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- ART. I.—1. *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection.* By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.
2. *Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews.* By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.
3. *Man in the Past, Present and Future.* By Dr. L. Büchner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

Every one has heard the noise which a few brilliant scientists have made, and are still making, in this little planet of ours. Their sound has gone forth into all the world. Their writings are everywhere the themes of conversation among all classes, and the subjects of discussion in all sorts of periodicals—quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, and dailies. Our young men and our young misses, still in their teens, read them with avidity, and discuss, with marvellous glibness, the newest fashions in philosophy, religion, and science. They seem to have forgotten that there were ever any great men in the world before the advent of Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and company. They have heard, no doubt, that there have been such men as Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Pascal, Kepler, Galileo, Bacon, Newton, and Butler; but they seem to regard them as little better than ‘old fogies,’ whose old-fash-

ioned notions of providence and prayer are now fast becoming obsolete.

We shall not fatigue the reader's attention by a discussion of the details of the system of these new lights in philosophy, science, and religion. On the contrary, having studied their writings, we shall merely offer a few general reflections on the character of their minds, and the nature of their speculations.

Their appearance has taken the world by surprise. This knot of scientists, one and all, are conceded to be exceedingly brilliant; and bursting on the world, like a comet, they have strewn after them a train of followers which seems to cover a third of the heavens. The first thing that strikes us is, that this portentous, blazing comet has a moveable tail-piece; for it was only the other day that we saw it attached to a much meaner meteor of the air. Who does not remember the very recent reign of 'Knott and Gliddon,' and the great noise, as of a mighty, rushing wind, which they made in the so-called learned world? It was the leading idea of Knott and Gliddon, as is well known, that all the races of men, with all their astounding diversities, could not possibly have proceeded from one pair of progenitors. Hence, the demonstration being completed, it was confidently concluded that God, as his *pretended* word declares, did not make of one blood all the nations of the earth. The Bible was exploded; the Christian religion was overthrown; and the universal air rang with shouts of applause, and songs of *Io Triomphe*, at the sublime achievement and victory of the philosophers of Alabama. But how soon that shout died away, and how suddenly another song was heard from most of the followers of Messrs. *Knott and Gliddon!*

This new song they now send forth as the followers of Messrs. Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, whose leading idea is diametrically opposed to that of their former guides. For these men, as all persons know, now contend, that not only all the races of men, but, also all the species of animals and of plants, proceed from precisely one and the same 'primordial form.' It was only the other day that these men, laughing at the credulity of priest-ridden Christians, believed that God

could not, or did not, make of one blood, or one pair, all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth. But now, at the bidding of their new teachers, they believe that Nature—that inanimate, unthinking, and unreasoning Nature—has made of one primordial form or cell, or at most of several such forms or cells, all the infinite variety of species in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. And again, as if in profound contempt of their recent faith, the same shouts are heard, and the same songs of triumph are sung—that the Bible has fallen, that Revelation is refuted, because it is made to appear in the clear noonday of science that God did not create man at all, much less in his own image. In other words, because, as Darwin has demonstrated, the biped man, and all other living things, have grown up out of the dark womb of Nature, from the same primordial forms or cells, without the fiat of a God. Thus, as we have already said, does the huge train of the new comet, or the moveable tail-piece, attach itself to every meteor which, with portentous glare, may happen to cross the pathway of the ‘Sun of Righteousness.’

This theory is nothing new under the sun. It may be, and indeed is, admired for its novelty; but it is, in fact, as old as the hills. Many advocates, too, has it had, both among the learned and unlearned, before the appearance of Messrs. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and so forth. One of the most noted of these is one of the characters in *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, namely, the poor little negress *Topsey*. When asked who made her, she replied, as every one is aware, ‘I’s not made at all; I jist growed.’ Now, this notion of the little negro is the leading idea of Darwin, tricked out and adorned with all the splendid spoils of science, like a full-grown daughter of Ethiopia in all the meretricious finery of her holiday dress.

Again, the great idea, the learned hypothesis, of Mr. Darwin and the little negro was anticipated by Lord Monboddoo. For, in the hands of the old Scotch Laird, as well as in those of the new English scientist, the theory of development culminates in the grand formula that man is a monkey, minus the tail, with a few anterior outgrowths to compensate for the loss of his posterior appendage. If we do not deny the grandeur

or the glory of the discovery, let us, at least, distribute the honor to whom honor is due, and not concentrate it all on one person or one age. Let the little negro, we say, as well as the learned Laird, come in for a share of the glory. Especially, let us not rob the little negro; for, as she had no learning and no science, she must have made the great discovery by a simple intuition of the soul or 'faculty divine.'

