

Labor Produces
All Wealth
Unto Labor It
Should Belong

THE CANADIAN FORWARD

"WORKERS OF
WORLD UNITE"
YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO LOOSE BUT
CHAINS, AND A
WORLD TO GAIN.

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THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

(By Laszlo Schwartz, in New York
"Call.")

"Come here!" called out his majesty, Satan, to the governor of hell. "This is the third anniversary of the day when the dams of Hell were opened by my plute servants to let the Flood of Blood cover the earth. It is a great day, marking the most glorious epoch of my rule, and I will celebrate it befittingly. Let my subjects learn how generous I can be Satan.

"Call the celebrated spirits in hell—let them hear the good news!"

Next moment imp couriers rushed to all parts of Hades and called the eminent spirits to gather.

One by one they came, Luther, Rembrandt, Darwin, Columbus, Ingersoll, Marx, Voltaire, Garibaldi, Jefferson, Kossuth, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Wagner, Tolstoi, etc., etc.—the greatest artists, writers, explorers, scientists and lawmakers who have worked, suffered and dreamed for the true emancipation of their fellow beings.

Satan greeted them with due respect and said:

"Illustrious guests! I called you here so you may learn that to-morrow, on the third anniversary of the day when all the world with its churches, charities, schools, hospitals and temples of art, with its puny thinkers, spineless artists and hypocritical and treacherous leaders was brought under the rule of my sceptre, to-morrow, for one day, I will grant you absolute freedom.

"Be it here in hell or up above on earth the road will be open to you, and on your honor—for one day once again you will be masters over your own will."

For a few moments the spirits stood about amazed. The polite Emerson began to eulogize in a sermon on "Gratitude" over the sudden eruption of kindness. Satan silenced him with a wave of his arm accompanied with a malicious grin:

"Of course, gentlemen, this wonderful opportunity will only be given you if you succeed in coming to a unanimous agreement on the desire which is dearest to your heart. I give you one hour to settle this weighty question. Retire to yonder cave, then report to me."

During that hour each of these famous spirits pleaded for the cause closest to his heart.

Rembrandt wanted to give all truly great artists absolute freedom, even if but for one day.

"Exiled Comrades," said he, "let us bring to them one day of glorious independence. Let us knock off the shackles and chains which have enslaved them to petty masters—to so called 'patrons of art,' who, from their untold wealth, toss to them a chunk of bread in payment for their art, and ask for their bodies and souls as good measure."

Darwin begged for the day so he might make further researches, for, after all these years of contemplating, he feared that he had done the ape a

great injustice by naming him an ancestor of man.

Luther wanted to win over his comrades so they might help him fight the dark powers of religion.

"Let us unite, brothers," pleaded the great reformer's spirit, "for even if we are given but one day of freedom, we will leave the world behind with more light and less hypocrisy."

And so it went on, each great soul pleading for his own ideals, till finally it came to Marx's turn. This patient spirit warned them:

"Brothers, we have but a few moments left for decision. You forget that Time is the most merciless of all tyrants. He has robbed humanity of untold opportunities which would have brought freedom and happiness. Heed the lessons, brothers! Let us forget

brutal rule have taught you the lesson of all lessons.

"Begone spirits with good cheer and follow your leader with faith."

With the break of the following morning the small group of spirits slowly approached the last cliffs which divide Hades from our world. They climbed on in silence, dreaming of days bygone when first they followed this path, and guessing about the great treat in store for them.

As they drew closer to earth they heard an unceasing roar of thunder and saw heavy clouds of smoke rolling overhead.

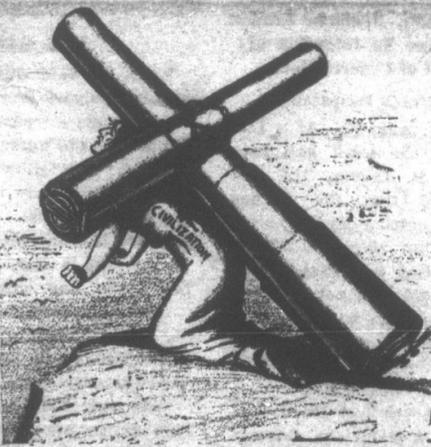
Suddenly, but a few steps from earth a commanding voice hailed them:

"Turn back to Hell, oh pilgrims! Do not step on this cursed earth! I plead with you do not."

REVOLUTIONARY REFORMS.

