavement of his understanding, be forced to listen to the common Superstition of every tribe of savages, that here resides god surrounded by swarms of winged creatures, ready, upon the least justification, to hurl a thunderbolt upon the earth, when the poor child knows, too, from his physics, that lightning can only be generated at certain seasons and under certain conditions, and so on *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

But alas, this foul and degrading Superstition is legalized by the State, and priest and parson are protected in its dissemination.

Must it go on then forever?

I believe not, nay, I'm sure not. There are unmistakable signs of a coming revulsion of awakened and outraged reason against these old Superstitions which have been for so many centuries kept alive and exploited by the agency of priesthoods and sacerdocies for the acquirement of power and pay.

But we may hasten the coming of this to Humanity,



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glorious event, the unshackling of mind, the bestowal of complete liberty upon the intelligence of man.

True, we have no right to resort to the open assault of jibe and sneer, the "Court awards and the Law doth give" protection to this Superstition, but we are not remedyless. We may by wise and yet lawful conduct fight against this age-consecrated mental debauchment.

Let me enumerate some of the methods, and bear ever in mind that there is a terrible force in cold, calm, silent disapproval.

1st. Assume towards Superstition on any and all occasions, when not by your seeking you may be brought into its presence, the attitude of silent and dignified contempt. Enter no church or meeting-house where these Superstitions are recited or publicly proclaimed.

2nd. Attend no public meeting at least until after the invocation of any Jewish, Christian or other god is completed, and take no part in any public ceremony where these shadowy beings on their shadowy thrones are called upon to "bless," as it is termed, the undertaking, which man has conceived and only man can carry to completion.

3d. Show yourselves, O men and women of free and enlightened minds, upon all occasions proud of your contempt for the Superstitions of Jewish and Christian mythologies, and smile with deepest scorn at the cry of the latter-day silversmiths of Ephesus.

4th. Never outrage a friend's or neighbor's feelings by attacking his belief in these Superstitions. It is often a matter of inheritance, of temperament or inborn



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love of the monstrous and miraculous; but should you yourself be attackt, strike back with all your strength, dwell upon the long ages of mental servitude that the human mind has suffered under the lash of the sacerdot; pour out your abhorrence of these filthy records of man's spiritual degradation and spare the miracle-mongers not.

5th. Refuse to touch with hand or lips any book of so-called holy writ, or to lift your hand to the clouds; or to call upon the name of any god. The laws of our Republic will protect you in so doing.

6th. Ask and strive for the abolition of all oaths and appeals to gods to keep your testimony free from perjury and to punish you in the world to come if you swear falsely.

7th. Organize societies for the "Suppression of Superstition," even though only two or three members agree to give some thought and labor in the good cause, particularly in organizing kindred societies off-hand and orally, wherever a member may find himself or herself in company congenial to the work.

8th. Whenever an opportunity offers, advocate amendments to the fundamental law prohibiting presidents and governors from official recognition of any event or events in Jewish or Christian mythology, or the suspension of the sittings of any Congress, Legislature, Court or public body in deference to, or honor of, any such event, and forbidding the enactment of any statute for the punishment of so-called blasphemy, and the use of any public street or highway by any religious procession or parade in honor of any god,



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demi-god or person of any theocorp, or in excusing church property from taxation.

9th. Speak, write and agitate in public and private against the outrageously unconstitutional action of our Government in appointing so-called chaplains, or in receiving or holding any official intercourse with any individual, delegation, class, body corporate or otherwise representing any so-called religious faith and prohibiting any executive officer, National or State, from being present at, or in any way acknowledging the existence of, any function having for its object the worship of any god, gods or supernatural being excepting the particular system of theology to which he may individually belong.

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The ancient and ever-ready objection to the abolition of a system of gods, no matter how crassly superstitious or highly productive of hypocrisy it may be, is the query: Well, what do you propose to put into its place? Man is, so they affirm, naturally religious, or, if you will, superstitious; take away his god or gods and he will run riot in crime and wrong-doing.

This is a terrible charge to make against Humanity and as false as the existence of hell itself. All gods are alike, be they Egyptian, Hindoo, Babylonian, Jewish, Grecian, Christian, Mohammedan or Mormon, mere masks for Man to play his fantastic tricks of cruelty, duplicity, extortion, and oppression behind. Good men, just and true, need no gods. Make man respect himself and at one fell swoop you do away with the necessity of gods, heaven and hell, together with the



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thousand and one usual camp-followers — angels, arch-angels, two-winged or six-winged, devils, demons, goblins, ghosts.

The fact, further, that many of the rarest, sweetest, fairest (in both senses), kindest, noblest human beings that have loved their kind and given their lives to succor, help, lift up, ennoble and benefit the race have been unbelievers, so-called, gives the lie to this villainous slander.

But I accept the challenge, and in my next section I set forth a New Cult, of course in merest outline and most brief, as must be such a mere offhand sketch of a great scheme, and I approach the task, be assured, modestly and reverently, not with shoes off in kneeling posture and ash-covered head, but upright and confident as a man who walks forth after a storm, to lift up the prostrated trees in his neighbor's orchard, to plant new ones and to clear away the ruins and rubbish that the winds and rain have swept in upon his land; and above all, to tear up by the roots, all bushes and vines that have been there so long as to lead him to imagine they were really a necessary part of the whole.

