

as it would persuade itself, fall into insignificance besides those of Methodists, the results achieved under these disadvantageous circumstances are certainly an object lesson in both zeal and economy, and such as to make thinking Methodists pause.

SIMILAR FIGURES might be quoted of other heathen lands. Let us cite just one or two from statistics which we happen to have before us. In the ecclesiastical Province of Calcutta there were in 1901, 102,847 Catholics; in 1911 they had increased to 218,346, or more than doubled. In Burma there were in 1901, 55,788 Catholics; in 1911, the figures were 88,447, an increase of 56.8 per cent. In the whole of India, Catholics in 1901 numbered 1,524,755; in 1911 they were 1,908,984, an increase in ten years of about 25 per cent. And when it is considered that of these totals less than 5 per cent. are European, or Anglo-Indian, it may be seen that the Catholic Church is in even a stronger position in India than in China. These figures are from the Imperial Indian Census of 1911, and cannot therefore be disputed.

WITH THESE figures before them Catholics have no reason to shrink from comparison with statistics of Protestants, Methodists or otherwise. We are not concerned to pursue an inquiry in that direction, but are concerned rather with the growth and development of the missionary spirit among our own people. It may be instructive nevertheless while we are on the subject to quote the latest available figures regarding Protestantism in China. In 1905, the year of the "centenary of Christian Missions" in that country (the Christian Guardian complains that there were "Roman Catholic missionaries in China in mediaeval times,"—but, let that pass), there were 178,251 professed native Protestants in the whole of the Flowery Kingdom. Of these 52,258 were Presbyterian; 22,055 Episcopalians; 52,258 Methodist; 40,724 Congregationalists, Baptists and Friends, 16,029 Interdenominational (that is Y. M. C. A. etc.); and 19,639 not classified. These figures are taken from "A Century of Protestant Missions in China," by D. MacGillivray, who, if we mistake not, was a Canadian Presbyterian. In comparison with the Catholic population the figures, as may be seen, are insignificant.

IN THE above survey we have not alluded to the Missionary work of the Religious Orders. These, numerous as they are, are nearly all represented in foreign lands, and their maintenance is contributed to by the Catholics of Canada as of other countries. In China, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Jesuits, the Lazarists, and several others have each their allotted territory, and working under the direction of Propaganda as they do, there is no overlapping or squandering of resources in unseemly competition. If the Church, therefore, cared to tabulate the offerings of her children throughout the world to the work of the Propagation of the gospel, even the sums raised by American and Canadian Protestants might suffer by comparison—with this difference, however, that the Catholic fund is for the most part made up of the unintermittent if modest contributions of those to whom life is always a problem. It is not the work of the millionaire.

A BETTER and truer view, however, of the Catholic missionary spirit than columns of statistics could furnish, may be had from the contemplation of individual acts. A few weeks ago there left Montreal a little band of three Canadian women who at the call of God have given themselves as living sacrifices to charity and to the Propagation of the Faith. Voluntarily and with smiles on their faces they bade farewell to their friends, and departed for an island on the coast of China where they will devote their lives to the care of Chinese lepers. And they will never return. For, much more effectually than they could seclude themselves in the most enclosed cloister, these Sisters have turned their backs upon the world, and henceforth their lives will, so far as men judge, be a living death. That is the way of the Catholic missionary, and in spirit at least, if the opportunity for such heroic self-immolation does not always occur, it is exemplified every day on the foreign missions.

Dilettantism treated seriously, and knowledge pursued mechanically, and by becoming pedantry.—Goethe.

## ON CALDEY ISLAND

### WHERE PRAISE AND PRAYER ASCEND NOW IN UNITY WITH THE HOLY SEE

Only a few months have elapsed since a great stir was caused in the religious world when the news was flashed abroad that the monks of Caldey Island had farwell to the Anglican community to join the Catholic Church. By Protestants this conversion of a body of sincere and deeply religious men was dubbed as a "secession to the Roman Church," but to the most superficial observer it was only the furnishing of another striking proof that the monastic life found a barren and uncongenial soil in the Church of England. Everything at first favored the idea of introducing such a system. Money was procured—men stepped forward to help the cause by their influence and wealth, subjects embraced the severe and strict discipline of the Rule of St. Benedict, the Father of Western Monasticism. They possessed religious convictions, strong, earnest and upright, and thus all went well for a time, but the crisis came, and those holy men knew that it was impossible to lead such a life and still remain members of a severed branch of the Church of God; and so, guided by Him Who rules the destinies of individuals and communities, they found their proper place in the true fold of Christ.

