

against it. Darwin, with all his prepossessions for his revived and revised form of an old hypothesis, and his lack of the logical faculty, was a close and keen observer, and was careful to put forth his theory of evolution merely as a theory. But Darwin's later followers out-Darwined Darwin. Grant Allen, Clodd, and other 'popular' scientists who feed upon the crumbs that fall from the tables of original investigators, elevated what was, and is, a mere hypothesis into a demonstrated fact, spun glowing romances about it, and explained the creation of the universe and the 'rise of man' as minutely as if they were present during the whole process and took cinematographic pictures of it. They wrap up the thorny points of their subject in masses of sounding and nebulous nonsense; they at the same time stoutly assert and as stoutly deny an ordered plan of definite progress in the world; they sail their showy theories under Darwinian colors; but they take especially good care to never hint to their duped readers or hearers that the vital principle of Darwin's theory—Natural Selection—has had its day, and that it is now almost as extinct as the dodo or the moa. Moreover, not alone has the theory of evolution of man's body from a lower form or creature not been proved to have actually occurred, but no serious attempt has even been made to demonstrate the possibility of such evolution. And as matters stand, the neo-Darwin hypothesis of atheistic evolution creates ten new mysteries for the one it seeks to explain away, and leaves still unsolved—in spite of Mr. McCabe's confident assertions and predictions—the greatest riddle of them all—the origin of life.

Again: the cycle of life had a beginning. Even the callow 'philosophers' of the Clodd and Grant Allen school are forced (as the Duke of Argyle points out) to admit that there was a time when there was neither seed nor egg nor germ to produce a living thing in the ordinary way. But the origin of life is for them—like Prout's Blarney-stone politician—an out-and-outer, to be let alone. Logically, science leads them back unerringly to the final solution of the puzzles of matter and life—the Supreme First Cause, God. But rather than find rest in this and in all that it imparts, they leave the solution of the riddle a blank impossibility, and take refuge in a cloud of verbal whirligigs and fantastic and unscientific imaginings which—as Professor Tyndall pointed out—leave them 'without an approach to a solution of the mighty question of the origin of life.' True, scientists read aright the signs of things. With all his prepossessions in favor of his pet theory, Darwin himself seemed to realise that the origin of life was something beyond the reach of physical science to explain. Even he could not begin his supposed chain of evolution without assuming the existence of Life and Mind: he needed a live 'mudfish with some vestiges of mind' to make a start with. Dr. Wallace, another high-priest of evolution, declares in his *Darwinism* (1890, p. 476) that the facts of life 'point clearly to an unseen universe—a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.' Sir Joseph Dawson, in his *Modern Ideas of Evolution*, makes it clear that the origin of the universe—of matter and of life—must be a 'First Cause, eternal and self-existent, and this First Cause must necessarily be the living God.' Such, too, is the verdict of such investigators as Sir G. Stokes, Dr. Mivart, Professors Stewart and Tait, and many other noted men of science. 'The study of the phenomena of Nature,' says Sir G. Stokes in his *Burnett Lectures*, 'leads us to the contemplation of a Being from Whom proceeded the orderly arrangement of natural things that we behold.' In his *Unseen Universe*, Professor Stewart says: 'We assume as absolutely self-evident the existence of a Deity, Who is the Creator and Upholder of all things.' And Professor Tait, in one of his articles, has the following caustic criticism on the Grant Allens and McCabes of the day: 'When the purposely vague statements of the materialists and agnostics are stripped of the tinsel of high-flown and unintelligible language, the eyes of the thoughtless, who have accepted them on authority, are at last opened, and they are ready to exclaim with Titania: "Methinks I was enamored with an ass!"'

There is a great diversity of opinion as to whether the abolition of the totalisator would result in improving the morals of the community, but all agree that the general use of a full-bodied, fine-flavored tea, like Hondai-Lanka, would have a most appreciable effect for the better on the physical condition of the people....