Once more, according to the juvenile performance of J. J. Rousseau, man was, at first, a mere animal. In that performance, he says, 'Some savages have been found to go upon all fours,' not having reached, as yet, the erect form and intelligence of manhood. But 'the earth, abandoned to its natural fertility, and covered with immense forests, offers at each step magazines and retreats to the animals of every species. Men, dispersed among them, observe them, imitate their industry, and *raise themselves thus even to the instincts of brutes.*' Happy transformation! Glorious development! Men actually raise themselves *to the instincts of brutes!* It is in relation to this happy state, in which men and brutes were all equal, that Pope, in his Essay on Man, exclaims:

- 'Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
- 'Man walked with beast, joint tenanting the shade.
- 'The same of his table, and the same his bed,
- 'No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.'

It was also in relation to this blessed state that Voltaire said, 'when I read Rousseau's beautiful description of the state of nature, I feel inclined to resume my primitive rank in the scale of being, "and go upon all fours."' Happy, indeed, had it been for the manhood of Voltaire, if this had been the only instance in which he had ever felt inclined to make a monkey of himself! But, unfortunately, the great wit was, in more particulars than one, disposed to illustrate in his own person the reverse process of development, *or to show us Darwinism going backward.* Pythagoras maintained, not that brutes ever become men, but that men often become brutes. If we were compelled to choose between the two themes, we should prefer the dream of Pythagoras to that of Darwin, as having more of historic evidence and verisimilitude in its favor. For, in fact,

we have frequently seen the rational and immortal parts of man sinking into the brute; we have never beheld that glorious image of the Divinity emerge from a mere animal. That is, except in the fine-spun theories of our modern scientists, or of other dreamers. And, besides, the theory of Pythagoras has the advantage of age on its side.

Rousseau has, in one of his speculations, shown us this wonderful transformation, or development, of the mere animal into a man, free and intelligent. In passing from the state of nature, in which all animals are equal, to a state of society, the biped is, to use his own words, 'transformed from a stupid animal to a free, intelligent being—in a word, *to a man.*' Thus it is, according to Rousseau, that our kind is first raised, by the natural principle of imitation, 'to the instinct of brutes,' and then, by the natural instinct of society, 'from the stupid animal to a *free, intelligent being—in a word, to a man.*' Behold, then, in this old exploded dream of J. J. Rousseau, the new fangled theory of Darwin and others, according to which man is developed from the monkey.<sup>1</sup>

There is a similar hypothesis, however, much older than Topsy, or Monboddo, or Rousseau. It was long ago broached, and eloquently illustrated, as every student knows, by Lucretius, the great Roman poet, to say nothing of his great masters among the atheizing philosophers of the ancient world. We may, indeed, easily translate the old, effete cosmogony of Lucretius into that of Mr. Darwin, by simply putting 'cells' for 'seeds,' by making a few slight and unimportant changes in the details of the system, leaving all its fundamental principles untouched, and then causing the whole to blaze with decorations, or fine scraps, drawn from the great store-house of modern science.

It is the boast of these men, and of their followers, that they stand in the very front rank of modern science. We concede the claim. We allow them, in their own province, to be kings, priests, and prophets. But when they travel beyond their own dominions, and pronounce on questions they have never studied, they violate an old maxim of wide application—the old

1 Social Contrast. Book 1, chap. vi.

maxim, namely, that 'the shoemaker should stick to his last.' Lucretius and his masters, as is well known, were, in questions pertaining to the natural sciences, far in advance of the philosophers of their age. But yet, as is equally well known, when they pass beyond their own province, and venture to pronounce on the great questions relating to man and God, they showed themselves to be the merest drivellers in philosophy. It was demonstrated then, as it is demonstrated now, that the very highest and brightest in the realm of the natural sciences may be the very lowest and meanest in philosophy, which is 'the Queen of the Sciences.' 'The best eye,' says Butler, 'can only see in the direction in which it looks;' and if these men—these scientists of the Darwinian school—have ever seriously looked into the nature of man, or into the idea of God, little fruit of their labors, and that, too, of the meanest and most withered sort, have they exhibited in their works. Science may shine forth in their writings; but the great ideas of man, and of God therein, suffer a dark, if not a total, eclipse. Precisely the same thing happened in the ancient world. It was, in other words, the meanest of all the philosophical sects of antiquity, or the one in which God and man appeared to the least advantage, which was most magnificently arrayed in the spoils of science. But, even with this recommendation in its favor, all the fire and genius, all the eloquence and poetry, of a Lucretius failed to screen the philosophy of Epicurus from the detestation and abhorrence of the moral sense of mankind. We predict the same fate for the kindred system of the very brilliant scientists of the present day; and shall, moreover, according to the full measure of our humble abilities, help to make this prediction good.

