

valid the ridiculous and abominable clause in the contract. Consequently, from the secular point of view, there is nothing to be gained by discussing the question. But where it really becomes important is when it enters the domain of religion. The parties to such a contract, the lawyers concerned in the case, and the legislators, evidently do not possess the first idea regarding what marriage is. If we look upon it as a simple civil contract, we lower it so much that it becomes a disgraceful agreement. It is the subjecting of woman to the vilest state of existence, and the imposition upon innocent children of a stigma that can never be effaced. It is cruel and unjust, disreputable and unchristian. Yet all this is the logical outcome of the Reformation, the natural consequence of a revolt against the Church.

If we consider marriage as a sacrament, as a source of grace, as a means accorded by God to man whereby he may gain eternal salvation, we at once rise high above the miserable quibbles of the law, and we behold in this tampering with the marriage sacrament a desecration.

Until the world turns back to the Catholic doctrine regarding matrimony, we need not expect that the law will respect the character of women or consider the future of children. Speaking of the Sacrament of Marriage, the great Protestant lawyer, Phillips, in a moment of fervid eloquence, cried out: "It is the gift of heaven, the charm of earth, the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the sanctity of passion, the sacrament of love. The slender curtain that shades its sanctuary has for its purity the whiteness of the mountain snow, and for its protection the texture of the mountain adamant."

The press is aroused, the voice of public censure is loud, the cries of virtuous indignation are heard on all sides, when some prayerless, kindless, heartless, remorseless creature invades that shrine and tears from its altar the lovely deity. But here is the law itself opening out avenues for the defilers of marriage sanctity; here is the State passing enactments whereby man and woman can be divorced; here are legislators usurping the right of God, and virtually saying to Christ, "Your day is passed, we are the rulers now. In your hour of authority you prescribed as a law that whomsoever God united together no man should put asunder; you declared that death alone could dissolve the marriage tie. But it is now our turn; we are the law-givers of this age; it suits the passions, the vile inclinations, the wickedness of men and women, to separate, to trample upon their vows of fidelity, to indulge their evil desires, to condemn their children to premature orphanage, to leave their offspring a heritage of disgrace; consequently we declare that it is the law of the land that husband and wife may separate, re-marry with others, and break the bond that God's representative tied. We, the legislators of 1894, are wiser than Christ; we will upset His work, even if we do sap the foundations of social morality and destroy the future of a whole generation."

Such is the language that the actions of these law-givers suggest. Look at it seriously and you cannot fail to see that the only safety for the world—morally, socially, religiously and even politically—is in the pure and unadulterate doctrine of the Catholic Church. She alone is uncompromising; she alone protects the woman's virtue and the child's happiness; she alone understands the sanctity of marriage.

BISHOP O'FARRELL DEAD.

Fifty years ago Thomas Davis, the soul of Irish patriotism, penned his undying lines on the "Burial" of a priest. When the news of the comparatively sudden death of the Right Rev. Michael Joseph O'Farrell, Bishop of the Diocese of Trenton, reached us, the words of the poet—words written when the great departed was yet in his childhood—flashed vividly across the mind.

"Ululu! ululu! kind was his heart,
Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part.
The faithful, the pious, the priest of the Lord,
His pilgrimage over, he has his reward.
By the bed of the sick lowly kneeling,
To God with the raised cross appealing;
He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray,
And the sins of the dying seem passing away.
Kneeling and motionless—'Dust unto dust'.
He died as becometh the faithful and just,
Placing in God his reliance and trust."

Three years have scarcely elapsed since last his potent voice awakened the echoes of St. Patrick's temple and thrilled the congregation with memories of those halcyon days—"twenty golden years ago"—when hundreds were inspired to devotion by the magic of his matchless eloquence. In every sense a priest, grand in sentiment, noble in purpose, powerful in expression, deep in erudition, humble in his strength, child-like in his greatness, the dead Bishop of Trenton will be remembered by thousands of Montreal's citizens as one of the brightest lights that ever flashed upon the religious atmosphere of this city.

