

Galileo, Infallibility, Filioque.

The following are some scraps from the shreds of another letter that, with many another M.B. of Catholic defence, was destined for oblivion in the rubbish-bin and Empire waste basket.

To begin with I will skip the first two paragraphs of H. M.'s letter and naturally enough associate them with his quotation from Foulkes.

First let us have a dab at Galileo. By the way did not Foulkes say, in the 8th paragraph, that the Church claims infallibility in both faith and morals.

The convention that condemned Galileo's Dialogue on the Copernican Theory did not claim nor exercise plenary jurisdiction, nor was there a point of doctrine established or cancelled.

Galileo's real trouble was with Aristotelian philosophy rather than Church dogma. It most certainly was an awful mutation from the prior Ptolemaic fixity and exclusiveness of our mundane universe to all to ever become a mere speck among countless spheres in limitless space.

I said that the Church fully so quessed in Copernicus' "De Revolutionibus Orbium," which by the way was dedicated to Pope Paul III., but how about Protestantism? Luther with his characteristic choice of language denounced Copernicus as an arrogant fool who wrote in defiance of Scriptures.

Controversy, "Apostolic Succession," by Right Rev. Bishop Ryan; "Kenan's Doctrinal Catechism," "The History of the Protestant Reformation in England," by Wm Cobbett, a Protestant and an M. P. and one of the most voluminous and reliable writers in the English language, etc.

A characteristic feature of Catholic literature is that history, Scripture and day and date are given for everything—no blank assertion of mere private whim or prejudice so manifest in the pen products of heresy and infidelity.

Among other transparent falsehoods, Foulkes suggests that the universal jurisdiction claimed by the Roman Pontiff was based on pseudo-decreets.

The episcopal supremacy of the Bishop of Rome is fully attested by almost every Christian writer from the apostolic times to the present day.

Is the evidence in legion of the Saints, Fathers, Apologists and Doctors of the Church from St. Ignatius the disciple of the apostles themselves, pseudo decreets? Are the decrees of the Council of Jerusalem, Acts xv., to the Council of Nicaea, 325, spurious evidence? What means this stupid remark of H. M.'s quoted? Church history gives us one unbroken line of Pontiffs from St. Peter to Leo XIII.

But for those professing Christianity is the emphatic and unequivocal evidence of Jesus Christ and His apostles in Holy Writ pseudo-decreets? From the time Christ began to call His apostles and pushed out on the sea of His early mission and childhood with Simon, Luke v. 9., and taught mankind from the little barque of St. Peter and so wonderfully illustrated Peter's mission, verse 6, and his supremacy, verse 7, those relations between St. Peter and his Divine Lord have ever been maintained and ever shall be.

He again similarly illustrates his mission after the Resurrection at the close of the Gospel, St. John xxi. 8; shows his superior fidelity, verse 7; lands the second miraculous draught of fishes, verse 11; receives from Christ the full charge of the real fish and fishing smack, verses 16, 10 and 17, in the which also the Divine Founder of Christianity demands of His first Vicar a threefold expression and proof of fidelity and love.

In verses 18 and 19 Christ predicts the death of St. Peter.

See how gloriously Peter's mission was inaugurated after Pentecost, Acts ii. 41., catching 3,000 genuine fish in one haul, in substantiation of St. Luke v. 10.

Peter calls the first Synod and presides at the election of Matthias, Acts i. 15-26.

Peter convenes the First Council of the Church, Acts xv. In verse 7 he asserts his supremacy. At this Council the time-honored, God-given doctrine of "Circumcision" was abrogated. Of the institution of this doctrine and practice see Gen. xvii. 10; Ex. xii. 44; Lev. xii. 8. The practice long practised in the remotest recesses of civilization and savagery, and here at the Council of Jerusalem it must go. Is there any exercise of the infallibility prerogative to be compared with this most extraordinary innovation. Christ and His apostles complied with this great institution of His Father, and right here at the Council of Jerusalem St. Peter cancels it.

Peter establishes the admission of the Gentiles into the fold, Acts x., and defends the doctrine, Acts xi. Whatever doctrinal changes were made, were made by St. Peter or him presiding.

St. Peter is especially prayed for by the whole Church, Acts xii. 5; and delivered by an angel, verse 7, read to the end.