#### VISIT TO CALDEY ISLAND

For some time past we had a wish to see Caldey Island, and our desire was gratified when we received an invitation to take part in the Corpus Christi procession, May 22nd, from the present Superior, Rev. Don Bede Camm, the saintly and cultured Benedictine, writes Rev. X. Beale in the Cork, (Ire.) Examiner. On that fine Thursday morning we arrived at Tenby about noon (Tenby is a popular watering place of Pembrokeshire, having a rocky site on the Carmarthen Bay coast). From this town the visitor can espy the little island lying about two and one-half miles away. A steamer owned by the monks, plying between the mainland and the island, was our means of transit; and thus our party of over a hundred people, including some priests and nuns, was borne across that shining strip of water. Owing to low tide our little steamer had to anchor about one hundred yards from the shore and consequently, we were rowed in small boats to the island in batches of eight or nine. A young missionary priest from London, who is spending his holidays on the island, met us; he had the soul of kindness and was a valuable guide in helping the writer to locate the different buildings and places of interest on this historic spot.

After lunching at the guest house we proceeded to the Monastery, which was some distance away. Solemn Vespers began at 3 o'clock, and occupied about 35 minutes. Vespers over we took our places and the grand procession was under way. Many hymns were sung by monk, priest and people, and in all we had five Benedictions.

#### PRAISE AND PRAYER

One Benediction was held in an old historic tower, while down in the valley knelt the processionists. This was a beautiful sight, for while children in white dresses strewn flowers before the Blessed Sacrament while the fragrant fumes of incense ascended in that tower to the God of heaven and earth, the monks below in their black habits and the white robed Sisters of the Holy Ghost Order and the people from the surrounding districts sang the canticles of praise and prayer to their Creator, and the strains of the Tantum Ergo were wafted softly over the placid sea beyond.

Thoughts of the past, of the strange vicissitudes of the ancient glory of this historic monastic home steal over the visitor as he stands on the sacred ground of this sanctuary of the sea. Islands have always a strong attraction for souls who wish to lead a life of prayer and contemplation.

#### EARLY MONASTERIES

A hundred years before St. Columbkille established his empire of the Cross on that "Island lashed by the stormy sea of the Hebrides," there appears to have been a monastery on Caldey under Piro, the first Abbot. From 450 A. D. to 1550 the Cross of Christ was the standard in this chosen home of holiness, but, alas, the skies became overcast, the storm gathered and burst, and the sacrilegious tyrant Henry seized the monastery and after that long span of time the voices of prayer and praise were silenced.

A recent writer remarks that "After the Dissolution the Church fell into a state of decay; the roof became ruinous and part of the walls collapsed, and the chancel arch gave way. A hundred years ago a blacksmith's forge was set up just inside the Celtic arch for the sharpening of tools used in the quarries."

#### CELTIC MONKS

The Celtic Monks who dwelt in Caldey in those by-gone centuries were succeeded by Benedictines in 1120, who kept the standard of the "Pax" flying until the Dissolution in 1534. Thus, for a thousand years monasticism flourished on the island until the hand of the depopler laid it desolate, and sombre shadows overspread this once fertile spot of prayer and peace.

The recent history of the island may be briefly stated. Some seven years ago under the patronage of the Church of England a band of zealous men took possession of Caldey. Their aim was to follow the Benedictine Rule—to rank themselves as Benedictine Monks, and, if possible, to bring

back to its ancient splendor the glory of this once Benedictine home. They essayed the last heroic attempt to make monasticism flourish under the aegis of Protestantism; but, as was generally foreseen, it proved a failure—a failure of the most disastrous and, perhaps, the most humiliating.

#### HEARD VOICE OF GOD

On the Isle of Caldey these men heard a voice calling to them—it was the voice of God calling across the ages, and with humility they hearkened and gave heed to that voice, and to-day they are numbered among the children of the Catholic Church. They have their joys and sorrows, and they are passing through their trials; but they possess that singleness of aim to become true children of St. Benedict. Under difficulties they have proved themselves Soldiers of the Cross, content to renounce all and vowed to the interests of Almighty God.

