

out visible tools as well as *with* them, and how does science *know* that this is not actually the case? And if there should be such a personality, can science give any valid reason for the belief that he is in duty bound to reveal all his plans, and purposes, and methods of working to her? With all that dearth of lofty themes for the exercise of the poetical talent, which is so loudly complained of by many at the present day, we wonder that no one has seen fit to draw inspiration from the spectacle of that lonely bit of primeval protoplasm, so infinitesimally small, yet gifted with such boundless potentialities. Without beginning of days, or end of years, it is certainly the Melchisedec of the scientific world!

This scientific fancy of the *designless* and *undesigned* development of a *designing* creature called man, is surely one of the '*undesigned* coincidences' between science and unreason! The teachings of Plato, and of Paul, which link us to the ineffably perfect, to the transcendently noble, in one word, to the Divine, are to be given up, and in their place are to be substituted the teachings of Haeckel and others, teachings which join us irremediably to the dust, and bind us to the brute with fetters that cannot be broken. And on what authority? What testimony do these apostles of this new gospel advance to justify us in abjuring the ancient beliefs in the loftier nature and destinies of man? Simply the testimony of their own senses, and the senses of those who think along with them, that, and some very crude surmisings which they make about their various observations. If it is to be a mere setting of authority against authority in this way, of the assertions of Christ and Paul against those of Huxley and Darwin, if there be no authority higher and more infallible than the human, to which a last appeal may be made,—and science has swept away all such,—then at least we may say—

'Of two such lessons why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?'

One lesson at least science should by this time have taught both friends and foes alike, and that is a lesson of unsparing criticism, nor can she wonder if those who are not disposed to take her *ipse dixit* for everything, show a settled determination to accept from her as truth, *nothing whatever*, except what is proved by evidence the most incontestable and convincing. If Paul was mistaken in his views concerning man's nature and destiny, it is at least as likely that neither Darwin nor Haeckel are perfectly infallible in theirs. If the cherished convictions and yearning hopes of millions of mankind are wholly without good foundation, and are inevitably doomed to disappointment, we may be pardoned for refusing to receive as indeed 'the Messiah which was for to come,' the surmisings of certain fortuitous combinations of material particles, 'developed' under very special circumstances, and self-styled 'naturalistic philosophers.' Let us turn, then, from the culture and learning of the first century as represented by the Apostle Paul, to the culture and learning of the nineteenth century as represented by Huxley, Darwin or Haeckel; from the untutored reasonings of the one, to the trained scientific reasonings of the others. Let us go from the Gospel of Salvation to the gospel of degradation, from the old 'gospel of the Son of God' to the new 'gospel of dirt,' and let us examine the arguments advanced by an apostle of one phase of the advanced thought of to-day. In his work on 'The Development of Man' Haeckel has these sentences:—

'From the fact that the human egg is a simple cell we may *at once infer* that there has been, at a very remote period, a unicellular ancestor of the human race resembling the amœba. Again from the fact that the human embryo originally consists merely of two simple germ-layers, we may *safely infer* that a very ancient ancestral