

Religious Events And Comments.

A NOBLE ORGANIZATION.—The annual memorial service of the "Union of Prayer" for the repose of the souls of its departed members was held in Notre Dame Church on Saturday last, and was attended by at least 10,000 people, who came from all parts of this city and district.

This organization is the largest in the archdiocese, and has been in existence for many generations. All classes and all nationalities belong to it, and in the early days, when our people had but two parishes, St. Patrick's and St. Ann's, they enrolled their names on its books by hundreds.

To-day the "Union of Prayer" has a membership of 100,000, amongst which are many Irish Catholic names. Its annual fees are 50 cents, and for this small sum the members at death are entitled to a Requiem Mass, hearse and coffin and burial in a lot exclusively reserved for the association in the cemetery.

In the "Union of Prayer" French-Canadians of all parishes are united. From north and south, east and west, in this city, and even from congregations outside of the boundaries of Montreal the faithful of that nationality assist at its spiritual exercises. There is a lesson for Irish Catholics in this organized inter-parish relationship which is well worthy of serious consideration of those upon whom the responsibility rests.

MISSION IN SLUMS.—A four weeks' mission has been begun by the Paulist Fathers for the women and girls of the slums and tenements in the lower part of the East side, says the New York correspondent of the "Catholic Union and Times," where the congestion of population is greater than in any other part of the city. The services are being held nightly in St. James' Church in James street, and during the days four of the fathers are making a house to house visitation. Only those familiar with the degree of religious fervor awakened by the eloquence and zeal of the Paulists can appreciate the benefits which may be expected from the mission in a locality, which embracing, as it does, many good people, is regarded as one of the most vicious in the metropolis. Not far away is Cherry Hill, notorious in police annals for generations for crimes of violence and bloodshed and for all kinds of wickedness. While it cannot be expected that the character of this part of the city will be entirely changed in a month, yet it is believed that the call of the Paulists will bring many into God's fold and will start a movement important in a social as well as religious sense.

RECEIVED BY THE POPE.—His Lordship, the Bishop of Chicoutimi, this province, was received in private audience by His Holiness the Pope on Saturday last.

AGAINST CHURCH EUCHRES.—Last week we noted some remarks by Bishop Ludden against public appeals by societies, and now we note by our Catholic American exchanges that Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, Mo., has taken a decided stand against church euchre parties. He has notified the clergymen of his diocese that Catholics are expected to support their churches without resorting to means for obtaining money which have the disapprobation of the lawmakers of the Church. All of those amusements prohibited by the statute of the Council of Baltimore will be frowned upon by the new Archbishop.

Euchre parties and festivals are especially condemned by Archbishop Glennon, who believes that they breed dissension and dishonesty.

A NEW COLLEGE.—A new agricultural college was recently founded by Archbishop Riordan at Rutherford, a suburb of San Francisco. The location is a beautiful one, comprising a thousand acres of fertile land. Every acre of this is in a high state of cultivation, and there is no doubt that the institution will prove a most popular and beneficial one throughout California.

A JUBILEE YEAR.—Pope Pius

X. has expressed his intention of proclaiming a jubilee year on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation by Pius IX., on December 8, 1854, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

FRANCISCAN PRELATES.—The Friars Minor now have 32 bishops, three archbishops—Aloysius at Parma, Diomed Falconio, at present Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and Simon Milinovic, primate of Serbia; two patriarchs, Lodovico Piavi, of Jerusalem, and Joseph Sebastian Netto, of the West Indies, who as Archbishop of Lisbon, was created Cardinal March 24, 1884.

CRIPPLED BOY CURED AT THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE

(From Annals of Ste. Anne.)

DANIEL HOEY, who for the greater part of his nine years of life has been unable to hold his head erect without an iron brace to support it, has returned to his home, in Conshohocken, virtually a well boy. As he jumped from the train recently he could barely be recognized, as the little cripple of a few years ago, who, eminent specialists had declared, would live but a short time.

The change, which is regarded as little short of a miracle, is attributed to the curative powers to be found at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaurpie, in the basilica near Quebec. With his mother and little sister, May, he had been on a pilgrimage there, where they engaged in a nine days' devotion. It was his second visit, the former one having been made last September.

MOTHER DESCRIBES CURE.—Mrs. Hoey, whose husband is the proprietor of the Forrest Hotel, at Conshohocken, gives most enthusiastic praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful cure. In describing the history of the case, Mrs. Hoey said: "As an infant Daniel was as perfect a child as I ever saw, but when about eighteen months old he began to show the first symptoms of a diseased spine. We saw several of the most eminent specialists in Philadelphia. They had only words of despair for us. They said that he must wear a brace to hold up his head, but that it would be a temporary expedient, as he could not live more than a few years. He became worse until after he was 3 years old. From that time until nearly a year ago the brace was removed only when he lay down.

