

## EVOLUTION—AND ELSE

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There is much high-sounding language to be found in the arguments and conclusions of the Evolutionists, touching their theory of Creation. Life originated with the lowest form of being—the *protozoa*. This animal was only a living stomach; but each step in the grand march of advancement was superinduced by innate powers of each order. The human race is the grand climax of this gigantic process. The race has "fallen upward," and he will continue, we fancy, until a superman will occupy the earth far superior to what we now find ourselves to be. Why not? If the inherent powers for advancement belong to all life, it should not stop. All of which some believe, are the emanations of an over-educated brain; especially does it become obvious when the theory is studied critically by an unprejudiced mind. Here we venture a little dogmatism: there is not one fact to sustain the theory if reduced to its last analysis.

There must of necessity be found in evolution a steady rise in the scale of creation. But what are the facts: not one specie of the animal kingdom has ever been known to rise, of its own stock, into a higher development among the races of men, neither body nor mind. If the family or community has kept marriage within its own circle the process has always resulted in degeneracy. It is just as true of all stock, folks, and vegetables. The fruit grower knows that grafting must be done if the character of the fruit is improved. New and stronger lines must be added. The finest Alberta peach will degenerate into a sour seedling in three generations of seed planting.

There is a divine, as well as an unwritten law against inter-family marriages among close relatives; the results of such marriages would be inevitable. Cousin marriages are looked upon with disfavor. We once knew a community where there was promiscuous marriage within the family and relatives. The children were all morons; some of them were idiots, imbeciles, and other physical deformities. We believe this to be the inexorable law of all life; the grafting in of new life and new blood is necessary, else degeneration follows.

In a recent issue of a leading magazine there appeared a very remarkable story of a lost race. In one of the British West Indian islands, named Granada, a vague rumor reached the outside world of a large group of white people that had degenerated so low in the scale of civilization, that all intercourse with the outside world had been cut off. Whereupon a gentleman and his wife visited the island to ascertain the truth. The one place bearing a semblance of modern life was the little harbor town, which was beautifully decorated with gorgeous flowers and vines tumbling over ancient walls. This island was discovered by Columbus on his third expedition, and is about the size of an ordinary county. The interior is a jungle of low lands, and rugged mountains. The interior was like an unknown country to the coast inhabitants.

The gentleman and lady had no little difficulty in securing information. Before leaving New York, however, an old British sea captain told them of this lost race and exactly where they might be found. It was puzzling why the few intelligent white population, and the colored natives would talk so little about any such people being on the island. After much searching among the jungle and underbrush, traveling miles and miles by foot, they were discovered, several hundred of them and their location was not more than five miles from the coast town. But their

mode of life socially and industrially was such that it was almost as if they did not exist. The situation is described thus:

"It did not seem possible, so dreadfully run-down the place seemed. The house was the most appallingly decrepit habitation we had yet seen in the West Indies. Years ago it might have been decent looking; now the least of its troubles was a roof which had half sagged in and vanished. A few dejected palm leaves had once been stuck in to form an indifferent thatching; most of these had fallen in.

"Poverty was abject—the most of all in the faces of the two men and one woman half reclining, backs against the front of the house, bodies on the bare earth. Two unsmiling children looked at us from the weather-wrecked fence. The two dejected hens, the one mangy dog lying across the woman's foot, looked more human than the spendrift people. There was nothing Negroid about them; but they were such whites as I had never seen; not even in the lowest mill towns of the Southern states or among the Jackson whites of northern New Jersey."

Effort was made to engage them in conversation, but this they found impossible; only a silly grin, and when pressed—sometimes a *Nah*, or a *Yeah*. He furthermore explains: "Usually the houses were isolated even from each other; at times two or three would nest together, or even a few more. The total was mysteriously appalling: everywhere the same imbecilic stares; the same pre-mature aging, especially of the women; and, when they opened their lips, the same hideous toothless gums. We tried to talk, but they would agree with everything we said, but they did not know the name of a plant, a domestic animal, or that they lived in a house, or what a door was, or a window.

The colored postman drove up; the three men stood and saluted him—"It is the law," we were told. We questioned the postman, he was bright and courteous. "Oh, yes, they have always been here. Their children always have Negro teachers, they cannot produce one teacher among them. Not a carpenter, mason, or artisen. Nothing but farmers—such as they are."

