

appear that he is perfectly acquainted with all the political, social and religious questions which are agitating the world, that he knows Prince Bismarck's opinion of General Boulanger, or has ascertained the contents of a papal letter before the prelate to whom it is addressed. He may deceive the public, they may suspect it, but either through lack of time or energy they do not try to discover the truth.

A philosopher must condense the theory which has taken a life-time to evolve, into twenty pages of a magazine, if he would have it known to the world, while the novelist can scarcely keep pace with the demand for the productions of his fancy. The literature of Momus is found to be the mine that pays the largest dividends, and the cleverest writers do not disdain to delve it with their pens. Mark Twain wins a fortune in the land where Edgar Allan Poe starved for bread. Hence are the brightest pens tarnished with compositions of the most worthless character, and hence do the best of our writers fritter away the brain substance which contained sufficient material for one or two great works, in a thousand and one pungent paragraphs or elegant essays filled with scholastic lore.

The same causes which have stunted the growth of our literature have been well-nigh fatal to higher education. Our country abounds with common schools, technological institutes and schools of practical science. But it is admitted, even by college presidents, that there is in America no university that is worthy of the name. The reason of this is evident. In no other land has utilitarianism fastened so deeply its fangs; in no other land is there so little study for study's sake. "Knowledge is power" is a maxim admitted by all, but from it may be deduced very different conclusions, according to the sense which is given to the word *power*. The wealthy railroad king has power—so has the great thinker. The former possesses the power of money; the latter, the power of mind. The one may have no other education than "the three R's;" the other possesses a rich store of general knowledge; knows "a little of

everything and a great deal of something." The one regards worldly success as the summit of human felicity, and looks upon all knowledge but that required to attain this success as useless. The other believes that intellectual culture is a good in itself, and that the spiritual faculties are not merely means to material ends.

But the millionaires have the larger following, sad to say. Their principles are accepted as articles of faith by the many, and when they point to themselves, and in exultant tones, say, "We are self-made men," all the world applauds. The rich man's son is graduated from the public school into his father's counting-house, or if he goes to college it is because he knows that he can there pass a very enjoyable four years without burdening his brain with any unnecessary knowledge. If a young man desires to enter upon a professional career, he prepares himself for a series of examinations by a process of "cramming," and if he be successful, proudly boasts of how little was required to obtain the desired certificate.

The days are past when graduates in Law, Medicine and Divinity could, with justice, be called members of "the learned professions." At present the fact that a man writes after his name the letters LL.D., M.D., or D.D., is so far from being a proof of his general scholarship, that it is not even an evidence of any considerable technical knowledge. Instead of an advance, America has thus made a retrograde movement with regard to higher education. "What is the use of wasting in college the years that might be devoted to work?" is the cry. But is study not *work*? Is the cultivation of the mind not a *work* of the noblest nature? As much as the spiritual is superior to the material, as much as matter is inferior to the mind, so much is the work of the student nobler than the work of the practitioner; so much is the doer inferior to the thinker.

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