

## UNITY.

## UNION TO BE FOR.

The Catholic doctrine is that there shall be an external, organic unity by which all Christians shall be united in one body.

The Living Church, in an article on "Christian Unity," says:

"The question of unity among Christians is fundamental. No man could be said to have the mind of Christ who did not deplore division—visible division, which we have in excess—and long for unity—visible unity, which we have not. There can be no veritable unity of the spirit without the unity of the body. When the Holy Ghost shall make men of one mind in a house, they will not want a hundred separate denominational structures."

That is certainly good Catholic doctrine. The only wonder is to see it so emphatically announced in the columns of the Living Church. We are aware now that that able, edited paper is high church, and that the editor calls himself and his church Catholic. It is then, perhaps, not very strange to hear him occasionally and even frequently give utterance to Catholic sentiments. Our difficulty is to understand how so able and accomplished a writer can reconcile his Catholic sentiments with his Protestant position. We are aware that he and those who think with him, as well as some who are even more advanced than he, repudiate the term Protestant and sometimes even use stronger language than Catholics in denouncing the evils of Protestantism. But so long as the name is retained in the official designation of the church in the prayer book, and while so large a proportion of their membership insist that the church is Protestant, and object decidedly to changing the name, we insist upon the right and propriety of calling "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America" by its most distinguishing title, especially as we are abundantly borne out by the history of the origin of the Anglican schism from which our American church derives its orders and its general economy.

Now there are two theories of unity. One is that it is a spiritual union which is compatible with the separation of the church into an indefinite number of sects and denominations. The other is that there must be an external, organic unity by which all Christians shall be united in one body. This, as we said, is Catholic doctrine. This also is the declared doctrine of our friend of The Living Church. "But please notice that in the same breath with which he declares, 'There can be no veritable unity of the spirit without the unity of the body,' he classes himself with the other sects and admits that they have it not. 'Visible division,' he says, 'we have in excess,' and 'they ought to long for visible unity, which we have not.'"

But, dear friend, is not unity a note of the true church? Certainly it has always been considered such, and the principle is abundantly confirmed by Scripture, by tradition and by common sense. Now if unity be a note of the true church, then manifestly that unity can never be broken or destroyed. There may be separation. Branches may be lopped off from the parent tree, and they may even for a time retain some of the sap of the original tree and some semblance of life, but they cannot be said to belong to the original trunk. They are not in the unity of the church. If the unity of the church can be broken and destroyed, then the church loses the grandest note of the true church, and in fact the church as a divine organization is destroyed.

Our friend of The Living Church is right. "When the Holy Ghost shall make men of one mind in a house they will not want a hundred separate denominational structures." But the very serious question arises, When can the Holy Ghost reasonably be expected to make the members of "hundred denominational structures" now existing "of one mind in a house?" We never cease to wonder how intelligent men—men of common sense and experience—can for a moment indulge the delusive hope that the denizens of the hundred denominational structures of which Protestantism is composed can ever be brought to think sufficiently alike to be united in a single organic body.

Why cannot our Protestant friends, for whom we have a great sympathy, see the absolute impossibility of organic unity without a head and center of unity for the whole Catholic church? Surely our contemporary can appreciate the force of the conclusiveness of the following statement: "Every organized body must have a head. The church is an organized body. Therefore the church must have a head." The old, original Catholic church is the only church in the world that has such a head. That head was given to it by our Lord himself when he chose Peter, bestowed upon him the prerogative of teaching and governing the church, made him the foundation rock and promised that the church built upon that rock should never fail. The argument is perfectly simple, entirely reasonable and absolutely conclusive. St. Cyprian, one of the earliest fathers, appreciated it when in that remarkable essay of his on the unity of the church he exclaims: "Does he who opposes and rejects the church—who deserts the chair of Peter, on whom the church was founded—presume that he is in the church, while the blessed Apostle Paul teaches the same thing and shows the sacrament of unity, saying, 'One body and one spirit, one hope, one vocation, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God?'" What a blessed consummation that would be! May the good Lord hasten it!—Catholic Review.

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## OUTWARD CEREMONIES.

They Are the Expression of Inward Devotion and Are Acceptable to God.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. S. M. Newman, of St. Louis, Congregationalist, referring to forms of worship, seemed to think that he knew better what is pleasing to God than the inspired authors of the Bible. He said:

There is an enormous pile of rubbish which has accumulated in the service of God through too much ceremony and ritual which rubbish rises higher and higher until God's presence is lost sight of. Many Protestants are as bad as Catholics in this thing. It is necessary to break through this mass of rubbish and drive it away.

