

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

In this age when there exist so many schools of thought, very often diametrically opposed to each other; when so many opinions clash; when even the capacity of man's intellect to arrive at certitude is questioned, we are not surprised that there are many who try to impugn the value of faith and revelation, and refuse to give them their due.

It is the purpose of this short treatise to show that faith (and here we mean especially divine faith) does not contradict true science; but rather corroborates, strengthens and ennobles it.

Before going into the question, however, we must have a clear and adequate idea of the terms of which we treat. The first of these, faith, is the believing of certain truths solely because they have been revealed to us by God, Whose knowledge and veracity cannot be challenged. Science on the other hand, is a firm assent of the mind to truths because of the very evidence which they themselves present. The difference between them, therefore, is twofold—a real and intrinsic difference, since science deals with evident truths, and faith with truths, the evidence of which is not presented to us; secondly, an extrinsic difference, inasmuch as one is acquired by the comparison of ideas, while the other depends on revelation.

In considering the relation between these two we find that, though they are distinct, they are not antagonistic, but rather do they aid each other.

They are distinct. When we believe, we give our consent solely because of the knowledge and veracity of the witness. In science, however, we give our consent on the very evidence of the truth itself. We accept it as true, not because some one has said so, but because it speaks for itself, because we ourselves understand or perceive it. When, for example, some one assures me that the city of Paris exists I assent to this truth simply because I rely on the knowledge and veracity of my informer (I have never been in Paris), but when I assent to the fact that the whole is greater than the part or that the city of Charlottetown exists, it is clear that my assent is due not to faith—not to authority, but solely to the evidence of the truths themselves.

Secondly, they are not antagonistic. They are by no means contradictory, rather do they agree; each deals with truth, and truth is ONE; it can no more contradict itself than can God—the Author of all truth—contradict Himself. "*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia!*" True it is that at times there are apparent conflicts

between faith and science, but when matters are studied closely it will invariably be found that where there is true science there is no conflict between it and faith. The much abused question of evolution is often put forward as an indubitable proof of real contradiction between faith and science; but the sane evolutionist knows that there is naught in the revealed word of God that contradicts in the slightest even the most insignificant *fact* of evolution. Moreover, even those who are not skilled in these matters can readily see that conflict herein is impossible, since the Source of revealed truths is also the Author of Nature.

Thirdly, they aid one another. On the one hand faith opens up new vistas to the world of Science, while on the other, science aids faith by showing its reasonableness, by solving some of its difficulties and by proving the reliability of its authorities.

Faith and science are both gifts of God; each is required for the full and complete development of man here below. But of the two, faith is superior since it is founded on the very essence of God Himself; and the scientist or philosopher who rejects it shows that he lacks a very important element for success—that he is not a true scientist or philosopher. E.G.D.

THE QUARREL.

All day the dark forest is moaning aloud;
The linnets call plaintively overhead;
The sun smiles dolefully through a cloud;
And the grasses all whisper—"She is gone—is she dead?"

I dazedly lie beneath a fair tree,
And think of that parting—would I were dead!
Ah, my grief! will she ever come back to me?
Ah! that such sore words had ever been said!

I see in my mad mind you standing there,
And feel your soft fingers benediction my head;
I am filled with sore sorrow and blackest despair—
Oh, forgive! Oh, come back—at your feet I fall dead.

RECONCILIATION.

There's a hush in the forest—the sun splashes light;—
The linnets sing gaily—the grasses spring bright;
And far have I journeyed—much have unsaid.
Ah! darling, I love thee—place thy hand on my head.

J.J.R.H.F.