St. Peter is exclusively prayed for for eternal faith by Christ to the Father, the others being present and commissioned to confirm his brethren, St. Luke xxii. 32.

By being the first to preach Christ Crucified, Acts ii. 14-41, and by the conversion of 3,000 souls he gave structure and stability to the infant Church; thus vindicating i. Matt. x. 13. In the 16th verse of this chapter notice the sublime confession of Christ by St. Peter, and in verse 17 Christ's assurance of St. Peter's special inspiration by the Father. Read verses 18 and 19 again and observe who it was that first taught and established Papal infallibility, and which you will recognize to be in strict accord with Christ's ideal of an infallible structure in His "Parable of the Builder." Read Matt. vii. 24 and 25. There is a savory warning given in verse 15 of this chapter.

When Christ first saw St. Peter He hailed him with "Ophias" the Syriac for "Rock." St. John i. 42, vulgarly translated in the Protestant Bible a "stone." See how they are obliged to correct themselves, St. Matt. xvi. 18. They should read verse 19 and reflect that the Peters of the 16th century had turned the keys of Heaven against them by excommunication, and that God would still accept their return and obedience.

St. Peter's rebuke, verse 23, and Christ's counter-rebuke, verse 25, and the denial of Christ by St. Peter, St. Luke xxii. 55-62, and St. John xviii.

16-27, is often malignantly cited by perverters of truth. "Satan" means in the Hebrew "opposer." St. Peter—although through love—wrongly opposed his Divine Master and justly merited the rebuke. But who loving the Saviour as St. Peter did, would not have opposed such a passion and death as Christ predicted for Himself. The denial of Christ by St. Peter was as a check to St. Peter's impulsive ness, and to emphatically evince man's weakness and dependence on God. St. Peter showed his fidelity by placing himself in a position to be questioned in so tempting and iniquitative a manner.

St. Peter walked on the water like his Divine Master, Matt. xiv. 29.

The same tribute, miraculously obtained, was paid for both Christ and St. Peter. St. Matt. xvii. 27, the others being present.

Witness the effect of Peter's rebuke on Ananias and Sapphira, Acts v. 8-12.

His condemnation of Simony, Acts vii. 20.

He raises the dead Tabitha, Acts ix. 40.

Multitudes healed by St. Peter's shadow, Acts v. 15 and 16.

The infallibility of the Church is clearly implied in St. Matt. xxviii. 19 and 20; St. John xv. 16, 17, 26; xvi. 13; 1 Tim. iii. 14 and 15; 1 Cor. x. 8; Liv. 9 and 10; Lix. 19, 21, &c.

We have particular mention of the first Pontiff in St. Matt. v. 18 and 19; xvii. 24-27; xxvi. 40 and 63; St. Mark i. 30; iii. 10; St. Luke iv. 38; v. 3-10; ix. 82; vi. 14; St. John xx. 2, 9 and 6, &c.

Wherever two or more mentioned Peter is always the one or first named. St. Matt. xvi. 1; xxvi. 37; St. Mark i. 16 and 29; v. 37; ix. 2; xii. 8; xiv. 38; St. Luke vi. 14; vii. 51; ix. 28; Acts iv. 19.

Peter always the first or sole speaker. St. Matt. xvii. 4; xviii. 22; xix. 27; xxvi. 39 and 45; St. Mark ix. 5; x. 28; xi. 21; xiv. 29; St. Luke ix. 33; xi. 41; xviii. 28; St. John vi. 68; xlii. 6; 24, 26 and 37; xviii. 10 and 15.

In short for vindication of Peter's supremacy read the first 12 chapters of the Acts and the 1st gospels. And for the papal supremacy of his successors in the very face of articles v. and vii. of the three nine articles of the religion—foolish folk Foulkes! Little else quotation from Foulkes! Little book show his rash biased and very contracted knowledge and understanding. If he were even loyal to the parliament that gives existence to his "by law established" religion he should rather rail out with sanguinary fury against Eastern Christianity in savage subornment of the Moslem booties. Instead of which he throws in the face of the church a base insult to the sublime doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son; and against his own aforesaid articles v. viii., solely in the interest of the sad eastern error.