So the island of Caldey has had a varied history. A thousand years a flourishing home of Monasticism; three hundred years left desolate and deserted and, once more, in our days, recovered for the service and worship of God.

Thank God, the Matins bell again is heard and the Vesper song ascends; the life of prayer and penance is resumed and the people from the outer world look anxiously and joyfully across the waves, for they know that on that sea-lashed island are men dedicated to the service of God praying for a sinful world.

### STRIKING MANIFESTATION OF IRISH FAITH

One of the most striking manifestations of Irish Catholic faith is the pilgrimage that takes place on the last Sunday in July every year to the summit of Croagh Patrick, the Holy Mountain, which was once the scene of St. Patrick's fasting and prayers. Of the pilgrimage this year, the reporter of the Weekly Freeman of Dublin writes:

"Only in Ireland, the brightest jewel in the crown of the Catholic Church, could be witnessed the wonderful manifestation of earnest piety and self-sacrifice which was presented this morning and afternoon on the sterile summit of Croagh Patrick, the holy mountain, on which our national apostle prayed and fasted for forty days and forty nights fifteen hundred years ago. Over twenty special and ordinary trains brought visitors on Saturday and this morning from all parts of Ireland to participate in the annual pilgrimage, which was begun in the fifth century in honor of St. Patrick, and revived ten years ago by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, with the cordial co-operation of the priests of the extensive Archdiocese of Tuam. The arrangements this year, as on the occasion of the two previous pilgrimages were in the hands of the Very Rev. Richard Canavan, Adm., Westport, and were carried out most satisfactorily. This fact, combined with the beautiful weather which prevailed on yesterday and to-day, contributed largely to make this year's pilgrimage one of the most successful held in recent years.

#### CONTINGENTS FROM DUBLIN

From an early hour last evening trains from the metropolis and other parts of the country sent numberless pilgrims to Westport, many of whom began to wend their way to the sacred mountain long before the sun had sunk to rest. They brought provisions with them, and spent the night engaged in prayer on the reek. Hundreds more joined in the procession to the summit when night had fallen, and thousands reached the little oratory which crowns the reek when the dawn began to dispel the shadows on the mountain side. During the whole night cars were busily plying between Westport and the ruined Abbey of Murrisk, a chalice from which is to be found in the Protestant Church in Westport, which lies at the base of Croagh Patrick, and from 6 this morning until an advanced hour in the afternoon many thousands, sustained by the faith which survived the Draconian penal code, climbed to the summit in order to participate in the generous indulgences with which the successors of Peter have endowed the pilgrimage in honor of the saint who rescued Ireland from the errors of Paganism and brought her to the foot of the cross. Young and old, gentle and simple, braved the physical discomforts of the toilsome climb of two thousand five hundred and odd feet to the spot where votive Masses of St. Patrick were offered up from 8 o'clock until noon, and where eloquent sermons were preached to immense congregations. This privilege of votive Masses, it may be mentioned, is only allowed over the tombs of the apostles in Rome and at the Compostella in Spain.

#### THE PILGRIMAGE MADE ON FOOT

Large numbers of the visitors made the pilgrimage on foot, and these, as a rule, were of the peasant class. Only those who have climbed that three miles of a mountain under a sparkling sun such as poured its rays on the pilgrims to-day could form an idea of the terrible discomfort which this involved. The most active man could not reach the summit in many minutes less than an hour and a half. The portion of the journey to the first station is trying, the next stage is more trying still, and the climb from this to the summit would tax the physical resources of the strongest man. It appears to be almost perpendicular to the jaded traveller,

and, worse still, the path is strewn with loose stones, which blister the feet; yet old men and women succeeded in participating in the Masses which were celebrated on the mountain top. Many of them, too, made the ascent fasting, and go to the summit and Holy Communion on the summit, from which a panorama of entrancing beauty is unfurled—Clew Bay, with its hundreds of islands, in one of which Granurle sleeps; bold, majestic mountain ranges lost in haze, beautiful with their rich carpeting of green plains; romantic lakes of the most picturesque shapes, and roads meandering along the valleys and tapering into irregular paths as they boldly climbed the steep hillside. The scene presented as the thousands of devout worshippers, travel-stained and weary, prostrated themselves on the mountain summit at the solemn moment of the consecration was one to live in the memory, and was calculated to rekindle the flame of faith in the most apathetic soul.

