

'THE MARVELS OF SCIENTIFIC LOGIC.'

BY 'G.,' TORONTO.

THE splendid triumphs won by physical science since its disenfranchisement by Bacon from the shackles of religious bigotry, and more especially the advances she has made within the last comparatively few years, must be acknowledged by all. These triumphs have been so magnificent, these advances have been so gigantic, that we might almost be excused, if, in our amazement, we should cry out: 'Is there anything too hard for Science?' These triumphs can be denied only by the ignorant; they can be contemned only by the ungenerous; they can be ignored only by the bigoted and the ungrateful.

But while all this is true, while science has delivered herself from the fetters of slavery, and thus nobly shown herself worthy of all freedom, is she not inclined, and especially in these days, to forge for others the very chains which she herself so joyously, and with such determination, long ago cast off forever. Knowledge has been wonderfully increased by the untrammelled freedom of the senses; science, in the raptures of her felt liberty and power, declares that all knowledge, except what the senses afford us, is a phantasmic dream. Relief from a tyranny of mind is but the prelude to the more loveless tyranny of matter. Complaining bitterly of the one-sided dogmatism which regards man as made in the image of his Creator, and as the destined heir of immortality, science treats us to a dogmatism even more one-sided, a dogmatism which makes man the foolish sport of undesigning chance. If there is any slavery in-

volved in a belief in the 'Unseen, science offers us no more satisfactory substitute than the still more abject slavery involved in a cringing submission to a shallow and soulless 'seen.' Casting aside the idea of a God as the fetish of ignorant superstition, and in this way getting rid of any ultimate test of truth, science laughs to scorn, as the very climax of unthinking folly, the notion of *faith* in the teachings of a Paul; but she demands the most implicit trust in all the observations and surmisings of a Huxley. Scouting Jesus of Nazareth as a person wholly ignorant of the real wants and cravings of humanity, she presents to us the eyes, nose, ears, fingers and palate of Darwin, of London, and calls on us to fall down and worship, strongly recommending us, at the same time, to fill ourselves both for time, and for eternity—if there is any—with what husks our own senses can secure.

And truly, are we not bound by the very laws of our being, to accept as purest and most unadulterated gospel, the assertions of these same philosophers, to receive them with as frank and unwavering a faith as, nay rather with a faith infinitely more frank and more unwavering than, the reasonings of anyone else—of Paul, for example, or Newton? For, do they not tell us of what they have seen and smelt, tasted and handled, of this new word of life which they preach? Does not the whole constitution of nature compel us to believe that Haeckel has an *à priori* better claim on our attention as a speaker of 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,'