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## THE PRESENT PERIL IN COLLEGE EDUCATION

Address Delivered by the Rev. T. J. Campbell,  
S. J., President of St. John's College,  
Fordham, N. Y., at the Alumni  
Banquet, Jan. 20, 1897.

On Wednesday January 20, at an Annual Reunion, of St. John's College, Alumni Banquet, held at the College, Fordham, the Rev. Fr. T. J. Campbell, S. J. in addressing those present said:

I confess to a feeling of dejection when I read or hear of the countless millions who are being lavished on non-Catholic educational institutions, and compare them with our own scanty resources. I cannot help thinking that from their financial and presumably educational heights they look down with unconcern, if not contempt, upon scholastic littleness, and are following conscientiously or not, the advice of Tyndal, in "differentiating themselves from the foolish, fanatical and sacerdotal portion of the human race whose intellects are reduced to atrophy as regards scientific truth, and whose brain in relation to science is virtually the undeveloped brain of a child." Do you wonder then that with this educational Eldorado before me, which I cannot reach, with the assurance from Tyndal, who never errs, that my brain is atrophied and undeveloped, and with the knowledge that enlightened Roman Catholics with social aspirations are differentiating themselves from me behind the walls of non-Catholic colleges, that I yield to gloom and depression?

But it is only for a moment. I recall an answer made to me by a high-spirited and noble young Spaniard, to whom I was suggesting motives of submission in a family brouhaha. Drawing himself up proudly, and looking me straight in the face with just a gleam of indignation in his eye, he said: "Father, I am a Catholic!" So looking straight at the gloomy aspect of things educational, I say to myself: "I am a Catholic," and can get and give a better education and exercise a greater influence upon my country's fortunes than they with all their wealth and prestige and power. I prescind altogether from the question of moral influence. Our superiority there goes without saying. But I maintain that in the fight for educational supremacy we can and must prevail, and I read my title to that claim clear and unclouded on the pages of history.

When the first Catholic educators appeared they were confronted with the highest degree of culture the world had yet known. It was the golden age of Augustus, which meant not only the union of the poetry, eloquence, philosophy, jurisprudence, science and statesmanship of that wonderful period, but included all that had emanated from Grecian genius in the splendid age of Pericles, whose influence still lingered over and prevailed the Roman Empire.

It was a hopeless task, apparently, for the atrophied ecclesiastical intellect that presented itself for recognition. Yet, Clement's voice was immediately heard, and that of Irenaeus and Hermas. There were Cyril of Jerusalem, with his marvelous lucidity of style; Gregory of Neo Caesarea, who first carried Christian eloquence to the height of sublimity; Basil, who could rank with the best Greek writers of antiquity; Gregory of Nazianzen, who deserves a high position with the orators of any age or country, and who first wove the golden threads of Grecian rhythm around the noble dogmas of the religion of Christ; Athanasius, whom it is said the Greek mind never went further in sublimity and depth; Chrysostom of the golden lips; Origen, with his boundless learning; Tertullian, whose sentences reverberate like peals of thunder; Ambrose and Jerome and Augustine—one of the greatest minds the world has ever known—not all priests, for Tertullian was not, nor Origen, in the beginning; nor Boethius, the leader of Theodoric's army; nor Cassiodorus, his treasurer, and countless others whom we need not name.

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE STILL PERMEATING ALL.

And their competitors? What of them? What did they produce during all the time in which they still held the wealth and power of the world?

