

A Creedless Christianity.

Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Allentown, Pa., speaking last Sunday of the necessity of Christian education for the welfare of this country, said: "The light of faith must be, not only in our hearts, but also in our intellects. There is a gradual dying out of this light of faith in many of the men and women of our day. Speak to men and women of to-day as to vague, shadowy, indefinite things, and you speak to them of one who cannot love and will not obey. Speak to them of a Christ who is as truly God as He is truly man, and who imposes His teaching on their intellects, and you speak to them of dogma, of positive teaching."

There is no middle course between these two ways of teaching. To say that you believe in a divine revelation, and, in the same breath, to enunciate a circle, may at the same time be a square. The world of to-day, justly elated at its wonderful gains in the domain of science, prides itself with its horseless carriages, its smokeless powder, its wireless telegraph, its airships and its flying machines, and its catalogue of triumphs that also of a creedless Christianity.

"But this is condemned beforehand by the founder of Christianity Himself—a creedless Christianity will self-annihilate. Mere human aspirations, however noble, mere ethical culture, however exalted, can never give the light and grace which Christ obtained for us by His death and resurrection. And that this might reach all mankind Christ gave to His apostles the commission 'to teach all nations a knowledge of His truth.' It does not need much reflection to recognize that nothing more concerns human society than this—that education should be good and not bad, that it should lead up to what Providence intends and not lead away from these results."

"We are a Christian people, a Christian nation; our plain duty, then, is to give the youth of the land a Christian education. Education forms men and women, and they form society. If we want to expect religion from society, it writes a great teacher, and with it morality, the shortest and quickest way to do so is to expel religion from education. If we do not want the light of Christianity in our lives nor in the public life of the nation, then let us put it out of the education of the young."

"We have been told so often that one is almost wearied into silence that religion must be separate from business, from politics, from art, from education. Public opinion is poisoned into believing this falsehood, with the result that we are rapidly drifting into a nation of materialists and unbelievers. The period of life in which the mind and heart of man are formed is spent in studies from which Christianity is being more and more excluded every day. 'What wonder is it, then, that so many grow up without God; that the Christianity of many more is shallow and feeble, and so to speak, not so much as skin deep; that the growth of crime, especially among the young, is alarming; that there is so much deception and fraud in the business that our politics are so corrupt; that sober-minded, thinking persons are beginning to lose faith in our theory of self-government. Are we loving the darkness rather than the light? That is a vital question."

"Quo Vadis." Paper Read Before Knights of Columbus By Walter D. Walsh, Formerly of Quebec.

