

that his own ideas are not just as reliable as her's? According to some of the teaching which is so prevalent just now, each man is inevitably wedded to his own opinions, and science has no excuse for supposing that mankind care to be troubled with unsolvable problems of her's rather than with those of anyone else. Haeckel and his school are particularly strong upon what they call 'the science of rudimentary organs.' The child-like 'faith' that is placed in this pillar of the new departure is very touching. There are certain muscles, it appears, and organs of the human body, for which, for the very life of him, Haeckel can conceive no use, and as any want of understanding on his part clearly points to the one great conclusion he is ever striving to establish, he immediately pronounces judgment,—a veritable 'thus saith Sir Oracle': 'I and my fellow-believers can see no use for these muscles, therefore man is spontaneously "developed" from some brute or other that had a use for them, a use so evident that it could not have escaped our attention—had we been there to see, as in the case of John Gilpin.' This is so plain, and lays so slight a burden on man's powers of 'faith' that we may well wonder how darkness should so long have covered the land, and gross darkness the people.

The grand '*purpose*' of the 'advanced' scientific school is to hold up to the view of an admiring and regenerate world the great doctrine of '*Purposelessness*' or Dysteleology, or, in other words, one cherished '*purpose*' of Herr Haeckel's life is to prove the *absence* of '*purpose*' in the universe. If we are all so much the mere creatures of chance, if 'design' has so little to do with our own existence, and the existence of what we see around us, if '*purpose*' is such a phantasm in this world, why do these philosophers write to us so much? Why do they not let us alone? No '*purpose*' was involved in their

formation, none in our formation, there can be no '*purpose*' in their writing, and none in our reading it if they do write, why then so much waste of time and nervous energy, to say nothing of pens, ink and paper? At the best, all these teachings of science amount but to this, that when certain fortuitous combinations of material atoms, which it has pleased other and larger collections of similar atoms to call '*eyes*,' are placed in certain circumstances, they undergo a modification called '*sight*,' which, in this case, amounts to a number of little black marks on a white background '*only that, and nothing more.*' As these '*eyes*' turn themselves backwards and forwards, they '*see*' more and more of these little marks, but nothing further. According to Haeckel there is no evidence of any design. Another fortuitous aggregation of atoms called a '*nose*' next attempts to solve the mystery, but with like ill-success. And so with the other three '*infallibles*' which are to do such wonderful things for the race. But, terrible to relate, none of them can detect anything but the mere little black marks—no design whatever. Any '*rational*' man, then, with a scientifically-trained mind, will naturally say to himself: 'What is the use of wasting time poring over page after page of these things? I shall treat them as facts of nature ought to be treated. I notice that large numbers are almost identical in size and shape, and it would be a very good exercise to classify them accordingly. Indeed, I can't conceive how they ever came to be arranged in the order in which they now are. It is very absurd. No order or arrangement whatever, not the least evidence of design manifested. It is very astonishing, but I must do my best to rectify matters. And more especially must I do this because some people have got it into their heads that there is design here, and that these little marks mean something, and were