

But, though with diagnostic aids
 They were but ill supplied,
 There were a few who shrewdly guessed
 (Old What's-his-name among the rest)
 At what went on inside.

When you and I were young, Adam,
 It was damnation stark
 To doubt that all that breathe the air,
 Came, male and female, pair by pair,
 Straight out of Noah's ark.

"Mutantur," Adam, *"tempora
 Mutamur atque nos,"*
 And now we're not a bit afraid
 To tell just how the world was made
 In detail and in gross.

In pre-Archæan periods
 Of elemental stress
 The C and H and O and N
 Collide, rebound, combine, and then
 React with H₂S.

Colloidal specks from this ensued
 Which grew, and grew, and grew,
 With lively motion all endued,
 Till they attained a magnitude
 Of 0.01 μ .

Then, somewhere over .01
 And under .05
 Amœboid feelers out they sent
 And took some liquid nourishment
 And, lo, they were alive!

In pre-Archæan periods
 Let fancy have her fling,
 But, Adam, will your faith allow
 Such goings on can happen now
 When George the Fifth is King?