"We had often heard of the wonderful cures of such cases at the basilica near Quebec, and last September we made the first pilgrimage there. Daniel was carried all of the way, as he was virtually helpless. At the end of the nine days' devotion before the shrine the brace was removed, and he was able to go about by himself, something he had never before been able to do. The change was wonderful, but the priests recommended that we keep the brace and put it on if he should ever need it.

"He came home, and gained strength so rapidly that in a short time he was playing with the other boys. This spring he played ball, and at times has even gone swimming. It has been almost impossible to keep him in check.

BOY VIRTUALLY CURED.—"Two weeks ago to-day we left home for the second visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne. With impressive ceremony the brace, which he has not worn since it was taken from him nearly a year ago, was laid upon the altar and discarded forever. His improvement during the last two weeks has been no less wonderful than that of last year. For all practical purposes his affliction has disappeared, and we are confident that within a year all evidence of the curvature of the spine will have departed."—Conshohocken, Pa., Friday, July, 1903.

We are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is yet alive, and at praising him when he is dead.

It is usually not so much the greatness of our trouble as the littleness of our spirit which makes us complain.

South American Christianity.

It is refreshing and highly satisfactory to find some unbiased and experienced person coming forward to cast light upon the subject of Christianity and of morals in the countries of South America. For long decades it has been the one grand string upon which the ultra-Protestant element harped, and without any positive knowledge these people have persisted in attempting to prove that the Catholic Church and her teachings had reduced the populations of these countries to a state of absolute ignorance and of repulsive immorality. The Christian Endeavorers of Pittsburg, Pa., recently discussed the subject "A Mission Study of South America." So severe was their attack upon the Catholic Church, especially in those countries, that a reply was called forth from Major Joseph Orton Kerbey, former United States Consul to Para, Peru, and a traveller of wide experience. Mr. Kerbey has been a Protestant from the cradle. He is the author of a book that had, at one time, a wide circulation and a great reputation—"The Boy Spy"—He is now publishing an account of his explorations, twice across equatorial America, and five times over the Andes. He is, therefore, a person qualified to speak on the subject. The following is his reply to the Christian Endeavor Society, and it merits being published in full. This letter appeared in the "Leader" of Pittsburg. The keynote of the Endeavorers' contention was, "The Bible is an unknown book in South America, and the religion is the lowest form of Catholicism and heathenism."

Mark well the reply:—

"It is evident that the ideas of 'Christianity' of those who prepared this Christian Endeavor topic means Protestantism, and that their missionary effort relates wholly to proselytizing from Catholicism to this so-called Christianity. Permit me to regard a Protestant in this atmosphere of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism of Pittsburg, and who never could subscribe to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, to offer to the 'Leader' a little bit of actual experience I had when serving as United States Consul and as an extensive traveller all over South America, reaching interiors where no American missionary has cared to venture.

"Primarily, South America is not a neglected continent, and the Bible is not an unknown book to its people. I am free to say instead of the most degrading vices holding sway, that relatively there is more sin, misery, degradation and crime in the city of Pittsburg than in any city of South America of twice the population. It is one of our mistakes to assume that our civilization is better than any other. As they look at it their civilization is superior to that of the United States, and in many respects this is true, as can be demonstrated. The writer of the Christian Endeavor contribution says: 'The religion of that country is the lowest form of Catholicism and heathenism.' What a comparison to be published in an American city at a time when the world is mourning the death of the Pope, who is a worthy representative of Catholicism. I would like the Christian Endeavor or instructor to apply to some Sunday school boy or girl for correct data regarding the early Christian history of this and other lands.

"It was a Las Casas, a Catholic missionary, who accompanied Cortez to Mexico and heroically restrained the Spanish conquerors. I recall the fact that the Bible was published in the city of Mexico a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was declared in Philadelphia.

"It was the Spanish Jesuit missionaries who accompanied Pizarro and prevented the freebooter from greater excesses during his conquest. Whatever is good in South America to-day comes from those early Jesuit missionaries, who were picked men and heroes of the age in which they lived, who in their religious zeal planted the cross where it had never been before, and to-day the result is civilization, perhaps not yet fully developed, in place of the savages they found there. These early Jesuits have not had their names and deeds emblazoned in secular history. Theirs was a labor of love and devotion for which they neither claimed nor expected reward. It was their lot to go amongst and live with Indians, enduring all the dreadful misery and discomfort of a life in tropical forests among a race that was

scarcely human in its instincts. The Catholic missionaries of that age and of the present time do not depend on home and foreign missionary aid societies for their support. They go into the very heart of the continent, cutting down the bridge behind them and devote their lives to the work. These men then should not all be branded as degraded and addicted to drunkenness and gambling and all other vices.