However justifiable, or even necessary, it may be that the workmen establish labor organizations for the purpose of improving their condition, by lowering the hours of work, and other equally wholesome measures, it were a profound error to imagine that such reforms delay the social revolution, and equally mistaken is the notion that one cannot admit the usefulness of certain social reforms without admitting that it is possible to preserve society upon its present basis. On the contrary, such reforms may be supported from the revolutionary standpoint because, as it has been shown, they stimulate the course of events, and because so far from removing the suicidal tendencies of the capitalist system, they help them along.—Karl Kautsky.

THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION



hobbies and find the supreme wish which hovers above all thoughts and longings.

"Why not ask Satan to grant us a free day on earth, so we may see with our own eyes how far man has progressed since our departure, and so we may muse over their growth upon our return to hell?"

"After all is said and done, brothers, it is not the development of this or that branch of art, science, literature, architecture and other minor or major items of civilization that we should carry closest to our hearts, but the welfare of humanity with its countless millions of souls that should bring to us the message of all messages."

One by one all agreed that Marx's wish was the best compromise.

It was the wish of all wishes; the dream of all dreams.

Satan listened to the unanimous plea with interest, and complimented Marx, the spokesman.

"Great Spirit, I must pay you my sincere tribute. You drive your bargains almost as shrewdly as I do. Six thousand years of hypocritical and

The spirits stood bewildered. Scanning the horizon, Luther discovered a weird figure. Over jagged rocks, bent under the weight of a shining armor, wearily climbed a man. Sword rattled at his side, and he dragged a gun after him.

Luther exclaimed: "What is this? Do my eyes deceive me? Brothers, look you. . . . Is it not the Man from the Cross?"

Coming closer they all recognized the gentle, suffering features of Jesus of Nazareth.

Ingersoll drew closer to the Master and spoke in deep-felt words:

"Son of God, has it come to this?" Christ paused to reply:

"Yes, kindred spirits . . . thus have I been paid for the services rendered throughout almost 2,000 years. Look at me, fellow sufferers.

This is the handiwork of men who call themselves servants of God, and who lyingly profess to be my disciples.

"It was not enough that they mocked my messages by tagging them with catch phrases, and duped men into buying the Christ brand of salvation for all the traffic could bear, but now,

in the name of Christianity which these master liars call my creation, they turned me into a hired and licensed slayer.

"They tore the crown from my forehead and in the name of Democracy and Rights of Man forced this warrior's helmet on my head. They picked the nails from my bleeding hands, arguing that they must be freed to strike those who persist that all men are brothers, and here are the tools of death I was doomed to carry about.

"They perverted my Message of Peace and Good Will to All Men into hoarse and beastly war cries. From the pulpit their priests and ministers blasphemed every inspired word I have uttered, and, using this hideous cloak of Christianity to hide their black souls and bloodstained paws, these base corrupters of the good in human beings have succeeded in substituting my Message for Humanity with a brazen Faith of Hypocrisy—with Hate

Cried Christ with a terrible voice: "Hear ye, oh brave spirits, out on yonder battle fields sing the shrieking bullets and roaring guns the new Hymns of Christianity! Hear ye, brothers, the maddening wail of the murdered masses, and the insane and terrifying cries of hordes of hungry old men, women and children whose stomachs have shrunk from starvation. Hear them sing the praises of Christianity. . . . They sing to me, their Saviour, while in their soul they damn my Master—God."

Then, with bowed head and tears rolling down his pale cheeks, Christ entered hell.

Before he disappeared from their sight, once again he turned and spoke: "I enter hell for the second time. Perhaps now I can find here peace and justice. . . . Perhaps hell has changed for the better, as earth has turned into hell."

None of the great spirits could find words to express his emotions. Silently, one by one, they turned and wended their way back to the domain of Satan.

Back they went, crushed in spirit, blurred were the dreams of their past. Slowly they filed past Satan's throne, following in the footsteps of the Man from Bethlehem.

Satan grinned with satisfaction when he heard their tale. Suddenly his sardonic features turned pale with fright.

"What! Has Marx gone forth alone? Against Christ's warning? The fool . . . his dreams and ideals will be trampled in the blood pools of gored men and animals."

Christ lifted his voice meekly: "Satan . . . you know not the spirit of man. He who dared go forth against my pleadings followed the call of humanity. The greatest command of all . . ."

Meanwhile the spirit of Mark journeyed onward through burnt cities and fields covered with rotting corpses, through meadows littered with graves and populated with shrieking, feasting vultures. He passed the charred ruins which had been firesides.

The sun was high when he reached the first village where smoke rose from the chimneys. From a peasant's white-washed hut he heard a baby's cry. The women and old men harnessed a pair of oxen to a cart, then trudging alongside, drove to a field.

(Continued on page two.)