I get no 'peas,' the gardener said;  
'Bean' coughing all the night;  
With running nose of fiery red,  
A 'scarlet runner' quite!  
'Hoe! John, you're 'seedy,' cried his wife,  
And getting like a 'rake,'  
So here's the stuff to save your life,  
Woods' Peppermint Cure to take!

## Notes

### 'The Fox Chase'

There has been much discussion in Dublin papers concerning 'The Fox Chase,' a composition of great variety, which it seems can be rendered with full justice only on Irish pipes. It consists of the gathering of the hunters and hounds, the tallyho, the chase, the death, lamentation and fox-hunters' song, and is imitative throughout. According to *America*, there are only about seven pipers in Ireland who can render it in its entirety, and one outside of Ireland, Mr. Patrick Tuohy, of New York, who is admitted to be 'the world's champion piper.' He has a phonograph record of the best version of this famous Irish tune.

### A Meaningless 'Explanation'

An analogy—even when it is a real and apt analogy—does not, perhaps, prove very much, but it is at times distinctly illuminating. In the following passage taken from a recent book—*The Venture of Rational Faith*, by Margaret Benson—the writer suggests very effectively, by means of an illustration, one of the reasons, at least, for much of the supposed opposition between religion and science, and shows, also, how and why the purely materialist explanation of the universe so hopelessly fails.

Miss Benson says:—'We introduce a completely deaf man into a party of people who are watching a pianist play on a grand piano of which the lid is lifted. The deaf man watches the changing expression of musician and audience, learns that there is a sympathetic experience, and understands the applause; but for explanation has only the moving fingers, the little leaping notes and vibrating wires and wood. By dint of observation he forms a complete theory, founded on sight and touch, knows what will affect pathetically, cheerfully, enthusiastically. His theory is quite complete; he only omits one thing, the end and origin of the whole, that for which the piano was made and that which the jumping notes produce—namely, the music. His explanation is quite complete and quite correct—only it is quite meaningless. It opposes the true theory by its negations and omissions, while the real explanation of the scene does not oppose, but includes, all that the deaf man has discovered.'

### Mr. Stead on the Roosevelt Incident

'The evil consequences of too much zeal,' writes Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*, 'have been aptly illustrated by the conduct of the Rev. B. M. Tipple, who is, unfortunately, at present stationed by the American Methodists at the church in Rome. When Vice-President Fairbanks went to the Eternal City, he, being a Methodist, promised to speak to the Methodists. He was then told that this engagement rendered it impossible for him to have an audience with the Pope. When Mr. Roosevelt came along he was told in advance that the Pope would only see him on condition he would promise not to visit the Methodists. There seems to have been some lack of diplomacy in the conveyance of the message. Merry del Val does not appear to have the suppleness of Rampolla. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, said that he had not contemplated addressing the Methodists, but that he would not purchase an audience with the Pope by limiting his liberty to go where he pleased.'

'Some people wondered, who had not been in Rome, that the Pope should have been so touchy. Mr. Roosevelt, if he had not been so much of a bull in a china shop, might have adjusted the matter without difficulty. The Pope did not apparently object to him receiving the head of the Freemasons, whom he regards as far more deadly enemies than Methodists. Opinion was about equally divided on the subject, when the Rev. Dr. Tipple brought everyone round to the Pope's side by issuing a veritable war-whoop. Speaking on the Roosevelt incident, this Methodist Boanerges declared that Mr. Roosevelt had maintained the dignity of American manhood in the face of Vatican tyranny: "I wonder how many doses of this sort American Catholics will take before they revolt. Is Catholicism in America to be American or Romish? If Romish, then every patriotic American should rise to crush it, for Roman Catholicism is the uncompromising foe of freedom." The world advances, but the Vatican never.' There is another thing that does not advance, and that is Orange bigotry and intolerance. But the sooner Dr. Tipple is advanced to some other cure of souls than that of the American Methodists in Rome, the better it will be alike for America, for Methodism, for Rome, and for Dr. Tipple himself.'

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