

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1900.

Vol. XXIX, No. 9

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Father Bronsahan's Paper Reviewed. (Sacred Heart Review.)

Persons concerned about university education, and many others who are simply interested in a good, vigorous controversy, have been enjoying the development of an affair which had its origin in the office of our respectable contemporary, the Atlantic Monthly. There are several phases to this affair. It all began with a paper by President Eliot of Harvard University, which the Atlantic Monthly published, and which pleaded for the extension of Mr. Eliot's pet elective system to the secondary schools. In the course of the article a number of statements were made to which Professor West of Princeton University objected, and the Atlantic Monthly promptly printed what Professor West had to say. Apparently a controversy had now been started, for Professor West's article was highly controversial. Moreover, President Eliot had criticised the Jesuit colleges in rather an offensive way, and had coupled them with the Moslem schools in his description of their methods; and so a very accomplished and clear-thinking Jesuit, the Rev. Father Bronsahan, sent an article to the Atlantic with the intention of replying to this part of President Eliot's remarks.

Now just here the Atlantic showed a beautiful editorial shortsightedness and general obtuseness. Having published already one controversial reply to a part of President Eliot's paper, it refused to publish another reply to another part, giving the somewhat illogical reason that it could not open its pages to controversy! That is to say, the editor lost the chance of giving to his readers the pleasure of a most interesting discussion carried on by men of marked ability, and at the same time he showed an apparent inconsistency.

However, Father Bronsahan has had his reply printed in a very attractive pamphlet, and has sent it all over the country, so that for the last month or so educators have everywhere been talking of it. And well they may, for it is one of the neatest bits of controversial literature that we have seen in a long, long time. In the first place, it is a model of courtesy and urbanity; in the second place, its style is clear as crystal; in the third place, its logic is faultless; and, finally, its quotations, illustrations and turns of phrase are apt, piquant and singularly effective. It does not represent a personal controversy, nor does it concern itself particularly with the Jesuit educational methods as such; but it is, in reality, a keenly critical and thoroughly practical examination of President Eliot's theories about "electivism"—theories which have made Harvard into a curious jumble of college and university, and which President Eliot would like to see carried down into the schools, in the apparent belief that babes and sucklings have an intuitive and prophetic power of determining just what is going to be best for them in all their after-life.

Some of the touches in this little monograph are delicious, as where the author says with the most serene and deferential air that "it would, for the sake of erudition, interest many to have President Eliot cite or at least give references to the passages of the Koran" which would justify his description of the "Moslem" methods. Again, there is much neatness in the paragraphs which show that where President Eliot in a large way has spoken of a certain system as existing unchanged for four hundred years, the period in question, as a matter of fact, is just about fifteen years in length. Altogether, we have not

in a long time read anything which compacts into so small a compass so much dialectic skill, so much crisp and convincing argument, and so much of a total good sense. We hope that President Eliot has been reading this over very thoughtfully himself. He has been so long an autocrat in his own particular microcosm as apparently to make him somewhat careless when he addresses a larger public. In this case he has certainly been evolving argumentative material out of his inner consciousness, in the spirit of the person who first said *pius pro la fatis*—and it is just well that for once in a way he should have been brought up with a good round turn. As the information would probably never reach him from Harvard sources, we may gently convey to him the information that throughout the entire country professional educators and men and women of cultivation generally are immensely amused at the cleverness with which his alleged facts and his iridescent theories have been turned into a joke. But we are sorriest of all for the Atlantic Monthly.—The Bookman.

Economy of Time.

Think for a moment of the time wasted by the average young man. We are not speaking of those whose life's horizon is bounded by the theatre and saloon, but of the individuals who are in the main respectable members of society. Now the fault we find with them is that they fritter away the precious hours in vacuous talk or in dawdling in club rooms over cards and cigars. Recreation is, we admit, necessary after a day's toil, but when it is allowed to consume every moment of leisure, it becomes a very mixed blessing. This, to our mind, unpardonable expenditure of time is one of the causes that place so many of our people far down in the social scale. It tends to take all spirit out of them—the noble resolve to do the very best with one's life—to give them a distaste for aught in intellectual, and ultimately the notion that the highest species of entertainment is a schro-party or smoking concert.