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Be thou tolerant for thine opponent's sake,
Be thou temperate for thy body's sake,
Be thou obedient for thy parents' sake,
Be thou studious for thy mind's sake,
Be thou provident for thy home's sake,
Be thou brave for thy Country's sake,
Be thou merciful for thy beast's sake,
Be thou patient for thine enemy's sake,
Be thou wise for thy children's sake,
Be thou loving for thy wife's sake,
Be thou all these for thine own sake.



SECTION SECOND

THE CULT OF THE IMMORTAL HUMAN

TAKE man out of the world and in a short time there would be nothing left but beast and stubble; and all the gods that have for so many ages inhabited the insubstantial mansions of the ever shifting and unstable clouds would ride out of existence on his last breath. Nay, the simile is inapt: there would be no such death struggle; they would pass out of existence like the soap-bubble of rainbow hue burst by the breeze of the mischievous boy's blowing. What would be left of them would not be more substantial than the fabric of the forgotten dream the morning after.

But not so with the world itself, for take man out of it and its most luscious and fairest-checked fruits would revert to their poisonous and acrid originals; the lovely hundred-petaled rose would shrink to a button; the green and velvety meadow would forget its quiet beauty; the faithful dog, beautiful in eye and limb, would go back to the rocky kennel of wolf and jackal; the lithe-limbed horse, the soft-eyed heifer, the iris-necked pigeon, the thick-fleeced sheep would fade away to the rude types from which man lifted them. The noble grains would shrink to infinitesimal size, the succulent vegetables dwindle to fibrous knobs, the luscious



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But not so with the world itself, for take man out of it and its most luscious and fairest-cheeked fruits would revert to their poisonous and acrid originals; the lovely hundred-petaled rose would shrink to a button; the green and velvety meadow would forget its quiet beauty; the faithful dog, beautiful in eye and limb, would go back to the rocky kennel of wolf and jackal; the lithe-limbed horse, the soft-eyed heifer, the iris-necked pigeon, the thick-fleeced sheep would fade away to the rude types from which man lifted them. The noble grains would shrink to infinitesimal size, the succulent vegetables dwindle to fibrous knobs, the luscious



berries part with their pulpy richness. Man, man who had found a desert and a moor would leave it clad in the beauty of an indescribable verdure, and as the song-birds found themselves deprived of orchard, meadow, grain-field, park and pleasance, they would lose their gift of song in the struggle for life. To take man out of the world therefore would be to rob it of its true god, for it is the Human that is immortal, it is mind, thought, consciousness, soul that persists, rising ever higher and higher. Gods go down to their twilight and night, their temples fall to ruin, their altars crumble, their sacred writings on tablets of hardened clay lie in neglected heaps, but Man the Immortal Human knows no death. Turned from one path he treads another; pyramids are but mile-stones in his course. Ever rising in power and dignity the human mind bursts from the chrysalis of one age to spread its wings in another. 'Tis he that is immortal, for 'tis he that is the supremest manifestation of Nature's eternal development of lower forms into higher. For ages upon ages, he himself has been Time, the gods the mere sun-dials; he himself the glorious dawn, all the "gospels" but the mere crow of the chanticleer; but the lying dial can no longer keep up the deception that it measures off its own material, nor the silly cock persuade the world that the dawn comes at its call.

* * * * *

This "sure and firm-set earth" is but trembling quagmire and unstable sand compared to human consciousness. The earth may be there or not, we have but the proof of our senses; but our consciousness is abso-



lutely real; real, the only proof of our existence, and is so immeasurably above all other forces of Nature that when compared to it it may be said of them as Hamlet said of this "majestical roof fretted with golden fire": it seems to be but a "pestilent congregation of vapors." Worlds may drop from their orbit and be vaporized by the nearest sun; but my consciousness shall never forget the finding of a pin on a certain day.

It is needless here for me to dwell upon the fact that in all ages the great thinkers, philosophers and investigators apprehended — and that of course without the slightest help or prompting from anything like scientific investigation as known to and understood by us — that there was something immortal inherent in the nature of man. Their conclusions were but guesses, but man at times is absolutely caught up by the Immortal Human and lifted for an instant to a higher potentiality of thought.

But we are no longer dependent upon these "guesses," glorious as they were; we have now the absolute truth as obtained after long, patient and actual study of Nature herself. From her very first crude experiments in modes of motion, there has been a steady progression towards higher forms until the Immortal Human crowns the sublime edifice of Nature's uprearing, and so wonderfully complex and highly evolved has become the human mind that it is no longer bound by the ordinary laws of Nature, but rises in its eternal persistence to a self-existence, to an entity quite apart and freed from all the conditions of matter, self-recording, self-preserving, self-controlling, endowed with ret-



respect and prospect, memory, will, consciousness. This is *la fine fleur* of Nature's growing, and its perfume is love, pity, sympathy, kindness, and that even balance we call justice.