When we looked into *The Origin of Species*, by Mr. Darwin, our attention was forcibly arrested by a very remarkable passage, which does not seem to have attracted the notice of his critics. It is as follows: '*I have given only the general conclusions at which I have arrived, with a few facts in illustration, but which, I hope, in most cases will suffice. No one can feel more sensibly than I do the necessity of hereafter publishing all the facts, with references, on which my conclusions*

have been grounded; and *I hope in a future work to do this.* For I am well aware that scarcely a single point is discussed in this volume on which facts cannot be adduced, often apparently leading to conclusions directly opposite to those at which I have arrived. A fair result can be obtained only by fully stating and balancing the facts and arguments on both sides of each question; and this is impossible here.' (p. 18.)

Thus, according to Mr. Darwin's own confession, he has given 'only his general conclusions,' and *not the facts by which they are established.* He still holds all his facts in reserve, except a very few; but he hopes these few will suffice. His expectations have been more than realized. His conclusions have been taken on trust, and incontinently swallowed by his followers! He tells them plainly, that from the very few facts set before them in his book, they cannot 'obtain a fair result.' But what care they for *fair results?* The result they wish is before them; and though it deny the divine origin, and the eternal destiny, of their own species, they first gulp it down, apparently delighted with the nauseous dose, or doctrine, of their own degradation. He tells them that there is 'scarcely a single point discussed' in his volume which may not be opposed by facts, apparently leading to conclusions diametrically opposite to his own. But what care they for adverse facts or conclusions? The one fact, or fancy, which degrades mankind in his origin to a level with the worms of the dust, and the one conclusion to which that fact, or fancy, so significantly points, are all they need. That is to say, the conclusion that no day shall ever dawn on the long night of the grave; for, if we have no reason to believe that God, by a glorious act of his power, raised man from the dust of the earth at first, we have none to hope that we will do so at last. Indeed, the original creation of man from the dust of the ground, by an act of the divine omnipotence, is at once the type and the pledge of his final resurrection from the dust of the grave, by the manifestation of the same almighty power. If that power does not exist, then our hope is vain. Hence, if either Darwin, or the devil, would cheat us out of such a hope, he must bait his hook with facts, and not with fancies. He must show us his pre-

mises, as well as his conclusions. He must show us his facts, and not merely his 'general conclusions,' if he would seduce us from the old-fashioned faith, and the glorious hope of Revelation. We can walk by faith, it is true, and not by sight; but then it must be by faith in God, and not in Darwin. He may assure us, as he does, that he has facts in reserve amply sufficient to establish his conclusions, and that he actually intends to publish them in a book. But we shall wait to see that book, and examine these facts, ere we adopt his new-fangled hypothesis. Shall we pin our faith to any man's sleeve? If so, it shall be to the sleeve of a Socrates, a Plato, a Pascal, a Bacon, a Butler, or a Newton, rather than to that of a Darwin or a Huxley. He may transform himself into an angel of light, if he can, and surround himself with all the glories of science; but, if he would conquer our belief, he must show his facts and his demonstrations. His followers, who laugh at the credulity of Christians, may, if they please, illustrate their own infinite gullibility, by swallowing his hypothesis before it is proved, or established on a basis of facts. As for ourselves, we exclaim with Newton, 'Hypotheses non fingo;' and absolutely refuse to embrace any theory until it be shown to rest on a solid foundation of facts. Much less the theory of Mr. Darwin, which so clearly seems to conflict with the word of God, as well as with the teachings of the wise and good in all ages; a theory, too, which annihilates the dignity of man, as well as obscures the glory of God.

This theory is, in fact, a most amazing one. In the language of Professor Huxley, it boldly teaches that all 'the infinite diversity of animal, and even vegetable, life' has been developed from 'the primordial form of a single cell.'<sup>1</sup> Developed, too, not by any influence or agency of the Divine Being, but simply and solely by 'the law of natural selection.'