The preacher has certainly forgotten that God expressly ordained that his chosen people should practice certain ceremonies when worshipping him, and that Christ made outward ceremonies essential to the administration of the sacraments. It may be possible that his hatred for the Catholic church has so blinded him that he is not aware of the fact that as man is composed of a body and soul it is natural for him to express his interior devotion by exterior acts, and that as both body and soul came from God we are bound to use both in his service.

The doctor offers an insult to God by calling the ceremonies he instituted "rubbish," which he would like to "drive away." He is not the first man who has tried to improve on the work of God, nor has he said anything new, but he has shown how very shortsighted men can become when he admits that he cannot see that all the ceremonies of religion are intended for the honor and glory of God. Our Saviour could just as easily have given sight to the blind man without anointing his eyes with spittle and then commanding him to wash in the Pool of Siloe. We have all through the Gospel evidences that it is the wish of our Saviour that ceremonies shall be practiced in divine service.

The sacraments of baptism and the holy eucharist most clearly show that ceremonies are acceptable to God. It is not strange that when men have once rejected the teachings of the church he founded they are to be found fashioning religions of their own, and that they consider it an evidence of wisdom to go as far as possible from the old church, which is sustained by the Holy Ghost.—Church News.

Bishop Scannell's Message to Catholics. Right Rev. Richard Scannell delivered a sermon at the cathedral which has attracted a great deal of attention not only among Catholics, but non-Catholics also. A number of Protestants were in attendance and expressed themselves as being well pleased with the bishop's address. He spoke feelingly and eloquently of the manner in which Catholics have been abused, insulted and wronged in this community for more than a year by members of the A. P. A. organization and itinerant bigots, who have resorted to the most outrageous measures to bring Catholics into contempt and public hatred. He complimented Catholics for their forbearance and patience during these many months of cruel misrepresentation, and implored them to bear the cross in the future as in the past, with resignation and Christian charity. He predicted that the persecution would soon cease, and that Catholics and the Catholic church would triumph in the end and be better and stronger for the struggle. His discourse makes a strong contrast with those usually delivered from Protestant pulpits. It was calm, conciliatory, charitable, Christian, from beginning to end, and it gave hope and confidence and moral courage to all who heard it.

It was a timely message. Catholics needed it, but non-Catholics needed it much more. It will not be forgotten soon, nor will it fail to have considerable effect. Kind words turn away wrath. The kindness of our bishop's words will turn away some of the wrath intended for Catholics here. The sermon on the mount has influenced humanity more than any other sermon ever delivered, and the bishop's sermon last Sunday was the best utterance made during the present unfortunate anti-Catholic crusade.—Omaha Recorder.

Michael Davitt. The unseating of Michael Davitt on the ground of "clerical intimidation" is a poor triumph for his enemies. Its gravest result will be that the verdict disqualifies him from holding public offices for seven years, but we are by no means sure that he will be the loser thereby. Mr. Davitt could not wield any influence in the British parliament greater than that which he possesses out of it. He is a tribune of the people, as Wendell Phillips was, and nobody thinks that Phillips would have been more of a factor in congress than he was on the platform. Michael Davitt was unseated once before, ten years ago, when the house of commons declared him disqualified to sit as representative from the County Meath because of his "having been adjudged guilty of felony and sentenced to penal servitude for fifteen years." There are some titles of condemnation which are distinctly titles of honor, and Mr. Davitt has been fortunate to earn more than his share of them.—Boston Pilot.

A Church for Colored Catholics. A number of men recently met in the rooms of the Columbus club, Chicago, at the invitation of Rev. A. Tolton, pastor of the new church for colored people. Rev. Father Tolton is the first colored priest ordained for the United States and is about to build a new church for his people. It was announced that Mrs. Annie O'Neill had donated \$10,000, which is already deposited to the credit of the church, on condition that a like sum be raised by friends of the new parish for the erection of the new church. The archbishop will head the subscription list with \$1,000.

Pilgrimage of British Catholics. Archbishop Vaughan is making arrangements to accompany the pilgrimage of British Catholics to Rome. This pilgrimage, which will be headed by the Duke of Norfolk, in point of wealth and numbers will be the greatest that left Great Britain in 200 years.

## AUTHENTICITY OF THE BIBLE.

How Can It Be Believed Without Accepting the Catholic Teaching?

