

a first-rate scientist, who is capable of judging and of pronouncing on them with authority. And in this we have a fair specimen of the manner in which that pseudo-science on which attacks against unbelief are based is spread among the ignorant. Recall how Huxley admitted that he actually stated as facts in his lectures what he knew to be but theories not capable of proof. Recall the exposure of the forgeries of Haeckel, whose works are widespread among the uneducated by the Rationalist Press Association. Recall that these works are translated and defended by Joseph McCabe, that "good man," who according to a reviewer in *Nature*, was hampered in translating Haeckel by his ignorance of Science, and who, in spite of his lack of education and his glaring misstatements, imposes on a silly mob of people who imagine that to be atheistical is to be progressive. While we are speaking of the R.P.A. prints, let us here quote from the *Pall Mall Gazette* a paragraph on one of the publications which will convey to our readers a general idea of the value of all of them: "We have received from the Rationalist Press Association a sixpenny edition of Mr. Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God*. We think it very regrettable that a work of this nature should be circulated broadcast in cheap editions. The late Mr. Grant Allen was, it is true, only a superficial student of the origins of religions; and scholars can read his book with the care and criticism it deserves. It is full of baseless and shallow theories unsupported, as a rule, by a tittle of evidence; but it is written in a dogmatic manner that may, we are afraid, impose upon and encourage the cheap secularism that is still abroad." In addition to the harm done by dishonest writers and publishers, hardly less is done by incompetent professors who abuse their position to pervert the young people by falsely representing to them that such theories as the material origin of life and material evolution are received without question by true Science, and that scientists must regard as superstition religion and revelation. We know of such a professor in one of our New Zealand schools, and the pity of it is that his pupils do not know him for the superficial charlatan he really is. However, such charlatans have it in their power to corrupt the young, and as a matter of fact succeed in many cases.

A true man of Science will frankly admit that Science knows nothing of the origin of life, and that Evolution is only an unproved theory. If he knows anything about religion he will go further and tell you that the opinions of first-rate scientists have nothing to do with religion, and that there is nothing known to workers in the laboratory to discourage any Christian from believing every single doctrine taught by Revelation. And even our charlatans, if they were honest men, would tell you that a majority of the greatest men of Science the world has known were firm believers in religion, and in very many cases devout Catholics. As a matter of fact, the number of names for or against a thing has nothing to do with its truth; and it is too often forgotten that a good laboratory man may be a very poor philosopher and *vice versa*. However, when you are told that Science rejects religion it may be well to bear in mind that such men as Pasteur, Bernhard, Virchow, Lamarck, Dwight, Wasmann, and Windle found in their scientific studies nothing to weaken and much to strengthen their faith. We come back again to Bacon, who told us that a little learning leads us away from God, but that a great deal leads us to Him. The trouble is that the men of little learning are so proud of knowing something that they go about the world beating a big drum which attracts innocent and ignorant persons to fall in behind them. When you hear such drumming remember two things: that it is a dishonest thing to propound theories as if they were facts, and that the big men in Science are the first to admit how little they know and how little true Science knows. Wherefore, your Know-All who dethrones God and builds men and women in the mud is after all but an Ignoramus.

NOTES

Goldsmith

To Boswell, whom Macaulay regarded as a simpleton, we owe the tradition that Oliver Goldsmith was in everyday life a rather stupid person whom even his friends found indifferent company. In contradiction to that idea of him, based on the report of Johnson's shadow, is the fact that the good-natured Irish genius was beloved by everyone of that brilliant coterie which frequented White's in those days. The great Johnson, Edmund Burke, with all his high seriousness, Reynolds, Beauclerk—every man of them—admired Oliver Goldsmith, of whom Johnson wrote, for that memorial slab which we often read in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey, that he touched nothing that he did not adorn: *nihil tetigit quod non adornavit*. His writings bear the stamp of his personality, and the treasury of English letters has nothing more graceful and more elegant than the work of the Irish scholar who was undefiled and pure in every word he wrote. His distinctive mark is purity of sentiment and delicacy of expression, and whether we take his prose or his verse we cannot read far if we have any discernment in literary matters without realising that we are handling a classic. And he is almost forgotten now! Who ever asks for his works in a book store? Who ever reads them for pleasure? The dust is on *The Vicar of Wakefield*, while *Did She Fall or Was She Pushed?* is soiled by the eager fingers of those that climb the stairs of our free libraries. It is eloquent of the spirit of a people who tolerate a press that specialises in telling us that there is no other people on earth like us—which is true in a sense.

His Immortal Works

Three at least of Goldsmith's works will never die while lovers of real literature remain in a blatant Empire that resounds with the roar of Kipling. Goethe, who was a good judge of such things, put *The Vicar of Wakefield* on a very high pedestal as a novel, and its lucid, tender prose never loses its attraction. When a race of people whose souls will rise above vaudeville and pictures comes again, when *The Second Mrs. Tangueray* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* will be banned by an educated public, we may hope to see *She Stoops to Conquer* once more on the boards. Its freshness and beauty can never be lost. Its inimitable humor and its vivid interest are always modern enough for those that appreciate genius more than Tabasco-flavored innuendo. And even in our own time a jaded public must laugh heartily whenever it is produced. The effusions of later poets, aided by the execrable taste of directors of education who ought to be writing letters at six-and-eightpence each, have suppressed the appeal of *The Deserted Village* in our time; but those who can be persuaded to turn back to Goldsmith's lovely poem will find there a spirit of an order far above that of Newbolt and Masefield, and a beauty in the lines descriptive of the people of Sweet Auburn and the scenes amid which they dwelt, in comparison of which the models of to-day are poor indeed. *The Deserted Village* has the charm of an old painting by one of the great masters; it is tender, elevated, pensive, delicate, and saturated with the sweetness and light inseparable from the web and woof of a great classic. His prose was hardly less admirable, and his now neglected essays are examples of what a powerful, flexible medium of expression English can be in the hands of a master. The best advice we can give to our readers is to get Goldsmith's works and read them.

Burke

Side by side with the statue of Goldsmith stands that of Edmund Burke, looking down on the streets of Dublin, now devastated by the guns of the misrulers of the country. And side by side they walked the streets of London, arm in arm, in bygone years, two sons of that oppressed country that gave England her best soldiers and sailors, as well as her greatest orators.