But our quarrel with these men relates not so much to the origin of man, as to their views and sentiments respecting God, if they believe in any God at all; and if so, in which sort of a God they do not permit us to see. They are so very reticent on this point, and their views, in so far at least as they appear

1 The Origin of Species, p. 29.



in their writings, are so vague, so obscure, and so vacillating, that we can only feel after them in the dark, and, after all, only guess at their meaning. But if we venture to do this, and use our very best endeavors to do them exact justice, they complain that they are misunderstood and misrepresented. Now, here the great question is, do they wish to be understood? If so, is it not perfectly evident that, by one single article of faith, or a few plain words, they could make their views clearly known, and thereby put an end forever to the misunderstandings and misrepresentations of which they so loudly complain? If, instead of this open and honest course, they choose to hide themselves, as theologians, in clouds and darkness, of whom have they any reason to complain that they are misunderstood, except of themselves? Are their views of a question so vital and so transcendent as the being and attributes of God of no consequence to themselves or to the world? Is it safe, is it wise, is it right, that, while the powers of light and the powers of darkness are engaged in such fierce conflict respecting the character of God, they should remain neutral? We can only answer, that he who, in such a conflict, is not for us, is against us. If they are on the Lord's side, then let them speak out like men, and show that they are not cowards nor traitors. Let them speak out, we say, and define their position, and cease this everlasting dodging in the clouds and shadows of an impenetrable obscurity. This is the question: Are they on the Lord's side or not? Whether they are or not, we may apply to them the tremendous words: 'Curse ye Meroz, curse ye the inhabitants thereof, curse ye bitterly, because they came not up to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' Tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of infidels, as they cannot but know, take shelter under their speculations, and plead their authority for the position assumed by them. How, then, if they are not infidels themselves, can they look on, and remain silent, without proving false to themselves and to the cause of God? Especially since, as they also know, that some of the most learned and logical of their followers, such as Büchner, and other German writers, have demonstrated that their prin-

ciples lead, by necessary consequence, into the dark and starless abyss of atheistic materialism ; a deep and awful abyss in which there is no God, no hope, and no sign of a life beyond the grave. The religious world is, indeed, deeply indebted to the bold German, Dr. Büchner, because he has shown with such overwhelming logic the detestable conclusions to which the principles of Darwin and Huxley necessarily lead, and because he has exposed, in a flood of scorching light, the cowardly dodges and inconsistencies of these founders of the modern atheistical school of development.

Dr. Büchner quotes from the writings of Professor Huxley the clear and unmistakable words: ' Ever leaving Mr. Darwin's views aside, the whole analogy of natural operations furnishes so complete and crushing an argument against the intervention of any but what are termed *secondary causes* in the production of all the phenomena of the universe that, in view of the immediate relations between Man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, *I can see no excuse for doubting that all are coördinated terms of Nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed—from the inorganic to the organic—from blind force to conscious intellect and will.*' Thus, according to the most explicit words of Professor Huxley: ' In the production of all the phenomena of the universe ' there is nothing—absolutely nothing—but the intervention, or operation, of ' *secondary causes,*' as they ' *are termed.*' There is no First Cause, as the greatest thinkers of all ages and nations have so fondly dreamed ; or, if there be, it has really never caused any thing, never produced any phenomena, in the universe. In other words, all the phenomena of the great universe, from its cradle to its grave, are due entirely and exclusively to falsely called ' *secondary causes.*' Secondary causes, indeed ! Why, they are the only causes—the alpha and omega of all science, philosophy and religion. Professor Huxley ' can see no excuse ' for the doubt ; but whether we be excused by him or not, we still doubt the grand conclusion and climax of his ' philosophy,' as it is called, that all the

phenomena of the universe are produced and governed by secondary causes alone, are merely 'the cōordinated terms of Nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed—from the inorganic to the organic—from blind force to conscious intellect and will.' With or without his leave, or excuse, we must believe that the universe was produced by 'conscious intellect and will,' and not 'conscious intellect and will' by the universe, or any of its blind forces. We must believe that God, the great First Cause of all things, is Light, and that in him there is no darkness at all. We must believe, moreover, that the blindness, which he sees in the Force that produced the universe, is in his own mind only, and not in the thing itself. The Force which fills the throne of the universe is not a blind Fate, but a most free, intelligent, wise, loving, and almighty Father.

Having quoted the above passage from Professor Huxley, Dr. Büchner truly adds: 'It would be impossible to express more distinctly and directly the fundamental idea of the materialistic conception of the universe and nature, and the developmental theory which stands in necessary connection therewith.' (p. 115.) Again, says Professor Huxley, 'As certainly as every future is composed of a present and a past, so surely will the natural science of the future more and more extend the empire of *matter and natural law*, till it becomes synonymous with knowledge, sense, and action.' Thus, as Dr. B. declares, 'matter' and 'natural law' are 'the two conceptions which in future are destined to set aside all other methods of explanation;' allowing no place even for God in the production and government of the world. Having reached this grand conclusion, Professor Huxley says: 'The consciousness of this great truth weighs, it seems to me, like a nightmare upon some of the best spirits of the present time. They watch what they call the spread of materialism with the same feelings of terror and impotent anguish which the savage experiences during a solar eclipse, when he sees the great shadow creeping over the face of the sun.'