The procession of the Holy Ghost was the medium rather than the cause that dismembered the Church by the Eastern schism. Doubtless Arianistic sympathies derogating from the equality of the Son with the Father at the first council of Nice sifted out "Filioque" as a nominal basis of dispute. But "Constantinople is the New Rome" was the real origin antagonistic motives, watchword and key-note of the dismemberment, and not the introduction of "Filioque" into the creed as suggested by Foulkes.

Byzantium having become the imperial residence, seat of government, and commercial and political metropolis of the once mighty Roman Empire by the conqueror of both Eastern and Western Empires—Constantine the Great—and the glory and magnificence of the Eastern Church had become so pre eminent and ambition, pride, and the spirit of rivalry had become so conspicuous charges in Eastern Chivalry, that it became the universal ambition to transfer the Papal See from vanquished Rome to the illustrious Eastern Capital; falling which to shift by stealth, force or persuasion the papal prerogative from the Bishop of Rome to the Patriarch of Constantinople. Political rather than ecclesiastical motives were at the bottom of the whole severance, and bitterly has it been punished.

The Patriarchal glory of Constantinople was short lived. Islamism soon replaced Christianity, and the Koran supplanted the Bible. Yet despite this dismemberment and the wholesale confiscation and disfranchisement by Victor Emmanuel, a dozen centuries later Rome remains the ecclesiastical capital of Christendom where sits in the chair of St. Peter inheritor of his patrimony, a prisoner in his own palace, the supreme Pontiff, the grandest and mightiest Monarch that ever lived.

Mike, the Lineman

LEWIS H. BROWN IN DONATIONS.

Ton P. M. is not the hour when restaurants are most frequented. In dismal silence a few straggling irregulars sat about the tables of the Excelsior Cafe, making away with small steaks and stews. There, next the mirrored wall, a railway conductor, brass-buttoned and spruce, his grip under his chair, was fortifying himself for the all night run; here, facing each other, a man and woman, in dull conversation; a couple of intelligent fellows talking politics; newspaper compositors, may be, lunching between whites; a stout man, in frayed coat and spectacles—German, no doubt, some kind of musical man—a clarinet or something in the box on the floor; away at the back, near the window whence, on demand, came all things edible, a big, angular lad devoted to a plate of beans and the want advertisements in the "Post"; a tired-looking young woman in black at the next table comported herself in a somewhat reserved, forbidding way—these were all the patrons of the Excelsior Cafe at ten o'clock.

Five or six girls stood or sat around gossiping idly. They were observant of the movements of the waiters and of other matters. There would be more to do when the tea tree lot out.

The conductor reached his hat, took his bag and got up. He pushed the yellow check to the proprietor, took a cigar from a box on the counter, drew a light at the jet with the little red shade, and paid the check and for the cigar. The door shut, the cash recorder clicked, and the proprietor took his newspaper again. The girls made remarks about the man who had gone out.

The vapor on the windows lent a ghostly mien to the passers-by; it made it difficult for them to read "Roast Turkey, 16 Cents" on a placard among the viands and fruit set out as samples.

Again the door opened; a short man in leather coat and high boots shuffled in. He nodded to the proprietor, and with a business-like air walked to one of the tables, hung up his hat, set his chair squarely, rested his elbows on the board, his face between his hands, and glared at the menu. A waitress came and stood by the table. There was sadness—a gleam of humor, too—in her brown eyes as she looked down at the man. She was the waitress with whom, somehow, the men could not be so familiar as with her others.

"Well, I'm tired," said the man. "Did it go hard to-day?" asked the girl, sympathetically.

"Oh, not uncommon; not uncommon at all," he responded, brightening up. "It more than makes up for it all to come in here and have a look at you. How's Susy?"

"Oh, Susy came home last night and said they had put her in the ninth grade. She's too smart for the eighth now. My wife had a head that girl has for figures; she'll stay up half the night to do her sums. She's good about caring for things at home, too. She is up waiting for me every night when I get through."

"She's a little woman; that's what she is," commented the man.

"Well, sir; have you decided what you'll have?" she asked after a pause, looking furtively at the proprietor and shifting the conversation.

"I don't care a rap what I have. Nora." This was the first time he had ever called her Nora. "Anything, so long as you serve it."

