

ferred to is perhaps better defined as the continuous co-relation of all particular items of knowledge, the continuous correction of the point of view by the bringing into vision of each new accession. And let it be ever remembered that our formulas and systems are not absolute but relative. By keeping this in mind much needless controversy can be avoided.

Speaking of controversies a protracted and foolish controversy has been going on between what we call Science and Theology. Theology deals with man's religious life, with his gropings after the things of the spirit; while Science, so-called, deals with material nature. But the facts of which Theology takes cognizance are just as *real* as those dealt with by Science, while the data of Science are just as *sacred* as those of Theology. Therefore the Theologian will do well to reverence the facts and study the methods of the

Scientist, while the latter dare not disregard as unreal or illusory, under penalty of violating his most fundamental principles, those facts which constitute the basis of Theology. Reconciliation is difficult, not because there is any inherent incongruity, but because the field is too large for a single mind to explore. Reconciliation will come in time, however, even though cherished and fond images are shattered in the process. Even now the shattering is proceeding at a rate which is alarming all those of little faith. But, as the historic vestures are removed, the eternal verities stand out in clearer relief, and faith, being the "evidence of things unseen," gladly joins the poet when he says:

"Our little systems have their day,

They have their day and cease to be;

They are but broken lights of thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than  
they."

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### SNOWFALL.

Down drops the snow, the fleecy hooding snow,  
On town and wood and haggard, wind-blown space,  
And hushes the storms, and all weird winds that blow  
Upon the world's dead face.

Like the great rest that cometh after pain,  
The calm that follows storm, the great surcease,  
This folding slumber comforts wood and plain  
In one white mantling peace.

So when His winter comes, His folding dream,  
His calm for tempest-tost and Autumn-lorn;  
'Twill gently fall, as falls by wood and stream  
His snows this winter morn.

—Wilfred Campbell.