The feeling is the same; and the cause is also the same. The ignorant savage, not knowing that it is a mere *shadow*, fancies

that the sun is about to be extinguished. In like manner, if good men tremble with 'feelings of terror and impotent anguish,' when they see the great shadow of science, as it calls itself, creeping over the face of God, this is only because their ignorance, or weak and timid faith, is too easily alarmed. It is merely a shadow, and will soon pass away, leaving the face of the Almighty more clear, more bright, more beautiful, and more cheering than before.

We have read, nay, we have studied, the bold attempt of Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and others, to explain the origin of all things by the operation of 'secondary causes' only, 'without the hypothesis of a God.' But we have no time, at present, to expose the huge gaps, the vast logical chasms, in the structure of their weak, incoherent, and crazy system. And besides, we feel little disposed to weary the patience of our readers, or to insult the intelligence of the nineteenth century, by the detailed refutation of a theory which makes Blind Force the Father of the universe. Having examined their speculations, we have risen from the dreary task, from the miserable drudgery, with a clearer conviction and a deeper sense of the truth of the old reflection—how poor, how paltry, how pitiful are all the cosmogonies of men, when compared with the sublime utterance of Moses, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'

How blind the men who, like Professor Huxley, can see only Blind Force in the Father of the universe! Is not the very eye in them darkened? How such blindness, moral and religious, could have happened to such minds, is one of the most curious and profoundly interesting problems in the natural history of mankind—a problem which relates, not to the genesis of species, but to the genesis of ideas; not to the rise, growth, and development of matter, but to the fall, decay, and degradation of mind. It inquires, not how 'blind force' and 'natural law' have, in the first place, raised dead, inert, formless matter into all the beautiful forms of animated nature, and then developed the animal nature of man into 'the image of God,' as conscious intelligence and free, self-active will, but how they have prevented that image, whose germ was originally

planted in the soul of man, from the development and recognition of itself, and, through itself, of the divine glory of the Father of spirits. In fine, not how senseless cells have been developed into animals, and animals into men, but how immortal souls have failed to be developed into a knowledge of God. This is the great question on which, in conclusion, we propose to offer a few reflections.

It is one of the profound sayings of Jacobi, and one of the most pregnant passages ever penned by man, that '*Nature conceals God.* For, through her whole domain, Nature reveals only fate, only an indissoluble chain of mere efficient causes, without beginning and without end, excluding, with equal necessity both Providence and chance. An independent agency, a free original commencement, within her sphere, and originating from her powers, is absolutely impossible. Working without will, she takes counsel neither of the good nor of the beautiful; creating nothing, she casts up from her dark abyss only eternal transformation of herself, unconsciously and without end; furthering, with the same ceaseless industry, decline, and increase, death and life—never producing what alone is of God, and supposes liberty the witness, the immortal.'

'*Man reveals God.* For man, by his intelligence, rises above Nature, and, in virtue of his intelligence, is conscious of himself as a power not only independent of, but opposed to, Nature, and capable of resisting, conquering, and controlling her. As he has a living faith in this power superior to nature, so has he a belief in God, a feeling, an experience of His existence. As he does not believe in this power, so he does not believe in God; he sees, he experiences naught in existence but nature, necessity, fate.'

These words, if properly pondered and applied, explain the astounding blindness of men of science, of the mere students of Nature, to the being and the attributes of God. If a man, though he be a Tyndall, devote himself almost exclusively to the study of nature, his mind may become so moulded and formed by the force of habit, that he can see naught in the universe but nature, necessity, fate. He may study 'heat as a mode of motion,' and 'sound as a mode of motion,' and