During the trial of the Rev. Dr. Briggs for teaching heretical doctrine the Rev. Dr. Birch said the Presbyterian doctrine and belief are that the Bible is God's book; that God was the thinker of the thought, the arranger of the clauses, the compiler of the words, and that hence the text itself is divine. Dr. Birch forgot to say how he knows that the Bible is really the inspired word of God. Of course he knows that it was preserved by the Catholic church, and that had not the church saved its precious words from destruction we would not today have a Bible.

The Presbyterians have another article of faith which says, "The pope of Rome is that antichrist, that man of sin and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the church against Christ and all that is called God." Now the pope of Rome is the visible head of the church which preserved the Bible; therefore if Presbyterians believe their article of faith regarding the pope it is strange that they are willing to believe that the book preserved under the immediate jurisdiction of the supreme pontiffs is really the word of God. How are they to prove their assertion that it is without accepting the teaching of the Catholic church, which is the only authority on earth which can give testimony relative to the authenticity of the Bible? If they are willing to take the word of the church on this very important question, why do they refuse to accept Catholic traditions which would enable them to prove the authenticity without the shadow of doubt? The answer is that by so doing they would be found to admit that they are schismatics and that there is but one true church which all men are commanded to hear. So long as merely human organizations persist in calling themselves the church of God, that long will men like Dr. Briggs question the vital principles of their doctrines and defy them to prove their truth, for when men cut loose from "the rock" they are at sea, helpless, without a pilot or compass.—Church News.

Concerning Scapulars. According to P. Berlinger, S. J., con-sular of the S. congregation, a scapular to be entitled to the name must consist of two separate pieces of cloth hanging over the shoulders, one in front and one on the back. Hence, he says, the so called scapulars in which two pieces are made into one, although of different colors, are not scapulars (Decr. Auth. 423, ad. 6). Moreover, several scapulars so united as to make but one, either by sewing them together on the four sides or by making one the basis upon which to sew another of smaller size, are not scapulars.

While the five scapulars must remain distinct, they may be joined by one pair of strings of red wool and sewn together at the top, or even half way down the side. The order recommended for the scapulars is the white, bearing the red and blue cross on the outside next the brown, then the blue, black and red. On this latter is usually a representation of the crucifix and SS. hearts, which should face outward.

It is to be remembered that, although the present holy father declared all investitures made in good faith up to July 20, 1884, valid, this hardly applies to invalid scapulars.

The only scapular needing to be blessed when new ones are to be substituted for old is the white scapular of the Holy Trinity.

The above is not mere private opinion. It is the accepted teaching in reference to these matters, based on the decision of the S. congregation and interpreted by those capable of and entrusted with that interpretation. Private opinion in the matters of fact here referred to is not worth the ink wasted in expressing it. The restrictions placed by the church on the formalities required for investiture, etc., are necessary to conserve the devotion from being a mere formality that every one's whim might modify if not so safeguarded.—Catholic Advocate.

The Twilight Bell of the Angels. The legend, impalpable as the ether in which it floats, owning no local habitation, claiming no author, is borne on the swift wings of memory. It says that in the blessed abode of the angels a great bell swings, and that at twilight mortals may hear its voice if they put from mind all heart and all discord and worldliness and all that comes between them and love to their creator. And its voice is hushed with the setting sun, for it is always twilight somewhere. The angels who set it ringing are sad or glad as they gaze into mortal faces and learn that the bell is unheard, or that it sends its message to a human heart purged of strife or hatred and filled with heavenly peace.

So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and see if the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.—Ave Maria.

Catholic Notes. There are 205,050 Catholics in the diocese of Pittsburgh. A priest has been elected commander of a G. A. R. post at Oregon, Ill.—the Rev. D. B. Toomey. Honor to him and to the comrades who remembered his services in the field! He is only one of many priests who were in the civil war, but he is the first to be chosen chief of a camp of the Grand Army of the Republic.

At the recent annual conference of the archbishops of the United States the archbishop of New York was requested to formulate an admonition to the Catholic press warning writers, in accordance with the repeated instructions of Leo XIII, to be prudent, moderate and charitable in treating questions about which there may be a divergence of opinion among Catholics, and above all not to presume to blame or criticize the official acts of bishops in the administration of the affairs of their dioceses.