It was in the Montreal College that he pursued those studies which constituted the foundations of his subsequent career. He taught theology to many a young aspirant who has since made a mark in the ecclesiastical history of our country. For some time he was attached to the great central parish of St. Patrick's, and in St. Ann's he has left the impress of his zeal and devotedness on many of the cherished institutions of that section of our city. Not a few of the older inhabitants can repeat, with fervid unction, the lines of the poet: for "by the bed of the sick," in the corridors of the school-house, in the temple of our Faith, whether at the altar or from the pulpit, in the organization of societies, in the instruction, moulding, elevating of the younger generation, in every sphere, he was truly the *sacerdos magnus* and the *Soggarth Aroon*. His was a restless energy that knew no limits and could take no repose. He was a member of that grand pioneer Order of St. Sulpice, and his life was imbued with the spirit of its founder. No path was too difficult, no danger too great, no trouble too weighty, no work too vast or too insignificant for such a man; his courage—like that of Conde—increased with obstacles and his aims were ever in proportion to the requirements of those whose souls he wished to save.

In New York, as parish priest of St. Peter's—the oldest parish of the city—he continued in the same path that he had followed in Montreal and success smiled upon his exertions, while God's blessings, like spring flowers, adorned the highway that he trod. In the midst of all his labors the eye of Eternal Rome was upon him, and the mitre and crozier, insignia of sacerdotal authority in its plenitude, awaited him. The day at last came, when, from the centre of Catholicity, a mandate went forth, and in consequence the Rev. Father O'Farrell was obliged to lay down the humbler instruments with which he had so faithfully labored, quit the field that his wonderful work had so gloriously cultivated, and accept the episcopal respon-

sibility of the vaster and proportionately more exalted domain of a diocese.

But duty—holy obedience—ordained that he should assume the office, yet beneath the purple he carried the evidences of the spirit of the sacrifice that animated his life. It is difficult to pay a worthy tribute to the memory of such a man, especially when the suddenness of the news and the limited time at our disposal are considered; the shock takes away the breath and scatters—as a wind of autumn amongst the oak leaves—the few ideas that we might under other circumstances collect for expression. Moreover, it is unnecessary for us to recall to the Irish Catholics of Montreal the goodness and the greatness of the departed prince of the Church. There are hundreds alive to-day who can remember that gloomy April morning, 1868, when the remains of the late lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee were conveyed in solemn procession up the main aisle of St. Patrick's. If their minds will rush back over the quarter of a century that has intervened, the wand of memory cannot fail to conjure up the impressive, crowded, animated, wonderful scene. The High Altar draped in black, funeral wreaths and festoons entwining the pillars, a dim light coming in through the stained glass windows, the solemn notes of the undying *requiem* rolling in mighty volumes from the great organ, the flickering of the tapers burning in profusion around the catafalque, the thousands of worshippers kneeling before the cross and straining their eyes to catch glimpses of the treasure-filled casket; all these details of the picture must return to the many who have survived the twenty-five years. But, when the organ ceased, when the priest descended from the altar, when the last vanishing curls of the incense were lost in the roof, and when a solemn hush fell upon that concourse, there was a moment of subdued excitement as Father O'Farrell pronounced the first words of that imperishable funeral oration.

Was it a masterpiece? Ask of those who heard it; ask of the number who can recall the involuntary and quickly checked murmur of applause that disturbed the solemn stillness of the temple; ask the men who recall the quiet dignity, the noble bearing, the appealing tone of the wonderful orator, as he bent over the pulpit, extended his hands and said: "Remember, my brethren, that we are in the house of God and in presence of the dead."