True, this "eternally persistent" is but a highly-evolved force of Nature, and it is wrapt for a time in the cerement of lightly solvable and disintegrating matter; but that brief space of time is but its "Wanderjahre," its apprenticeship during which it may, if it strive, take on new beauty, new grace, new aspirations, in its ascent to a still higher plane of existence.

All human love lies but in remembrance, and if this "Soul" can carry *that* with it when its earthly envelope bursts and sets it free, *then all is well!*

As an eloquent English writer has put it: So long as we can be certain that our actions and thoughts in this life will help to determine our conditions and our relations to those we love, in the next, we can afford to smile at death.

The scientific fact of the eternal persistence of consciousness is the simple concept that lies at the base of the New Cult. It is as free from all Superstition as the pure air of the garden is from the miasmata of the swamp. It will not, can not shock the most sensitive mind that bristles in anger and disgust at the mere mention of schemes of "salvation" through the agency of gods, angels, etc., and, while it is natural, it is highly poetic in that the soul is not turned loose in some immeasurable corner of space where the millions of millions of departed souls have congregated; but like the subtle currents caught up by those *antennæ* only to

which they are attuned in perfect harmony, the Immortal Human will be attracted to those he loved on earth, by whom he is expected and whom he longs to be with, and this thought will buoy him up through life and influence him powerfully so to live as not to mar, spot or stain the immortal part of him.

* * * * *

The sentimental injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself" has piled up more hypocrisy in this world than can well be measured. Love is not the creature of an outside will, nor is it, like beauty, "its own excuse for being." It may seem capricious or illogical, but its foundations are firm-set if we but knew it.

Besides, it is a non-circulating medium, and poor coin wherewith to pay a debt to a neighbor. It may flatter the giver's vanity and he may think that he has parted with something; but it was only a sop to selfishness. The New Cult's bed-rock principle is

HELP ONE ANOTHER

Sympathy for, and interest in, are the very parents of affection for a fellow being. It is waste of time and money to preach a gospel to those who are already persuaded. This is the "very ecstasy" of selfishness, the apotheosis of self. Jesus laid down the principle that it is "lawful for any one to do what he will with his own." This most vicious principle has put the world where it is to-day.

To this the New Cult says: No, a thousand times no! We cannot draw a breath without robbing some one of air; we can not gnaw a crust without making



some one go hungry. The submerged quarter, or third, will stay under until the world comes to its senses.

The New Cult abhors idleness; no one must eat his morsel unless he earns it. No man must cover his back with another's cloak, but any man needing a cloak must have it upon executing a promise in writing that he will pay for it when he earns a wage.

In the New Cult, there will be no ravens to feed any one. Help one another means: You help me and I will help you, and if you are too old or too infirm to help, we will help you anyway. Now that you will not be called upon to eat less to please a god, you may do so in order to have some to spare for a needy neighbor.

The sacerdote exaggerates human sorrow as the quack does the inflammation, that he may seem to effect a greater cure.

The man who doesn't respect himself regards his soul as a burden to carry without receiving any wage for his labor. Feeding the soul on Superstition is like hiring a child to be good by gifts of sweets. The only excuse for thinking of oneself is to think how you may make yourself more useful to your fellow creatures. Helping one another begets interest, interest sympathy, sympathy love.

* * * * *

The New Cult I call "Cult of the Immortal Human," and it is based upon the now scientifically proven fact that man is the crowning work of Nature, gaining every year in power of intelligence and insight into his own nature and its demands, that the old fable of his having once been a god and now some sort of a "fallen angel"



has worked incalculable harm to the race and should be extirpated, root and branch, and that all celestial regions, with the gods and theocorps inhabiting them that have been supposed to exist in past ages and are now kept alive in certain modified forms by the sacerdotes, were and are the creations of his imagination, and that the present system of gods is the most harmful that the world has ever seen, in that man's reason and intelligence have in their unfolding outrun the power of the sacerdot to keep up the deception, and the consequence is that in tens of thousands of cases man, for policy's sake or from a morbid disposition to suffer ancient wrongs inherited from his forebears rather than struggle for their abolition, continues to bow down before gods he does not believe in and to listen to the recital of fables from ancient mythologies which in his heart he despises.

The New Cult has no gods, no heavens, no hells, no purgatories, no angels double-winged or sextuple-winged, no churches, no altars, no priests in embroidered copes, no ministers in gowns, no parsons in black coats, no bible, no prayer-book, no dogmas. It appeals to man's reason and not to his Superstition, to his self-respect and not to respect for shadowy gods on shadowy thrones. It says to him: *Be thine own priest, and the Immortal Human within thee thine only god.*

The followers of the New Cult will take the name of "Humanists," "Cultists" or "Psychists," and be organized into corporate bodies of companions under the title of "Cult of the Immortal Human: Circle of —," with a prescribed number of Guardians, one-half women, one-half men.



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One Admonitor and one or more assistant Admonitors will preside at all functions. The home or meeting-place of each Circle will be entitled:

HUMANITY HOUSE

Briefly stated the House will be divided as follows, upper and lower parts, the upper being entitled: Hall of Light, with the motto: Who enters here must leave Self behind.

