

ADONIS

From

The Seven Times Seven Postulates

By LEO LORRETT

Proved by --
HISTORY
ARCHEOLOGY
OBSERVATIONS
STORIES
and ALLEGORIES

TRUTH IS THE DAUGHTER OF TIME -- Bacon
THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE -- Jesus

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ADONIS

These Stories and Allegories illuminate many points in the proofs of our propositions. Kindly keep that thought in mind while reading them.

We hold, as we have stated in several of our propositions, that God, having created a perfect man, had the right to say on what condition he should live, and if he did not want to live on that condition to put him out of existence. This truth ought to be clear to all. But it is not, although at the present, it is much more comprehensible. To make this truth apparent to all we are presenting this imaginary creation of man.

At the present there are scientists who are trying to find out what is the principle that animates living sentient beings -- in other words, what is life? Now suppose there appears one day in San Francisco a super scientist who has discovered that secret. He is a fine chemist, biologist and anatomist and he is able to construct, of the elements at his disposal, an ordinary human being, and suppose he has been experimenting and practicing this art secretly for some time -- making human beings, boys and girls of the size of three years. But in about two or three days, sometimes a week, when they begin to talk and ask questions he cuts the current of life and they die. He had to do that secretly as he knew that civilization as it now exists, and especially a class of people called theologians, who insist that every human being has an undying soul, would cause trouble for him. But this time, instead of making a small human baby and letting him grow up (which, of course, he could do) he makes his creature fully developed in body and mind and vastly superior of what the average man is at 33. And now let us suppose this scientist, while secretive to others, is very liberal with his new knowledge to his intimate friends. He permits them, including us, to look at the process of construction and while we are looking on, he explains to us the action of the genes and chromosomes, gemules, protoplasm, etc.; we observe him from the start. He makes first the inward, most intricate machinery, the chemical apparatus which, being fed with fruit, vegetables, milk, meat, etc., is to renew the human engine every so often with new tissues. He tells us that in many instances he follows nature but then again many times he takes short cuts and thus finished the job in about six weeks. We visit him every afternoon for a few hours. And one Saturday we find the intricate chemical machinery all enclosed within a beautiful, symmetrically constructed body. For our convenience he has left the body on a large marble slab in his shop, dressed in a pure white linen suit. It has no life yet. It looks so life-like and to our touch responds exactly like human flesh, that we think it could speak at any moment, but we see no sign of motion. The scientist tells us that this body, as skillfully as it was constructed, yet would soon disintegrate unless some power was imparted to it that makes it animate. So while we are there he puts his hand on the heart of this human machine and it starts to breathe and in a minute or so sits up, listens for a while and then begins to ask questions. As he does so the scientist steps to a shelf where there are numerous delicately constructed apparatus resembling somewhat dictaphones. He touches a button of one of them and it begins to work. Without giving us an explanation for the last move of his he calls us aside a little and tells us that he is getting ready to cut the current of life again of this new creature and put him out of existence. We beg him not to do so, but he replies that he would not be guilty of placing intelligent human beings in this world under the present competitive system of existence. That while there is a small class of people who have enough of the comforts and luxuries of life, and are so thoughtless of others as to be able to enjoy it, the vast majority, rich and poor (if they were as intelligent as this new creature) would prefer to be out of existence -- to demand a more