"Nothing," says Cantu. "They gave nothing to the world but some cold grammarians, loquacious rhetoricians, meagre chroniclers, sickly poets singing nuptial verses and shepherd's 'idyls.' The ever-accusing and condemning Nero there is not a writer of any note whose name has lived but Tacitus and Juvenal and Pliny; and they would have perished had not the old monks of the middle ages saved them from the wreck. Their literature was dwarfed before the splendid intellectual powers which demanded and won recognition from the world. It was not a sudden upspringing of light that flashed before the eyes of men, to expire as soon, but a brilliancy lasting through the centuries, with its influence still permeating the Christian world, and probably to endure to the end. Before its splendor the lesser lights of paganism paled their ineffectual fires and disappeared. Who, we ask, are the conquerors in that first great trial of strength? There came another test. It was when civilization was trampled under foot by the barbarians of the north. The Catholic educator addressed himself to his task again, as poorly equipped as before, with no material at all on the side of his savage pupil to work upon. And what was the result? The result was simply the civilization of today. For who framed the laws of all the nations of modern times? Who taught the arts of peace and mitigated the horrors of war? Who shaped their manners? Who formed and fashioned and enriched their language? Who created and developed their literature? The Catholic educators. Who created the architecture of the modern world? Who inspired art, illumined its poetry, gave elevation to its oratory, guided its statesmanship and bound its people together in international amity and peace? Who but the Catholic teachers, who met these wild men of the north and transformed them into what they are to-day. Let us never forget that whatever is noble, beautiful, splendid and strong in modern civilization, the most fitly wrought and BETTER zation is due solely to its Catholic education. The Catholic teacher found Europe a desert, and made it the sun and centre of civilization, the most beneficent portion and the most powerful influence in the world to-day. With out him it would have remained what Asia and Africa are at present, regions over which hangs a curse, because there is no Christianity and consequently no Christian or Catholic education.

Admitting the past, say our opponents, it does not change the fact that for the future you do not count. Your influence in the educational and intellectual world is not only waning, but has already passed away.

### THE WHOLE COUNTRY DRIFTING TOWARDS APPLIED SCIENCE.

Let us examine this assumption, whose arrogance we need not qualify. The situation is this: The educational trend of the present day is almost entirely in the direction of the natural sciences. The world, dazzled and perhaps dazed by the splendid discoveries of science, will have nothing else. Columbia's catalogue announces that she is to devote herself mainly to the applied sciences. In Harvard, the old home of polite letters, a scrap of the natural sciences is enough for the degree. The other colleges are in line. Vast sums of money are being expended in technical laboratories, exploration parties are being organized, and schools of excavation established in various countries, and the arguments of the pick and shovel are, to use the language of one of them, replacing the methods of the past. Chemistry, physics, biology, geology, botany, paleontology, are the order of the day. No literature, no history, no philosophy, but only science. The whole country is not only drifting but rushing in that direction.

In the presence of this movement I am not discouraged or dismayed, but distressed. I am in the presence of a work of devastation, for if not checked by the conservative elements of edu-

ation, it means the ruin not only of genuine culture, but the wreck of universities themselves and the mental deterioration of the race that is to be subjected to this discipline.

It was bad enough to have cut out of university life the boundless intellectual wealth contained in revealed truth, along with the illumination that radiated from it through the splendid minds of the first centuries of the Christian era; it was sad enough to have expelled with scorn and contempt the philosophy of ancient and modern times; but to have abandoned history, literature and the arts in general, as Strauss, Renan, and others ordain and to reduce the university to the level of a workshop—for that is all that applied science means—is to have already effected its destruction. Even the workshop will disappear when the funds of its patrons are withdrawn.

Time was when the university guided the thought of the nation. But who cares for the opinion or sentiment of an aggregation of mechanics or laborers, who have not a second thought beyond their laboratory or bench, on the mighty questions that weave themselves into the lives of men and nations. We are realizing Jules Simon's prophecy, that the believers of yesterday, becoming sceptics to-day will be nihilists to-morrow. As nihilistic as it companion movement against the governments of the world is this scientific movement in education. It is a movement which began in apostasy, in the sixteenth century, degenerated into atheism in the seventeenth and now at the close of the nineteenth means annihilation—annihilation not only of the institutions of learning, but of the intellect itself. Darwin's lament that his life of classification and numeration had robbed him of all sense of the beautiful would be pathetic if it were not a merited retribution. "Art and music and poetry had become offensive to him," he said, "though once passionately loved." Let that pass. For it is not only the sweet and tender emotions which are shriveled and destroyed, but the intellect itself is left undeveloped, atrophied, and in danger of destruction.