Humanity House will be: Dedicated to the Elevation and Ennoblement of the Immortal Human.

Hall of Light will be primarily reserved for the weekly Services of Admonition and for the more serious gatherings of the society; but the seats will be movable, so that it may at any time be used for social and intellectual entertainments by the Companions of the Circle.

The lower part of the House will be divided into Peoples' Parlor, Circle Store-room, Baths, Offices, etc.

Peoples' Parlor will serve as Reading Room, Club Room, and Supper Room.

Circle Store-Room, a place for storage of all clothing, furniture, dried grains, canned foods, etc., that may become the property of the Circle by gift or otherwise, for sale to or free distribution among needy Companions by the Store-keeper under direction of guardians.

Personal cleanliness being one of the obligations of the Cult, the baths will be, under proper restrictions, for the use of Companions without them in their homes.

A completely equipt Humanity House will have under its direction a garden, coal and wood yard, laundry,

bureau of health under charge of physician, kitchen, etc., etc. Needy Companions must render services upon the Properties of the House before or after receiving assistance. Every department must be self-supporting. No salaries, as such, will be paid to any one.

The great and underlying principle of the Cult will be to reach the Soul through its mortal envelope. It is worse than folly to attempt to lift up a human being morally and spiritually while he is ill fed, ill clad, ill housed, weakened by intemperance, wasted by disease, or discouraged and embittered by some real or imagined wrong suffered at the hands of his fellow men.

The first thing to do is to convince him that you are interested in his welfare. The purpose of the New Cult is to apply the energy and money for so many ages wasted in the adoration of the shadowy gods on their shadowy thrones to the mental, physical and spiritual betterment of Humanity.

Each Circle stands by itself and gives its entire service to its own community. This is the only way to achieve any real and substantial success in any department of human endeavor.

The visionary scheme of Christianity to convert the whole world has hammered its love out so thin as to make it the jibe and sneer of every thinking man.

Some of the leading principles of the New Cult are:

1. Absolute equality of the sexes in every walk of life.
2. Minors above 14 to have equal voice with adults.
3. Plain life to be encouraged.
4. Physical cleanliness obligatory.



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5. Vegetarianism advocated.
6. Public Schools honored by a Laurel Day.
7. Patriotism: a lofty Virtue in the Cult.
8. Children's Chorus at weekly service. Special Fests for Children.
9. One great object: To bring the well-to-do and the poor together so that they may learn to help one another.
10. Lifting up, purifying and ennobling the Immortal Soul of Humanity.
11. Lavations: or making clean the body to engender self-respect, for it is a principle of the New Cult that the first step to moral cleanliness is bodily cleanliness.
12. The word used by one member in addressing another is "Companion," male or female. The New Cult regards us as "Companions" on the same journey, some with fuller knapsacks than the others, but those with the leaner knapsacks having very possibly fuller hearts and stronger muscles. Companions are we anyway.

MARKED DAYS IN THE CALENDAR OF THE
NEW CULT

May 1. Grand Memorial Fest and Spread (Fruit, bread and water) to celebrate the breaking away from the bonds of Superstition. Talk-fest after meal.

May 30. Pilgrimage to the Graves.

June 15. Laurel-day: Crowning of best scholars in public schools.



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July 4. Solemn service in honor of Liberty and the Rights of Man.

August 1. Little Mothers' Day in honor of the elder children who help to rear the family.

Sept. 1. Mothers' and Fathers' Day. Fest and Spread prepared by the Children.

Last Week of Year: Fest of the snow-capt Evergreen (Emblem of Purity and Faithfulness), Fest of Gifts and Texts.

Last Night of the Year: Thank-fest for Escape from hells, devils and demons. Songs and choruses, etc.

Every Sunday: Service of Admonition.

Every Day: Peoples' Parlor.

SPECIAL " MARKED - DAYS "

Mid-Year, June 30. Prospect and Retrospect.

Mid-Summer, Souls' Day. Fest of the Butterflies (for the Children).

October 30. Solemn Contemplation of the Higher Life.

November. Report Day of Humanity House in all its departments.

One side of the New Cult is Interest in and Devotion to Local Government by the People and not by political managers. The teachings of the New Cult will be to the effect that Local Self-government is absolutely necessary to the pursuit of happiness by the human race.

The Grand Seal of the New Cult will be a Triangle, on the left side of which shall stand the words: Humanity House, on the right: School-House, at the base:



INGERSOLL
LOCKWOOD

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Town-Hall, that is: MAN — ENLIGHTENMENT — LOCAL GOVERNMENT. The common emblem of the New Cult will be a butterfly with flat extended wings, as typical of the Soul.

Such, briefly outlined, is the Cult of the Immortal Human. While pointing to a higher plane of existence, it never for a moment forgets the importance of the earthly apprenticeship. Beautiful deeds and beautiful thoughts can enhance the beauty of the Immortal Human. Interest in the individual's welfare on earth will touch his soul when all else fails: but it must be an intelligent, unaffected interest, not a mere sentimental sympathy. The New Cult says: I'm your companion in this journey through life; the mere fact that I am the richer doesn't change the relationship; the road is often steep and hard, let us help one another along. If I limp, let me lean on your shoulder; if your food gives out, fall back on mine. I'll help you in the cold, you help me in the heat. If I faint, hurry to the brook for cool water; if your shoes wear through, take my extra pair. If I die, bury me; it will leave so much more for you. It never was mine in reality, but I will call it so in order to get you to accept it.

