

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

He Touches on Mivart's Theories.

Archbishop Ireland has been giving a course of Lenten sermons in his Cathedral, St. Paul, Minn. The latest of these was on the everlasting punishment of the impenitent, and Catholic teaching thereon. There has been within the past few months an almost unprecedented amount of discussion on this terrible truth of revelation, started by the articles of St. George Mivart in the *Nineteenth Century*. We quote some passages from Archbishop Ireland's discourse, and his allusion to Mivart:—

Is there a hell? Yes, as surely as there is an ethical ordering in this universe, as surely as the Christian revelation is from God. Given a moral ordering—and this we have already proven—there is and there must be a sanction to God's moral laws. Virtue leads to reward, sin leads to punishment. The sanction not showing itself upon earth, it must be sought for beyond the grave. Without punishment beyond the grave, there is a premium set upon sin, which frequently leads to mundane felicity; virtue, which frequently suffers, or is without reward, becomes an illusion.

Annihilation of the soul at death does not vindicate the moral law. The sinner would be quite satisfied with annihilation. His wish is to eat, drink and be merry, and to-morrow die. God made man's soul indestructible, and crossing the portals of death it survives for weal or woe, according to its deserts.

God's wisdom demands hell, because it demands order in the universe, moral order for rational creatures, physical order for the irrational, and fact without a sanction in the next life. God's own moral goodness, or holiness, demands hell. He owes it to His holiness to draw the sharpest distinction between righteousness and sin, between the ending of one and that of the other. God's justice demands hell. He is the Supreme Master, the Law-maker. Sin is the breaking of law, a rebellion against Divine power and majesty. To allow sin to go unpunished is in God the dethronement of His power, and the assertion of impotency before His creature. Plato argues that "to do wrong, and not to suffer for it, is the greatest of evils, for this is to perpetuate the wrong."

The human race has never been without moral instincts, and without a belief, however vague and undetermined in many instances, in a hereafter of rewards and punishments.

The existence of hell—a state of punishment for the wicked after death—is the clearest of the teachings of the Christian religion. The denial of hell is the complete setting aside of Christianity. The whole burden of the gospel is the salvation from sin and hell offered to men through the merits of Christ, and the punishment awaiting the unrepentant sinner.

The teaching of Christ as to the duration of the punishment of hell is that it is eternal. A carping criticism of the Greek word for the adjective "everlasting" is of no avail to those who contend against the eternity of hell. Applied to the future time of the Greek word, *aiónios*, is nowhere used in the New Testament except of eternal life or punishment, as the late Dr. Pusey lucidly shows by numerous quotations. There are other passages, too, no less explicit than the words which describe the Last Judgment. There is the passage in St. Mark, "Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not extinguished," and that in the Apocalypse, in which there is twice the vision of the "smoke of their torments" going up forever and ever. "The Church in her Councils has more than once formally declared the dogma of the eternity of the pains of hell, so that there is no room for hesitation or quibbling of any kind. The Christian religion is unalterably committed to maintain the dogma of the eternity of the punishment of the lost souls in hell.

The sufferings of the souls in hell we must assume to be most acute. There is in hell, first, the pain of loss. The soul has lost God, has failed to reach up to its destiny. There is the total wreck of being's purpose, the permanent emptiness of the soul, which was created for the Infinite, from whom it is now severed forever. Upon earth the soul had no clear vision of its needs and powers, it found a half-satisfaction in creatures. In hell it is cut off from creatures; it is conscious of what was its destiny and is lost to it through its own wrongdoing. The soul becomes its own tormentor; its worm shall never die. There is, next, in hell the pain of sense. Scripture and common language of the Church's doctors are so clear as to punishment from without, from created agencies working upon the soul, that we must hold the existence of this punishment as certain, although I may add there has been no formal Church definition on the matter. The words of Scripture are: "Depart from Me into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels."—Every one shall be salted with fire.

In regard to those sufferings, two extremes are to be avoided. They are to be described neither in such a needlessly repulsive and extravagant manner as to shock our ethical perceptions, nor with such mildness as to induce the fancy that hell ceases to be a strong deterrent against sin.

A great deal of the wording of Scripture is metaphorical. The "worm that dieth not" is the remorse of conscience. Other descriptions of the life of the damned are metaphorical. The idea of the Blessed Lord and of the inspired writers was to teach in intelligible language the severity of the suffering. The great Roman theologian, Peronne, says that it is no article of faith, that the very fire of hell is not metaphorical, although, he adds, that to assert this would be a departure from the common teaching of the Church. One of the Roman congregations has recently held that there is a moral obligation on Catholics to believe that the fire of hell is a material, corporeal fire. But even so, a writer in the *Dublin Review* (January, 1881) is able to say: "Catholic tradition does not teach anything about the nature of the fire of hell except that it is not metaphorical, is not mental, or imaginary, or spiritual; but that it is material and external, acts immediately on the persons of the lost, and is accompanied by pain on the part of those who are subjected to it."