Masses are said continuously in the oratory on the mountain summit by the priests who make the pilgrimage, and who represent not Ireland only but distant parts of the world. We find in the Freeman's report the names of several American priests who with many others were afforded the privilege of celebrating votive Masses on the Holy Mountain during the morning: The Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracy, of this archdiocese; the Rev. Father Nicholson, Houston, Texas; and the Rev. J. R. Kenny, Youngstown, O. The Rev. Father Lowry of London, Ont., was also present.—Sacred Heart Review.

#### HON. C. J. FOY AND THE CHELSEA PICNIC

Editor RECORD—Dear Sir:—Similar words which your correspondent quotes from the Ottawa Citizen as spoken by Mr. C. J. Foy at the Chelsea picnic were uttered by the same speaker at the unveiling of the Ship Fever Memorial to the six thousand Irish emigrants who died of the fever at Pointe St. Charles, Montreal, and were buried there in the sad years of 1847 and 1848. This meeting was held under the auspices of the A. O. H. on Sunday, August 17th last. I was among the Catholic audience present, and we all understood the sense of the daring example with which he illustrated his plea for social solidarity on lines of national Canadian conservation and humanitarian progress, because the context of his speech, and the surroundings under which he spoke, cleared him of any condemnable latitudinarianism in Catholic doctrine. He particularly mentioned that he left the well understood theological interpretation of the position to the clergy present. I understood that at the moment the speaker's object was not to depreciate religious earnestness and conviction of the truth of the Church's claim as the one ark of salvation for all, but to point out that at times, for the purposes of advancing social amelioration in common causes, it was better temporarily to sink racial and religious differences than to accentuate them. Just as for the same reason those differences strongly and conscientiously on political grounds are content at times to come together and to forget their bitterness for the common cause in the best interests of the municipality or the common good of the nation or of humanity, when this can be done without any sacrifice of cherished principles. I do not know Mr. Foy but I believe with your correspondent that a similar charitable interpretation must be given to his words uttered at the Chelsea picnic. W. H. ATHERTON, Ph. D., Sec. City Improvement, Montreal, Que.

Catholic Sailors' Club, Aug. 22, 1918.

### ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

#### OPENING OF THIS GRAND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION IN TORONTO

Thursday of last week was one of vast importance for the Catholics of Toronto for on that day the magnificent Seminary of St. Augustine was formally blessed and opened. To the magnificent gift of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, during all his long life a splendid specimen of Catholic manhood, the Catholics of the Queen City owe this very important addition to their Church property. The Toronto Mail makes the following reference to the event.

"With all the impressiveness worthy of such an auspicious function, the new Roman Catholic Seminary dedicated to St. Augustine, situated on Kingston Road, was opened yesterday, over one thousand people being present. The magnificent pile has an approach which is reminiscent of St. Peter's at Rome, the dome being modeled in Byzantine style. The portico is massively pillared in stone. Stone has been used for the bottom storey, the upper ones being of brick, and on the whole the fabric is a lasting tribute to the zeal and energy of the diocese. In the handsome chapel Mass was said by Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton. This was followed by the consecration of the altar, the blessing of the building, and the formal opening of the seminary by Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto. The gathering was addressed by Rev. E. J. Mea, of Kingston, who spoke in the warmest terms of Eugene O'Keefe, the donor, whose work and charity, as seen in this last

gift of his, was deeply appreciated by the Church throughout Ontario."

St. Augustine's Seminary will admit students training for the priesthood from all parts of the Dominion, so that most of the resident nationalities will be represented. The main building is 300 feet in length, and has an average width of 56 feet. The cost is \$600,000.

From the Toronto Globe we learn that Mr. Thomas Long made a gift of \$20,000 for the founding of professorships and scholarships in the seminary. Archbishop McNeil announced that sixteen scholarships had been provided for at a cost of \$5,000 each by the donor of the new institution, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe. In addition it was stated that a scholarship of \$5,000 will shortly be forthcoming from Hamilton.