Forward, Companions! we're almost at the end anyway.



SECTION THIRD

POEMS OF THE CULT OF THE IMMORTAL HUMAN

NOTE: — These poems, if such they may be called, are given here for the purpose of showing how lightly and easily the poetic fancy is turned to the New Cult. I feel only too keenly that they are but a feeble glow to light the way towards an entirely new path. Mayhap, other hands will add oil to the lamp and pick up the wick. However, of one thing be assured, they are honest of purpose and good of intent.

INGERSOLL LOCKWOOD.

FATHER'S PARTING ADVICE TO HIS SON

In heart's best soil, this parting counsel sow,
And gauge my love in that I let thee go:
Who hath not bent the bow, knows not its force.
Go forth, my son, and test thine own resource,
This life's a place where everyone should work
Lest some do double stent for those who shirk.
No one should empty a purse he hath not filled
Nor use a shelter that he could not build.
End well the day that thou hast well begun,
Then only, mayst thou count thy task well done.
Weigh well thy words and better still thy deeds,
For words have wings but deeds drop fruitful seeds.
Deceive no man, e'en in a jest uncouth,
For jest may easy wear the garb of truth,
Be good to those who're good to thee; th' intent



INGERSOLL
LOCKWOOD

Is oft far richer than the gift that's sent.
 Good actions with self interest imbued
 Deserve but simulated gratitude.
 Be gentle, just and firm. Avoid all strife,
 Except to save thine honor or thy life.
 Till danger bids thee strike, withhold thy blow,
 Then knot thy sinews and spare not thy foe.
 Be manly, open, brave, but lightly make
 No quarrel thine for exhibition's sake;
 Nor generosity display for looks,
 Like scanty scholarship walled in by books.
 Be tolerant and secretive in things
 Wherein disclosure needless suff'ring brings.
 Despise no man whose eyes with evil gleam
 For men are often better than they seem.
 Turn oft thine eyes and reverently scan
 Where Freedom graved the sacred Rights of Man,
 And wear those lines around thy heart entwined
 So despot's rule stay hateful to thy mind.
 Though prizing woman's love, shun sudden flame
 That oft begins in bliss and ends in shame.
 Sleep on thy fancied wrongs, for sleep's a toll
 To ope the door of health and make thee whole.
 Weep if thou wilt to moisten new resolve
 But know 'tis sunshine makes the earth revolve.
 Eat as thou earn'st with appetite unwooed
 By spiced drink or highly-seasoned food.
 Wine, though it surely be the old man's crutch,
 Is th' young one's stilts; 'twere better not to touch.
 Love thou the night, best fitted 'tis for thought,
 And waste it not in pleasure dearly bought.
 Gaze on that faithful star that marks the north
 When unto serious things thou goest forth.
 Loathe Superstition, boy, in all its shapes,
 For every heaven has a hell that gapes
 And every god sets scores of demons up
 To tempt us with some passion-sweetened cup,
 Or turn our thoughts from righteousness away



So that his priests may turn them back for pay.
 In deep abhorrence hold the hand inclined
 To lay a gyve upon the human mind.
 Our Country's soil's too pure, as thou hast read,
 For sandaled monk or tonsured priest to tread.
 Pay thou no heed to vision, sign or dream
 — Foul scum of Superstition's deadly stream.
 Offend no person's thoughts, but hold aloof
 Where human knees are flexed 'neath gilded roof.
 Self's apotheosis! whose clam'rous prayer
 Vibrates and dies upon the liquid air.
 So fare thee well! and in thy pleasures' quest
 Mar not the Immortal Human in thy breast.
 Thus shalt thou bring me, in the Higher Life
 The soul I gave, unstained by mortal strife.
 Now, to thy Mother who doth wait above
 To set sweet seal upon this page of love!

SELF - ADMONITION; OR,
 THE HUMANIST'S REPLY TO THE THREATS OF DEATH

What's death to me, Child of th' Immortal Light,
 To whose bright, glorious day there comes no night?
 The gathered strength of ages quickening me
 Imparts the secret of eternity.
 I need no help to tread the higher way,
 I count the stars and measure worlds' decay,
 The gods go down — that dim and shadowy race —
 I set up others in their vacant place.
 Not more than sunlight dreads the gath'ring cloud
 Do I death's name, be't spoken e'er so loud.
 The tender flower that at his touch doth die
 First sheds its fragrant soul without a sigh.
 Though flashing sickle slay with lightning speed
 It cannot stay the dropping of the seed.
 Of Superstition's brood, the dreaded chief,
 His threats are empty and his stroke relief.



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Th' Immortal Human, Reason's source and stream
Doth turn to vapor Superstition's dream.

