

modified and interpreted by science, as it is a human book and a mixture of truth and error. The Liberal Evangelicals, like the early Reformers, are very strong on negations; what they affirm is not very clear, but there is no possible doubt of what they deny. They will have no sort of infallibility, but as Dr. Barnes naively adds: 'the movement is controversial, for it cannot come to terms with erroneous beliefs.' The out-and-out modernist thinks he is right in denying that all other beliefs are wrong (except the Catholic, of course); at most are they wrong in affirming that they alone are right. Meanwhile let us note that the Liberal Evangelicals, who base their belief on the Bible alone, have already published two books and over fifty pamphlets to show what that means. This promises well for future developments; if they go on at this rate, in fifty years we shall have another sect to burn all the Liberal Evangelical libraries and return to the Bible once more. It only shows the necessity of an authority to curb mankind's mania for altering, developing, and tinkering its creeds. It was one of the great benefits conferred on mankind by the Middle Ages when they consigned all heretical books to the fire. They sometimes were somewhat hasty in throwing in the authors as well, but that was a detail in those days."

### The Tale of a Tooth

If you suffer from toothache and go to a dentist to have the offending molar extracted, for goodness' sake, regain possession of it, have it ground to a powder before your eyes, and then scattered to the four winds of heaven. If you have any regard for posterity you will dispose of your superannuated teeth in such a fashion that they will never be found lying around in any out-of-the-way spot. If you neglect to take this precaution, and your tooth happens to be found in a paddock or down a well the evolutionary scientists will hold an inquest upon it, and before they conclude they will have reconstructed the prehistoric creature to whom they imagine it belonged. Some thoughtless unknown person was careless enough to have left a tooth lying about, and a certain geologist named Harold Cook happened to find it. He suspected the tooth to be anthropoid, that is, bearing a resemblance to human. Science rose nobly to the great occasion. A number of grave and erudite gentlemen examined the tooth, radiographed it, and after long and profound meditation, solemnly declared that the tooth resembled the human type more closely than it did that of any other known anthropoid ape. But science did not stop at mere deliberation: it fitted out an expedition costing a pot of money to search for a companion tooth in the plains of Nebraska where the first tooth was found. Of course, it is quite possible that the tooth may be a genuine ape-tooth, but the uncertainty surrounding its origin has had the effect of driving the scientists into the arms of the missing link. They reason it out in this way: "We are not certain that it is a human tooth, and we are not certain that it is an ape's tooth; therefore, it must have belonged to an intermediate being between man and the ape." Had the men of science remembered their "Pickwick" they might have

profited considerably by recalling the obscure legend cut in stone, which on closer examination was shown to refer, not to something belonging to antiquity, but to a very modern gentleman rejoicing in the classical name of "Bill Stumps." Mr. Pickwick lives numerously in scientific America. A writer in *America* calls attention to the enthusiasm with which a small coterie of scientists attempt to establish a bestial ancestry. "Normal men," he says, "would like to be able to say, 'I am the son of a king'; but here are people who want to be able to say, 'I am the son of a monkey.' Normal man has always said, 'I am the image of God,' but here are men who seek to say, 'I am the image of a monkey.' . . . Even pagan man never lost the sense of human dignity, and had no desire to be one with the brute. It was left to the modern man to seek this indignity. He digs in the earth to find his brother ape and gropes among skulls to discover evidence of his own shame, and on the fanciful foundation of a little heap of chance bones, whose evidence is only the glamor of a wish and not the substance of a fact, he would drag humanity down to the level of the brute world."

### The Failure of Unbelief

Those who have read Father Lambert's *Notes on Ingersoll* will not need to be told that Ingersoll was just a blatant little atheist endowed with more gab than wisdom. No doubt there are still many who revere him as a great philosopher, but they are mostly of the kind who couldn't express an intelligent opinion about any subject requiring serious thought if they tried. A New York priest (the Rev. James M. Gillis) recently took Ingersoll for his text when he set out to show the general failure of unbelief. Father Gillis managed to cram so much sane reasoning into comparatively short space that we reproduce his words as we find them in an American exchange:—

"Ingersoll was not a philosopher and was never able to offer a philosophy of life to take the place of religion. All he did was to go about the country on lecture tours, taking the books of the Bible apart, and dissecting them with destructive criticism. He was never able to offer anything constructive. It is very easy to criticise, but it is very difficult to improve upon the things we criticise. Ingersoll found this out when he was questioned by people in his audiences. They would ask him if he believed there was a God, or if he believed in anything, and he was never able to answer anything except: 'I do not know.' He never actually went so far as to deny entirely that there was a God. Rather, he went up and down saying that he did not know, that there was no way of knowing. When he was questioned as to what he had to offer to take the place of religion Ingersoll showed clearly that he was no philosopher. Instead of putting forward constructive ideas he merely said that the only religion of the future would be morality. But what would that morality be based upon? Ingersoll had nothing to offer as a foundation for such a religion. Would it be based upon the Ten Commandments? If so, by whom would they be laid down? Certainly the world would not accept ten commandments laid down by

any ordinary mortal. Only the commandments given to the world by God would be accepted. Thank God that no person of the type of Voltaire, Paine, or Ingersoll will ever be able to tear the religion of God out of the hearts of the people. Religion is something that is born in people, and not something they get in their education. Therefore, it is safe from infidels."

### An Anglican Saint

There was some talk in Anglican circles a short time since about canonising Florence Nightingale as an Anglican saint. According to a letter of a Yorkshire Wesleyan minister to the *Batley News*, the honor is not one to which the lady in question would be likely to attach very much value. Following is portion of the letter:—

"On June 30, 1852, she wrote: 'I dislike and despise the Church of England. She received me into her bosom, but what has she done for me? What a home the Catholic Church would be to me! All that I want I should find in her. She would give me daily bread. The daughters of St. Vincent would open their arms to me.' The great nurse's mind oscillated between the Church to which she inclined and that younger one in which she was born. 'I belong as little to the Church of England as to that of Rome, or rather, my heart belongs as my to the Catholic Church as to that of England—oh, how much more!' Of the Roman Church she said, in the year mentioned: 'Empirically but not scientifically, I believe in her; she has no more fervent disciple than I. If I do not reach the Church of the Catholics, I have no Church!' One further word is interesting: 'I never knew an Englishman who knew why he was a Protestant, and if he inquires, he becomes a Catholic!'"

### Secret Societies

At one time we used to believe that the passion to belong to a gang was confined to schoolboys in the infant class. According to Mr. Preuss, in his Dictionary of Secret Societies, the rage is pretty general among men who have never grown up—mentally, at least. He has collected details on the history, objects, beliefs, and ritual of hundreds of these societies. The Masons, of course, are listed, in all their complicated divisions and sects, the Oddfellows, the Buffaloes, and the Ku-Klux-Klan. We find accounts of the "Exalted Order of Dogs," who obey the "Royal Kennel," and the similarly "Exalted Society of Order Hounds," organised in "Kennels," officered by "Official Growlers" and "Big Barkers." Its mission "to develop scientific selling methods" amongst commercial travellers. There is the "Royal and Exalted Order of Fleas" . . . of which unhappily details are not given, and, suitably enough, the "Order of Bugs" who meet in a "Bughouse" and obey a "Supreme Exalted Bugaboo." We meet the Oddfellows conferring the "Royal Purple" in the truly kaleidoscopic raiment of "purple gowns, yellow belts, black turbans, and white surplices, with mitres and breastplates," and we are introduced to the "Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine," and they initiate their novices with the "Grand Salaam" and the ineffable rites performed at the "Devil's Pass."

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