reasonable social condition. We suggest that he might let this new creature live for at least six weeks in his beautiful home while he gets acquainted with the outside world and then ask him whether he would like to continue and, if so, give him the terms on which he could live, and that meanwhile we would bear the expenses of his upkeep. The scientist consents to our request and after a little chat with our new denizen, we bid them both good-bye. Six weeks later we meet our two friends in the elegant, up-to-date equipped country home of our scientist. And our new citizen seems to be exceedingly glad that he is living, so while he is talking with one of us the scientist calls the rest of us in his private office and says: I hardly know yet what to do. The fellow enjoys life immensely. He has been helping me in the laboratory and is delighted with the work. I have been taking him out every afternoon in the city, sometimes in my own car and then again in buses and electric cars. We have visited all the large stores, factories and theatres. And some evenings we attend scientific lectures at our university. He seems to enjoy that above all. But here I must not miss something very interesting that shows how self-possessed and quick he is. Last Friday night, it was about eleven o'clock, when we returned from the lecture of U. C., as we stepped out of our car two bandits confronted us with guns in our faces and with the usual shout, "Hands up." With one move of his left hand his assailant was flat on his back on the ground and at the same time with his right he gave a jolt to the one confronting me. He piled the one on the other and held both down while I ran in to phone for the police. After the patrol wagon was gone and we leisurely walked in our parlor he asked me: Are these the people I have been reading about in the papers called bandits? I said, yes. Why do they act that way, don't they have any sense? I told him that the reason for their action is not yet definitely known. The theory of some is that these people are not normal, while others contend that our present mode of getting things on which to live is so out of date with present progress that it starts them in that kind of life, and once started they become morbid as to right and wrong and so mean and low motivated as to prefer such a life. I told him that there was some-thing of truth in both theories. But this incident has caused me a good deal of thinking. I have constructed this new fellow so the current of life will flow and animate him as long as he acts absolutely justly (and eats the proper kind of food), but the moment he does injustice or wrong to anyone the current between his heart and brain will snap automatically and he will fall down dead. And now I am at a loss to know how to form the rules of conduct for him. There should be some well-known standard that he would be willing to accept as a condition on which he could be always sure of his life. One of us suggested that the ten commandments would be about as good a rule as could be had and to this the scientist agreed. As we returned to Adonis, (for so the scientist named him) the scientist said, Adonis, of course you know that you have come into existence different than all the rest of us; that I have constructed you and now I wish to give you a more comprehensive understanding just how you are made because I have decided to let you go out in our city and try life freely for yourself. I have constructed you so that the current of life that animates you -- makes you a living sentient being -- will keep on flowing forever as long as you act justly, but the moment you do the least injustice to anyone the current will snap -- disconnect, and you will fall down dead. But father, says Adonis, with surprising calmness, other people are not made that way. You remember the other evening we had quite a tussle to subdue those two hold-ups, and just today I read in the papers that they were sentenced, the one from five to fifteen years in San Quentin and the other, as an habitual criminal, in Folsom for life. The papers are full of just such accounts every day. None of them fall down dead in their evil action and, by the way, I was going to ask you what are those two places mentioned in nearly every edition of our city papers? Well, Adonis, all I can say about those two institutions is that they are a sort of human zoo for characters just like those two fellows, but I must answer your previous question. You asked me

why all other evil doers do not fall down dead. To make this plain to you I must enter a theological field of which I am not well-versed. But in substance it is this.

When God, the Creator of this universe, created our first parents and endowed them with the power to propagate their own specie (as I explained to you the other evening) He placed them in perfect surroundings in a park, somewhat like our Golden Gate park, only a good deal larger. And among the beautiful trees there were a good many fruit trees which supplied all the elements of their bodies. He told our parents that they can live there as long as they were in harmony with Him. And in order that they might know when they were in harmony with Him He gave them a standard. This standard was obedience -- namely, that as long as they did as He told them they were in harmony with Him and their life current would flow forever. But the moment they acted contrary that fact would partially injure the current (not break it suddenly as yours is constructed) and from that moment they would start to decay or, as He told them, dying they would die. Of course, the Creator could have made them so that they would fall down dead at the moment of disobedience (just like you are made) but He had a better plan, that is, He made them so that they would die gradually and thus experience the results of not being in harmony with their Creator. So when one day our first parents did disobey they immediately fell into a sort of stupor, or gradual dying life, and lived that way for nearly a thousand years, or as long as the perfect mechanism of their bodies could survive those imperfect conditions outside that park, from which they were driven out on the day of their disobedience. Meanwhile they propagated and filled this world with imperfect, dying beings just like themselves. And this came about naturally. First, because of the damaged animating power of life that the fathers have been imparting to all their offspring; second, because of the imperfect food and environments. And this has continued with each successive generation for the last six thousand years -- with increased weakness. But because these degraded, but still somewhat intelligent beings, have been brought into this imperfect world without their choice or consent, God the Creator has determined to let each individual live as long as the strength of his bodily mechanism will permit him, and thus have the experience of the only kind of life that is possible now while humanity is not in harmony with God. But later on they all are to be resurrected or reconstructed again and made to live in the same neighborhood where they have lived before, but in perfect social conditions, and then will demand of them perfect obedience just as He did of our first parents. But before doing this God is to demand of those now living to change, or reconstruct the social and economic environments of the world -- while God Himself is to change even some of its climatic and atmospheric conditions so as to make it possible for people, when resurrected, or reconstructed, to do the right and to be good just as easy as to do the wrong and be evil, and then He will demand of them perfect obedience -- to do that which is right. If any then will refuse to be just and in harmony with God such will die again and remain dead forever. The first step in obedience will be that each individual will have to undo the willfully wrong and vicious meanness he has done to his neighbor, to humiliate him-self before the victim of his vicious act and to beg his pardon. The victim will have a certain amount of justly allotted power over his adversary. Those who will humbly submit to such just retributive and corrective discipline will, in time, attain to such perfection that they will be worthy of eternal life. All the incorrigibles will be destroyed -- that is, they will die again, and will be dead forever. But God has made this provision through His Son only for the Adamic stock or the posterity of our first parents, in which you, scientifically constructed by me, are not included. Most of humanity (as we talked that evening) came into this world more or less abnormal and thus some were forced to be evil by environment in the struggle for existence. It is therefore evident that it would be unjust to put them on a trial for life under such unfavorable conditions. But you are made