Indeed, fire even on earth is of so many kinds and degrees that any picture of burning coals and heated metal, though useful as an analogical illustration, is of no use whatever to a theologian or philosopher. Heat is a mode of motion. Fire is simply a corporeal substance under the influence of that kind of motion or energy which is called heat. If the lost are punished corporally, the instrument of their punishment will be that energy which plays the chief part in the fashioning and transforming of the universe. "He will arm the creature for the revenge of His enemies." St. Augustine wrote: "Of what nature is the fire of hell, I think no man knows, unless he whom perchance the Holy Ghost teaches."

We must approach the contemplation of the great law of Divine justice neither with a harrowing view of God's vast workings in creation, nor with a too close adherence to mere human sentimentality. The lost soul is not the whole universe; nor are God's laws directed exclusively to this soul. It is a part of an immense creation, and comes in for its small portion of God's universal government, of which the great laws cannot be blotted out from the divine record because of the failure of that soul to accommodate itself to them. Indeed, farther than this universe must we reach up the eye, even to the bosom of the Infinite. What know we of all the purposes of the Divine mind, of all the ends to be obtained in creation, and hence why should we dare judge the Infinite by the application of His laws to that soul? Of one thing are we absolutely certain, that God is super-eminentely just; that not one soul shall be punished without having fully deserved its lot, and that no soul shall be lost which will not have sinned time and again in His grace and pardon, and that souls descending into hell shall have penalties meted out to them in diversified degrees, exactly in proportion to their deserts.

What we call goodness, and what we accordingly expect from God, is mere human sentimentality, which is often nothing else than mere softness of nature, which would spoil every government of a family, and which excludes all notion of justice as well as of all right government and order. This supreme justice, which we acknowledge in God is, we must also remark, not merely deterrent or reformatory, having only in view a change of heart in the culprit; it is expiatory and vindictory in the high meaning of this word.

In the Middle Ages people were hardened in soul by the harsh conditions of life, and hence, when they undertook to alarm sinners with an appeal to the sufferings of hell, they had recourse to descriptions and imagery which are repulsive to us, but were needful to them. Nowadays, we are a people of nervous, morbid sensibility; we endure no pain. We go to other extremes, and we would compel the Omnipotent to be as we wacklers are, and to change His whole universe and the revelations of His divine plan in order to meet our own small views.

We must guard against this apprehension of hell which allays all fears in the sinner. We need to keep in mind the language of the Scriptures. Figurative as sometimes it may be, it conveys a fearful idea of suffering. In hell, "There is weeping and gnashing of teeth." "Every one shall be salted with fire." "Hell is the pool of fire burning with brimstone." The lost souls are separated forever from God. Say what we will, and explain as we may, the substantial truth embodied in those words appalls.

MIVART'S "HAPPINESS IN HELL." An article from the pen of a learned English Catholic writer, St. George Mivart, entitled "Happiness in Hell," has been getting the rounds of reviews

and newspapers, and attracting a good deal of attention. We ask, what does it mean? The title of the article, we reply, is misleading, and suggestive of notions never entertained by the writer. Indeed this title was given to the article, as late information assures us, not by the writer, but by the editor of the *Review*. The writer's caption was—"The Happiness in Hell"—which means a degree whatever of happiness, even amid grievous sufferings. Next, Mr. Mivart, rather indelicately, includes under the same general heading both the abode of souls enjoying mere natural happiness outside of hell and the abode of souls lost through personal mortal sins. This latter abode only is commonly understood, when the word "hell" is mentioned. Writing of hell, in this meaning of the word, Mr. Mivart proposes to himself, not to induce any comforting hope in the sinner's breast, but by strictest economy of the Church's teachings to bring the dogma of hell within nearer reach, as far as this may be done, of our limited reason. He eliminates to good purpose, as we ourselves have done this evening, from the doctrine a few unfounded, and rather repulsive, popular notions. He then put forward, in a more or less tentative manner, the notions that, ages passing by, the pain of sense in the damned may in some degree diminish; that the damned do not ceaselessly and necessarily hate God and sin anew in all their acts; that, simultaneously with never interrupted suffering, they may have a few crumbs of comfort; that, universally speaking, existence, such as it is for the damned, may not be considered by them as a lesser good than non-existence. Those ideas of Mr. Mivart depart from the teachings of the greater number of theologians and doctors of the Church, but find support in the teachings of a few of her theologians and doctors, who believe that such assertions may be made without exposing one's self to be condemned by the Church. This, and nothing more, of the great Catholic truths regarding hell, Mr. Mivart has no doubts, and no Catholic believer is allowed to have. These are: that there is a hell, in punishment of mortal sin which there has been no repentance before death; that out of hell there is no redemption; that the pain of loss is eternal; that a pain of sense in some degree shall endure. These truths have in store for the sinner sufficient terrors.