### CATHOLICS STAND ON FAMILIAR GROUND.

"The tradition of great men from our universities," says Choate, "is lost." He attributes it to the lack of work, but it is really lack of mind. "There is no such thing as reason, understanding and intellect," shrieks Max Muller. "It is an organism acted upon by matter and possessing no spontaneity or energy or life of its own," echo all the others. Judging from the absurd reasoning of some of their best writers and their fetish-like adoration of each other's disgraced and discarded theories he is right. "I am amazed," said a member of a scientific congress, "at the inability of my associates to co-ordinate their special investigations with the general science of which these specialties are a part, and their childish inability to explain the result of their labors." On the other hand I have been asked: "How do you account for the readiness and ease with which your young men can address themselves to the abstruse subjects of ethics and metaphysics?" "Because they are Catholics," I replied. They are on familiar ground, and their intellects are not dwarfed and undeveloped, but strengthened and enlarged. They are not mere machines, with no other occupation than that of the laborer digging in the earth, or of the savage marking the track of animals, but immortal spirits that will not be satisfied with the visible world, but will soar above it in their search for the truth, and not rest until they find it in its source.

Admire as we may these splendid achievements of science, we miss their import and purpose if we are dazed or unsettled by them, or if we fancy that they are necessarily guarantees of intellectual greatness. Some of the most astonishing discoveries have resulted in little else than the production of scientific toys, few if any have advanced us one step in explaining the real nature of the agencies at work. Progress has been along the line of perfection of mechanism rather than of intimate knowledge of nature itself.

We must bear in mind that these conquests over the material universe are desirable in so far as they furnish material to ennoble and intensify the aesthetic or intellectual faculties of our nature. If the contrary ensues, viz., if our appreciation of the beautiful in art and letters perishes, if our intellectual and reasoning powers are impaired, we are like those who, coming suddenly into unexpected wealth, employ it to plunge into a life of glittering dissipation. The whole man is sooth a wreck. As to superiority, there can be no doubt that the one whose intellectual faculties are perfectly trained will

easily prevail over the exclusively scientific automaton who is notoriously, egregiously and professedly unintellectual, and who is dull to the beauty, not only of the invisible creation, but even to that which comes in the domain of sense. The prestige which science enjoys at the present time is only that which everything new and startling obtains, especially when it appeals to the lower or animal part of man. In the contest that is being waged for educational supremacy there can be no doubt of the issue. Between a mind and a machine, or between a mind and no mind, there can be only one result.

Do you propose, then, to eliminate scientific studies from your curriculum? I make answer that I belong to a body of men, who, Von Humboldt says, always associate scientific research with the spread of the Gospel. The Scientific American of this week tells with enthusiasm of the explorations of one of them up near the Arctic Ocean, traveling over 2,000 miles on the ice and snow alone with an Indian boy (and this was only one of many such journeys) in regions where no human being had ever penetrated, gathering scientific data while preaching salvation. They are men whose unthought of and unconsidered letters written in Indian wigwags or in bark canoes, or in the depths of the forest, are being solicitously gathered by Harvard and Lenox and other great libraries, and are now elaborately republished as the best philological, geographical and ethnological material for the history of our country; men who are at the present moment the government meteorologists at the great danger points of the world, the Spanish Main, the China Sea and the Philippine Isles; men who, primarily theologians and philosophers and preachers, have inscribed at least some honored names in the history of scientific research.

### CATHOLIC TRAINING EASILY DISCERNIBLE.

No; it is precisely because we do not wish to exclude science that we take this position (and let me say in parenthesis that the general chemical and physical laboratories of most of our colleges are as well equipped as those in many of the most pretentious universities), but, on the contrary, it is to have science better and more profoundly and more thoroughly and more intelligently studied that we adhere so tenaciously to our literary, historical and philosophical studies. In point of fact, the real princes in the domain of science, men like William Thompson, Clark Maxwell and others, had been first trained in the very studies which we are advocating as indispensable in real education. They had the advantage of the old Catholic traditions of philosophy and literature which still lingered in the universities which sent them forth. They were not the unformed and unreasoning and unintelligent experimenters who are invading the world to-day. Surely there is nothing to prevent a man who has distinguished himself in intellectual pursuits from being a master in those inferior sciences if he wishes to lower the sphere of his activity. Are there not examples in plenty of superiority won in scientific matters by those who had been first intellectually disciplined when pitted against those who knew only what their eyes could see and their hands could feel? Not to leave the precincts of the room in which we are assembled, I see before me two physicians, graduates of Fordham, who in the same year were without difficulty the leaders of the respective schools of two or three hundred in Bellevue and the University of New York. At the present moment the University of Pennsylvania is commissioning two of our graduates, before even their course is completed, to examine all the medical laboratories of Europe, and bring back the results of their investigations to enrich the university that delights to do them honor. Dwight, of the Law School is quoted as saying that he could tell immediately a young man with Catholic training. The habit of reasoning, of examining into causes, of co-ordinating and unifying even the simplest studies from grammar up to philosophy gave them an immediate superiority over their rivals. These are examples taken at random to illustrate the point I am insisting upon, that instead of impeding it, intellectual training is the very best assurance of scientific success.