'light as a mode of motion;' nay, all the phenomena and processes of nature as 'modes of motion,' until the soul of man itself is viewed by him merely as 'a mode of motion.' His mind may, in fact, be transformed into the image of the object he has worshipped; and that image, therefore, he sees everywhere. That is, he sees everywhere only nature, necessity, fate. He ever sees 'blind force,' or fate, as the throne of the universe; and in man he sees nothing 'superior to nature.' He sees in him only a link—a little brighter and better than usual, perhaps—but still only a link in the 'indissoluble chain of efficient causes' and effects, which runs, without beginning and without end, around the universe, binding all things fast in fate. Would he, after such studies and the formation of such habits, look 'through nature up to nature's God'? If so, the medium is opaque, and so he sees nothing but nature. He sees, and he can see, nothing 'superior to nature.' He sees no mind, no 'free original commencement,' no self-active power or will, and, consequently, no God, in any proper sense of the word. As in nature, so in the wide universe, he beholds everything move only as it is moved, and, consequently, the sublime idea of an 'unmoved Mover of the heavens and the earth' is as foreign to his conceptions as it was familiar to the mind of a Plato, or an Aristotle, or a Newton. The idea of a great First Cause never dawns on his mind; and all things are, therefore, explained by him as the product of 'secondary causes' only. The two conceptions of 'matter' and of 'natural law' become, in his vocabulary, 'synonymous with knowledge, sense, and action!' He makes his conceptions, low and narrow as they are, the measure of the universe; and thereby excludes the idea of a God, or of a Great First Cause, from the articles of his faith.

You must not, however, call him an atheist. For, if he can say with Helvetius, that he is not an atheist, who says 'that motion is God,' for 'motion produces all things.' Or, if he puts 'blind force,' or 'matter and natural law,' in the place of God, you must not call him an atheist; for 'blind force,' 'matter and natural law,' have produced all things, and still preside over all the grand 'progressions of Nature,' The

writer of this school, who has written most largely on the idea of God, comes to the conclusion that he is absolutely 'unknown and unknowable;' thus placing Darkness instead of Light on the throne of the universe. Each and every member of this school, indeed, seems to have his own god or idol. With one, he is simply motion; with another, 'matter and local motion;' with a third, 'matter and natural law;' and with a fourth, 'blind force,' beaming with the glories of science, with 'secondary causes' for his ministering angels. Such men may be, if you please, giants in science; they are certainly pigmies in philosophy. Having blotted out the great Central Light of the universe, they dwell in darkness and in the shadows of death. If, indeed, they were only sensible of their condition, as sunk in 'the dark abyss of nature,' without God and without hope in the world, they would exclaim with the blind hero of Milton's *Samson Agonistis* :

'O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day !'

But these Samsons of science are blind—not in the bodily eye, which looks outward upon Nature, but in the mental eye, which looks upward to God. Hence, with a Huxley and a Spencer, they see only 'blind force' on the throne above the worlds; the absolutely dark, '*unknown and unknowable.*'

Do they worship their own gods? What worship, we ask, is due to the Blind Force of Huxley, or to the absolutely 'unknown and unknowable' Darkness of Herbert Spencer? 'The worship offered in such a religion must be,' says Professor Huxley, "for the most part of the silent sort"—silent not only as to the spoken word, but silent as to the mental conception also.' 'It will be difficult to distinguish,' as Mivart well says, 'the followers of this religion from the followers of none. . . . For therein enjoins the cultivation of sentiments of love and devotion to God, and the practice of their external expression. Atheism forbids both, while the simply non-theist abstains in conformity with the prohibition of the atheist, and thus practically sides with him.' Since the worship of their religion is, however, of the silent sort, we have good reason to

believe that they are among the most devout of men. But if, instead of silence, they should make the world resound with the worship of their new-fangled gods, how much better would this be than any other—the basest idolatry?

‘Some men,’ says the Master of Wisdom, ‘become attached to *particular sciences and contemplations*, either from supposing themselves the authors and inventors of them, or from having bestowed the greatest pains upon such subjects, and thus become most habituated to them. If men of this description apply themselves to *philosophy and contemplations of an universal nature*, they wrest and corrupt *them by their pre-conceived fancies.*’<sup>1</sup> In illustration of this aphorism, he mentions ‘the chemists’ who ‘formed a fanciful philosophy with the most confined views, from a few experiments of the furnace.’ And ‘Gilbert, too,’ he continues, ‘having employed himself most assiduously in the consideration of the magnet, immediately established a system of philosophy to coincide with his favorite pursuit.’ But no more striking illustration of the truth of the aphorism in question could be furnished than the course pursued by the scientists of the present day. For, having devoted themselves, soul and body, to the study of ‘particular sciences,’ they wrest and corrupt the whole body of philosophy and theology by recasting and remolding them in conformity with their narrow views. Having seen, as they imagine, how a few things, or phenomena of nature, are produced by ‘matter and natural law’ alone; and having become intoxicated with their success, they reel out with the infinite absurdity that all things, all plants, all animals, and all men, are produced by the same ‘secondary causes.’ Thus is all mind or will, as a self-conscious and self-active power, eliminated from the universe, leaving only ‘nature, necessity, and fate,’ as the residuum of their philosophy. Leaving, in other words, nothing superior to nature; their very gods themselves, if gods they may be called, are not the masters, but the slaves, of ‘natural law.’ It is no wonder, then, that they should deny, as they do, the reality of providence, the possibility of miracles, and the efficacy of prayer. Their idea