I return to one of my first ideas: primeval love permitted hell. The benefit to come to you and to me from a consideration of it is an accrued power to still our passions, and to direct our souls upward toward God. Heaven calling us upward, hell opening under our feet, O my God, can I hesitate? Can it be possible that I yet sin, spurn Thy love, despise Thy threats, and so live as to compel Thee to close against me the portals of Thy kingdom of truth and holiness, and to permit me to depart from Thee forever into everlasting fire?

THE NEW CONDITIONS
Of Combat for the Truth in the Nineteenth Century.

In this last quarter of the nineteenth century we are in an epoch of awakening and transition. Outside of the Church old faiths and traditions are falling away and men's minds are searching eagerly for the truth. Inside the Church faith and doctrine are affirmed more strongly, and Catholics are realizing more clearly than ever the duty incumbent upon them of setting forth by example and word the claims of truth. Bigotry is evaporating under the rays of study and knowledge. Self-respecting men are no longer satisfied with denunciation and condemnation as were their fathers, but they wish for facts, for data, for proofs. These they examine with true conscientiousness and form their opinion upon evidence and argument. We see that the other day, at Boston, the Unitarian Club invited the Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., rector of the Catholic University at Washington, to address them. He was introduced to a learned and appreciative audience by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University. Dr. Stanley Hall is a distinguished man and honored himself by going honor to the President of the Washington University, whilst the Unitarian Club gave to the American world a splendid example of liberality which will not be without its good effect.

Two days later at Cambridge, Dr. Keane gave a lecture on the "Wisdom of the Ages." On the platform were seated the most distinguished men of Boston city and of Harvard University, men of every faith and race. He was introduced to the audience by President Eliot of Harvard University, in a most noble speech. Among other things President Eliot, alluding to the fact that Dr. Keane was president of the Roman Catholic University at Washington, said:—

"The Catholic University at Washington will spring fully armed from the brain of the Church. As Protestants we recognize that no denomination or Church of Christians has a better right to found universities than

the Roman Catholic denomination or Church. "Was not the Roman Catholic Church, in its monasteries and great libraries, in its palaces as well as its churches, the guardian for centuries of the treasures of learning of the world?"

"How else save through the Roman Catholic Church was the ancient wisdom brought down to modern generations? It was through the devotion of priests and brothers and scribes within its monasteries that it won the treasures of the learning of the Renaissance. And what Church, what denomination of Christians has a better right to found in a democratic society like the United States a true university?"

"Has not the Roman Catholic Church in all history been the Church of the masses, the Church of the people? Has it not always, throughout its whole history, been the popular Church—the Church which took firm hold of the hearts of the masses; the Church which was recruited in its priesthood and hierarchy from the peasantry, from the great body of the people? Have not its highest offices always been open to the men of the people? Have they not always been filled with men risen from the ranks?"

The noblest minds in Protestantism are now investigating with respectful study and even anxiety the claims of the Church. Not only that but in all countries, in far off India as well as in Europe, in Japan and in the East generally as well in America, learned men have been impressed with the grandeur of the Roman Pontificate, and are enquiring into its claims. Not merely the Christian, be he Protestant or the Greek and Russian Church, but the Brahmin, the Buddhist and the Mahomedan, are turning their eyes to Rome and are admitting with astonishment that there must be something divine about a church which has gone through centuries of combat and still stands forth full of strength and vigor as if it were yet animated with the buoyancy and enthusiasm of youth; something divine in a Church which every century has met some new enemies, and has vanquished them all; something divine in a Church which has met every peril and every attack in every shape and form and has parried them all and come out victorious; perils of persecution and martyrdom from the Roman emperors; perils of violence and murder from the barbarian conquerors; perils of division, schism and heresy from the Nestorians, the Arians, the Greeks and a hundred more alien creeds and doctrines; the still greater perils arising from the encroachments of kings and emperors during the Middle Ages, and the yet still greater perils coming from three centuries of conflict with Protestantism. Men saw that through them all the Church has come out triumphant. Ever on the brink of disaster, seemingly doomed to die, and yet fated not to die, the Papacy has stood forth throughout the ages the champion of divine right and of human right, the peace-maker, the reconciler, and yet dauntlessly fighting the battle of centuries, vanquishing sin and error in all the assaults which the violence of the world could make against the citadel of truth and virtue.