"From the postman we secured a list of their names which was more amazing than anything else connected with the sad human drama. Here was a list of them: Greaves, Edwards, Fairfax, Chandler, Murphy, Hindes, Mascol, Bailey, Searles, Bansfield, Bradshaw. Those were the names famous in English history. It was Bradshaw that defied Cromwell in the Roundhead Party. The names of this lost race were the purest and strongest blood of England; some of them were of the nobility. It was a Greaves that lost his title and honor because of his Royalist leanings.

"The whole thing was faintly sickening. We found more than half a thousand, a lost race, with names, as a group, more distinguished than any similar-sized group of white people in the English-speaking world. What had turned them into this degraded race of nitwits. A race gone imbecilic. From the local physician, we learned some further facts: these people were Royalists from troubled England, or even Roundheads fleeing a score of years later. The local tradition is that these people were captured Royalists, exiled here as prisoners by Cromwell. The milder Royalists were allowed to go to Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas; the worst offenders, which means the leading Cavaliers, the best blood of England—were exiled here in a body. They came as a group; they've stuck together as a group, and sunk as a group."

We sought the opinion of the physician as to the explanation of this degeneracy in a little

over two centuries. "Intermarrying and malnutrition, and tropical diseases." But it was the inter-mingling of the same blood was believed to be the major explanation. To sum up the pathetic story, we face some facts which cannot be set aside. Here was the best of England's blood—strong, courageous, and with such daring as to defy the Old Ironsides, as it were—Oliver Cromwell. Yet, cut off from all other peoples—two or more centuries—without the grafting in of new blood into their veins, they had sunk far below the blacks of the Island. Here is an unanswerable refutation of innate evolutionary powers of our human nature; no ability to rise from within to higher levels.

They refused to mix with the blacks around them; they held to their ideals of superiority, and kept the blood coursing through the same channels until the thing happened, as will always happen—*inevitable degeneracy*. Here is a solar plexus to the evolutionary theory of race development without grafting in of new life. What was found on the island of Granada, if practiced the world over, would put an end to civilization in a very few centuries. Let the *intelligencia* of evolutionary scholasticism, who claim that the race "falls upward," explain the "Lost Race of Granada."—*The Pentecostal Herald*.

## "WITH ALL PRAYER"

There is a wonderful variety in prayer. J. Wray D.D., says: "You can pray for any need—for lengthened life, as Hezekiel did; for help, as Daniel did; for light, as Bartimeus did; for mercy, as David did; for rain, as Elijah did; for a son, as Hannah did; for grace, as Paul did.

"You can pray anywhere—in the deep, like Jonah; on the sea or housetop, like Peter; on your bed, like Hezekiah; on the mountain, like Jesus; in the wilderness like Hagar; in the street, like Jairus; in a cave, like David; on the cross, like the dying thief. And you can pray short as Peter and the publican did, or long like Moses at the consecration of the tabernacle and Solomon at the dedication of the temple.

"You can pray in silence, as Hannah did in the tabernacle; in your secret thoughts, as Nehemiah did before Darius; or aloud as the Syro-Phoenician woman; in tears as Magdalene did; in groans or songs, as David did.

"You can pray any time—in the morning, as David did; at noon, as Daniel did; at midnight, as Silas did; in childhood, as Samuel did; in youth, as Timothy did; in manhood, as the centurion did; in age, as Simeon did; in sickness, as Job did; or in death, like Jacob and the dying Christ."

There is much to learn in the school of prayer. For the beginner it may be only the earnest and simple petition, "God be merciful to me a sinner," when the first plea for pardon rises to God. As in an education so in prayer there are profound and difficult lessons to be mastered farther on, as when Samuel and Elijah turned the tide of a whole nation by their prayers, and when Daniel's persevering intercessions opened to human knowledge the plans of God for ages to come.

Saint Paul was an expert in the realm of prayer. As an example recall his success in delivering a whole ship load of people on the island of Malta because through his prayers God gave him the rescue of all that sailed with him. He wrote to the Ephesians that they should be "praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication." (Eph. 6:18.) This is a good keynote by which to test our advancement in a life of prayer.