what, I think, at least normal, and if you had the right kind of environment you could live forever. It is for that reason, Adonis, that as soon as you came to life and was conscious of yourself and I had demonstrated to these, our friends, that I can make a normal human being, that I was going to cut the current that animates you so you would be out of existence again. But these friends persuaded me to let you live for at least six weeks so you could get acquainted with San Francisco, which is about as good a place to make a living as there is anywhere in the world, and then decide for yourself whether you would like to live. So this morning we have come to ask you, as a normal being, would you like to live in an imperfect world such as it is (some of it you have seen and read about in the papers and heard on the radio) but before you make your decision, keep in mind also that up to this time you have had perfect surroundings in our suburban home at Palo Alto. Our fellowship has been mutually sweet and you have had all the comforts of life that a normal man could wish. But now you will have to leave this place and, as I said, although San Francisco is an excellent place to live in, you will find living conditions altogether different from what you have had for these six weeks, and sometimes extremely hard to be just, or unselfish, and the least injustice will snap out your life automatically. Well, father, said Adonis, with still seemingly greater calmness and composure, do you mean that if I acted so brutally as I see in the papers some people are acting, or as those two hold-ups did that night, would I fall down dead? You surely would, Adonis, and for less than that. Any act in which you would take advantage of another man's ignorance and thus get gain for yourself, as is commonly practiced every day and yet not considered wrong, would end your life. According to that I would have a very slim chance to live. So you would, Adonis. That is exactly the reason why I am asking you whether you wish to take the chances. But pardon me, father, suppose I say I will not take the chances, what will you do? I will cut the current that infuses or drives your blood and you will be out of existence. Out of existence, serenely repeated Adonis. Yes, out of existence, you will not know anything, Adonis. Well, then, father, since I can do no worse than die either now or later on I will take the chances. But I would like to have some rules to go by so that I can be sure that as long as I abide by them I will have life. That is right, Adonis. Here are ten rules, you must always observe. As long as you will do so you will live. The scientist had written the ten commandments on a parchment and read them aloud to Adonis. As he finished Adonis said, I read those rules myself this morning at my devotion in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and I think that a normal man would know of his own accord right from wrong or what should and should not be done, but from your explanation I see now they were given on account of the degrading influence of the virus of sin, aggravated still more by the way people are getting their living -- a normal man under just, normal conditions would not need them. I think they are good and as equitable as could be made. I will subscribe to them. As Adonis was taking the parchment one of us said, pardon us, Adonis, you said a minute ago: "at my devotion." Do you bother yourself with a religion? Not with religious ceremonies such as I saw last Sunday in one of those high-spined buildings called cathedrals. I think such ceremonial stunts and maneuvers as I saw there would be an insult and abomination to an intelligent God. But as I look into the skies at evening and meditate on the multitude and beauty of the stars and the vastness of the universe (as father told me) and as I think that all that has been brought into existence by that great Supreme Being called God, who has been so magnanimous, so benevolent as to create intelligent human beings (as ourselves) deserves an intelligent adoration. It is natural for me to think of Him and adore Him. At this, Adonis took the parchment, signed it, and rolled it up. We chatted for quite a while and bade him Godspeed. As we parted each of us slipped a twenty dollar gold piece in his coat pocket. We saw he was well-dressed and were glad to see a normal being start out.