NATURE LOVE. Let us be much with nature, not as they that labor without seeing, that employ Her unloved forces blindly without joy, Nor those whose hands and crude delights obey The old brute passion to hunt down and slay, But rather as children of one common birth, Discerning in each natural fruit of earth Kindred and bond to this divine clay.—Let us be with her wholly at all hours, With the fond lover's zest who is content If his ear hears and if his eye but sees; So shall we grow like her that stands and bent, Our thoughts as sweet and sumptuous as her flowers.—Archibald Lampman in Youth's Companion.

TRIALS. "I certainly will try the experiment," quoth I to myself. And then I covertly looked in the glass, so as better to calculate my chances matrimonial. It wasn't a very satisfactory survey. I am not a handsome man. But there's one advantage I possess that is worth all the beauty in creation—Torquatus Thistle-down, Esq., president of the Thistle-down Petroleum company, with the handsomest yacht in the bay and money enough to freight it with a golden cargo! Youth—beauty—what do they weigh in the balance against Torquatus Thistle-down?

And I patted my pockets with a chuckle that sounded like the chink of doubloons. "I'll do it!" I exclaimed aloud. Bruce Hardenbrook glanced sleepily up from his armchair in the bay window and took his cigar out of his mouth. Bruce belongs to our club—more's the pity—a supercilious puppy that looks down on a fellow from the height of his six feet two, as if nobody under that size had any business to exist.

"What's that you're going to do, Thistle-down?" asked Bruce. "To be married," I added slowly and distinctly, "to Miss Fanny Gordon." Bruce started. I had known very well that that would disturb his serene self possession. All the world was quite aware that he was dangling after pretty Fanny Gordon—as if a clientless young lawyer had any right to aspire to the hand of the loveliest girl in New York!

"Are you engaged to her, Mr. Thistle-down?" he asked. "No—not exactly engaged—that is, not as yet, but I mean to be. I shall consult Mr. Gordon this very afternoon—an old friend of mine. Job Gordon. He'll refuse me nothing."

Bruce Hardenbrook made no reply. He resumed his newspaper and tried to look indifferent, with remarkably bad success. So I put on my hat and strolled down to honest Job Gordon's counting room. "Thistle-down, how d'ye do?" he cordially said. "What can I do for you today?"

"A great deal, Mr. Gordon," I responded. "I am contemplating matrimony. I am thinking of the hymeneal bonds, sir and—and I would like the weight of your influence with your daughter Fanny. I adore Fanny, sir—I worship her—and I don't mind telling you that it is within her option at this moment to become Mrs. Torquatus Thistle-down!" Mr. Gordon wrung my hand heartily. "Torquatus," he ejaculated breathlessly, "you're a trump. My daughter, Mrs. Petroleum Company—no, I don't mean that exactly—but—but I only hope you aren't too late!"

"Too late?" I gasped, making a clutch at my yellow silk pocket handkerchief! and wiping the drops away from the bald spot on the crown of my head. "There was a young fellow here this very morning," went on Mr. Gordon, rumpling his hair with one hand in a distracted manner, "upon the self same business, and—"

"Not Bruce Hardenbrook?"

"Yes, Bruce Hardenbrook—the very person—and I told him to—I gave him my sanction—and I've just sent up a note to Fanny desiring her to have no hesitation in promptly accepting the gentleman who would propose to her this afternoon."

I gave a feeble gasp and rubbed my nose. "But," added the old gentleman, with a sudden inspiration, "I didn't mention any names, thank goodness, and I don't see, upon my word, why the note shouldn't answer for you just as well as for Bruce Hardenbrook, if you only get there a little ahead of him."

I jumped up and made a grasp at my hat. "Couldn't—couldn't you go with me?" "Impossible—I have two most important appointments, but you won't need me—the note paves the way. Good evening, Torquatus. I wish you all possible success!"

As I hailed the nearest omnibus and leaped in, the iron tongue of old Trinity tolled 6 in deep bass monosyllables. Perhaps—perhaps I might yet be in time—perhaps Bruce Hardenbrook might be just such a fool as to be idling away the precious moments in that big easy chair at the clubrooms. It was barely possible, and my heart gave a bound at the idea.

Fanny was at home, for as I rang the bell I saw the flutter of her blue muslin dress from the French windows that opened upon the balcony—and the next moment she admitted me herself—a tall, beautiful girl, with bright brown hair brushed away from a low white forehead, and eyes like shady wells of light.

"Dear me, Mr. Thistle-down, is it really you?" she exclaimed coquettishly adjusting a rose in her hair. "Excuse my opening the door, the servants are gone to Michael Somebody's wake and I'm all alone."