"On, yes, indeed, you will—Mike." She lingered on the word and flushed slightly. "Now, how would a loin steak do?"

"It's a loin steak I'll have," he answered, abstractly.

No-a went to the rear and called out emphatically: "One loin steak, medium!" Then she bustled about to procure the accessories.

When this had been done, she hastened over to serve an old gentleman who had just come in.

At length Mike's order appeared at the window. She removed it and set it before him.

"Nora," said Mike, as she was bending over him with the dish; "Nora, girl, I love you."

A moment's pause as she bustled herself in the arrangement of the table things.

"Yes, dear." The hand that placed the glass of water was a little uncertain. "I love you, too, very—much."

Their eyes met for a moment. It was the old, old story. Three tables away the old gentleman, with much deliberation, was finishing his stew. He did not know. Nora went over to see whether he wanted anything more.

Mike was eating his meat as though in a powerful hurry to get through.

Crash! went some crockery upon the floor. The proprietor frowned. Nora had dropped the old gentleman's soup plate. The glance she cast at the proprietor quivered through Mike.

"There shan't be much more of this," he muttered, taking his hat. "I'd like to knock him down! There shan't be much more of this."

Going out, Mike collided with a shrunken, bewhiskered figure just outside the door.

"Please give an old woman a bit of money for her poor bairns the night, sir?"

"Hello, Granny; is that you? Of course I will, old woman. Come along; I'll take you home. Guess the bairns'll have to look out for you a deal more than you've done for them." It was a crisp, frothy night. As he walked along, Mike buttoned his coat snugly. By his side trudged the old woman, and their feet rang upon the broad flags of the walk. In the belt of sky between the bright Pleiades that lined the street the bright Pleiades blinked down at him. There was an answering blink in Mike's soul. It was Nora and the Pleiades that he saw; the great brute city had become for him as the New Jerusalem.

II.

Three o'clock in the morning found Patrolman Jackson, lunch-box in hand, walked down Arlington avenue. Only sharp eyes might know him for a "cop." The white braided down his trouser-leg alone betrayed him. But those there are whose interest is to look sharp for such tokens: and now and again a shadow would fit further into the gloom of an alley as Patrolman Jackson passed by.

He had been detailed for theatre duty at the Grand Museum; had been since out to a suburb on special service since: has rung in three drunks, and now was going home to his wife and babies and rest.

An occasional truck rattled over the stones, the sound of a car a few streets off, a strain of music and a guffaw from behind the shutters of a saloon were all that broke the stillness of the hour. On he went, past deserted warehouses, which in a few more turns of the clock would be alive with trade; past the great power-house, where the big multi-polar dynamos were rolling round now and then keenly lighting the building with great green sparks from their brushes.

The sound of a gong, the galloping of horses, and an ambulance turned the corner and went on past the first crossing, up near the end of the second block and then—stopped.

Patrolman Jackson broke into a run. But Patrolman Jackson, being stout, did not arrive quickly. When he reached the spot all was over. He came up only to see the door slam and the ambulance glide off on the car tracks.

A man leaning against the repairing tower drawn across the middle of the street told the bystanders all about it.

"There was such a pull on this section up at the power house that we were rung out half an hour ago to fix it. When we got here we found that the leak was at a place where the feed wire had got loose and sagged, and one of our men shinned up to doctor it. All at once he gave a terrible yell, and we looked up, and saw him lying flat over the cross arm, his flesh fairly sizzling. He took up a coil with him, made fast to his belt, and this coil had unrolled itself and fallen down so as to ground him; and there he was, with the other end latched to him, being burnt to death. We couldn't get at the coil, either. For a while nobody moved. We all knew it would be bad for the man that tackled him. Then a fellow we call Mike threw his coat off and climbed up there like a monkey. Say, boys, how that little Irishman did shine! Well, he threw his arms around Joe, and then staggered. We thought he was going to stumble, sure. But he didn't. He brought him down all right. Then he fainted."