These things men have seen and marvelled at. The thinkers and the sages have tried to explain them. With all their genius, and after a life-long study, they can barely deny but that something more than human must inspire a Church which could so long and amidst such trials retain all the vitality and enthusiasm of youth. Still they could not be reconciled to accept her divine mission, for said they: In the past the Papacy has had only one form of aggression to meet, it was violence of men, their brutal passions, their wild and ferocious propensities, for after all the whole of the history of the world can be summed up in a never ceasing contest of warfare and bloodshed. But there is now coming to meet her an enemy which she will not be able to fight with the arms of the past: the spirit of martyrdom, the constant resistance to change, the unswerving *vis inertiae* of her existence will not avail her in the new field where the genius of man shall meet the Church in the battle array. Now it is the intellect of man which shall lead the assault and not his passions. To that assault the Papacy must surely succumb.

The contest has come. Science and philosophy, reason and learning have united to assail the Church; the traditions of old have been scoffed at, the truths accepted by ages denied, the very foundations of society have been denied. The industry of man and his whole genius have been devoted to this century to upset the system upheld by the Church and the battle now universally rages.

The Church has entered the intellectual arena dauntlessly as she did the Coliseum. If she calls not on her sons to shed their blood for the truth, she has produced men with the brilliancy and strength of brains to cope with every problem this most trying century has been able to raise. Her system of truth, social, political, spir-

itual, is so impregnable that when she opens up the treasures given her by the saints and scholars and seers of the past, and offers them as remedies for modern evils and doubts, the hungry world gasps to receive them as something wonderful and strange. But all through the centuries her glory has been sustained by and founded on these very truths which now in the world's great need she renders up for the good of man and the glory of God. —*The Monitor*.

AN ENCOURAGING SIGN.
It is encouraging to see Protestants beginning to fall in love with Saint Patrick. It shows that they can appreciate a good man when they learn to know him. Catholics have all along believed that the Apostle of Ireland was a practical Catholic, and consequently a good man. This is why the Church canonized him. The Irish people have stood by him through good and evil report for one thousand four hundred years, and have suffered persecution for the faith he taught them. They have been ridiculed for bearing his name, and have seen him hanged in effigy in the streets of our towns and villages. They have borne all this with patience and resignation. Their unwavering loyalty to the saint at last begins to bear good fruit.

Protestants are beginning to recognize the fact that he was a very great and very holy man. They like him so well that they claim him as one of their own. The world moves. For some years back the Presbyterians have been straining the muscles of our credulity by claiming him as a Presbyterian. While their claim is fourteen hundred years too late to have any convincing value, it is yet, from their point of view, a high compliment to a Catholic saint and an evident sign of their great admiration. The strangest part of it is how the Roman Catholic Church came to canonize a Presbyterian! Just here there is something incongruous.

But the Presbyterians are "fore-ordained" not to have it all their own way. Their example has set others to thinking. Rev. Frederick L. Anderson, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, of Rochester, in his sermon last Sunday, informed his hearers that St. Patrick "was in fact a pretty good Baptist." And he added, with a burst of generous sentiment, "As I read the story of his noble life last Friday, I wanted to wear the green for him." Long live Brother Anderson! We hope some son of St. Patrick will, on the next 17th of March, present him with a nice bunch of the chosen leaf of bard and chief—Erin's native shamrock. But as his claim to spiritual kinship with the saint dates only from last Friday, the Presbyterians are a little ahead. Besides, the mere fact that St. Patrick made the snakes "take to the water" is not sufficient ground to claim him as a Baptist in good standing.

We suppose by next Patrick's Day the Methodists will put in their claim and pretend that the meeting at Tara was a camp meeting!

We live in the sweep of a great revolution of sentiment. Time was, not many years ago, when the cross on a steeple or tombstone attracted the distinctive attention of the iconoclast. The sign of salvation cast its shadow only from the humble Catholic steeple. The more pretentious Protestant houses of worship were docketed with the rooster and the weather vane. The former has gone into politics, and the latter was so evidently the symbol of change and variation that it became painfully significant and fell—into disuse. The cross once more prints its outstretched arms on a background of blue sky over many a Protestant church. May it bring the blessing of true faith to those who worship beneath it!—*Philadelphia Catholic Times*.

GLADSTONE'S BATTLE.
Easter week will be fraught with much that will be of importance to Ireland. The Home Rule Bill will be put on second reading on April 6, and have precedence of all other business every day excepting Wednesday, until its disposal.

