

LECTURE ON "CIVILIZATION" BY THE BISHOP OF WELLINGTON.

The Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, Bishop of Wellington, delivered a lecture at Ewart's Hall, Blenheim, on the 4th inst., on "Civilization." Shortly after eight o'clock his Lordship appeared on the platform, accompanied by his brothers, Messrs. T. and C. Redwood, the Rev. Father Sauzeau, and Mr. Ward, and on the motion of the latter gentleman, Mr. George Henderson took the chair.

Mr Henderson said that the gentleman who was about to address them had spent some of the best years of his life among the cities of Europe, where he had every opportunity of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the progress of civilization, and he had no doubt the audience would find it a subject of such interest as to accord the lecturer a careful and attentive hearing. He then introduced

Dr. Redwood, who said that Civilization was a word very familiar to the ears, and frequently on the tongue of almost every one, but there were very few persons who had any clear perception of what was really meant by the word Civilization. If you enquired of them as to the real meaning of the term it would be found that their explanations melted into vagueness, incoherency, indefiniteness. There were two sorts of coin in circulation, there was the good and current coin of the realm, and there was the counterfeit coin. He warned his hearers to be careful how they took a bad shilling for a good one, or a bad sovereign instead of pure gold. So too there were two kinds of civilisation, the worldly or secular civilisation, and Christian civilisation as taught by the Catholic Church. The wonders of modern art, as displayed at the industrial exhibitions of London and Paris, were described in glowing and eloquent terms. The powerful instruments of astronomy, the minute investigations of the microscope, the triumphs of naval architecture, and the fiery chariots of the rail, down to the most delicate machinery of the watch and the wonders of the electric telegraph, all were rapidly yet comprehensively reviewed as some of the results of what was considered by some people the highest civilization. In entering the halls of worldly grandeur and wealth, the eye was dazzled by the beauties of refined art in painting and sculpture, while the ear was enchanted by the finest music, of the first masters, gushing forth in glittering ripples of melody, or rolling with the majestic grandeur of a mountain torrent, produced from the finest and most perfect instruments that art and science could invent, and touched by the hands of the most skilled instrumentalists; but all this was not true civilization. Some one had said that civilization was the cultivation of the intellectual up to the highest standard—to a knowledge of nature, and of man for his own sake, and the diffusion of wealth and prosperity to all who could attain it. This was what they called a good secular education, but this sort of civilization was only for those who had wealth and prosperity; it was not for those to whom Christ had taught that first and purest civilization—the love of God and man. He had said "Woe to the rich; for it is easier for the camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into Heaven." In all this secular learning there was no mention of morality. You might educate the intellect until a man possessed the supernatural intelligence of a demon, and he might be rich enough to procure all the pleasures and enjoyments that art and science could invent, and not possess one single virtue. The lecturer then reviewed the ordinary curriculum of common schools, and ridiculed the notion that reading, writing, and arithmetic, contributed to virtue or enhanced the moral condition of the people. He asked, "Are the people in the country who cannot read less virtuous than those in towns where schools are easily accessible, and learning abundant?" He contended that they were not. Let them turn to London, which was acknowledged to be the very centre of modern civilization. Should we not find preeminently there Dives in purple and luxury, while the starving Lazarus lies perishing at his gate. The statistics of crime, too, showed that secular teaching had done nothing to improve the moral condition of society. Worldly science had no connection with morality; it did teach man to know God or to do his will. His Lordship also touched on the Darwinian theory, which he characterised as degrading to man, who had been formed in the image of his maker. That man should be descended from or allied to the lower animals, was preposterous, and opposed to revelation. He condemned modern literature as a source from which the child who had been taught to read, would imbibe only poison to his soul. Scientific works led them to the pride and atheism of such men as Huxley and John Stuart Mill, who had asserted that the Christian morality was more negative than positive. In reviewing the state of modern society, Dr Redwood said modern philanthropy had done nothing to improve it; and that modern civilisation when stripped of its garish and external glitter left nothing but shrivelled husks behind. Mr Huxley, therefore, should not be surprised that the Catholic Church resisted modern civilisation, any more than he would be to see a man resisting a burglar, or a judge condemning a criminal, for a man may possess all the outward polish that refined civilisation could bestow, and yet be the very essence of vice and meanness. There was one great truth admitted by the Church Secularists: That culture of training of the individual—not as an individual, but as a social being—was real civilisation; that the perfection of the individual was necessary to society for the sake of mutual influence. If you put a rude, unpolished man, into refined society, he would become to a certain extent refined; whereas if the most learned or virtuous were constantly surrounded by the low and the depraved, it was scarcely to be expected that he could retain his moral and intellectual standing. There was a strong analogy between the cultivation of the mind, and that of the soil; the perfection of society depended on the culture of its several parts, as the fruitfulness of an orchard would depend on the care bestowed on each individual tree. To render man perfect his body and his soul must be cultivated. Some might be surprised at his