We are well aware of the fact that too many of our young men have been compelled to leave school at an early age, and have consequently entered life's race heavily handicapped. But why should they not lessen it? No matter what a man's avocation may be he can by his own efforts make it more valuable to himself. The individual who succeeds to day must be thorough. To know something about many things, that is to be versatile—which is a polite way of saying that one has a modicum of talent, combined with much laziness and shiftlessness of mind, has no market value in a world in which concentration of purpose and thorough knowledge of some particular line of business are the only guarantees of success. If our young men would devote a few hours every week to the acquisition of knowledge that would give them a surer grip of their life's work, they would stand higher in the social and commercial world. A moment now and then with a good book will uplift us from the sordid and commonplace and make us understand the possibilities and responsibility of life.

The young man who learned to economize time is living to some purpose, and when the prodigals are alleging everything but the true cause of their non-progress, he will be in the ranks of the competent workers, for whom there is always room and to spare. He may not accomplish all he aimed at, but he will do something. Difficulties will contest his path, but they will not stop him; the fascinations of the world will tempt him to barter for a passing pleasure the privileges of selfhood, but he will not daily wish them, and, however dark the outlook may be, he can say: I see my way as birds track less way.

I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first. I ask not; but unless God sends His hail Of blinding fire balls, sleet or stifling snow, In good time—His good time—I shall arrive; He guides me and the bird.—Catholic Record.

Tourists and Bishops.

Writing in the Boston Herald of United States tourist parties, especially from the West, in Mexico Mr. F. R. Guernsey says: When there happens to be a Catholic Bishop in one of these excursion parties it is something for the psychologist to study. The men, who are mainly Protestants, as are their wives and daughters, show a certain reverence for the prelate, who is calm, dignified and genial. The women, noting his purple scarf and gold chain, begin to think on this, to them, new manner of clergyman, and when better acquainted,

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ply him with questions which the good Bishop finds quaint and indicating a state of almost holy simplicity. He answers and spreads knowledge, and yet does not wish to appear in a travelling group as one who would proselyte. He is too well bred for that. It ends in the whole party coming to talk of "our Bishop," as if they were of his faith! The prelate is a man who has travelled; he has poise and sound sense and an immense charity for human weaknesses, and it is almost a new sensation for him to be shut up for days and weeks in a vestibule train with a questioning, kind-hearted crowd of Protestants. It must be educating, in a way, to the ecclesiastic, for he gets an insight into the immense ignorance of the ordinary man and woman regarding the tenets of his faith. One may be sure that he will utilize this valuable knowledge when he returns home. But one thing always results from the close mingling of intelligent and well bred Catholics and Protestants; they end by mutual respect and become good friends. So we see that religious prejudice is removed when propinquity comes. The religious wars of the past served a purpose; the intensity of theological passion burned itself out. Take our every-day business men thrown into association with a great Catholic dignitary; they find a new type of man, a gentleman to his finger tips, a profound student, a capable administrator; who compels their regard by his executive achievements in building schools, asylums, hospitals and churches. He is no mere dry theologian, nor is he an ascetic. He meets them as a man meets men, on a footing of human equality, yet there is something about him that commands reverence. He speaks, in his quiet way, as one having authority. And the American man of affairs, the manufacturer or large merchant, as the case may be, soon begins to have a sincere liking for this learned, yet practical man who can share in his ideas on every-day matters. Probably the good Bishop likes a cigar, and so he seems more human, and men find pleasure in seeing him no prim requester of the good things of life. And they note with a certain unspoken astonishment that the representative of the great and ancient Church has his set times for reading his prayers in a spirit of quiet and unostentatious devotion. Here is a new species of man who dwells in a lofty, spiritual region apart from the dust and heat of the world of trade and commerce. It opens up a new vista to the business men. It does them as much good as if they had prayed, and never after are they wholly forgetful of that other life which good man lead in this world.

