

divide Christians into two parties—the Catholic and the non-Catholic; for the same reason we might reasonably expect to have two systems of philosophy—Catholic and non-Catholic. On information, intent bound, we pore over the curricula of non-Catholic, or if you please, non-sectarian institutions. Our conclusion is, that there are no Catholic philosophers; if so, their names are made conspicuous by their absence from the list of those to whom reference will be made.

Charity would lead us to infer that this omission would be supplied by the professors in their more or less learned lectures. Charity always brings its own reward; in our case, however, charity would have been more charitable if it had not rescued Catholic philosophers from the quiet shades of peaceful oblivion allotted them by the architects of the aforementioned curricula. In the lecture hall the worthy *senators* give way to the impartial professors; the injury of the former, to the insult of the latter. The professors understand their duty, and perform it with a vengeance akin to that displayed by Homer's gods. The professors with very rare exceptions prove themselves past-masters in the juggler's art; they convert fame into notoriety, by a few mysterious words—a sneering gibe at the monumental stupidity of the scholastics and scholasticism and all the other *ics* and *isms* and the trick is done. It is so very easy for us to show our dexterity by

building up a straw man and then knocking him down; of course, we are not supposed to remember that the real, genuine article is a being of flesh and blood and by nature exceedingly pugnacious. After this cold shower-bath of dubious compliments we might expect an invigorating tonic of irresistible arguments. Oh, no!

We might be tempted to indulge in a little mud-slinging and break the monotony with some stray innuendoes. Such a course would justify our opponents in deluging us with naughty, little names on Father Weller's plea: "He called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath." Maligners need not be answered, they are beneath contempt; snickering abuse does not injure Catholic philosophy, it helps the cause. Even self-styled philosophers hurl charitable epithets only because they have no arguments in stock; Catholics have a goodly number of irrefutable arguments up their sleeve but see no necessity of squandering them on harmless nick-names. If a philosopher be a man who sneers at his opponent, then the universally accepted definition of the word must be sadly out of joint. This system of philosophy, or rather what Catholics would term a history of philosophy, ignoring St. Augustine, Bonaventure, Suarez, St. Thomas, De Maistre, Brownson and countless other Catholic philosophers—the brainiest men of their own or any other age—is a ludicrous combina-