A notable feature of the occasion was the gathering together of prelates and clergy from different parts of the Dominion.

### FALLEN AWAY FROM THE FAITH


Fallen away from the Faith! We hear and read these sad words too often. Why should any Catholic fall away from the Faith in this age when opportunities to practice it are so numerous? increased? Our forbears kept it in spite of every force that sought to wrest it from—persecution, poverty, remoteness from Church, priest, or parish school. They kept it, and gave it to us—at what cost to themselves the world will never know. We heard a man tell how his mother walked miles over a logging road to bring each of her nine children to the baptismal font. She taught them their catechism, assembled the family for the Rosary and other prayers every Sunday, and led their father over the logging road to the far distant town to make his Easter duty. There was no falling away in that family, for along with her instructions the mother gave them her sturdy Catholic spirit. A third generation is growing up staunchly Catholic—to be a power for good wherever circumstances may place them. That mother knew her responsibility. She never forgot that she had souls in her charge for which she would have to answer to God. She never shirked the task of making her children unwavering followers of the faith.

What this pioneer mother in a remote country place accomplished should be easy of achievement in this city, with churches, sodalities, and parish schools to foster the faith in children. Possibly the mother in the city relies too much on influences that come into her child's life later than her own. Her influence is the first and strongest. It molds the infant mind, instills in the infant heart a knowledge of God and trains the soul to love Him. The mother alive to her tremendous responsibility does not say: "I will wait until the children are old enough to go to the parish school to learn their prayers. Father X— or Sister C— can instruct them so much better than I can. No, the Catholic mother who wants her son to be a strong Catholic begins his religious instruction in his babyhood, when his wondering eyes rest on picture, statue, or crucifix and then turn to her in silent questioning; the first form that his baby hand learns to trace is the Sign of the Cross. The early years of close, dear companionship between a mother and her little child are precious years—the foundation of the new life. They pass quickly. Only a brief period, and then other influences impress him. He passes from teacher to teacher, and so out into the world of men's activities where the test of his spiritual strength is made. He is strong or weak according to the character of his training.

Among the foes that await him is indifference to religion. The youth beside him in office, store, or workshop, may have been brought up in the belief that one religion is as good as another, or that religion is of no account at all. All that matters is "to do what is right," and if doing it costs too much effort or entails too great a sacrifice, why "let it be." A religion that is disagreeably insistent on avoiding temptation, making reparation, going to Mass on Sundays and holidays, going to confession and Communion, rendering honest service, etc., is as little appreciated as it is understood by the non-Catholic, agnostic, or unbeliever who may work at the same desk or bench with the Catholic. He may be too indifferent to want to change the Catholic's point of view, but nevertheless his influence is constant, and, in the end, injurious. Should the occasion arise when expediency or pleasure is affected by the Catholic's religious scruples; then, reasons the non-Catholic, his associate must be induced to give up his troublesome convictions.

This daily influence, intent on the destruction of faith, is a thing to be reckoned with in our American cities. We like to think that the spirit of toleration prevails, but there is much evidence to the contrary. A young stenographer brought such a gloomy face to the dinner table that a friend asked if anything was wrong. "No, only I'm sick of hearing the boss sneering at religion," was the reply "he is always picking at us." "There's a man like him in my office" spoke up another girl, "but he doesn't bother me any more. Mother said to tell him if he wants enlightenment to go to any priest and he'll get it. He used to start arguments just for fun, but now I

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don't notice him, but I try to do my work so he'll know what Catholics have been taught."

Here again, the influence of the wise, good mother shows. No fear that her girl will fall away, or that her son will find his religion such an obstacle that he will drop it in his quest for worldly honors. Such virile Catholics are needed for the example they set, and for the influence they exert over others of their faith, whose training may have been defective, and who may not have the strength of character to stand alone against the attacks of the enemy.—Sacred Heart Review.

