

**Adam, Where Art Thou?**

When the writer of this paper was a very young man and studying for the ministry, he believed implicitly in the story of Adam. In later years the romance began to seem a little absurd, and, after counselling among his fellow pastors, he agreed with them that the best thing to do about the Adam and the rib business was to pretend to believe it, because the whole scheme of man's salvation was based on Adam's fall, and if Adam never existed the whole plan would "fall" worse than Adam did. As there seems to be considerable doubt among the stiff-necked and unregenerate as to whether Adam was really the first human being, it may be proper to inquire into this circumstance, which is reported to have occurred about 6,000 years ago.

Adam seems to have been a failure from the start. He made an awful mess of his first business venture. If we are to believe the account in Genesis, the creation of man wasn't worth patenting as a paying venture, and the creator has been losing money on the thing ever since. Recent discoveries in the east on the site of the ancient city of Nippur show that mankind was civilized, and that man knew how to express his thoughts in writing, over 11,000 years ago; and even these writings tell of other ages reaching through countless years beyond the knowledge of man. O Adam, where art thou?

In Egypt, among the ruins of Dendera, on the banks of the Nile, are the ruins of what was once a magnificent temple. When this was unearthed two paintings were discovered representing the zodiac. In each the equinoctial point is drawn in Leo; hence the mighty march of time is shown by the equinoxes since the paintings of the zodiac on the walls of the temple at Dendera. The equinoxes have passed, at the rate of 2,140 years to each sign, through 10,700 years, and even then man had passed through the savage and the stone age, and was building magnificent temples and palaces, reading the story of the stars, and knew that the world was many ages old. And the whispering query comes across the countless centuries: "Oh, Adam, where art thou?"

From the remains taken from below the rocks that have formed in the Mississippi valley, from the disintegrated temples ninety feet below the soil of Egypt, the tombs, pyramids and stuccos show us that the negro and white man existed 10,000 years ago in nearly the same type as he does today.

Adam, were you white or black? Which of your sons lived in ancient Nippur 15,000 years ago? And which one moved to New Orleans

57,000 years ago? And, Adam, where art thou?

In China, where we send the foreign missionary frauds, are the remains of long-lost cities with sculptured walls and tumbled towers, far beneath the surface; but the pictured signs of the zodiac show the equinoctial point to have been in Virgo, and it is easy to compute that vast ages have past since these cities lost the hum of busy feet; yet we send missionaries there to teach them that six thousand years ago the first man, Adam, was made, who had trouble with his wife through a snake that walked on the end of his tail and talked Hebrew, and that his eating an apple caused sorrow to the whole human race. Oh, Adam, why did you, and where art thou?

Adam, you are evidently an old fraud! The evidences of geology show that mankind existed before the glacial period, many thousands of years before there was a garden planted "to the eastward in Eden."

Goodbye, missing progenitor! For six thousand years thou hast affrighted the weak minded and hysterical with the story of thy fall. As one of thy descendants, I drop a tear to thy memory and thy many shortcomings. Like the fossil forests that lie buried one above the other, is buried deep the mystery of creation. The morning stars still "sing together" as they did in the far first morning; but from the mighty horoscope of time comes no answer to the listening ages. Perhaps we, with the mighty hosts who sleep "where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing", and those who walked and talked in ancient Nippur, and on the deltas of the Nile and Mississippi, shall arise and wash the last long sleep from our eyes, we may hear among the "trees in the garden" the answer to the question, "Adam, where art thou?" —[H. W. C., in The Freethinker.

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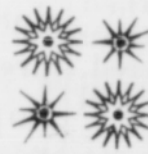
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