Gladstone outgeneraled the Tories on the census vote and displayed his unrivaled mastery of parliamentary tactics. Against the advice of his leading colleagues, he insisted upon an immediate discussion of the vote of censure, instead of postponing it until after Easter, and as a result he obtained a splendid vote of confidence in his Irish policy, which will inspire the speeches of the recess with a tone of courage and reliance.

The deputations of Ulster men and others who have visited the Premier to protest against the establishment of a separate Legislature in Ireland have had their labor for their pains. In a few well-chosen sentences Mr. Gladstone disposed of their vague allegations, reminding them that the period of the last Irish Parliament had been one of financial progress, and the proposed measure was, as a matter of fact, conservative and not revolutionary.

The house has passed by a vote of 276 to 229 a resolution that in the future all members be paid for their services in Parliament. The resolu-

tion was introduced by William Allen, Radical, for Newcastle-under-Lyme.

PRAISE OF A PROTESTANT.
A Beautiful Tribute to Catholic Missionaries of Molokai.

Dr. Leonard Freeman, one of Cincinnati's most famous physicians, has recently returned from an extended tour. He visited the Sandwich Islands, which are attracting so much attention just now, and after much trouble secured the privilege of visiting the celebrated leper colony on the island of Molokai. The learned physician in last Sunday's issue of the *Enquirer* published a pen-picture of what he saw. Dr. Freeman says in his article: "In the colony, besides the Methodists, there is a Catholic church and a Mormon church. But the Catholics seem to be doing most of the real work. The others take it out largely in talk. There are nine Sisters of Charity and two Fathers, all from Syracuse, N. Y. The buildings in which they live are neat and clean, and are surrounded by gardens and banana trees. These noble women are sacrificing their lives to a great and loving work under the most discouraging circumstances. How sweet, good and gentle they were to the lepers! Some have been in the colony five or six years without having once felt ill. I met on the island a gentleman named Dalton, who had been an officer in the United States Army, and lived for a time in Cincinnati. He was formerly wealthy and stood high in the social world. Five or six years ago he was converted to the Catholic faith, disposed of his fortune, gave up his social position and went to Molokai to devote the remainder of his life to the lepers. I found him a good-looking and intelligent man, about forty-five years of age, with black hair and beard and a pleasing address. He lived in a one-story, three-roomed cottage, surrounded by a high stone wall. The little rooms contained many religious emblems, pictures of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and were very neat and clean for a bachelor's apartments. A century plant grew in the yard, emblematic, perhaps, of the slow, monotonous life around it. Every morning this good Samaritan puts on an old, blue blouse and a pair of overalls, and goes down to what he calls his 'workshop,' a small frame house with a veranda, around which are arranged a number of benches and some disphans filled with warm water. Miserable, decrepit lepers come hobbling in until the benches are filled, and standing room is at a premium. Mr. Dalton, with true religious courage and sympathy, bathes the leprous sores in the pans of water, and applies fresh salves and bandages. A Cincinnati lady has presented him with a large music box, and while he is attending to these poor people with great ulcers on the soles of their feet, and without toes, or even without much if any feet at all, this music box plays waltzes by Strauss—a genuine piece of sarcasm. Mr. Dalton is nobly carrying out the work inaugurated by Father Damien, who lived some sixty years among the lepers, and finally died a martyr to the disease the horrors of which he had so long endeavored to mitigate."

How Riley Fooled the Critics.
Years ago, when James Whitcomb Riley was merely an itinerant sign painter, he wagged that after a brief study he could imitate any style of poetry. Poe's was suggested, and this was the result:

LEONANIE.
Leonanie—angels named her
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In a solemn night.

In a solemn night of Summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to meet the comer,
Like a rose in bloom;
All foreboding that distressed me
I forgot as joy carried me—
Lying joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom.

Only spoke the little leper,
In the angel's tongue;
Pet J. Hestings, heard her whisper:
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you,
Tales are told you to deceive you,
So must Leonanie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem
Every heart but mine seemed gifted,
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonanie drifted
From me, like a dream.

A Way of Thorns.
All grown-up persons who are saved must either be martyrs in blood or martyrs in patience, in conquering the assaults of hell and the inordinate desires of the flesh. Bodily pleasures send innumerable souls to hell, and, therefore, we must resolve with courage to despise them. Let us be assured that either the soul must tread the body under foot, or the body the soul. We enter the kingdom of God through much tribulation. If we look to ourselves, says St. Ambrose, we can do nothing; but if we trust in God strength will be given us.

Our character is our will; for what we will we are.