"In those lands padre or priest is the father of the flock, whose counsel and advice is listened to by all. He is also the physician and proprietor, or don of the tambos, from whose casa or house hospitality is freely and generously dealt to all visitors. There are no hotels in that land, but the latch-string is always out—at the padre's home.

"When carried once between two bad smells, but kindly, half-naked Indians into a village so sick that I could not hold my head up, it was to the padre's house I was taken, presumably to die. But under his care and kindly nursing, while delirious, I thought it was in reality my own father always near me. When I recovered sufficiently to continue my journey, it was the good padre who accompanied me beyond and gave me his blessing. When one experiences these kindnesses in a foreign land, far from home and kindred, he can scarcely stand by and hear the entire class libeled in his own home without an effort to resent the injustice.

"I may be permitted to quote from an interview with a padre with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance in an out-of-the-way town, just midway between the upper Amazon and the Pacific, through which I journeyed on mules.

"A town will be found on the map of Peru called Chachapoyas. It is an adobe city, near the top of the Andes, some 9,000 feet above the sea. It is rather a cold place for the tropics, but on account of the altitude it is more desirable than the valleys surrounding it, which are tropical. At this the headquarters of the government of that department of Peru, I was entertained by the Rev. John Visoriot, as his name would be written in English. He was born in the island of Guadalupe, of French and Spanish stock, of good family, and early educated for the Church. As I was the only American ever seen there, and a traveler from the outside world was always welcome because he brought the past seven years' news, it afforded this kindly gentleman considerable satisfaction to interview me. I was much impressed by his desire to hear about the Catholic churches in our land, and he showed his pleasure and gratification when I told that as a rule the churches were attended by the best class of people. I told him I had even seen a President of the United States and all his Cabinet in a Catholic Church at Washington, along with diplomats and distinguished people who were attending the funeral services of the king of Spain. We naturally drifted to the missionary question.

"Perhaps there was a time in my life when I entertained extreme views, privately, similar to those expressed by the Christian Endeavor exhorter, and maybe talked something in this line, as I make it a rule of travel to stand up for my country—right or wrong—when I am in another country. To an observation as to our relative civilization, he remarked quietly, 'Oh, isn't that largely a matter of education? Our people are contented, happy in their civilization, and desire no change; and don't you think we enjoy life quite as much as anyone?'

"I had to agree with the padre, and I have confirmed the view by living among those people, finding, as a rule, that they get more out of life than we do.

"He asked pointed questions; for instance:

"You have prisons in your land; are there many bad people confined?"

"I evaded the question by saying: 'Only those that deserve it.'

"But he said: 'Have you seen any prisons in this land?'

"I had to admit that there were very few, and not many prisoners. 'He rammed it home by saying: 'I've heard of the poor suffering in your land, and even of people starving to death and freezing for want of clothing and attention.'

"That was admitted. 'Yet you never heard of anyone, however poor, starving to death here, and you must admit that no one need go hungry, not only because of an abundance, but every one helps the other—especially one in trouble.'

"Relatively there is as much virtue in the better class of Spanish-American homes as with us, and perhaps, as a rule, there is no more vice. The trouble is, that in those countries it is open, no attempt being made to conceal certain vices that are prevalent here, but to which we add the sin of hypocrisy. These may not be gallant things for an American to expect.

say, but they are true, and as previously said, when I am in a foreign land I always stand up for America (and may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country first all the time); it is not fair to sit down and see a neighbor misrepresented and slandered without uttering a protest, which is all I have attempted.

"When I asked the kindly old man at parting, 'I do not understand Father, how it is that a man of your intelligence can be induced to live this horrible life among the Indians,' his benevolent face beamed as he raised the cross attached to a cord hanging by his side, and said: 'My son, if I can but hold this crucifix before the eyes of a single dying Indian, it repays me for my life's work.'

