

## TIN GODS

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BEFORE the throne of the eternal Father stood Lucifer, chief of the Seraphim, the paragon of angels, God's greatest creation. Enraptured by his own surpassing excellence, an excellence which was exceeded only by that of God Himself, the chief of the angels, blinded by pride, forgot for the moment the infinite gap dividing creature and Creator and hurled his defiance at the majesty of the Godhead.

"I will not serve," he roared, "I, I will be God. At my command I have countless angels, almost half thy court, angels not from the lower orders alone but Potentates, Powers, Thrones and Dominations, a goodly number from each of the nine choirs. Me they serve. Me they adore. I, I will be God."

In answer to Lucifer's challenge God created hell and into it cast the rebel chieftain and his legions. Thus was the greatest, the most perfect of God's creatures punished for serving strange gods. For Lucifer adored himself as God, and since every concept of God carries with it the idea of sacrifice Lucifer sacrificed to that god of his mind his own eternal happiness.

To fill up the vacancy made in the scheme of creation by the fall of the angels, God created man. He made man, indeed, to His own image and likeness, but He made him a little less than the angels, possibly to give him less temptation to becoming enamoured of his own beauty to the extent that he would set himself up as a god. But here, too, God met with defiance. The same God-like faculties of intelligence and free will, which had been the undoing of Lucifer and the renegade angels, became a snare for man also. Man, too, would be God and to compass this end he ate of the forbidden fruit. In order to punish man for his disobedience, God cast him out of Paradise and humbled his pride by depriving him of the gift of original justice. And thus did man, in setting himself up as a God, pay to that God a great sacrifice.

After man's expulsion from Paradise, he remained for a time a worshipper of the one true God. But little by little, as the race spread, the concept of that God dimmed and became perverted. Man could not forget God, because the fact of God's existence was stamped

too deeply upon his consciousness; but he could and did falsify Him. Gods were multiplied until there was a god for every effect of God and a god for man's every passion and appetite both good and bad. In a word, man deified man. Love, lust, war and intemperance were all gods in the persons of Hymen, Venus, Mars and Bacchus, and to these gods, man, following his nature, sacrificed; sacrificed life in some form. To some gods he sacrificed plant life, to some animal life, to some human life. The more gross was the concept of God, the more monstrous was the sacrifice. For although Ceres and Bacchus demanded only grain and grapes, and Jove, a bull, Moloch demanded babies, and Mithras, men. There is no fact in the history of mankind that stands out more prominently than this: *man must have a god and to this god he must sacrifice life.*

Christ came to restore man's perspective and to return him to the worship of the true God. He came to take mankind from the pedestal to which man had raised it. The pedestal in the course of time had sunk so deeply into the muck and mire on which it rested, that the idol itself had become fouled to the extent that smeared almost beyond recognition were the features of a god, features it truly possessed. Christ raised fallen mankind, cleansed it with His blood and placed it on a new pedestal, a pedestal based on solid rock, high upon the hill of Calvary—mankind united to the divinity on the pedestal of the Cross.

By placing humanity on the Cross, Christ gave mankind its true position, a position between heaven and earth; above the earth of which man is master and above the other creatures of earth in comparison to which man is a god, but below the heavens and the God of the heavens Who is man's Lord, Master and Maker to Whom alone man owes worship and sacrifice. There on the Cross Christ gave mankind its true orientation, making the supreme sacrifice to God, by offering up Himself, the God-Man.

For ages after the lesson of Calvary, men, awed by the magnitude of the Sacrifice, the dignity of the Victim and the magnificence of the Priest Who offered it, treasured His words in their hearts. They repelled the temptation to deify human nature and lower the dignity of man by elevating him to a false godship. Men, because they had a strong faith in what the great High Priest had said and done, realized that man's true and only dignity derived from the fact that man was ordained to God, and that human nature had already been deified in the Incarnation. But as time passed and Calvary drew farther and farther into the haze of time, the memory of the God-

Man's sacrifice became less poignant in the minds of men. Man once more began to lower his eyes from the heavens and look about him for some idol to adore. Once again humanity was enthroned and incensed as a sort of minor god, but the Church's hold on the world was still too strong for the allowance of latria and sacrifice to the idol, and in the end the perversely humanistic tendencies of the Renaissance were conquered. But man never returned to his true position, because the seed of corruption had been sown and the way paved for a return to paganism and for the second fall of man which came when Martin Luther, anointed follower of the great High Priest, an alter Christus, re-echoed Satan's "Non serviam." The Renaissance had made a few gestures towards the gods of the pagans but the revolt of Luther was Christendom's first start on a real journey back to paganism, a journey which has been completed by the modern successors of Luther. Luther drove his caravan down the broad road to Rome, the pagan Rome of Nero and Tiberius, but he stopped midway, pitched his tent and sent up his idol—humanity, which he falsely labeled "Christ." His disciples of our day have merely chiseled off the false title of the idol, have given it its true name—man, and have completed the trip in high-speed motors.

Since Luther's time the cult of humanity has flourished vigorously. Its dogmas have for the most part developed rapidly. Under the tutelage of "Science" it has emerged from the fog of self-deception into the penetrating light of truth, for, whereas humanist Luther thought he was a Christian, the modern humanists know that they are pagans. In this respect they have advanced. But in another way they are far behind him, for Luther knew that he worshipped some God while the moderns deny the existence of any God. They deny God with their lips but their hearts, their very natures deny their denial. They say that God is a myth, yet they worship this myth, incense it and offer it sacrifice. They prostrate themselves before their idol, kiss its cold clay feet and adore it as fervently and in as many forms as the pagans of old and adored it—the god, Humanity. They think themselves super-intelligent animals; they are in reality sub-intelligent men. For animals do not worship, cannot worship God; the modern pagans do, but the God they worship is as monstrous and crude as any worshipped by savage man in the darkest ages of the world. And yet they say they have no God!