The following paper was read before the Los Angeles Council, Knights of Columbus, on Tuesday evening, August 18th, by Mr. Walter D. Walsh: "You no doubt are all aware of the legend of how St. Peter having become possessed of the idea that he was acting for the best interests of the early Christian Church in fleeing from Rome because of the intensity of the persecution of his followers by the heathens and that, as the leader about whom they all centered, it was wisest and best for him to move to some other point and thus preserve the organization, and how as he left the city's gates behind him he suddenly saw our Saviour coming towards him and when they met face to face he asked his divine Master the question, 'Quo Vadis?'—Whither goest Thou?—and our Lord replied, 'I return to Rome to take thy place.' 'This narrative is undoubtedly true. It is my text to-night for two separate lines of thought,—one individual responsibility, and the final end of every being created with an immortal soul. It is not my intention to preach or read a sermon to-night, but rather would call it a soliloquy, or reading aloud the thoughts these words suggest to me. This may be indeed another way of delivering a sermon, but human beings are a proposition. Many people pretend to have no confidence in physicians, yet they will do the very things a doctor would tell them to do if they consulted one. If it is suggested by a layman, and vice versa, and for this reason priests tell us, and have told us here from this platform, how great are our opportunities for diffusing the light of truth among our fellow laymen simply because we are laymen ourselves, and our opinions and ideas as such will get attention and a hearing from scoffers and skeptics, whereas the same truths if enunciated publicly by a reverend gentleman wearing a Roman collar would be sneered at, and if opportunity offered he would probably be insulted. Therefore it behooves us as Catholic gentlemen, members of the Knights of Columbus, which has a stupendous mission to perform in this twentieth century, the age of intellect, to take upon ourselves the responsibility of the great responsibility we have inherited with the divine gift of Faith. 'Our Order has a mission great,' as I have said, but many who have heard those words sung and have sung them themselves, as the opening ode, have given them no thought except that they rhyme well with the next line that follows, but we cannot dispose of our responsibilities so easily as all that. If 'our Order has a mission great' that 'mission can only' be accomplished by each and every member doing his part. We know that when God called Cain to account for the murder of his brother, he thought he would escape detection by dodging the responsibility for his act, and when he said, 'I am not my brother's keeper' he uttered not only the first lie but also the greatest lie the tongue of man has ever uttered. I say most emphatically that we are our brothers' keepers in the fullest and broadest sense of the word. I am not going to quote scripture, but I could do so and refer you to many admissions to that effect. We are told we should never close our ears to the cry of distress, and we are also admonished that our lives should never be the cause of scandal to others, and we are also taught by the Holy Mother Church that material goods of this world are gifts at the hands of a loving God to be used and dispensed by us as stewards and the rich are morally bound to help the poor and afflicted. God gave some people abundance of good health so they might be kind and charitable to those who were not so blessed, therefore from these teachings we deduce and believe that those who have been chosen by God and blessed with the gift of Catholic faith are morally bound to use that gift for the benefit of their less fortunate fellow man as the rich are to help the poor, and accepting this responsibility, which we must whether we will or not, let us paraphrase the text temporarily, and say 'Quo vadis?' for the worthy lecturer called for every convert to the Catholic faith in this room to-night to rise to his feet. I am satisfied that these words, by a showing that would surprise many, and I may here suggest to the same gentleman, that if he is looking for an idea to make an unusually interesting meeting from a Catholic standpoint, let him go over the roster and select a list of the converts and invite them all up here some night and ask each in his turn to tell how they were attracted first to the Catholic religion. I venture to say the information they will impart will long dwell in the minds of their listeners. The late Brother Rodman of this Council, who died this time a year ago, and whose zeal and energy for the Catholic religion was such that he might well have been named the apostle of this Council, attributed his conversion to the acts of others, and those others are undoubtedly unconscious of having taken any part in it—yet it was their lives. He was a newspaper reporter, and was coming up Main street one afternoon when he noticed that the man walking ahead of him turned into St. Vibiana's Cathedral, and noticed at the same time that a man coming in the opposite direction also turned into the sacred edifice. He decided that there must be some ceremony being performed, and ever on the alert for news, he followed in. There was no ceremony—simply a half dozen people scattered throughout the church in silent devotion. He told me that their evident devotion impressed him, and the thought came to his mind that there must be something deeper than he had ever believed in a religion that would attract men off the streets to worship during the busy hours of the busy world. Surely some people's humble visit to the Blessed Sacrament bore witness that day, even if they themselves did not get what they prayed for. One of the most prominent prelates in the Catholic Church in America owes his conversion to the fact that one of his intimate friends, a Catholic young man and the only Catholic in his circle, never failed to raise his hat when passing a Catholic Church, which finally led him to ask why and then inquire further. I read a few days ago in the newspaper that the superior of the Paulist Order had communicated his belief to the Holy Father, Pius X., that it was only a question of time now till the whole American nation was Catholic. Who and what is going to do it? preaching or example, or both? We are not expected to preach, but we are, each and every one of us, in our contact with our fellowman doing our share by our example and being able to take advantage of an opportunity by being thoroughly posted on what our religion requires us to believe? 'Quo vadis?'"

The second and other thought suggested by my text, 'Quo Vadis', do we give that question real serious thought often enough? Is it not really the one thought above all others that should ever be before us? 'If we knew exactly when we were going' we could perhaps afford to be indifferent till that time came, but as there is nothing as uncertain in life as the certainty of death, the anxiety regarding this uncertainty is indeed relieved when we allow this one thought to be ever before us and make it the guiding star of our life and all our actions in life. When we look back over the seven years that this Council has been in existence, we see before us faces that were full of health and life. We remember well their initiation into the Order and the active part they took. We picture their genial countenances and hear again their cheerful voices—but when the roll is called and their names are mentioned the answer is absent. Some indeed were blessed in having full opportunity to prepare for their last journey—while others were to meet their Creator without a moment's warning. We may well then profit by the lesson, and think of these things over resolve that we will carry before us the thought 'Quo Vadis?'—Los Angeles Tidings

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery AND ALL Summer Complaints DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE. It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency. Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. Fowler's. The rest are substitutes. Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta. writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

Forsake's World For Cloister.

