

THE LITERARY GUIDE AND RATIONALIST REVIEW, 1908-9.
Monthly, 2d.

Of all the lame ducks that crow upon their middens under the impression that they are reincarnations of Sir Francis Drake, I suppose that the origin-of-religion lunatics are the silliest.

Listen to Charles Callow-Hay on Stonehenge! Here's logic for you!

Stonehenge is built in the form of a circle.

The sun appears to go round the earth in a circle.

Argal, *Stonehenge is a solar temple.*

Or, for the minor premise:

Eggs are round.

Argal, *Stonehenge was dedicated to Eugenics.*

Listen to Johnny Bobson on Cleopatra's Needle!

The Needle is square in section.

The old Egyptians thought the earth had four corners.

Argal, *The Needle was built to commemorate the theory.*

Or, even worse!

The Needle is square in section.

It must have been built so for a religious reason.

Argal, *The Egyptians thought that the earth had four corners.*

It is impossible to commit all possible logical fallacies in a single syllogism. This must be very disappointing to the young bloods of the R.P.A.

The Rationalists have created man in their own image, as dull simpletons. They assume that the marvellous powers of applied mathematics shown in the Great Pyramid had no worthier aim than the perpetuation of a superstitious imbecility.

Here is Leggy James translating the Chinese classics. Passage I. is of so supreme an excellence that it compels even his respect.

What does he do?

He flies in the face of the text and the tradition, asserting that “heaven” means a personal God. This shows what “God has never left himself without a witness”—even in China.

Passage II. is quite foolish—*i.e.*, he, He, HE, Leggy James Himself, cannot understand it. This shows to what awful depths the unaided intellect of even the greatest heathen must necessarily sink. How fortunate are *We—et cetera*.

It is such people as these who accuse mystics of fitting the facts to their theories.

Here is Erbswurst Treacle dictating the Laws of the Universe.

It is certain (saith Erbswurst Treacle) that there is no God. And proves it by arguments drawn from advanced biology—the biology of Erbswurst Treacle.

Oh! the shameless effrontery of the Pope who asserts the contrary, and proves it by arguments unintelligible to the lay mind! How shocked is the Rationalist!

My good professor, right or wrong, I may be drunk, but I certainly see a pair of you.

So this is where we are got to after these six thousand, or six thousand billion years (as the case may be), that, asking for bread, one man gives us the stone of Homoiousios and another the half-baked brick of Amphioxus. Both are in a way rationalists. Wolff gives us idea unsupported by fact, and argues about it for year after year; Treacle does the same thing for fact unsupported by idea. Nor does the one escape the final bankruptcy of reason more than the other.

While the theologian vainly tries to shuffle the problem of evil, the Rationalist is compelled to ascribe to his perfect monad the tendency to divide into opposite forces.

The οὐδεν plays leapfrog with the εν as the εν has vaulted over the bar of the πολλα and the παν. So the whole argument breaks up into a formidably ridiculous

logomachy, and we are left in doubt as to whether the universe is (after all) bound together by causal or contingent links, or whether in truth we are not gibbering lunatics in an insane chaos of hallucination.

And just as we think we are rid of the priggishness of Matthew Arnold and Edwin Arnold and all the pragmatic pedants and Priscilla-scented lavenderians, up jumps some renegade monk, proclaims himself the Spirit of the Twentieth Century, and replaces the weak tea of the past by his own stinking cabbage-water.

It seems useless nowadays to call for a draught of the right Wine of Iacchus.

The Evangelicals object to the wine, and the Rationalists to the God.

We had filed off the fetter, and while the sores yet burn, find another heavier iron yet firmer on the other foot—as Stevenson so magnificently parabled unto us.

Then how this nauseous stinkard quibbles!

This defender of truth! How he delights with apish malice to write “in England,” wishing his hearers to understand “Great Britain”; and when taxed with the malignant lie against his brother which he had thus cunningly insinuated, to point out gleefully that “England” does not include “Scotland.”

Indeed a triumph of the Reason!

And why all this pother? To reduce all men to their own lumpishness. These louts of the intelligence! These clods—Clodds!

My good fellows, it is certainly necessary to plough a field sometimes. But not all the year round! We don't want the furrows; we want the grain. And (for God's sake!) if you must be ploughmen, at least let us have the furrows straight!

Do you really think you have helped us much when you have shown that a horse is really the same as a cow, only different?

Quite right; it is indeed kind of you to have pointed out that even Gadarene pigs might fly, but are very

unlikely birds, and that the said horse is (after all) not a dragon. Very, very kind of you.

Thank you so much.

And now will you kindly go away?