It was about seven months after, that one afternoon as our five friends assembled at their usual resort in Golden Gate Park, and had just seated themselves when one of them drew two clippings of a San Diego paper from his pocket and said: Before we start some new topic, I wish you would listen to this and tell me what you think about it. The rest of us nodded our consent and he read: A handsome young man about 33, exactly six feet and weighing about 175 pounds, looking like a perfect specimen of humanity, was found dead at the rear end of a baker's delivery truck. Apparently he had taken a loaf of raisin bread from the truck when his heart failed him. The doctors say that he is marvelously built and except for a little emaciation, caused by not having eaten anything for two days or more, they could find no cause for such a collapse -- but that perhaps his conscience was so tender that the thought of stealing even a loaf of bread to appease his hunger paralyzed his heart. It seems really too bad that such a specimen of humanity should die for such a trifling offense while thousands of thieves, highway robbers, hold-ups and murderers keep going on apparently with no providential interference. At the inquest the truck driver said, as I was stopping at a cafeteria to take in a basket of bread, the fellow begged me for a loaf. He said that he had not eaten anything for two days. I told him that the bread was not mine and that I had to give an account for every loaf, and there were so many begging for bread now that I could not afford to do it. I was busy and ran in with the bread. When I returned I found him dead at the rear end of my truck with a raisin loaf in his hands. As the loaf wasn't yet unwrapped, I took it up and threw it back in the truck. I thought the man had just fainted, so I called the police. We waited until the patrol car arrived that took him to the Emergency Hospital. That is all I know about him.

And here is another clipping. The hospital authorities have delivered the body of the young man found dead (after taking a loaf of bread from a baker's truck) to the crematory as that was the legal way to dispose of it since no relative had claimed it within the last forty-eight hours. They had found a note in his pocket which read, "Dear father, this is the fourteenth day, I am walking around looking for a job and have found none. My money is all gone and I have not eaten a bite for the last two days. I am so hungry that I dare not look at the food as I pass the windows of the restaurants. I realize now more than ever the truth you told me that under my particular contract, which calls for an absolutely unselfish, just conduct in life, I would have rather a hard time to live. But I am not altogether the only one in such circumstances. Three days ago when I had still a few cents I stopped on a street corner where a bunch of men were talking; some of them said they had not eaten a meal the whole day and did not know where to stop overnight. One of them argued that America, with the machinery productiveness and organizing ability, did not need such a condition and that it was a shame for the people to endure it. Just then one of his listeners showed a star of a secret police and arrested him as a Red and the rest of us were told to disperse and so we did. I wish he had taken me too, I would have had at least a warm room and a meal. I will try for a few days more, but if I be found dead please don't wake me until the Kingdom of God, of which you told me, is in operation. Your affectionate Adonis."

Our friends all agreed that this young man must have been Adonis, so they decided to see the scientist. They found him, as usual, at his work in his laboratory and invited them to come right in - - bade them to take seats at a table, in the center of the large room, and as if anticipating their wishes to ask him a question, he formally opened the conversation with the usual inquiry, "now what is the news, gentlemen?" We think we have rather unpleasant news, said one of them. We have a clipping from a San Diego paper giving the description of a young man who had fallen dead