Owing to the prominence of her family, the daily press has paid unusual attention to the religious profession of Mrs. George Merriam Hyde, who made her vows last week as a member of the cloistered branch of the Dominican Order in the Convent of Perpetual Adoration at Hunter's Point, N.Y. The newspapers speak of Mrs. Hyde's profession as "one of the commonest in medieval times and one of the rarest today." All Catholics know that hundreds of young women every year, in this and other countries, join strictly enclosed religious orders to devote their lives to penance and prayer. In the convent which Mrs. Hyde entered and in which she is known as Sister Mary of the Tabernacle, the Sisters are engaged in perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The Blessed Sacrament is constantly exposed in their chapel and is adored day and night in reparation for the neglect and outrages offered to the Holy Eucharist throughout the world. The life is very rigorous and includes many mortifications, such as constant abstinence from meat, much fasting, brief sleep, long prayer and strict enclosure. Sister Mary of the Tabernacle was formerly Miss Violet Buel, a brilliant and popular society girl a few years ago. She was also an artist of un-

usual talent and her pictures were accepted by the Academy and the Society of American Artists. She is the daughter of Oliver Prince Buel, descendant of an old and distinguished New York family, and is the granddaughter on her father's side of Harriet Hillhouse, of the famous Connecticut family of that name, and on her mother's of Gen. Charles MacDougall, of the U.S. Army. Mrs. Buel and her two children became Catholics. The son was converted while at Yale and is now Rev. David Hillhouse Buel, S. J., until this year president of Georgetown University. The daughter was married in 1899 to George Merriam Hyde, a writer. Since the tragic death of her husband, whose body was found in the Hudson after a three months' disappearance, Mrs. Hyde has lived in retirement and nearly two years ago entered the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration as a postulant. "I am now perfectly happy," she said to one of her friends on the day of her profession.

Women's Ailments MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

There is no need whatever for so many women to suffer from pains and weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, anæmia, hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy spells, and the hundred other troubles which render the life of too many women a round of sickness and suffering. Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood water, or women at the change of life who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, etc., are tired over these trying times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They have a wonderful effect on a woman's system, making pains and aches vanish, bringing color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye. The old, worn out, tired, languid face gives place to strength and vitality, and life seems worth living. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all druggists, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

"SEVENTY" The Birthday of Archbishop Ireland, a Man Who Does Not Dely Time but Who Ignores It.

In an editorial commenting on the seventieth birthday of Archbishop Ireland, which occurred September 11, the St. Paul Dispatch says: "There is something almost of audacity in publishing to the world the fact that on Friday of the past week Archbishop John Ireland became seventy; that on Wednesday of the present week Mr. James J. Hill becomes seventy. 'We do not venture the audacity of saying that these two men become 'seventy years old,' nor that they become 'three score years and ten,' nor anything else of misleading chronological quality which would intimate that these men are having anything more than one birthday in a sequence of birthdays. The fact is of the final essence of wonder when it is seen that these two men, the great Archbishop and the great railroad magnate, have become seventy without one word to the world. Ordinarily a man asks permission of the world to become seventy; even such extreme ordinary men as Mark Twain and Algernon Swinburne appear before the public at three score years and ten, and ask, or their friends ask, longer consideration. And such men as George Meredith and Leo Tolstoy almost appear to apologize for becoming eighty years old. We do not expect that John Ireland or James Hill will so consult the public. They do not today, they will not tomorrow. 'No two men ever did a greater share in the world's work, and no two men in the world are at the moment doing a greater share of the world's work. There is a superb audacity in Time, that it should write these men down at seventy. There is a more superb audacity in the men who do not defy Time, but who ignore it. We doubt if they are conscious today that they are seventy, any more than is the great public of the world which regards them as two of the most potent citizens of the world. 'To the Northwest these birthdays must come with the greatest wonder. For John Ireland and James Hill made this Northwest.' Archbishop Ireland both mentally and physically appears to be in the prime of life. His hair has long been gray, and there are furrows in his forehead, but the casual observer would not guess his age at more than sixty. He attributes his good health largely to his regular habits. His life is as simple and unostentatious as it is possible to make it. When at home he arises every morning at 5 o'clock, and the two hours from that time until 7 devotes to his devotions. At 7.30 he breakfasts with the members of his household. The breakfast hour over he retires to his study, runs over the morning papers, summons his secretary and begins the labors of the day. No matter relating to the charitable, religious, educational and other activities of his diocese is too trivial to receive his personal attention. His capacity for work is wonderful, and his enthusiasm unflagging. The hours from 2 to 4 in the afternoon he usually spends in his office at the Cathedral. The evening meal is served shortly after 6, and the hours thereafter till 9 are given over to the study and work of other character. He retires about 10 o'clock each night, and sleeps almost uniformly seven