CHURCH AND BIBLE.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It seems almost a pity to refer to the old worn-out accusation, regarding the Bible, that Protestantism persistently launches against the Catholic Church. When all other arguments are exhausted and no other accusation—imaginary or otherwise—present themselves, the opponents of Catholicity fall back upon the Bible. They accuse the Church of being the enemy of the Holy Scriptures and of seeking to destroy Bibles, to keep them from the faithful, to have the people remain in complete ignorance of the word of Holy Writ. And thus do they run up and down the entire gamut—sometimes believing what they say, for they were never taught anything else, sometimes making these assertions in the teeth of innumerable refutations. But facts speak louder and more eloquently than the tongues of scandal or enmity. We need not go back over the history of the long centuries during which the Church alone was the custodian of the Bible. We need not recall the untold labors of the monks, who burned the midnight oil over the labors of copying by hand (before the days of printing) the texts of the Bible. We need not point out how the Scriptures have been conserved in the services of the Church, and in the very Mass that has been said and sung since the days of the catacombs. But do we not find the late illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., taking the trouble to dedicate an entire encyclical letter to the study of the Bible? Nor was his action a departure or an exception; he merely recalled the ancient teachings of the Church and put into practice the precepts that are as old as Christianity itself.

Turning to the present Holy Father, we are told that while he was Patriarch of Venice he was most zealous for the diffusion of the New Testament, and he said, at that time, that he would not be satisfied until every home in Venice had a copy of the Gospels. According to the Roman correspondent of the London "Tablet," one of the first acts of his Pontificate has been to encourage and promote the Society of St. Jerome, founded for the special purpose of circulating the Gospels among the people. In the last twelve months this Society has introduced no fewer than two hundred thousand copies of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles into Italian homes.

This alone is a work that surpasses that done, in the same direction, in any one country by any Bible Society outside the church. The great difference between the Protestant conception of the Bible and its uses, and that of the Catholic, does not lie in the use, but in the misuse of the Scriptures. The Protestant takes the Bible as his sole authority, and takes it without either explanation or comment—thus trusting entirely to his fallible and human light to understand it. On the other hand, the Catholic takes the Bible as it is interpreted by the infallible authority of the Church, delegated in a special and express manner to perform that function. Besides while accepting the Holy Scriptures, he does not ignore the spoken Word of God, the verbal message given to the representatives of Christ, and the sacred traditions that link the present with the past. Such being the difference, and so much being established; there remains not a single atom of ground work for the false accusation that the Catholic Church forbids the faithful to "search the Scriptures."

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By a Graduate

In the city of Geneva facing the river Rhodan, granite building, the residence of a man. The interior has been remodelled and suites of rooms, rented to professional men, not were artists.

Among the latter class Alexander Kingsley, a man of apparently sixty thereabouts. His advanced no barrier to his was still able to paint pieces which had won tinal reputation.

One day in the early 1894, he was absorbed art when a knock on the roused him. Turning, middle-aged man of pre-pearance gazing at him "Have I the pleasure Alexander Kingsley?" stranger.

"That is my name," artist.

"I am Charles Brown-ington, D.C. I came to reference to a painting, understand, is the fruit of I've been travelling for months through England in the interests of a la-which I am connected short sojourn in Paris one day into an art gallery many choice, magnificent were exhibited. One, seemed to possess for fascination. It represented a child, aged perhaps years. He was barefoot beggar's garb, in the alms. That picture, I was ad to have at any cost.

Upon making inquiries was informed that he that day at a very high disappointment was keen not abandon all hope of heart's desire. I sought concerning the artist by work had been executed; fortunate enough to discover his name, but also his Alexander Kingsley, Gen-erland. Now, you may form an idea of the object.

"Yes, I presume you will furnish you with the original Kingsley. So I conducted his visitor into inner rooms where, in a place, hung the subject of sion. "There it is," he said a production of fifteen years amount of persuasion would me to part with it a history connected with The expression of Brown changed. For a moment, lent, then asked in a pleasant tone.

"Since I cannot obtain of the picture, will you, a or me with a recital of the That I will gladly do," the artist.

"I was but a boy of six became a student in one of art schools in New York had completed a four years I was afforded an opportunity to Paris to complete I made my home in the thirty years. One day, a years ago, I was returning sketching tour. I had to pass through one of the oughfares where I saw just as he stands in the unpcommon beauty, and in expression attracted me. I ed him, and asked his name. "Papa calls me Victor," answered politely.

"After a short conversation his confidence, and he told his father and he lived in whither I begged him to c He led the way through a desirable section of the city narrow street, and up staircase. Before a door I the left, he paused and kno-ldly.

"Come in," called o-voice. "I entered with Victor hand, and found myself in room, in the presence of a ing no resemblance whatever handsome boy beside me. was indicative rather of the I stated my business briefly his permission to take his to my studio for two hours the purpose of painting his It was no easy matter to p-consent to this proposition. mise of a liberal reward boy's service was the stron-ducement I could offer. It