

first thought of him now is of a man who gave himself to endless work of teaching and of civilising. It seems a pity now that so little acknowledgment of his work came to him on any Honours lists; but the Order of Merit was not created in his time: still, there is a strange jump between him and a Privy Councillorship.

The beauty of his home life and of his character, and the magnificence of his work, his teaching, and his imaginative power over men can scarcely be put in print. He remains one of the leaders of thought in the past century: and we shall live to see new leaders of thought, but none with more power than was in him.

Huxley's Message to the Modern World.

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AMONG the memories of the past, few are more vivid than that of the unveiling of the Darwin statue in the great hall of the Natural History Museum. Addressing himself to the Prince of Wales and the Archbishop of Canterbury, representing the Trustees, Huxley uttered a message which in a manner summed up all his faith. He did not ask for their official sanction of Darwin's views; no man's verdict could make those views true or false, justify or condemn them. But Darwin's life, whatever the fate of his theories, must remain to us a glorious example, and future generations of students coming through yonder door might look on the image of his face and strive to follow his example.

Although Huxley always insisted that the universe was one, not two, and poked gentle fun at those who pretended to find a justification for dualistic thought in the existence of two cerebral hemispheres, this little speech of his revealed a kind of inconsistency which we all admire. He had no doubt that the operations of Nature followed a definite and consistent system, the workings of which were the subject-matter of scientific investigations. We were obliged to play our games, and must ascertain the rules to the best of our ability, for they would not be altered to please anyone. Eminent authorities might curse or bless, but the facts remained the same. Yet of all men living in those days, few had a keener sense of human worth than Huxley. I do not think I misunderstood him when he seemed to imply that, after all, the moral grandeur of Darwin's life must remain, no matter what might prove true concerning his opinions. Michael Foster, who knew him so well, did not hesitate to declare: "Great as he felt science to be, he was well aware that science could never lay its hand, could never touch even with the tip of its finger, that dream with which our little life is rounded; and that unknown dream was a power as dominant over him as was the might of known science; he carried about with him every day that which he did not know as his guide of life no less to be minded than that which he did know" (*NATURE*, Aug. 1, 1895, p. 320).

So Huxley lived in two worlds after all, but they were not separated in sharply defined compartments; they were as the warp and woof of the pattern of his intellect, inseparable and interdependent. What he said of Darwin we may well say of him, so that perhaps to-day his moral force is more valuable than his scientific contributions. The latter, at any rate, have been built into the structure of science, often as foundations now hidden by the building above. It becomes more and more difficult to discern exactly what his contributions were; they seem so much part of the body of knowledge that we can scarcely imagine the time when they were new. Thus the purely scientific Huxley tends to fade

from view, while the moral Huxley, intensely human and full of strong emotions, is no more likely to be forgotten than St. Francis. It is the latter aspect of his personality which now appeals to us, which strengthens our purposes and seems to point the way out of the perplexing confusion into which we have fallen.

When I try to imagine Huxley now among us, here in America, facing our present problems, I conceive that his counsel would be somewhat as follows: You cannot have successful democracy without moral sense, and that must show itself equally in tenderness of heart and honesty of purpose. It is not enough to mean well; you must do well, co-operating with the universe in which you live. The honest man faces the facts of existence and governs his conduct accordingly; he throws aside all sham and pretence, as soon as it is ascertained to be such. These are not mere pleasing generalities, but stern precepts in a land where ignorance is often enthroned, and masses of people pretend to believe that which in their hearts they know to be false. Power without wisdom, action without knowledge, must lead to catastrophe, no matter how excellent the political system, how worthy the traditions of the past.

Huxley himself would have put it better, but perhaps the meaning would have been about the same. Few there are, or have ever been, combining in one personality so many abilities: the keen intellect and the loving soul, the lively sense of humour and the power of wrath, the admirable expression and clarity of thought. But he of all men was the last to undervalue those of lesser breeds. He would bid us go forward with all courage confident of our ability to do something worth while. Probably he would stress, as he used to do, the importance of biology in education. There exists in the United States at the present time a strong movement supported by eminent educational authorities, practically to eliminate biology from High School education. In the larger cities the old High School course is being divided, the students of the first year being relegated to the newly established Junior High or Intermediate schools. Now it is widely proposed, with powerful supports, to offer biological subjects in the lower school, where they will be taught to very young students, but leave them out of the curriculum of the three years of High School proper. The result will be that pupils will graduate knowing little or nothing of biological theory, and having practically no real laboratory training. Administrators of schools will be saved a lot of expense in hiring well-trained teachers and purchasing apparatus. They will also avoid controversy over evolution and kindred matters. So insidious is this movement that few seem aware of it, but I think Huxley would be seen upon the heights, sounding the clarion of battle, were he here among us.