on a street after taking a loaf of bread from a baker's truck. We think it was Adonis. I know that Adonis is dead. Perhaps some of you noticed that when I imparted the current of life into Adonis I touched a button of a delicate recording machine that has recorded every one of Adonis' words, thoughts and actions. And the other day when, with a deep dong, it stopped running, I knew that Adonis had fallen dead somewhere. I had not heard from him for some time and did not know where he was when he died, but I know that he is dead. I am pleased that you brought me the clipping. I am quite sure that the dead youth was our Adonis. I am very sorry that he did not write for assistance. The last time I gave him fifty dollars I especially requested him to do so, because he said he would leave San Francisco for some other city. The last time he was here we had quite a conversation. He asked me whether I would change his life's current so that he could enter any competitive business -- do what any other human being is doing. Not to have so alert a conscience as to right and wrong and still live. He said he knew, if such was the case, he could get along fine and soon would be a millionaire, as with his active mind he saw many opportunities, but every one involved the principle of selfishness, the very opposite of the summary of all his rules of conduct "Love your neighbor as yourself" and that he even had to destroy several inventions of his because they would give to the manufacturers of them special privileges, leverage, and advantages over other people, and if he forbade that, no manufacturer would have anything to do with them. As we began our conversation I turned on the dicta-phone and here is what we were talking about. At this the scientist turned on the dictaphone and we recognized Adonis' sweet, clear voice as he said: Father, I have come to ask you whether you could and would change the current of my animating power so that I could do what other people are doing and still live. It appears that at the present there are only three classes that are doing well, those that have someone to work for them, those that have steady or independent jobs, and those that take away by fraud or force from the others. The rest of the people are merely existing and as I have no one to work for me and can find no job, and the fifty dollars almost all gone, I would like you to change the current of my life so that I could do what of work. The manager glanced at me and asked me what kind of work I could do. I told him that I could do anything that the rest of his clerks did. So he set me at a desk and handed me a ledger to straighten out certain tangled-up accounts. Two hours later he came to my desk, looked for a little while and told me that I could come back tomorrow at the same desk and continue the same job. At the close of the day as I came out of the office I was met by an elderly man of about fifty-five and a woman about thirty; they both looked exceedingly sad and the woman was drying her tears that trickled down her cheeks. They both stood silent and just looked at me. I said, what is the matter, friends, can I help you? The lady somewhat braced up and said, Brother, you took our job. Yesterday when the manager tried you he found out that you could do as much and better than the two of us so he let us out and thus saved more dividends for the stockholders. We don't blame him. He is a good man -- it was his business to do so in order to hold his reputation as a good manager and by that, of course, his job. Just wait a minute, I told them, so I went back in the office where the manager was, still sitting at his desk. He greeted me with a smile and asked me how I liked my job. I told him, the job is all right, but I will not be here tomorrow and I would like to have my pay for today. That made him so angry that swirling around to face me he lost his balance and would have tipped over if I had not caught him. He looked at me and said, now, here I am, I let two of my best workers go to give you a job and now you quit me cold. Pardon me, sir, I said, I did not know that you would have to let two people out to give me work. That is the very reason why I am quitting; I would not have anyone lose his job on account of me. Now, don't be a fool, Adonis, he said. You are not living in Utopia, or in the millennium yet. I have just as much sympathy for those two people as you have. They were both as good clerks as any I have except

you, but in order to hold my position I must be business-like. When I saw that I could save dividends for our stockholders by employing you it was my duty to do so. Now suppose another came that could do the work of you and two more, I certainly would be obliged to take him. That is the way we are doing business now. The more competent are taking the place of the less competent. We don't think that there is any injustice in that. Well, it may be all right with you, I said, but my conscience would not permit me to do so. Your clerks are outside waiting; shall I tell them to come in as I go out? Well, anybody else is doing. I know my contract reads, that if I ever would indulge in any unjust act the life current that animates me would snap and I would be dead just as those that I see every day taken out to the cemetery. Now if that is really so I want you to change the current. But I must tell you why I am doubting you; I have talked with a good many of the theologians in San Francisco, the most of them have told me that I have an immortal soul, otherwise I could not be as intelligent as I am, and that soul goes on living even if the body is dead and buried or is cremated, but that that soul goes to a better place than this globe is and that nobody could put me out of existence. (Of course they did not know just how I had come into existence, for according to your admonition I have kept that secret.) Now don't be deluded, Adonis, by those theologians nor their hobby that the dead are alive somewhere. That has been their teaching for the past five thousand years. They are teaching this falsehood and defending all the rest of the paraphernalia that goes with it to obtain their easy living. As I imparted into you the principle that animates you I know exactly how it works. And by the way of admonition I can only emphasize, what you already know, that you are so constructed that you can only continue to live as long as you act justly, but the moment you indulge in any injustice, or love yourself more than your neighbor, the life current between your brain and heart will instantly snap -- disconnect -- and you will fall down dead. The very fact that at the present you are absolutely just constitutes your normalcy. The more selfish a man is the more abnormal he is. The germ of selfishness can be well compared with a germ of leprosy which, if once taken root, soon concentrates around itself all the organic functions of the body, saps them of their vitality and finally destroys them. If your life current were so set that you could act just like all other people the virus of selfishness would destroy you in time, just like all others, but you might do a good deal of harm to others before you die and there would be no final redress for those whom you would injure by your unjust actions because you would not be raised from the dead to give an account of your deeds as all the rest of humanity will be (as I told you on the day of our contract); for that reason justice would not permit you to live otherwise but absolutely just. But couldn't you get work at all for all this time? Of, yes, I could have had work if I took anybody's job offered to me. For instance, some six weeks ago I went into an office and applied for some kind right and wrong. He said that he was very much handicapped even by his good looks and often, when he inquired whether he was not taking somebody's job, was looked upon as a radical and often told that a man with his sensitiveness as to right and wrong was not wanted. The last time he wrote me from Los Angeles, he said that he was getting some work at cutting lawns and washing windows but that even some of those jobs he had to forego because of competition.