Not entirely alone, for a "monitor" hat hung on the hall stand—dark, speechless witness! My heart stood still! At the same moment I caught a glimpse of my face in the oval mirror above. It couldn't have been redder or more shining if it had been oiled mahogany. However, I gave it a nervous dab or two with my pocket handkerchief and boldly entered the parlor.

Just as I expected, Bruce Hardenbrook was there, but then, judging by his appearance, he had only just arrived.

## NATURE LOVE.

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I gave a feeble gasp and rubbed my nose. "But," added the old gentleman, with a sudden inspiration, "I didn't mention any names, thank goodness, and I don't see, upon my word, why the note shouldn't answer for you just as well as for Bruce Hardenbrook, if you only get there a little ahead of him."

I jumped up and made a grasp at my hat. "Couldn't—couldn't you go with me?" "Impossible—I have two most important appointments, but you won't need me—the note paves the way. Good evening, Torquatus. I wish you all possible success!"

As I hailed the nearest omnibus and leaped in, the iron tongue of old Trinity tolled 6 in deep bass monosyllables. Perhaps—perhaps I might yet be in time—perhaps Bruce Hardenbrook might be just such a fool as to be idling away the precious moments in that big easy chair at the clubrooms. It was barely possible, and my heart gave a bound at the idea.

Fanny was at home, for as I rang the bell I saw the flutter of her blue muslin dress from the French windows that opened upon the balcony—and the next moment she admitted me herself—a tall, beautiful girl, with bright brown hair brushed away from a low white forehead, and eyes like shady wells of light.

"Dear me, Mr. Thistle-down, is it really you?" she exclaimed coquettishly adjusting a rose in her hair. "Excuse my opening the door, the servants are gone to Michael Somebody's wake and I'm all alone."

Not entirely alone, for a "monitor" hat hung on the hall stand—dark, speechless witness! My heart stood still! At the same moment I caught a glimpse of my face in the oval mirror above. It couldn't have been redder or more shining if it had been oiled mahogany. However, I gave it a nervous dab or two with my pocket handkerchief and boldly entered the parlor.

Just as I expected, Bruce Hardenbrook was there, but then, judging by his appearance, he had only just arrived.

Now was my time. But how was a fellow to make love with Bruce Hardenbrook's cold, critical eyes full on him, and the amused curve of his lip varying at every word I spoke?

"I—I was thinking of asking you, Fanny!"

"Yes, Mr. Thistle-down."

But my courage failed me at this eventful instant.

"If you're much troubled with mosquitoes in this neighborhood!"

"Not at all."

Bruce was laughing—I knew he was, but I scorned to look to him. I felt as if I had been taking a bath in liquid fire. Was I to be trifled with thus? Never!

"Fanny," I resumed, resolutely, "I am in!"

But she jumped up with an agonized little scream.

"Hush! wasn't that a man's step in the basement hall? I am sure I heard it. Kathleen has left the door unbolled and the house is full of robbers and murderers! Oh, Mr. Thistle-down, do—do run and see!"

She shrank into a corner with the prettiest cowardice I had ever seen. Now I'm not, as a general thing, particularly partial to the company of burglars and housebreakers, but what was a man to do thus charmingly appealed to?

"Don't be afraid, Fanny," said I, catching up the guitar case valiantly, making for the lower part of the house with that weapon of aggression. "Come on, Hardenbrook—we'll make 'em stir round pretty lively, or we'll know the reason why!"

Hardenbrook followed, rather contrary to my expectations; I had half feared his remaining behind to comfort the frightened dove in the blue muslin feathers.

"You look in the kitchen, Thistle-down, and I'll examine the cellar," he said, and I promptly obeyed. I looked under the dresser, behind the tables, even beneath the great brass kettle in the corner, but there was no burglar there.

"It must have been the cat, Hardenbrook," bawled I, "for—the deuce, how came this door shut?"

I gave the handle of the door an energetic turn—it was fast locked!

And now the truth began to dawn dimly upon my perturbed and excited brain—the coast was clear, and victory belonged to Bruce Hardenbrook!

In vain I shouted until my lungs were hoarse—in vain I rattled the relentless door; nothing but the echo rewarded my efforts. Nor was the scene of my involuntary confinement particularly inviting. It was dark, close, and intensely hot—a circumstance easily accounted for by the fact of a white hot fire glowing away in the range and no particular circulation except that of Croton bugs across the floor! I sat down on the brass kettle and wiped the streams of perspiration from my forehead—a modern St. Bartholomew.

I gnashed my teeth and upset a whole colony of frying pans in despair.