

in his existence, but think your story about him, a mere *fiction*, fabricated by yourself, to assist your invented, or adopted fable concerning creation. And I may further say, what is true of nearly all the other parts of his story, that he is not the original inventor of this fiction, that Moses is not the author of that chapter on creation. His elder brother, the notorious Colenso, previously wrote that Samuel, or some of his school of the prophets, wrote the Pentateuch. Did the Dr. get a hint there. But Colenso has the advantage of the Dr., for he makes the author a veritable, well known, living man.

Chapter 5 bears the title:—"THE DESOLATE VOID."

Nearly the whole of this chapter of 15 pages is occupied with notices of the vain and absurd imaginations of old heathen writers, and other fabulists in their legendary tales and traditions, concerning this first state of the mass of earthly and watery elements; and also the equally absurd conceptions and notions of certain modern writers on the same subject. All this, however, as the Dr. must allow, affords no real light on the matter. But it serves well to show how diligent the Dr. has been in searching out all the heathen traditions, and reading and studying all the legendary tales, as well as modern fictions on the subjects.

In one place the Dr. says:—"It is evident that the state of our planet, which we have just been considering is one of which we can scarcely form any adequate conception; and science can in no way aid us, except by suggesting hypothesis or conjectures."

Why, then, not let the thing alone, and let it stand just as it is in Genesis? No, no, say these men of science, that would not answer, it would shut us out from displaying our vast intellectual powers, and magnificent conceptions and theories.

Although the Dr. has so positively spoken of the *inability* of science on the subject, he has ventured to say:—

"I am induced to believe, that the locality of the deep, or abyss, is to be sought, not in the universal ocean, or the interior of the earth, but in the vaporous or aeriform mass mantling the surface of our nascent planet, and containing the materials out of which the atmosphere was afterwards elaborated."

According to this, we are all living in the great "deep," and yet are breathing freely. There can be no doubt but the Dr. himself is far down in the deep, or abyss of wild conjecture, and his friend, the old seer, is not at hand to help him out. Scripture says