

once remember to have read in an old book called the "Apology of Socrates," and from which we learn that the great philosopher declared his only knowledge lay in the consciousness he possessed of his ignorance, and his only wisdom was the consciousness of his want of understanding. He went about every where seeking for knowledge, and he seems to have very much bothered the sophists of his day by his questions. But Mr. Bright has no need to go round on any such errand; he need ask no man "what is the holy," or "what is the unholy?" He has it all at his finger's ends, and is in a position to denounce the folly and ignorance of whomsoever he thinks fit. This is where we perceive the only difference we have been able to discover between Mr. Bright and Socrates, but the exception they say proves the rule. Mr. Bright tells us that God is now shedding light on the world through "His ministers, men of genius and capacity." Where shall we find this light? Suppose, now, we were to make up our mind to renounce the "errors of popery," to whom should we turn? Can anyone show us good reason wherefore we should not follow Schopenhauer or Hartmann, rather than the progressionists, or why we should not cast in our lot with socialist or nihilist? We fancy not. Of one thing we are certain, we should look out for something rather more sublime than that which obtains at the Princess Theatre. We may not be so "rational" as certain of our neighbours assume themselves to be, but we could not by any means bring ourselves to mistake the sound made by a whipping up of addled eggs for a thunder-peat, or even for the *reveille*.

THE range of our knowledge has become somewhat extended within the last few days. We were, indeed, already aware that the word mango had been derived from the names Jeremiah King, and that German-flute playing and speaking French were connected, but we did not know that there existed any relationship between fox-hunting and psalmody. It is never too late to learn, however, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. F. W. Somerville, who has informed us that such is the fact. Not that this gentleman has favoured us with a direct communication, but we have gathered up the crumbs that lead to our enlightenment on the subject from the instructions given by him to his most judiciously exclusive choir. Most of us are acquainted with the old fox-hunter's motto, "It is not the distance, but the pace that kills." Psalmody of a certain kind, it seems, has a like effect upon the souls of sinners with that of hard riding upon the bodies and metal of horses. It breaks them down, and takes the fire and mischief out of them. Amongst the instructions Mr. Somerville gives his choir respecting their singing, he says: "It will be a little quicker than is usual with ordinary church choirs. We do not wish to show off, but to win souls for Christ." This is an admirable discovery; souls are to be won by rapid singing, and thus we find we possess an inestimable treasure in those tunes we are versed in. "Judy Callaghan" and "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" alone may be as valuable to us as charity itself, and enable us to cover a multitude of sins. They are very lively, and will have a most overcoming effect. We are at any rate quite certain that they are calculated to accomplish quite as lasting results as those brought about by "revivalists." We have seen in our day a few of the effects of the preaching of such gentlemen, and we derived much edification from them. We were personally acquainted with one lady who had been instantaneously converted on the top of a staircase, as she was about to descend from sweeping a bed-room; her sins seized hold of her then and there, and the burden was so heavy that she was precipitated, at great risk to the safety of her neck, from the top to the bottom of the flight. When we last saw her, however, she walked quite upright, the burden did not appear to oppress her any longer, and her thoughts seemed more bent on matrimony than salvation. We were acquainted with another female who had been converted, amidst kicking fits, at a revival meeting in the North of Ireland. We witnessed her survival long enough to enable her to give fits, also of the kicking sort, to an unfortunate man she married for convenience whilst she was attached to some one else. But, by the way, Dr. Somerville's preaching seems to have fallen very flat; it has not had half the effect we should have expected, considering all that we recollect connected with the movement in Ireland especially. Much that passed there came under our observation, and compared with the Boanerges we then listened to the Doctor seems very small. We also carefully studied the reports at the time of the special correspondent of the *Times*. We have not remarked that supernatural manifestations have attended on the doctor's preaching. There were plenty of them chronicled in the North of Ireland. The converts of the doctor have not even been able to show the least outward mark of the favours vouchsafed to them; not so much, even, as that seen on the person of a revived woman by the correspondent to whom we refer, and who was able to decipher there clearly a most sacred name, which, how-