of God, and of his relation to the world, necessitate their views respecting providence, miracles, and prayer. On the other hand, the reality of providence, the moral need of miracles, and the duty of prayer, are corollaries flowing from the true idea of God, and of his relation to the world, as clearly as the rays of the sun flow from his flaming disk. So true is it that the great controversies which philosophy has with science, or, more properly speaking, with the mushroom philosophy of scientists, turn on the idea of God and his relation to the universe. Hence, if we would lay the axe right at the root of this Upas tree of infidelity, we must study, and develop, and establish in the minds of men this idea of God and his relation to nature.

But this, of course, cannot be even adopted on the present occasion. We shall, in conclusion, quote one other profound aphorism from 'the Master of Wisdom.' 'It is true,' says he, 'that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.' Especially is this the case when the 'little philosophy' is wrested into a conformity with the narrow, confined, and exclusive views of *mere* scientists, and corrupted by their jejune speculations and fancies. The study of nature leads to science, but philosophy begins with the study of man—of mind—and ends in the knowledge of God. Let those, then, who have studied matter, and matter alone, stand aloof from the domain of philosophy. For, however brilliant they they may be in science, they can only babble in philosophy. If history proves anything, it absolutely demonstrates that a man may be as great in the particular science he has studied—even as great as the illustrious La Place himself—and yet hardly above, if not below, contempt in philosophy, 'the Queen of the Sciences.'

Plato has, with the hand of a great master, struck the precise intellectual cause of all atheism. 'The cause of all impiety and irreligion among men is,' says that 'Prince of Philosophers,' 'the reversing *in themselves* the relative subordination of mind and body; they have, in like manner, *in the universe*, made that to be first which was second, and that to be second which was first; for while, in the generation of all things, mind and

final causes precede matter and efficient causes, they, on the contrary, have viewed matter and material things as absolutely prior, in the order of the universe, to intelligence and design; *and thus departing from an error in relation to themselves, they have ended in a subversion of the Godhead.*

Marvelous and immortal words! As true are they now—as at this moment—as they were two thousand years ago; laying bare, for all ages and all nations of the world, the roots of ‘all impiety and irreligion among men.’ We behold in them, as in a mirror, the intellectual causes of the atheism of a Democritus and an Epicurus, no less than of that of a Darwin and a Huxley.

The original, the root of error, is relative to themselves. They subordinate, in themselves, mind to body. Thus, says Huxley, like others of the same school, ‘Mind is thought,’ and ‘thought is a function of matter;’ which is, as completely as possible, to subordinate mind to body. Or, in other words, to degrade mind, and all that is god-like in man, to a mere function or phenomenon of matter. Let us follow him, for a moment, as he traces this first principle, or postulate, to its inevitable conclusion.

In his famous work, entitled ‘Man’s Place in Nature,’ he institutes, first of all, a comparison between man and the men-like apes. He is careful, however, only to compare their bodies. Having completed this profound investigation in comparative anatomy, and illustrated his own learning, he draws the conclusion, that ‘man’s place in nature’ is, after all, merely that of a ‘modified animal,’ or a monkey minus the tail. Nay, thanks to the present advanced condition of the sciences, he has actually discovered a ‘race of monkeys without a tail;’ and so left Lord Monboddo far behind! What! shall we be told that the dignity of a man, that the glory of our common humanity, depends on the shape of his backbone, or the size of his big toe? No—ten thousand times, no! For if, as to his body, God has made man only a little higher than the monkeys; yet, as to his mind, has He made him only a little lower than the angels. Shall we judge the jewel by the cas-

ket? and shall we, thus judging, degrade the image of the Divine Majesty to the likeness of a monkey?

The body represents God as a house does the builder; but the mind represents Him as a son does the father. Shall we, then, judge the inhabitant by the house he dwells in? Is the son, though lodged in a manger, any the less a child or an heir? Or place him where you will, whether in a mean or in a majestic body, is he not everywhere in a temple, which he makes vocal with the praises of the Most High? That is, except where the germs of the God-like, originally planted in him, have failed to be developed; and then his worship is, like that of the Dumb Brutes and the Darwinians, all of 'the silent sort.'