When the proprietor of the Excelsior Cafe looked in his paper the next evening his eyes met this paragraph, and in his untutored way he read aloud: "Early this morning a strange accident happened to two linemen on the East End Street Railway. On Arlington avenue, between Fourth and Fifth streets, a squad of linemen were repairing a mishap to the feed wire, when one of them, named Joe Collins, received a severe shock. An other workman, Michael Maloney, in attempting to free him, also received a shock. Both men were taken to the Emergency Hospital. Collins, though much burned, will probably recover. It is thought that Michael Maloney—"

The girl with the brown eyes had drawn near. She threw out her hands pleadingly; but when she spoke her words were sharp as if with anger.

"He shan't die!" she said. "I say he shan't die!"

The proprietor looked at her sharply, in the depths of his dull, obtuse nature some old memory stirred into life.

"What you say goes this time, my girl," he made answer quietly. "Your Mike'll be 'round again in a few days. Don't come down too rough on the diaseh."

A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Ipecac and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dawson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in all cases of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

C. M. B. A.

BRANCH 13, TORONTO.

The regular meeting of Branch 13, C. M. B. A. was held on Monday evening, July 27th, at the Grand Central Hotel, with President J. J. O'Hearn in the chair, about 87 members being present. Grand Trustee Rooney delivered the address on the good of the Association. Three applications for membership were received for consideration. The audit report of 1896 was read and adopted. A vote of thanks was then tendered the Auditing Committee, which was re-appointed by Bro. W. Moran. Then after several discussions on various subjects in connection with the association the meeting closed.

BRANCH 49, TORONTO.

The regular meeting of Branch 49, C. M. B. A. was held in Grand Central Hall, Friday, 28th inst. President Korwin occupied the chair and a large and enthusiastic audience of members was present. Discussions having been prolonged to a late hour at previous meetings a motion was made by Bro. Moran that at 10 p.m. but the matter was left over until next meeting. A movement is also on foot to have an association directory for the city branches. This would give such information as would be necessary for members to assist one another.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 49, C. M. B. A., a resolution moved by Bro. J. J. Landy and seconded by Bro. W. J. Hallam was unanimously adopted as follows:

"Almighty God in His wisdom having suddenly called away the dearly beloved wife of our esteemed Bro. Thomas F. Kelly he is therefore resolved that the members of this Branch tender their earnest condolences and sincere sympathies to the bereaved and his worthy family in their sad bereavement. And it was further resolved that a copy of this resolution be inscribed in the minutes of the Branch and a copy thereof sent to Bro. Kelly, copies to be sent to "The Canadian" and THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

A Farmer's Wife

TELLS A STORY OF YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

Doctors Utterly Failed to Help Her and Morphine was Constantly Recorted To—Became So Weak She Could Scarcely Perform Her Household Duties.

From the Beaver, Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Stone have been residents of the township of Ernestown, about ten miles east of Napanee, for a period of about three years, and in that time have gained the esteem of all their neighbors. Mrs. Stone is a native of this time they had lived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and it was during their residence there that Mrs. Stone was attacked with an illness that made her life miserable for years. To a reporter who recently interviewed her she told the following story: "During the early part of our residence in Colorado, my first two came on. At the outset every three or four weeks I would be attacked with a pain in my stomach. Later on it greatly increased in severity, and at times was so bad that I would scream aloud with the pain. A doctor was called in, but the only benefit I ever received from his treatment was

through the injection of morphine in my arm, as a result of which the pain would gradually pass away. The medicine which was given me, however, had not the slightest effect, and the doctor appeared to be greatly perplexed, and thereafter continually resorted to injections of morphine whenever the attacks came on. These attacks continued at intervals until our return to Canada, when they increased in frequency and intensity. The result was that I grew very weak, and my whole system appeared to be giving out. My complexion turned a yellow hue, and I had little or no appetite. Latterly I would be attacked with fainting spells, preceded by attacks of dizziness. I became utterly unable to stand fatigue, and could with the greatest difficulty perform my household duties. A doctor was called in who treated me for some time without benefitting me any. Then he gave me what I now know to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had used two boxes I felt somewhat better. I then purchased the pills myself and continued the treatment. I found that the pain was gradually decreasing. I could get rest and sleep at night, which had hitherto been almost impossible. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months, and the result is that they have effected a complete cure, and I am now enjoying the best of health. I can assure you it is a great relief to be free from the trouble that made my life miserable for so many years, and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for succeeding when doctors had failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either the stomach or bowels which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes with wrapper which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