alluding to the body, but it was by the body they are chained to the earth, through it we received the means of sustaining life, and a healthy and well regulated body was necessary to a happy and contented mind. The soul was constituted of the intellect, the will, and memory. The object of the intellect was truth, and that intellect became the more perfect in proportion to the number of truths and the degree of their value and high order. The highest of all truths were those taught by the Catholic Church, through her men obtained the knowledge of God and of his life, and that when compared with worldly civilisation was the grandest of all truths, for worldly when it had done all it could left nothing worth having. There was more sublimity in the poor peasant who could not read a letter, but lifting his eyes to heaven said, "I believe in God," than there was in all the truth grasped by the most exalted intellect of the scientific atheist, a knowledge and belief in the Holy Trinity, a glorious and mysterious truth, the foundation and source of Christian civilisation, fell alike to all, to rich and poor, and only to be attained by man through divine revelation. The whole world had believed in the divinity of Christ, and the Catholic Church was the true guardian of that faith. Through the instrumentality of that Church the civilised world had received all the gifts of learning and of science. The rev. gentleman then reviewed the atomic theory and molecular action as explained by Professor Tyndall, and said if that theory were true man was but an automaton, and consequently the possession of every virtue was in a moral point of view no better than the most vicious and depraved in the social scale. He hoped those men who asserted these things were not in earnest; if they really meant these statements they were monsters on the face of the earth. As the object of the intellect was truth, so the object of the will was good; the instincts or appetites of the body were through the influence of the intellect or reason to be made subject to the will. The third element of the soul, memory, was the storehouse of the intellect, and in order that it should be properly trained it should not receive or retain any thing but good. He censured, most severely, the public press as pandering to the evil passions and morbid tastes of the profane, that it dragged vice from the obscurity to which it should be consigned, and paraded it in vivid colors, polluting the minds of the young. He held up the Catholic Church as the friend of progress and of science, so long as science was kept within its proper sphere, and the wild and speculative theories of men were not taught as science in direct antagonism to the revealed will of God. With regard to the body, it craved too much indulgence to be much neglected or readily forgotten, the greater danger was that it would be over indulged and the most indulgence to be feared was through the vice of drunkenness, this sin the civilisation of Christianity taught them to reject. Thus it would be seen that Christianity imbued the intellect with vigor, the body with health, and the will, with the desire for Truth.

As soon as the applause, which followed the conclusion of the address had subsided, Mr Thomas Redwood moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Mr Henderson briefly acknowledged the compliment, and said before the meeting gave him any thanks he thought a cordial vote was due to the learned lecturer, who had given them some food for earnest thought.

The vote was carried by acclamation, and the meeting separated. —'Marlborough Express.'

THE BARDS OF IRELAND.

AFTER the Norman invasion the glory of the bards rapidly declined. They still, however, continued to exist to a comparatively recent period, and, besides having added largely to bardic literature, have left many instances on record of the extraordinary influences they could occasionally exercise. The magnificent ballad of Davis has made every one familiar with the story of "Silken Thomas." Coming to Dublin for the purpose of surrendering the sword of the Lord Deputy, and announcing his allegiance to the British King, he was about yielding his intention to the persuasion of his friends, when his bard, who was present, struck up an extemporaneous lay in honor of the Geraldines. The young lord hesitated no longer, but, flinging his sword upon the council table, rushed forth into rebellion, which ended his life and almost ruined the fortunes of his house. The Irish bards are now no more. As a social influence they had ceased to exist almost before the country had fallen a prey to the invading Norman. But the brotherhood of song had been broken for many a day before its members disappeared. Even on the verge of our own century, some gray old figures may be seen, looking like incarnations of time, bending sadly over the harp which for so long had been tuned to little else than sorrow. Of these, by far the most eminent was Turlough O'Carolan. He was born in the County Westmeath, in 1670. In the little churchyard of Kilnoran, in the County Roscommon, without a stone to mark his resting place, lies the last and one of the greatest of the kings of Irish song. Had he been an English poet, his remains would have been interred with honor and commemorated with some costly memorial. Westminster Abbey would have received him into its glorified earth, and his countrymen would have turned aside from the shows of fashionable life to pay with gratitude and reverence their tribute of respect to the sacred dust of genius. Gone as they all now are, we should think of these ancient poets of our country with pride. Notwithstanding the evils incidental to the bardic system, we cannot help feeling grateful for the precedent they have left us, when the bard, by the magic of his sway over the rude spirits of his age, asserted at once the dignity of intellect and the power of song, when triumphant over social distinctions, he exemplified in his career the majesty of that great principle of a more enlightened period, the sovereignty of the mind, when throughout the land he journeyed beneath the safe shield of a nation's love, in cot or castle a welcome guest, the apostle of gladness to the heart and homes of all.