But is this the end of Adonis, we asked. It surely is, said the scientist. Of course I have all his life recorded on this psycho-graph. I could construct another body and connect the new brains with it and he would awake just as from a sleep. But since he chose rather to be out of existence than to live in a world of competition I have no right to call him to life again until our civilization has advanced to the stage I mentioned to Adonis in our last conversation, when selfish competition will be replaced by benevolent emulation, which, of course, will not be until, according to the Scriptures

"the meek will have inherited the earth." They will construct and arrange the affairs of the earth so equitably that it will be just and profitable even for the dead to live again -- to come up for a final trial for life to undo and expiate their willful meanness and to prove that under absolutely just conditions they are willing and glad to live justly -- willing to accept God's terms for life eternal. When that time comes, one of us asked, will you reconstruct Adonis and start him to live again? I will and will let you know when I am ready to connect this psychograph with his new body and brain so he will be the same Adonis and remember every thought, word and act of his to the last taking of that loaf from the baker's truck. I have his photo in the psychograph so he will look just as you saw him first, some seven months ago. And here I may add that (in regard to the resurrection God has provided for the Adamic race) God has a vastly better means of recording the thoughts, words and actions of the life of every individual, than this psychograph of mine. It was only because of the inability of fallen humanity to comprehend such a record of life during the past six thousand years that the Bible pictures it as being recorded in books. That record will be impressed in the individual's new brain so he will remember his former life in every particular and know that he has been raised from the state of death -- non-existence -- released from the penalty of non-existence because Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man. It would have been said the boss, I can't keep you by force, here is a check for two days, although you worked only a day and three hours. And if you please you might tell the clerks to come in. As I came out I told the two clerks that their places were open again and that the boss had asked me to tell them to step in. Excusing myself for unwittingly causing them the loss of a day, I bade them goodbye, and went to look for another job. I have not succeeded mostly because I did not wish to displace some one else. But isn't it rather astonishing that intelligent human beings should have to compete one with another for a living -- somewhat like untrained dogs fighting for a bone? Couldn't there be an arrangement so that every individual would be called on duty in his turn to perform his or her part of the necessary work to obtain the necessities and luxuries of life somewhat like the military duty of soldiers in the army, instead of each individual hunting a job in a game like fashion and not finding it being forced to commit crime, or seek for something to eat from ash cans (if the humiliating bread lines and the so-called charitable institutions are over-crowded, as they always are)? Yes, Adonis, it could be done but the poor have not the power nor the intelligence to do it, and the well-to-do are afraid that such an arrangement would interfere with their special privileges. They know it will be done some day, but they make all sort of maneuvers to avoid it at the present. Of course, there are some great industrialists who are so magnanimous as to have suggested that very arrangement. They argue that if such an arrangement was good in our last war, while we were killing, why not now to make people happy and content? But the majority are of the class that don't want any innovations in their day, they say "after us the deluge" -- and so they see to it that things remain as they are, and by cunningly devised and well-advertised plans of what they are going to do in the near future they always have managed to keep things going in their own way. One consolation is that, according to the Bible, all such people will soon be removed from the management of the affairs of the earth, . . . when Christ's Kingdom is to be established, so as to permit the just to construct an absolutely righteous government. I hope that time soon comes, we surely need it. At this the dictaphone stopped and our scientist told us that while bidding Adonis a final goodbye he entreated him not to hesitate to call for assistance at any time, but that Adonis said he will try to see whether it is possible to live according to absolute justice -- not merely what is at the present considered unjust on the part of God, having created intelligent beings with the desire for everlasting life, not to provide the means and state the terms on which to obtain it; but it would be equally unjust and contrary to wisdom and love to permit one to have a never-ending life under

any and all conditions. For instance, the life and the little intelligence human beings possess now is being used to prey one on another more ferociously than the wild beasts can do -- forcing one to serve the other without the other rendering equal service for it. Thus, one small part have lived in abundance of luxuries while the other existed in endless misery. It should be apparent to all that such a condition could not have been the arrangement of the Creator, nor could it be allowed to go on forever by an intelligent and just God. Thank you, sir, we surely count ourselves fortunate to have met you and acquired all this knowledge. We understand now that it is not necessary for a man to have another undying being called soul living within him in order to have a resurrection and it will be our pleasure to impart this information to others. Goodbye, till the time when you call for us.

(For lack of space we omit this and several other imaginary lectures on various topics by the Ancient Worthies; in all of which we try to portray that the coming judgment -- reward and retribution -- will be strictly according to justice.)