### WHY CATHOLICS BUILD "PALATIAL" CHURCHES

#### BISHOP GILMARTIN OF CLONFERT ANSWERS CRITICS

PREACHING at the reopening, after decoration and repair, of St. Mary's, Killea, the Most Reverend D. Gilmartin, Bishop of Clonfert, referred to the increase of church building in Ireland, and came to close quarters with the critics of "palatial churches." "The latter half of the nineteenth century," said the Bishop, "has witnessed such a growth of new churches in Ireland that some economists have felt bound to protest against a waste of money. This note was first struck, if I mistake not, by the economist among the Twelve Apostles. A woman that loved our Lord broke on one occasion a box of sweet ointment over his head and feet. 'To what purpose is this waste?' said the economist. 'For this might have been sold for much and given to the poor.' No one will say that Jesus was wanting in care of the poor, yet not only did He accept the symbolic offering from Mary Magdalen, but He commanded that it should be preached to the whole world 'for a memory to her.' It is because they do not grasp the idea that God is willing to accept a house as an offering from His people that some persons protest against palatial churches. God does not value the size or beauty of a church except in so far as they express man's homage. God is willing to dwell in a hovel if His people can afford no better lodging for Him. He has often done so, but if His people dwell in houses of cedar, and if they are willing to provide places for art and science and pleasure, is the Ark of the Lord to be left under skins? I need not, I say, press this point, for all who believe in the public worship of God are agreed, as proved by fact, that the building which is dedicated to Divine worship should be the best and fairest that the resources of the community can erect. With Catholics it is not a question of housing a symbol of the Ark of the Covenant, nor is it a question of merely providing a building where the community can meet for common prayer and thanksgiving. If the economist wants to know why Irish Catholics are unsparring, and why poor Catholics are not niggardly in their contributions for the building and decoration of churches, he will find that the secret of these extravagances is in the Catholic doctrine of the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament. It is no figure of speech to say that the Catholic parish church is the House of God. Within that temple there is, indeed, the consecrated stone. There is the presence of God in His word; there is the dispensation of Christ through the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Penance and Matrimony; there is the presence of God promised, to those who are grafted together in His name; but in addition to all this, there is the presence of Jesus Christ, God and man, really, truly, and substantially present, under the sacramental species. Jacob saw in a dream a ladder reaching from the earth to heaven, on which angels were ascending and descending. By the light of faith the Catholic sees any morning angels descending to adore around the altar of

his parish church when Mass is offered on the consecrated stone, again ascending to proclaim in Heaven that the Lamb, which is its light is lying as if slain, waiting for the children of man to come and receive the "Food of Immortality!"

#### STREET PREACHING

The Catholic Universe, of London, gives the following description of street preaching in practice in the great metropolis: "A casual passer by at Earlfield on Sunday evening would have been surprised at beholding the sight of a gray-haired monk addressing a large crowd of eager listeners, with acolytes, servers and guild men and women standing around. Father Benedict, C. S. S., has started his summer campaign of open air services on Sunday evenings, and intends to continue as long as the good weather lasts. On Sunday the service commenced in the church, and a procession was then formed through the streets to a convenient spot, where a crowd was already waiting. Catholics who were afraid to own their faith were specially asked to keep away. Father Benedict's discourses will not be controversial, or even exhortative. His idea is to expound doctrinal facts in simple language that may be understood by the popular mind. After the meeting, which was highly successful, the procession returned to the Church of St. Gregory, where Father Benedict is rector, and the service concluded with Benediction. At the close of his open air address Father Benedict asked the crowd to repeat an extempore prayer after him, asking God to give them a sign of His will and strength to carry it out. The majority repeated the prayer."

#### "A CITY OF PRAYER"

A city of prayer! It is Belfast, so described recently in a London paper. Who would have thought it? Who in all the wide world knowing Belfast could, would, or should think of it in connection with "prayer," except the familiar and favorite formula consigning his Holiness the Pope to warm quarters.

Belfast a city of prayer! We have late authority, quoted a couple of weeks ago from Mr. Harold Begbie's book: telling us of the ministers of religion in Belfast, "paid by rich sweaters" and "spending their time in denouncing Roman Catholics." We have other authority telling us of those denizens of the "city of prayer" who "rarely enter a church door, never subscribe a cent towards any form of religion, whose 'great high priest' is the publican.

A city of prayer! City of annual street rioting and window smashing, city of Catholics driven from their work because they are Catholics, city of "religious" hatreds and intolerance more hideous than any of which we have record in the pages of history. Belfast a city of prayer! But, perhaps, to use the phrase of Artemus Ward, the words were "spoke sarkastical."

Every really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be.

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