ever, had not been correctly spelled by the angel that impressed it. It began with a G, and was otherwise incorrect in its orthography. We had not intended to meddle with the doctor or his preaching but, since he has been good enough to denounce Rome as "a grey wolf," we think ourselves privileged to favour him with a howl; and in conclusion, as an instance of what the infallible Bible fallibly interpreted is calculated to produce, we commend to him the following passage, which we have clipped from the American correspondence of our contemporary the *Daily Times*:—"Superstition has as great a hold upon the imagination of the American people now as ever it had upon their progenitors in the dim past. The influence and credibility of fortune tellers, spirit mediums, wizards, and impostors of every type is astounding. They are consulted by politicians, lawyers, doctors, merchants, editors—in short, they have a recognised position as seers and prophets, their greed and lying in no way militating against them. To the credit of the Catholic Church, be it said, its soothsayers and wise women are in regular orders; but Protestant latitudinarianism and free thought have flopped over to an extremity of besotted credulity of which the most 'benighted Catholic' would feel ashamed. As a sample of the looseness of morals amongst religionists in this country, I may quote the following:—'Rev. Mason Chenoweth preached an eloquent sermon on 'Purity of Character' from his Baptist pulpit, Bangor, Maine, very recently, and was receiving the congratulations of his flock at the close, when an officer arrested him. He has been sent to Ohio, where three wives are waiting his appearance, and a fugitive charge of forgery has to be answered.' This is not an exceptional case by any means."

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

(Rev. Father Weniger in the *Catholic Review*)

SOME of our readers will probably not perceive the whole strength of our argument, but all logical thinkers, all trained philosophers, will perceive it, and for these especially we write this paragraph. The deist, believing in a creator and ruler of the world—God,—must acknowledge in Him a being who is also capable, under all circumstances, of ruling rational and immortal beings, if He was pleased to create them free, as He did create man, whom He left free to obey Him or to disobey Him. Such immortal beings, if they chose to be disobedient, God could not rule if He would not confirm His law by everlasting punishment. Listen to my reason why He could not. The reason is that whatever is temporary, and therefore has an end, is of no avail for an immortal being who has before him eternity. No matter how long the punishment may last, one hour or millions of years, when passed they are equally gone. An immortal being, therefore, could defy his Creator and Ruler, and prefer the temporal enjoyment of sin in defiance of mere temporary punishment. That he would do so is evident from the conduct of all those Catholics and Protestants who, while believing in everlasting punishment, still dare to remain in mortal sin.

What then would men care about sin if, on the contrary, they believed that there is no such thing to be feared as everlasting punishment. Nothing less than the sanction of divine law by the everlasting punishment of those who rebel against it is commensurate for beings who are themselves immortal. A government which has no power to control the wickedness of the transgressors of its laws by the infliction of punishment sufficient to deter them, is a miserable one. And that is what the government of God would be in regard to immortal beings rebelling against Him, if there were no everlasting punishment. Moreover, as God is omniscient, how could He do otherwise than ordain the eternal punishment of immortal beings of whom He foresaw that, left to their own dispositions, many never would cease through all eternity to offend Him. God knows if that was not already the case with all the fallen angels. Do you understand the bearing of my argument? Abstracting from all revelation, if you do not, you do not reason. But it may be that infidels are pantheists, neither believing in a personal God nor in personal immortality of men. For these, of course, the question of the existence of hell is out of place. The other part of the question, in regard to the kind of punishment in hell, is equally out of place, because reason by itself never can answer this question, and revelation was not given to satisfy our curiosity. No explicit definition in this regard has ever been given by the Church.

It perfectly suffices to perceive, by faith and reason, that the punishment of men who, having died in the state of mortal sin, have been condemned to hell, will affect body and soul, as they have sinned with both, and that their punishment will be eternal. Any punishment that never ends must be for men the same awful warning to try by all means to avoid it, whether it be punishment by fire or otherwise.

Besides, for those who firmly believe all that God has revealed to men, proposed to them by the legitimate teaching authority, and live accordingly, they are on the way of salvation, and for them it is of very little interest what kind of punishment God inflicts on sinners in hell. They rather divert their thoughts to the joys that await them in heaven.

But those who wilfully err, or who do not live as they believe, proceeding in the way of damnation, will soon enough know, by experience, what eternal punishment in hell means.

Yes, those Ingersollians and all other blasphemous scoffers at religion, if they refuse to listen to reason and revelation, will each have, we are afraid, shortly to exclaim, "Yes, there is a hell, and I am there."

Too late then to ridicule hell.

At the first riot in San Elizario, Texas, Judge Howard's life was saved by Father Bourgade, who (the *San Antonio Express* states) "took Howard in his arms, and walking through the midst of the rioters, told them that if they shot the prisoner they had also to shoot him."