* * * * *

Then let not sacred oil nor sacrament
Unto my peaceful couch in haste be sent,
Nor muttering priest, nor whining parson's prayer
To call winged creatures from the empty air,
Nor Superstition summoning her god
To mar my joyful shedding of the clod.
Not e'en an obolus for Charon's toll!
My other and immortal self, my soul,
Smile thou at death, him of the joyless mien,
And go thy way, set free, sustained, serene.
My loved ones watched wherever I did roam,
Mine be the wanderer's joy at coming home.

THERE IS A KINGDOM WHOSE NAME IS LOVE

I

There is a Kingdom and its name is Love
In a land that's ever near,
And a soul dwells there of a maiden fair
Whom I hold most passing dear.

II

That Kingdom is filled with a wonderful light,
Yet not from its palace or throne,
But only from glow of that beautiful soul
That dwells in that Kingdom alone.

III

For she is that Kingdom whose name is Love,
That Kingdom herself alone,
And some fair day with love for a crown
I'll come to that empty throne.



THE SACERDOTE'S FAREWELL TO HIS GODS

Fade, fade, ye shadowy beings whom I crowned
 As Kings of all, that I might consecrate
 My right to earthly power. Go down in night!
 For man at last hath waked to scent the truth.
 Fantastic children of the human brain,
 Your reign is ended. Lo! I stand uncloaked
 And stript of power, your altar overturned,
 Its last meat off'ring smoking in the dust.
 And like the Roman chief, Humanity
 Hath drawn your sacred curtains but to find
 No sign or trace of you. Poor wretch am I,
 Who have base ignorance to my profit coined.
 Lo! here I laugh ye all to scorn! Where are
 Your miracles, your wonders, signs, descents
 To earth, your awesome words: Thus saith the Lord,
 The thund'rous rattle of your chariot wheels
 And angry flashings of your eyes, while th' earth
 Doth, as your footstool rock beneath your ire?
 I part reluctant with the wingèd horde
 I set to guard your throne. The people loved
 Them so, and when upon the despot's head
 I poured the sacred ointment out, 'twas but
 The price of a few poor pence to set a white
 Dove free, thus sanctify the mailèd fist
 He laid upon the people. Ah! it was
 So easy too, to stand behind the throne,
 Your curses lightly balanced in my hand!
 Ah! 'twas too grand and glorious to last!
 And yet, content I cannot be! What's left
 But curses of the plainest sort, no force
 Of thunder-bolt behind? Still, let me curse
 Them one and all, e'en from Prometheus
 Of old with fateful reed, and John of Mainz
 With devil's pitch and Luther's dire revolt
 Down to Columbia's hateful creed of mind's



Enfranchisement! E'en gods must bow to fate.
 Ye shadowy monarchs on your shadowy thrones,
 'Twas sweet, that double tribute in your name —
 I held both keys — to heaven's entrance door
 And to purgation's exit. Now, behold
 Me shorn, not like the Nazarite with strength
 To grow again; but shorn forevermore!
 Unless, ah, foolish dream, dense ignorance
 And Superstition walk the earth again.
 Then, then, dear gods, I'll call ye back to life
 And let my deepest cunning fashion forth
 New creeds, new rites, new forms, new sacraments.

CALIPSYCOPSIS; OR,
 IN PRESENCE OF A BEAUTIFUL SOUL

Entranced, enthralled, I sit and gaze, beloved, upon
 That soft and mellow light that doth from out thine eyes
 Look forth, like morn's first timid ray or twilight's last.
 Mysterious glow! Speak not lest thou do fright it 'way.
 'Tis music sleeping! O, touch not the string. The tone
 Might be less beautiful. Stir not for fear it go.
 Yet looks it out at me. 'Tis deeper, softer e'en
 And takes new beauty as I gaze. There is no word
 To tell how tender and how sweet it is! Sh! there,
 It fluttered then and 'most went out. Now glows again
 So faintly. O, so faintly, yet it stays and takes
 New color on, deep purple-like; and now methinks
 I note in th' air a fragrance, nameless as 'tis faint —
 Like breath of maid who feeds upon the flowers she plucks.
 Nay, close them not, beloved, still let me feel that light
 That comes again, so full, so soft, so strong as if
 It came from love's wide-opened eyes that peered within
 A darkened room in search of missing mate. It is
 The ray that knows nor mete nor bound. Thou weep'st,
 beloved,

And through that mist, it faintly glows like morning light
 Caught in the tear-drops of the night. 'Tis gone! Nay, yet

It lingers in thy smile. Sweet afterglow! Smile on,
Beloved, it lends a beauty to thy face, so pure,
So sweet, thou seem'st like marble sculpt, white, wintry rays
Adrift through rosy-tinted pane, illuming thee!
Was that thy voice? O speak my name once more, once
more,

A music new and strange lends sweetness to thy tones,
Once more — my name, nay, let me watch thy lips, beloved!
Ah, now 'tis gone! 'Th' Immortal Human stirred within
Thee and the folded petals vexed the bud. Ah, say
Not so! Thou art still beautiful, beloved! How could
A soul like thine, though masked in dullest argil, walk
Unseen, unfelt and unsuspected forth? The dull
And thoughtless throng, intent on self, might pass it by,
E'en bide with it and feel its higher nature not.
But love would soon unkennel it, for mortal love
Can set its impress on th' Immortal Human, lift
It up, wipe from its tenuous garb both spot and stain,
Cleanse it from earth's infection, strengthen, beautify,
Ennoble it, until in nature's own good time
Unfolding in progression infinite, eterne,
This life and its inheritance fades from the plates
Of memory as hath existence precedent.