Tyndal says: "We have explored the entire universe and have now reached the outer rim, beyond which there looms another universe, one which will forever loom." Over that rim and into that universe a Catholic boy can, independently of revealed truth (for we are making no account of that here), by the inherent and cultivated power of his intellect, lead you, O learned professor, and tell you many secrets which your limited vision, darkened by contemplating the earth alone, can never perceive.

### CATHOLICS AHEAD OF ALL BY THE LENGTH OF ETERNAL PRINCIPLES.

What a Catholic Centrist of the German Parliament said to a Bismarckian member may be applied to us: "You are ahead of us by the length of Von Mallnekröd." "Von Mallnekröd!" retorted the Catholic, "we are ahead of you by the length of eternal principles." So in the matter of education we are ahead of all the rest, first, by the infinite light of revelation, which, while displaying before our vision the vast universe of truth which unaided reason can never achieve, throws light on those truths which reason is able to reach. We are ahead of them by the light which the great geniuses have shed upon the most vital questions that concern the human race. We are ahead of them by the heritage bequeathed to us by the greatest poets, philosophers, jurists, legislators and statesmen of the modern world—for the greatest of them were Catholics. What then is to prevent us from being in our own country the leaders in all the learned professions, the orators, philosophers, jurists, statesmen and men of science who are to guide and shape and direct the thought of our times and country?

History must repeat itself, and whether we consider the present condition of culture as the acme of civilization, or the inroad of intellectual vandalism, Catholics can and must conquer now, as they have done before. Our antagonists have not only actually abandoned the domain of intellect by abandoning the studies in which at all times it has shown its greatest powers but have in their gross materialism actually cast aside intellect itself, in line, and glorying in their dishonor. It is no longer a trial of intellects, but of intellect against the pick and shovel. History has shown us that they can be beaten when the contest is mind to mind; how much more so in these changed conditions.

In this battlefield of science which they have chosen it is mind against matter; it is light against darkness; matter will yield to mind and darkness will yield to light. Just as it is the Catholic intellect alone that can show the way through the gloom and perplexity of the great questions of the day, and alone build solid the foundations of the state, so it is the Catholic intellect alone which can and will gather together all the researches that these diggers in the earth are making, will find their relations, co-ordinate them, and tell their meaning to the world. The laborers can fetch material, but the master mind will build the pyramid, and inscribe his own glory upon it. He alone will be known when they long have passed into oblivion. If its Catholic teaching alone that can elevate the human race from the degradation of ignorance and error, and crown it with that glory which only the spiritual intellect can achieve in whatever pursuits the human race may choose to direct its energies and devote its time.

### TO MY PIPE.

(N. Y. Sun.)

Oh, I love the merry gurgle of my pipe,  
Brier pipe;  
When the flavor of the weed within is ripe;  
What a lullaby it purrle,  
As the smoke around me curls,  
Mounting slowly, higher, higher,  
As a dream before the fire.  
With a flavor in my mouth,  
Like a zephyr from the South,  
And my favorite tobacco  
By my side—  
Near my side,  
With the soothing necromancy  
Sweetly linking fact to fancy,  
In a golden memory-chain  
To the gurgle, sweet refrain,  
Of my pipe brier pipe,  
To the fancy-breeding gurgle of my pipe.  
Oh, what subtle satisfaction in my pipe,  
Brier pipe;  
Nothing mundane can impart  
Such contentment to my heart;  
She's my idol, she's my queen,  
Is my lady Nicotine,  
When in trouble how I yearn  
For the incense which I burn  
At her shrine.  
How I pine  
For the fragrance of her breath;  
Robbed of terror 'e'en is death  
By her harmless hypnotism;  
Healed is every mortal schism  
Foe and friend  
Sweetly blend  
At the burning of the brier;  
Greed, cupidity, desire  
Fade away within the smoke,  
In the fragrant, fleecy smoke  
From my pipe, magic pipe,  
From my glowing, peace-bestowing,  
gurgling pipe.

SIGEL ROUSH.