They are polytheists. They worship their deity under different forms. Let us examine the cults paid a few of the more savage of the modern gods to ascertain whether or no they fulfil the require-

ments necessary for true worship. Like Venus, Bacchus and Mars who were the same god, Humanity, under different aspects, so these gods of the moderns are the same god, Humanity, in different forms. For practical purposes we will personify them, a religious development not yet reached by the modern pagans, and for little or no reason we will tag them thus: Mammon, Moloch and Mollitia. In compliance with the rules of etiquette, we will first turn our attention to the lady and consider the beauteous goddess, Mollitia.

The slaves of Mollitia like the rest of the modern pagans profess disbelief in God and religion. They call their religion a philosophy, which they have named hedonism, and the end of their religion is happiness. But in this cult happiness and sensual pleasure are synonymous, and so they place their last end in sensual delectation. This false worship is a true religion in that it satisfies all the necessary requirements, even the requirement of sacrifice. Its sacrifice is life—human life, in an occult rite called birth-control. This cult had its rise among the self-styled intellectuals who have thrown over the One True God, but in our day its poison is spreading somewhat among the true believers; for, like the Israelites of old, the worshippers of the true God find their lower natures strongly attracted by the base gods of their neighbors.

The second deity, Moloch, is a rude and remorseless idol whose hungry maw is ever open to receive into his flaming vitals more and yet more life. His modern followers, disclaiming all religion, call this cult likewise a philosophy—imperialism. This too is a true religion whose end is happiness, happiness in an earthly heaven. Its god is the state to which all things are ordained as to a last end. Unlike the Christians, who hold that the state was made for man, these idolaters proclaim that man was made for the state, and to the state man must be sacrificed,—sacrificed in the rites proper to this religion, eugenic sterilization and euthanasia, and in the rite it shares with the cult of Mollitia, birth-control. But in great festive seasons the slaves of Moloch consider wholesale slaughter of unbelievers the only sacrifice worthy of their god. The worship of Moloch is by far the most pernicious of the neo-pagan sects. Its cult is spread in a greater or lesser degree to every corner of the world, even to our own fair land. There is no need to expatiate on the effects of this worship. They are evident and he who runs may read. Just turn your eyes to bloodstained Mexico, to Germany, or, if you can endure the horror of the sight, to Russia where the steam engine, symbol of Moloch's might, has been raised for the adoration of the rabble. There we see

countless thousands kneeling in the crimson dawn of fire and blood on a crimson, blood-soaked soil, forced to do homage to the senseless idol, a veritable *Deus ex machina*. And Moloch grins, his hideous mouth agape for more blood.

The third god, Mammon, is the most loathsome of the three, for he lacks the robustness of Moloch and the surface beauty of Mollitia. He is a gross, pot-bellied, toad of an idol and possibly the most dangerous of all, for it is by way of his cult that men are led to the other two. He was the only one of the pagan gods important enough to provoke anathema from Christ Himself. This idol is the true golden calf to whose worship, men, even in Christian times, were fain to turn; but in those days the Church, like Moses, was always able to break the idol and prevent the dissemination of his cult. He is the oldest of the gods of the moderns, since open adoration of Mammon coincides with the inception of Protestantism. His cult, too, is a true religion, the end of which is wealth. To him also is sacrificed life. The holocaust which we know as the World War was a joint sacrifice offered by their adorers to Mammon and Moloch, and was one of the many mass sacrifices offered in honor of this ugly idol.

These, then, are the gods of the Godless: Mammon, Moloch and Mollitia—Pleasure, Power and Pelf. They are indeed gods, not mere abstractions, their cult a religion, not a mere philosophy. They are the deifications of humanity and human passions, as false gods always are, a confusion of the cause with the effects.

And so the western world stands today divided into two camps. It is not divided into the Godly and the Godless as some would have it, for both camps are of necessity worshippers of God. The division is rather between Christian and pagan, the worshippers of one God and the worshippers of many. Each camp puts forward its own solution to the troubles of the world. The false humanists say their philosophy (they call it a philosophy) is for the improvement of life and the elevation of man. Theirs is a paradox beyond logic. They would improve life by destroying it, as is witnessed by the doctrines of birth-control, eugenic sterilization, euthanasia and lawful suicide which they promulgate; a new style of improvement. Such an irrational system of thought cannot be called a philosophy. Such a perversion of human reason, rather, can not be called a system of thought. Theirs is not a philosophy; it is a religion, a religion that perverts reason as surely as did any of the old pagan cults of which St. Paul speaks in his Epistle to the Romans: "And because they liked not to have God in their knowledge, God delivered

them up to a reprobate sense, to do those things which are not convenient." This, then is Neo-Paganism and this the panacea it offers: Improve life by destroying it.

The other solution is that offered by the Catholic Church, the solution which was given to her by Christ Himself Who came into this world for the express purpose of offering such a solution. "I am come," said He, "that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." One road leads to Tyre and Sidon, the other leads to Jerusalem; one leads to the pagan Hades, the other to the Heaven of the Christians. May the world give ear to the warning of the Church. May it hearken to her voice as she cries out by right of her divinely authorized magisterium, or from a human standpoint, by right of her position as the oldest extant teacher of human wisdom; may it hearken to her as she cries with the inspired voice and note of awful lamentation of the Hebrew prophets: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum."