

far as it is capable of experimental demonstration, is finite: but because there exist these barriers which you cannot surmount, this in itself affords no proof of your assertion as to the impossibility of their removal, through some other power which you do not possess." It is when individuals mistake the true limits of the proper sphere of each that peace can no longer reign between them. When Faith intrudes without authority, and endeavours to lay a finger on absolute scientific knowledge, it exceeds its own domain, and must expect to meet failure and rebuff. When Intellect is arrogant enough to say it can raise its head, and, looking over the barrier it cannot pass, claims to speak of objects which it possesses no faculty of eye-sight to describe, not only is its assumption resented by Faith, but it is contrary to the very laws by which it claims to govern its own methods of research. Let each remain without unauthorized trespassing on the other's property, and they may shake hands across the border line as friends.

When, then, the Catholic Church demands the submission of Intellect to Faith, what she does *not* mean is this. She does not command men to stop their efforts in every branch of improvement and discovery. She would not lay a finger upon anything they can evolve from the study of nature which may benefit the human race or lead to further stages in its progress. She would not bid her children turn a deaf ear to the voice of true science, where it elucidates facts that concern the universe, so long as students of science confine their conclusions to what is absolutely to be demonstrated. But she does exclaim against the elevation of any hypothesis, however probable, into the place of absolute scientific dogma, and the teaching of anything which is as yet only theory as if it were indisputable truth. And in so doing she is the friend of true science, since she opposes too hasty generalisations from incomplete premises. All that she means is this, that there is a limit to all such advance, and a boundary beyond which science itself confesses it cannot penetrate. There is a shore on which the restless waves of intellectual knowledge are ever breaking, carrying back small pieces of its sands only to cast them up again. And high on the cliffs above, the Church looks down on the turmoil, and says that the same power that restrains the ocean keeps back the rising tide and threatening storms of merely human knowledge, and has fixed the limits of both by the command: "Hitherto thou shalt come and shalt go no further, and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves."* Safe on the rocks, that no thunder of the surf beneath can shake, stands Faith. With one hand she points to the fair expanse of country where the storm waves can never reach: with the other she seeks to save those barks which she sees slowly drifting towards shipwreck on that very coast which affords the ground of her stability.

So far again from Intellect being an infallible guide, there remain mysteries closely connected with man's whole condition, which it has been as yet quite unable to touch. It cannot explain *what* life is, however carefully it investigates the various forms of its manifestation: as to whence it comes, by what laws it is connected with matter, and what becomes of that wonderful essence which may be liberated from its embodiment by the thrust of a needle's point and yet can never be recalled, science gives no information. As to what is the meaning of that inevitable change which is the lot of all created matter, and which we call death; still more whether or not there can be a future continuation of that life when freed from the body, are questions which present points for consideration on which no absolutely certain ray of light has yet been cast by experimental science, but of which the importance is immense in its bearing on humanity. Faith then comes forward and argues thus: Let Intellect confine itself to its own proper province, and there will exist no ground for quarrel between us. Let it rest satisfied with saying "I know nothing about these matters:" but let it not proceed to the further assertion, "Nothing can be known about them," which in no way is dependent upon the first. And if the complaint of Intellect is that

Faith dogmatizes upon matters which lie outside the pale of human knowledge, and seeks to move the world while possessing no fixed point as a fulcrum, let it in turn refrain from dogmas outside its proper sphere of experimental knowledge which it advances at times with greater intolerance than that which it condemns in the Catholic Church.

RENE F. R. CONDER in *The Logic of Faith*.

IN A PICTURE GALLERY AT THREE RIVERS.

An exhibition of ancient works of art in a modern building is by no means uncommon even in this Canada of ours, but to find a collection of pictures upon which the varnish is scarcely dry, on view in a house that at the very latest was built a century and a half ago, one must, I think, come to Three Rivers.

For the past few weeks the tri colour has been floating over the old manor of the Niverville, in this town, and an *affiche* at the gate has made known to the public the fact that Mr. Rho, of Bécancour, has his pictures on view within the ancient mansion. Moreover, the town crier has proclaimed the fact at the street corners, notwithstanding which publicity visitors to the exposition are apparently few and far between.

Candidly, the manor was more attractive than its contents to your correspondent, who had for months sighed for an opportunity of invading its time honoured precincts.

Imagine a long low stone house, one storey and a half in height, and about a hundred feet in length by sixteen in width, its massive walls sheathed in stucco of a soft dove colour, and its latticed windows looking upon a verdant lawn whereon stand three of those ancient elms for which Three Rivers has so long been famous. It turns its gable end to the street, this old mansion, as if it would contemplate naught but its own immediate surroundings and scorned even the subdued frivolity of a Trifluvian highway.

In the first apartment, upon which the front door opens, stood Mr. Rho, ready to do the honours of his really creditable collection. There are several large and ambitious pictures, which the artist claims as his own compositions entirely, there are some stations of the Cross, there are some ideals of Faith, Hope and Charity, there are portraits in oil and portraits in pastel and portraits in crayon. No. 1 is a picture which will become, in a certain sense, historical, it being destined as a gift from the French Canadians to the Basilica of St. John in the Holy Land. It is a large canvas and contains twenty-four figures. The subject is the baptism of our Lord in the Jordan—the grouping and composition is entirely Mr. Rho's own work. Next to it we have No. 2, "Our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane," a picture which carries with it the force of its sacred subject. The attitude of our Lord, the pathetic loneliness of Him who was "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," is well portrayed, the drapery is well drawn, and the gloom of the Garden good, but the spell which the picture might cast is broken by the artist's having placed in the hand of our Lord a most realistic wine-glass filled with an amber fluid. In spite of the materializing of the chalice, however, the painting is one that does credit to Mr. Rho, were it only in that he has given our Lord a sad grey gown in place of the glaring red or blue in which in so many churches we see Him decked. Surely if artists were to give a moment's thought to this matter they would realize that the Saviour, in His apparent position of the carpenter's son, was not clad in raiment dyed with the costly dyes of Tyre, and that He did not change His toilet on that awful night but wore the soiled white robe of the Passion right on to the consummation of the tragedy on Calvary.

Among the portraits are those of the founders of the Seminary of Three Rivers, Monseigneur Couke, and the late Honourable J. E. Turcotte. Then comes a painting in oils of Mgr. Lafèche, which is not by any means as

*Job, 38.