

the backing of the state, been able to keep the greater cathedrals thus diverted, in decent repair even, the lament of the Canadian Churchman tends to provoke only a sad smile. In recent years, Catholics have succeeded in rescuing a few of these old fabrics from profane uses, and reconsecrated them as temples of the Most High. That a work still lies before them in this respect, signs are multiplying daily.

THE EXTRAORDINARY developments in the ritual and worship of the High Church movement in the Anglican Establishment, while going on for the most part quietly and unostentatiously, are such, nevertheless, as to attract the notice of, and, (according to the point of view), to encourage or dismay the beholder. Ever since the collapse of the Oxford Movement upon the conversion of John Henry Newman in 1845, the High Church party has devoted its energies to creating those "visible facts," the urgency of which, as they then were, the Movement's greatest exponent had declared to be altogether beyond the antiquarian arguments to which he, himself, had been committed by the force of his position at Oxford. The determination of the Ritualistic wing of the party to remove that reproach, has gained force steadily, and if the result has been more apparent than real, it in no wise lessens the revolutionary effect it has had upon the character and position of the Church of England as a whole.

THE WORLD is so accustomed now to ritualism as an accepted fact in the English Church, as to have ceased to marvel at the transformation effected within a generation. The pro-Roman character, as it has been called, of the ceremonies of certain churches in England and America, has ceased, apparently, to be matter for litigation, and almost for discussion. To this extent the strivings of the Ritualist party may be called a success. They may also be called a success in the changed attitude of the English people generally towards ceremonies of any kind. Even Presbyterians and Methodists have parted with their old convictions and aspire to a degree of ritualism. The old zeal for plainness and ugliness has departed forever. But that any real change in the Protestant character of the Church of England has resulted thereby, is the merest hallucination. Doctrinally and practically it remains where it placed itself at the mandate of a dissolute king four hundred years ago. Only in the devout sentiment of individual members can it be said to have drawn nearer to the Catholic Church. Communion with the See of Peter remains still what it was then, the key-stone of the arch. That lacking, all else counts for but little.

AS IS well known to students of the movement, the High Church party is divided into several sections. The most ostentatious is the self-styled "Catholic-but-not-Roman," which, the nearer it approximates to Rome in doctrine and ceremony, the more bitter, as a rule, its adherents become in their attitude to the Holy See. While the Pope, in their eyes, can do nothing right, they, each one, pose individually as popes, who can do nothing wrong. Needless to say, the most rampant dissenter is less removed in principle from the Church than they. Then there is the old High Church section, tenacious of the proud boasts of the Establishment in the intervening centuries, and thoroughly Protestant at heart but shrinking in numbers yearly, and as a factor in determining the Church's policy, now almost ceased to be.

THERE is another section of the party, however, the members of which may be said, implicitly, to be Catholics, though not of course explicitly so. They teach openly almost all that the Catholic Church teaches, short of Papal Infallibility and the necessity of being in visible communion with the Holy See. They sincerely long for re-union with what they call the "Western Church," and of which they acknowledge the Pope to be the Patriarch. And especially in belief in the Real Presence and devotion to the Blessed Virgin do they vie with Catholics in zeal and earnestness. It is from this section that conversions most frequently come, and in whom the hope of the restoration of England to Unity principally centres. The recent event on Caldey Island is a

timely illustration of the former, and late doctrinal and devotional manifestations the latter. Some reference to the latter may interest our readers.

WITHIN THE past few months a new society has been evolved among these advanced Anglicans, the result of a disagreement in the "Guild of the Love of God," an organization brought together by Rev. A. V. Magee, son of the late Archbishop of York. This disagreement arose over the question of formally recognizing the Pope in their prayers as "Our Patriarch." The new Society, formed of those favorable to such recognition, has taken to itself the name "Catholic League," placing the same "under the patronage and invocation of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the honor due to her Divine Son, and the freeing of His Church from all heresies, are so dear." Further, the official document of inauguration goes on: "We have chosen the title of Our Lady of Victory in confidence that she will lead the Church in our land to triumph over the foes within and without that attack her integrity and undermine her faith. St. Joseph we have chosen as being the Patron of the Church, and as actually receiving in our day very special devotion throughout the Western Church." Deluded as to their position as these people in truth are, Catholics can truly rejoice over the earnestness which such words unmistakably imply.

