

SOME FAILURES OF EVOLUTION

A Report Submitted to Class in Amnesley by a Student, R. Woods.

Evolution starts with nothing—how, then, could anything ever begin to be?

Evolutionists have not a single fact from the field of science to prove their theory.

Man does not begin in a single cell. His growth from birth to maturity is a development, and not evolution.

No new species, either in plant or animal, has ever been produced, either by nature or by man.

No organ could ever be produced by evolution because the constant tendency to "vary" to something new, as we are told, would make this impossible.

If one species produced another as evolutionists claim the first species would cease to exist but this is not the case.

The survival of the fittest is not true. All the greatest animals are dead—the bedbug is still living.

Evolution cannot amount for the origin of MATTER, FORCE, ORIGIN OF SPECIES or THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

How did man attain dominion over nature if nature produced him?

Evolutionists put in dead matter and blind force, all fundamentalists put God. Which is the more sane.

A struggle to exist does not produce the "fittest". The slums, famine, disease, war, do not produce the best. They destroy the best.

Evolution brutalizes, and it will destroy civilization if it is not outlawed. It is also a creed of atheism, infidelity, communism, agnosticism, bolshevikism and all brands of destructive, anarchistic elements. A strange company for the preachers and educators.

Haeckel, the one best fitted to take Darwins place, was caught at one time doctoring certain animal illustrations designed to sustain his evolution theories. In making reply to these charges, he made the following statement: "I should feel utterly condemned and annihilated by the admission were it not that hundreds of the best observers and biologists lie under the same charge." Who among the opponents of evolution has brought any such sweeping indictment of the integrity of science as this admission by one of the world's foremost biologists?

If we came by evolution, why is nature on the Genesis record, producing "after her kind."

This is enough.

—*The Holiness Era.*

THE TRAMP PREACHER

He presents himself at the parsonage, letting it be known how glad he is to be among his own kind of people again. He was associated with Brother Smith (or Jones) in another conference, and held meetings for him. They had a wonderful time!

Sometimes he is evidently an American. Again he is of foreign accent. Yes, he would be glad to preach for the pastor. He has preached in the Free Methodist Church in Wheelsburg and at Smith's Corners. He always likes to help out. If the pastor does not mind he would like to let it be known that he is raising money to finance an escaped nun, or he is supporting a colony of starving Armenians, or he is running a Jewish Mission in St. Louis or Halifax. Just anything that the people may want to give will be thankfully received. Sometimes the practical

joke is finished by a "loan" being obtained from the preacher.

In many cases he is just a downright crook who makes his living preying upon easy preachers and their congregations. Sometimes he is honest enough and his scheme is more or less good. But in any case why should he be allowed to solicit money from our people? We conduct orphanages and homes; missions, foreign and home; and we have our schools. Here is variety for benevolence. And when we give to our own work we know that the administration is with economy and that the salaries of the workers are from reasonable to very much below that figure. Why, then, allow the tramp preacher to take money from our needy institutions and other needy work? At his worst he is a bad man who gets money under false pretenses. At his best he gets money that should do work through our own channels.

Frequently there comes to the Free Methodist office information of these wandering men (or women). The best protection against them is in a preacher (and an official board, to whom propositions to get money from our congregations should be submitted) who is wise enough to take up slowly with strangers who wish to push themselves in without proper credentials for revival meetings or meetings of any kind.—*Editorial in the Free Methodist.*

TRAPPED

It was Africa. The night was dark and stormy. The hunt was over; grim and powerful black warriors swarmed from jungle paths; armed and silent they gathered in their village stockade. The fires blazed brightly.

The scene struck terror to the heart of the American explorer. He and his party had been searching that wild region for pigmies but he had become separated from his main caravan and had taken refuge in a native village.

He found himself a prisoner surrounded with naked savages. Barbarous men continued to gather from the bush, each savage clasping a wicked looking spear or a long, heavy knife. Danger was in the air. The explorer believed himself trapped. He would die fighting, backed up against the wall that no stealthy savage could stab him in the back. His guns were ready, although he knew that the spears and terrible knives would finally win.

At this dramatic moment the chief appeared with twelve stalwart warriors. He ordered his braves to sit. They obeyed. The chief then slowly approached with a small bag in his hand, the kind in which the Africans kept their deadly poisons for arrowheads and spear-points. The explorer now expected to be poisoned, but he was alert and ready for the struggle. He raised his gun.

In death-like stillness the chief stopped, put his hand into the poison bag and slowly drew out—a New Testament! Could the explorer believe his eyes? Yes, the corpoteur had been there before him.

The automatic was lowered. The explorer was in the house of his friends.

Slowly the chief told how he had secured the Book from a white man who had taught him the Story of stories, and how he was trying, as best he knew, to pray.

The watch fires burned out in the night, but the explorer slept without fear.—*Sel.*

"Do not lose the blessing that lies hidden in your trials."—*Selected.*

DO A LITTLE BIT FOR JESUS

Do a little bit for Jesus,
He who came down from the sky,
Into this old world to suffer,
Gave His life for you and I.

So be ever up and doing,
When you see a sinsick soul,
Try and save him, He'll reward you,
When at last you reach your goal.

Throw a line to all who are sinking,
In the miry depths of sin,
Tell to them the love of Jesus,
And He'll save and take them in.

When you see a weary wanderer,
One whose cross is hard to bear,
Tell him there is One who'll help him,
And his heavy burden share.

Though you cannot cure the sick one,
Restore sight, and heal the lame,
You can do your bit for Jesus,
He'll reward you just the same.

As you walk the straight and narrow,
Souls you'll meet upon your way,
Tell them of the living Jesus,
Who will take you home some day.

Do you want to aid the missionaries?
Help to spread the gospel wide?
Give your little bit for Jesus,
'Ere He calls you o'er the tide.

So strive to do your bit for Jesus,
In everything you do or say,
And when trials come up before you,
Remember Jesus walked this way.

BERNICE LESLIE.

MEDITATION: "MY SHEPHERD."

Because the Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want any good thing. He supplies all my needs according to His riches in Christ Jesus. He knows where the green pastures are, and He leads me into them. He sets a table before me in the presence of my enemies; therefore, I shall not want for food.

He knows where the still waters are, and He leads me by them; therefore, I shall not thirst for water. I shall not want for strength, for refuge, or for comfort. He is my Strength and my Refuge; and His rod and His Staff, they comfort me.

Like most sheep, I sometimes go astray and get into danger. My Shepherd can always find me. There is no place where I cannot call unto Him. There is no place where He cannot come. When I call, He answers me. When I am in danger, He comes unto me.

He always answers my prayer. Sometimes He says, "No," and then "No" is better. I am not wise enough to always know when the object of my desire will harm me. But He knows, and in His wisdom He says "No" to me.

I must never say, "Why?" to Him. I may say, "How?" and He will tell me. I may say, "When?" and He will let me know. I may say, "Where?" and He will show me.

I need Him all the time, so He is ever near me. Because He is with me, I shall not fear, even in the valley of the shadow of death.—*Gladys A. Babcock, Church Herald and Holiness Banner.*

The church is a recruiting station from which men should go out to fight the battles of the Lord; not a hospital in which to live idly upon his pension.—*Presbyterian Record*