It is not to flatter that we recall these scenes; he is far beyond the reach of this world's censure or applause; it matters little to him what men may say of his eloquence and his power. But for we who remain behind it is a pleasing duty to recall the fine traits of character and the wonderful gifts—so potent for good in the true priest—that were the companions and distinctive marks of Bishop O'Farrell's life. Over his grave there are no tears of vain sorrow to be shed; his life was so full of good works; his reward beyond is so certain; his battle was so nobly fought, that it seems more like a glorious entry into the ranks of the Church Triumphant than an ordinary departure from the army of the Church Militant. Had we only his grand gift of persuasive eloquence, his lofty ideas, his exact and splendid command of expressions, his deep and touching sympathy, his sterling and yet poetic style, we might attempt some tribute worthy of the man, the priest, the Bishop. But in default of the power and ability, we can only repeat with the Church, the never changing prayer, "May he rest in peace."

Now that his soul is in the regions of

God's glory, and that the consolations of a well-spent life in the cause of humanity and in the service of the Almighty surround him in the realms of unending reward, we may be permitted to return earthward for a moment and add one word more to what we have already written. Bishop O'Farrell was a patriotic son of the Irish race, a lover of the old land, a student of her history, a rejoicer in her successes, a mourner in her sorrows, a friend in the hour of need, a powerful advocate of her cause, and a living, acting, effective illustration of the truth that Ireland was the Isle of Saints and the home of patriots. Let the Irish Catholic population of our city send up a grand united prayer to the throne of God, for the friend, the patriot, the priest, the Bishop that is dead—for

"Naught can avail him now but prayer,
Miserere Domine!"

ANGLICAN RITUAL.

CHANCELLOR S. H. BLAKE—the famous Samuel whose antic-Catholic expressions have more than once attracted attention—has issued a circular warning the Anglicans against "Romanizing Associations." He finds that these associations are spreading into Canada, and that the desire is to undo the work of the Reformation. Poor man; he has taken a great deal of pains to show that this work is carried on by insidiously introducing Roman Catholic ritual and doctrine. If he imagines that any Protestant ever becomes Catholic merely on account of the externals in devotional exercises, he is greatly in error. Does he imagine that by dint of playing the part of a king on the stage an actor could become a real monarch with all the powers, prerogatives and rights that belong to royalty? Or, could he conceive the imitation of historical events upon the theatre platform finally transformed into the reality of those events? What else is the pantomime that the Anglican ritualists perform? They might use every ornament, every vestment, every ceremony known to the Church of Rome, and still they would be as far from the Church as are the Shakers, the Quakers or the Salvation Army. Mr. Blake is a very clever man, a very well-read jurist, a very profound scholar; but his erudition does not include Catholic theology. He is evidently at sea on that subject. He is not aware that there is no gradation in the path from error to truth from anti-Catholic to pure Catholic doctrine. A chasm separates them, a deep and bottomless abyss; the one who passes from the darker to the brighter side must leap, and at one bound, the gulf. He may study well the distance, calculate on the chances of a slip or fall, take years to make up his mind—but once decided he cannot creep across, he must bound from one side to the other. The Protestant who is simply attracted by external forms and has no deeper conception of the doctrines and fundamental principles of faith, can have all the display, glitter and meaningless pomp that he desires in the Anglican service. But he can never have the soul of all that; he cannot there possess that which gives a *raison d'être* to all the ceremonies. Take away the Real Presence and the rest is but a vain show. It is the Eucharistic Christ that is the centre of all the Catholic ritual and ceremony. The High Church Anglican is less likely to become Catholic than is the Methodist. If he craves merely for show and not truth of doctrine, he has his craving satisfied and is not likely to trouble himself with the many other requirements that our Church imposes upon her converts. If Mr. Blake, himself, were to desire admission into the Catholic fold, on the ground that its ceremonies and ritual pleased him, and that he did not base his action upon a profound belief—not in the ritual—but in the dogmas of our faith, we should have to politely decline the gentleman's offer and ask him to wait outside until better instructed and until he felt the grace of God opening his eyes to the truth of our Church's teachings—not the beauty of her ceremonies.