THIS IS NOT all. The ceremonies of inauguration, we are told, consisted of an "inaugural Mass," celebrated in St. Margaret's Church, Leithbury, Dr. Langford James being "the celebrant," attired in "Mass vestments," and the prayers read being taken, not from the Book of Common Prayer, but from the Roman Missal. During the "communion of the celebrant," hymns to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin were sung. Preparatory to the "Mass," a procession went about the churchyard, singing the Catholic Litany of Our Lady, and such familiar Catholic hymns as "Hail, Queen of Heaven," the Ocean Star, and "Faith of Our Fathers." Within the church was a statue of the Madonna and Child, before which were placed six lighted candles and a profusion of flowers, before which was chanted in Latin the Salve Regina, a printed translation of which was distributed to the congregation. A banner was also "blessed," incense was freely used and this extraordinary service in an Anglican Church was brought to a conclusion with these responses:

V. O Blessed Mary, Lady of Victory, pray for us.
R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.
V. Blessed St. Joseph, our Patron.
R. Be our guardian and pray for us.
V. Blessed St. Nicholas, our Patron.
R. Pray for us, thy children.

LATER in the day another, a "Mary" procession, perambulated the village, the "Ave Maria" and other Catholic hymns being sung, and, on the return to the church, "Vespers of Our Lady" were recited, at which, it is related, no fewer than twenty thrusters, with lighted censers, filled the building with dense clouds of incense. A sermon was preached by Dr. Langford James, from the text: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" the preacher strongly advocating the invocation of Our Lady, who was alluded to as "Mary Our Hope," "Mary Immaculate," "Mary our Life," "Mother of God," "Cause of Our Salvation," and "Gate of Heaven." He pleaded that the help of Mary be invoked, "that our country might be won back to Catholic doctrine, and that the Catholic Church might go on from strength to strength and from victory to victory." Finally, there was a "solemn consecration" of the League to God under the patronage of the Most Glorious and Blessed ever Virgin Mary, very much after the manner of consecrations in Catholic churches. All this in itself is very admirable, and while thinking Catholics may lament the apparent anomaly of participants in such devotions remaining blind to the real meaning of Catholic unity, and to the essentials of Catholic communion, they will pray that the Blessed Virgin whom they so piously invoke may obtain for such earnestness the full light of Faith.

Desire is the parent of belief.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD FRANCIS THOMPSON

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In the past English Literature has not been rich in great Catholic poets. Ben Jonson forsook the Faith and Dryden and Crashaw alone stand out as representative members of the Church who have a permanent place in the great heritage of English poetry. There are many reasons advanced to account for this fact, but I am disposed to discard them, because the true poet is independent of circumstances and writes apart from difficulties or temporal limitations. Neither will any suggested explanation suffice to account for the fact that English Literature has waited for the twentieth century to bridge the gulf since 1649 when Richard Crashaw laid down his pen in his exile's home at Loreto. The fact, however, remains that Francis Thompson and Mrs. Alice Meynell are the first two Catholic poets for a period extending over two and a half centuries worthy to rank with the very highest in our literature. I offer no solution to the problem which I have suggested; but it is interesting to note that their advent coincides with the great forward movement in Catholicism which is such a marked characteristic of the last twenty years among the English speaking peoples. If I were to offer an explanation, it would be based to some extent on the fact that religious toleration has, as it were, relieved Catholics from many anxieties, and left them freer to develop their gifts in the sphere of letters. It will, however, at once be evident that freedom from persecution is no guarantee for the production of great poetry, and we must be content to acknowledge the fact of the greatness of these two poets, without attempting to analyze why they wrote when they did.

We have now before us the complete poetical works of Francis Thompson—the "Poems" of 1893, which came almost as a "wild surprise," the "Sister Songs" of 1895, which found an expectant public; the "New Poems" of 1897, which lifted Thompson up to the highest peaks of English song; and, finally, his scattered work in reviews and magazines, which regularly lifted some dull periodical out of the humdrum of life's commonplace, and caused us reverently to place it on our shelves rather than in the wastepaper basket. Mr. Wilfred Meynell—Thompson's literary executor—has himself done a great work for English Literature in presenting to the world a complete edition of Thompson's work, and he has rendered easier the position of critic, because it is now possible to judge it as a whole and to trace the wonderful, swift development of the poet's mind, and his progress in his art.