TO THE GRAND AND NOBLE SOUL OF MY
BROTHER HENRY CLAY LOCKWOOD¹

Thou art not gone. Let filmèd vision so
Proclaim, yet Love will not believe, for Love
Lynx eyed can see as deep as Faith; for Faith
Is Love although it bear another name.
Thou art not gone. Let dullard sense so will't,
Yet Love's keen ear doth catch thy voice, not stilled
To it; but mellowed in a minor key.

¹ I once heard him reprove a Jew for using the oath: By Jesus Christ! All so-called "revealed religions" were less than nothing to him, but so grandly just was he in his judgments that he could not stand by and hear the name of one who as a "god" was but a shadowy being to his mind, unjustly used.



Thou art not gone. Despair's cold touch may seek
 In vain, where Love's warm hand finds quickly out.
 Thou art not gone. Like baffled hound, distrust
 Turns from the chase; but with unerring scent,
 Fed on herself, Love follows on the trail.
 Thou art not gone. Doubt sips her own black brew,
 Self-poisoned by the cunning of her art,
 But Love, true Love lifts up Hope's magic cup
 That never empties out while her sweet lips
 Rest on its crystal brim. Thou art not gone.

SIT ANIMA TUA CUM MEA. SIT ANIMA MEA
 CUM TUA

Thou com'st like a beautiful thought
 To the skilfully-fashioning mind,
 Ah, could I but see how thou'rt wrought
 E'en a glimmer of light to the blind.

Could thine eyes gain a mellower glow,
 Could thy hands learn a tenderer clasp
 Than the gleam of the long, long ago,
 Than the touch of that dear, welcome grasp?

There's a chord that comes muted and faint
 And tremblingly falls on mine ear.
 Ah! Would I could catch its sweet plaint —
 Thou seem'st to be passing so near.

Ah, how can the word-painter's arts
 Senses of mortal man teach
 The flavor that sunlight imparts
 To the juice of the down-covered peach?

And how can a rose in full blow
 Shut in a crystal clear bowl
 Teach the beholder to know
 The exquisite scent of its soul?



Sit Anima tua cum mea,
 As close as th' Immortal may bide,
Sit Anima mea cum tua
 When I've passed o'er the Great Divide!

"TOO HONEST TO PRAY"

A radical friend of mine, in a moment of mental depression being urged to embrace Christianity and give himself over to prayer, replied: "Impossible — I am too honest to pray!"

(Written in my youth)

Too honest to kneel before altar or throne
 And look for a harvest where nothing is sown;
 Too honest to call himself vile and abject
 When Nature says: "Thou art god — stand up erect!"
 Too honest to close his eyes, making day night,
 Since error is darkness and truth alone light;
 Too honest to ask for a heavenly cure
 For ills that humanity loves to endure;
 Too honest to ask for a crust or a cup,
 While rain cometh down and grain cometh up;
 Too honest to pray that eternal decrees
 Be changed as a creature of moments may please;
 Too honest to call for a balm from above,
 While earth is all budding and blooming with love;
 Too honest to dream of a life of pure bliss,
 While workers and helpers are needed in this;
 Too honest and brave in the battle of life
 To falter while thousands are breasting the strife;
 Too honest to think of an armor of prayer,
 While bravest of bosoms go naked and bare;
 Too honest to reach for a crown, e'en in thought,
 While brows that are noblest of laurels have naught;
 Too honest to rob mother-earth of a tear,
 While human hearts bend o'er the pall and the bier;
 Too honest to long for a realm of the blest,



80 POEMS OF THE IMMORTAL HUMAN

While hope is alive in humanity's breast;
Too honest to cry for a savior to save,
While brothers go down 'neath the tide and the wave;
Too honest to cringe 'neath the lash of the priest,
Too human to tremble like fear-stricken beast!
Then give your brave answer whenever you can,
For more faith in god meaneth less faith in man.

THOUGHTS. LOOKS. DEEDS

Note: The very Life and Light of the New Cult is:
Help one another.

Kind thoughts are good, they lift thine own soul up,
But pour no milk within the poor man's cup;
Kind looks are better, be of love no lack,
But put no coals within the beggar's sack;
Kind deeds are best of all, the soul's delight!
All th' others may do well, but these do right.

O, EVERGREEN! DEAR EVERGREEN!

Air: "O, Tannenbaum" (Old German Song)

For the children's use during the "Year's End Fest" —
last week of December.

Note: It seems proper to continue the ancient Saxon
custom of setting up a fir tree. The New Cult however
makes no use of candles. The boughs of the tree are
whitened to simulate snow, tree and snow being emblems
of Faithfulness and Purity.

I

O Evergreen, dear, faithful tree,
The birds return with joy to thee.
Thy tents of green in fields of white,
Await them in their earliest flight.