In the second place, this error in regard to themselves, which views body as the soma of life, and light, and mind, becomes an infinite error in regard to God and the universe. For though, in 'the generation of all things,' a far-seeing mind plans and produces the unity, the order, the harmony, and the beauty of the universe; yet they, on the contrary, view matter and material things as absolutely prior, in the order of existence, to intelligence and design; thus ending in the subversion of the Godhead, and the deification of Blind Force or Fate.

'Light,' says Plato, 'is the shadow of God.' 'Darkness,' say these blind leaders of the blind, 'is the very essence of God.' 'God is light,' says a greater than Plato, 'and in Him there is no darkness at all.' Yet, if the dumb brutes could only speak the thing that is in them, they would say, with the Darwinians, that God is darkness, and in him there is no light at all. Or, in the words of Spencer, Huxley, and the rest, that He is the absolutely 'unknown and the unknowable,' whose worship is silence, and whose iron sceptre is blind force. If the Darwinian theory be true, then is it not evident that neither He nor His disciples are, as yet, sufficiently developed to be judges of man or God, of philosophy or religion? Is it not evident that, with the whole animal creation, they are still too deeply sunk in the dark abyss of nature to see that which is above nature, namely, the universe of mind—beaming every-

where, and beaming with the image of God—even with his free, self-active will, his designing intelligence, and his creative skill? But all these things are hid from the mere students of nature. Not one ray of the eternal, ever blessed light, that ‘God is love,’ ever touches, or gilds, the outskirts of the darkness in which they dwell, much less penetrates its awful depths! Going as they do, bent and bowed down, all the days of their life, in the study of mere nature, or matter and the modes of motion, the great God of heaven and earth himself often becomes to them, as he is to the brutes, ‘the Unknown and the Unknowable.’

But ‘Man reveals God! It is the mind, however, and not the body, which makes the man. He may, if you please, have the backbone, or the big toe, of the monkey; but

‘A man is a man for ‘a that.’

His body may, if Mr. Huxley likes, be no better than a monkey’s; but it is the jewel, not the casket; it is the god-like in man, and not the brute-like, which makes all the difference. It is not the house, but the inhabitants; it is not the temple, but the worshippers, which make the glory of the world. In the sublime language of an ancient philosopher, ‘There is nothing great on earth but man; there is nothing great in man but mind.’ We mean mind, then, and not machinery, when we repeat the words of Pope—

‘The proper study of mankind is man,’

For it is this study, and this study alone, which reveals God. But having, in the first place, ‘looked through nature’—that is, through human nature—‘up to nature’s God,’ we may then behold all nature glorified in Him. We may then, with Anaxagoras, and Socrates, and Plato, see one eternal, uncreated, and supreme *Nous* or Mind seated on the throne of the universe, and there reigning as the Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor of all things; the Master, and not the slave, of his own laws; the Father of Spirits, in short, and not the sheer figment of a purblind science. It is to thee, O Almighty Father of men and of angels! that we bend the knee, and not to ‘the blind force,’ nor to ‘the natural law,’ nor to ‘the

necessity,' nor to 'the fate,' of the schools. It is to thee, O Father! at once free, intelligent, self-active, wise and good, that we lift our adoring hearts, and not to the dark 'Unknown and Unknowable' deity, god, or idol of modern science. It is to thee, O Father of Mercies! that, from the dark abyss of nature, and sin, and death, we cry aloud, and, with hope and joy unutterable, look for deliverance, life, and light. And we thank thee, O Father! that although thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, thou hast revealed them unto babes and sucklings. In other words, that, although thou hast hid these things from the wise and learned of this world, who have wished to hide themselves from thee, thou hast revealed them to all who, in the spirit of little children, have 'cried unto thee from the depths.'

But there are moral, as well as intellectual, causes of atheism; but upon these moral causes we have, at present, no time to dwell. Hence, we shall sum up the substance of this discourse, and dismiss our new lights in philosophy in the words of a distinguished writer: 'The souls of men,' says he, 'spending themselves about bodily and material acts, and conversing only with sensible things; they are apt to acquire *such deep stamps of material phantasms to themselves, that they cannot imagine their being (or the being of a God) to be any other than material and divisible, though of a fine, ethereal nature.*' Behold, then, the genesis of the materialistic views of the Darwinian school, by which all mind, both in heaven and earth, is blotted from the panorama of the universe! Thought is, with these men, like heat, sound, or light, merely a mode of motion. Or, in the language of David Hume, whom these men expressly acknowledge as their master in philosophy, mind is merely 'the little agitation of the brain we call thinking.' Hence, when that 'little agitation' ceases, mind is no more, and all idle dreams about the great 'Unknown' is at an end forever.