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TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION In The Diocese of Northampton. FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton. I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope). I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles. The weekly offerings of the emigration are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present or hail down the Flag. The generosity of the Catholic has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament. FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd. P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. (EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION) Dear Father Gray, You have duly accounted for the thanks which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

Have You Suspected Your Kidneys as the Cause of Your Trouble

If you have backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, speaks floating before the eyes, great thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs, then your kidneys are affected. It is really not difficult to cure kidney trouble in its first stages. All you have to do is give DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS a trial. They are the most effective remedy to be had for all kidney and urinary troubles. Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Blain, Que., writes:—I feel it my duty to say a word about your Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered dreadful pain across my back so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I feel now most completely cured thanks to your pills. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Wants Michael Angelo's Design.

Pope Pius X., in addition to his many other distinctions, is a patron of art. Among his numerous reforms in the Vatican household, he has issued an order that the uniform of the Swiss Guard at the Vatican should revert to that invented and designed by Michael Angelo. In the course of years the uniform has been changed by successive Popes. Gregory XV substituted a "William Tell" cap. Pius IX restored the helmet, but gave it a modern guise. The present Pope has restored the steel cuirass and antiquated helmet, which will be worn on state occasions.

A Safe Pill for Sufferers.—There are pills that violently purge and fill the stomach and intestines with pain. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mild and effective. They are purely vegetable, no mineral purgative entering into their composition and their effect is soothing and beneficial. Try them and be convinced. Thousands can attest their great curative qualities because thousands owe their health and strength to timely use of this most excellent medicine.

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Daniel O'Connell's Resolutions.

- Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, in whom the name of Daniel O'Connell will ever stir up the deepest feelings of gratitude and high patriotism, would do well to read over occasionally the following resolutions which he once made during time of retreat. They serve to show that the great Liberator even while working nobly for the welfare of his country, did not lose sight of the welfare of his soul. It is one of Ireland's grandest proofs that her truest sons cannot forget their God. I resolve: 1. To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself to my Crucified Redeemer, begging Him by all His infinite merits and divine charity to take me under His direction and control in all things. 2. To meditate and make mental prayer for at least half an hour every day. 3. To aim at pleasing God in all my actions; striving to be influenced by love rather than by hope of reward or fear of punishment. 4. To avoid all voluntary occasions of temptation. 5. To appeal to God and to invoke the Blessed Virgin in all real temptation. 6. To say every day the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. 7. Every day to say the "Memoriale" and the "Sub Tuum," adding many ejaculatory prayers to our Blessed Mother. 8. Every day to pray to God, His Blessed Mother and the Saints for a happy death. 9. To avoid carefully small faults and venial sins. Sleeplessness.—Sleep is the great restorer and to be deprived of it is vital loss. Whatever may be the cause of it, indigestion, nervous derangement or mental worry, try a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the action of the stomach, where the trouble lies, they will restore normal conditions and healthful sleep will follow. They exert a sedative force upon the nerves and where there is unrest they bring rest.

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