REFRAIN

O, Evergreen, dear Evergreen,
More faithful boughs were never seen,
When wintry winds their harvest glean
Thou still art faithful Evergreen.

II

The rain may beat the tow'ring oak
And strip it of its leafy cloak,
Or lay the mighty forest bare
And sweep its foliage through the air.

III

When wintry weather darkens sky
Thou sing'st thy sweetest lullaby
And hold'st the snowdrift to thy breast
As mother rocks her babe to rest.

IV

O, may my heart as constant be
As are thy branches, faithful tree,
And may my soul be pure and white
As snow that decks thy boughs to-night.

ADMONITION

(Mother and Child at bedtime)

CHILD

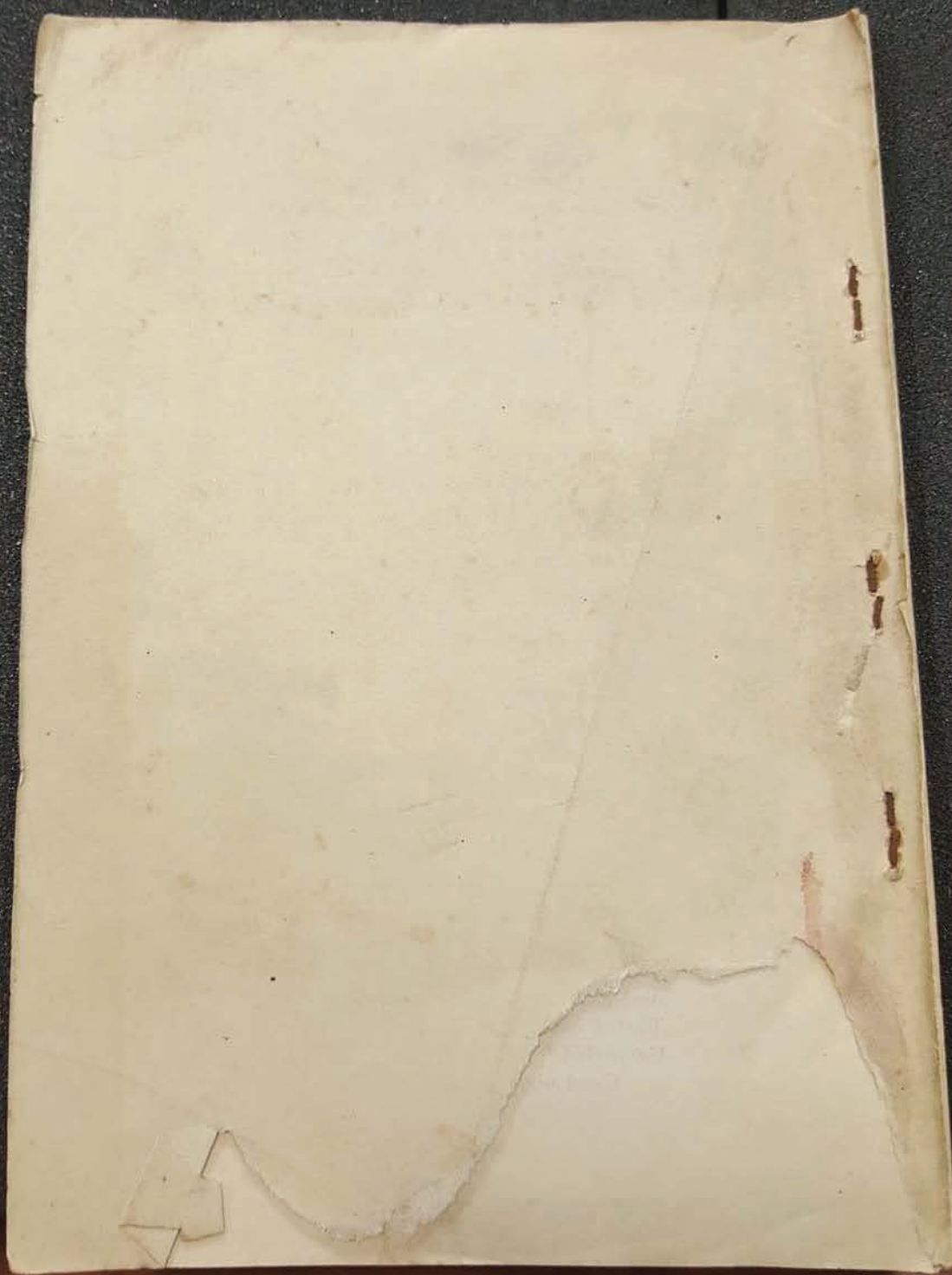
O guard me, mother, through the night
And lead, by day, my steps aright
That I may bring my soul to thee
Unspotted in eternity.
Good night, good night.



MOTHER

Sleep, child of light, I'm ever near;
 O, be not anxious, have no fear;
 I'll guide thy little feet aright
 That thou mayst set no stain or blight
 From mortal pleasures' strong allure
 Upon thy soul now sweet and pure.
 Good night, good night.





INGERSOLL
LOCKWOOD