There are stronger reasons than most persons are aware of for thinking that leprosy may yet become as general in the United States as the former was in Europe. Acting on the principle that a dram of prevention is worth a ton of cure, several eminent American physicians who have studied this dread disease—"the most ancient, the most human, and the most incurable of all diseases"—have lately called attention to the fact that there is really no protection in this country against leprosy, a great many cases of which are distributed throughout the States. The need of national and State legislation, therefore, to control its spread ought to be plain to everybody. Our general quarantine laws, it is pointed out, are not specific enough to affect this disease, and probably not one physician out of a thousand would recognize it except in its grosser forms. Dr. E. S. Goodhue, of Los Angeles, Cal., declares that he once saw a leper in a New York hotel, where he was a regular guest. "There are lepers in the North from Oregon to New Brunswick, and in the South from Central America to South Carolina, travelling cross-country, with no one to say them nay." It may be declared that Dr. Goodhue is an alarmist; but he has evidently studied his

subject, and he writes very temperately. The same may be said without fear of contradiction of Dr. Prince A. Morrow—Ave Maria.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH PAIN-KILLER. A Medicine Cheat in itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for BRUISES, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'.

Windthorst is usually regarded even by German writers as the founder of the Centre Party; but Herr Pastor declares, in his newly published biography of August Reichensperger, that the honor belongs elsewhere. The origin of the Party dates from 1848, when Cardinal Diepenbrock invited the Catholic members of the Prussian parliament to meet and concert a plan of united action; Radowitz presided over these meetings, and Reichensperger held the office of vice-president. Four years afterward, under the leadership of the brother Reichensperger, the little society was further consolidated; again, in 1859, at the instance of Von Mallinckrodt, the name of the Centre Party was chosen and its policy formulated by Von Savigny and August Reichensperger. It was only in 1870 that Windthorst began to be prominent in the Party; and it is a splendid proof of the disinterestedness of the older German leaders that they effaced themselves as far as possible, and did what lay in their power to strengthen Herr Windthorst's position. The policy of the Party was to repulse attacks on religious liberty and Christian education, and to combat practical Liberalism. It was a policy which did not necessarily limit membership to Catholics, and indeed the new Centrum for a time actually counted some Protestant members.—Ave Maria.

The following footnote to history is from the Loretto Magazine: At the 6.30 o'clock Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of Loretto, St. Mary's Academy, Denver, February 26, Captain Arthur S. McKinley, first cousin of our President, received his First Communion, the Captain was baptized in the cathedral a few days previous, and requested the privilege of making his First Communion in the chapel of the Loretto Sisters. After Mass the Sisters invited the gentleman and his wife to breakfast with the chaplain; and during breakfast Sister smilingly asked if the conversion was not a returning to the faith of his forefathers. The Captain replied: "Yes; my grandfather, and of course the President's—for our fathers were brothers,—was a staunch old Catholic of Belfast, Ireland. But our fathers came to America whilst very young and married non-Catholics, then fell from the faith themselves. Later they sent for our grandparents, and they came to the old homestead in Canton, Ohio, where the President and I were raised. I was a child at the time, but I was present at my grandfather's death-bed. Though we were one hundred miles from a Catholic church, he requested my father and uncle to send for a priest. The priest did not arrive in time to assist the old gentleman; but when his wife, our Grandmother McKinley, died, she had a Catholic priest with her.—Ave Maria.

Here is a telling extract from an editorial in the Western Watchman: "Our Lord gave His followers certain commandments. These He made explicit and of universal application. To others He imparted truths in such fashion that hearing they might not hear; and seeing they might not understand." Some precepts were promulgated and allowed neither exemption nor mitigation. With others it was: *qui potest capere capiat.* The Church has always observed the distinction between the commandments and the counsils. She encourages total abstinence from wine and the lusts of the flesh; but she prescribes only temperance. She encourages almsgiving; but she exacts only the payments of debts, she advises offering the second cheek to the unjust aggressor and the coat to him who steals the shirt; but she requires only that men shall not seek private vengeance and shall leave the redressing of their grievances to God and the law. The result is that in the Church we have the highest capacity sitting side by side with the barest observance of the commonest laws of rectitude; and saints joining in prayer and praise with the lowest sinners. The Church knows men; and she knows that the ordinances of God were made for men; and not men for the ordinances. A test of sanctity was never allowed in the Church; the greater the sinner the warmer his welcome at his threshold. Christ died for sinners. The Good Shepherd leaves His ninety-nine saved in the wilderness, and goes to seek the one that is lost. The Church is the refuge of sinners."