The first and most clear sounding note in Thompson's poetry is his devotion to the Church, which moves in all the splendour of the Faith, in all the glory of her rites and ceremonies, and in all the age-long romance of her conquests and her persecutions—along his pages, like some great pageant of Church History, or, to use another illustration, Thompson seems to sit in some medieval Cathedral, and every hallowed light, every magic-poised stone, every note of music, every swing of the censer, every movement of the priest at the altar, every great act of silence in the presence of God offered for men, becomes part and parcel of himself and of his poetry which is the great expression of his soul. Even where he is least Catholic there is implicit Catholicism behind his pen. His tender love for children is but the reflection of a manhood that became young again in Bethlehem; and he can render homage to childhood because he gave it wholeheartedly to "Little Jesus," whom he could address with holy reverence as a child:

"Didst thou kneel at night to pray?
And didst Thou join Thy hands this way
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?"

He could take the peevishness of a child's philosophy, which thought only carress and tender clasping now, and then, and he could read from it a lesson of God's Fatherhood known only in its fullest extent by the Catholic.

So heard I a young child
A sweet child, a young child
Rebellious against love's arm
Make its peevish cry.
To the tender God I turn—
Pardon Lord most high;
For I think those arms were even thine
And that child even I."

The same criticism applies to his poetry dealing with womanhood, which fills a large place in his work. The blue mantle of Mary's supreme holiness hangs over it all as a protection from the decadent world in which it was produced, and especially as a protection against the poet's natural riot of imagination. It has been suggested by some critics that Thompson now and then stepped beyond that propriety of poetical expression which should characterize a Catholic poet, and that the "sensual imagery" is in places too pronounced. I am inclined to agree with this criticism, but Thompson's failure here—if I may call it such—is not the out-

come of either irreverence or decadence, but is rather the natural defect of his temperament. His page of womanhood and his love poems are chaste and holy—if in a few places over imaginative—and are worthy to stand beside the very best that has been laid at the shrine of Mary and her children. There is something supremely bold in some of them, something quite rash—but there is nothing of pagan license, nothing of pure materialism. They are Catholic in the truest sense.

In an age of Imperialism—Thompson was a Catholic Imperialist who sang the glorious Imperialism of the Church—the mighty nation of God colonizing for eternity. From the narrow confines of Rome an electric life issued forth for him with eternal possibilities never in time to weaken like the pagan Imperialism of the pagan city. Hear him address the Church.

"O Lily of the king how lies thy silver
And long has been the hour of thine
unqueneing
And thy scent of Paradise on the
night wind spills its sighs
Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.
O Lily of the King, I speak a heavy
thing.
O patience, most sorrowful of daughters
Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling
of the land,
And red shall be the breaking of the
waters."

Thompson as it were, passed into the poetry of Catholicism with "The Hound of Heaven" and he never left it. Even "The Anthem of Earth"—earth where he will one day lie—

"Here I untrammel
Here I pluck loose the body's ceme-
menting,
And break the tomb of life; here I
shake off
The bur' of the world, man's congrega-
tion shun.
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows; my cell
is set
Here in thy bosom; my little world
is ended
In a little peace"—

swings back from its somewhat pagan opening to God in Nature. His "Orient Ode" is full of Catholic allusions and imagery.
"Thou to Thy spousal universe
Art Husband, she thy Wife and Church
Who is most dark and vidual curch,
Her Lord being hence,
Keeps her cold sorrows by thy hearse.
The heavens renew their innocence
And morning state
But by thy sacrament communicate:
Their weeping night the symbol of
our prayers,
Our darkened search
And sinful vision desolate."

Thompson's Catholicism passed out and beyond the well worn round of technically Catholic themes. He lifted them into the realms of the highest earthly poetry, but in addition he found in all the great mysteries of nature and of life, in all the manifold problems which present themselves to men, and in every point of contact with the inexpressible, material for singing the great unfathomable wonder of the Creator, whom he saw in part "and darkly through a glass" within His revelation to the Church. Thompson is no mere writer of pious poetry, no mere adapter of Catholic sentiment to a poetic expression: such criticism of him is outside the sphere of possibility. His is the divine gift of song, which as perfectly as men can ever have here, reflects that great song of triumph—of Creation, of Redemption, and of the Church, which sweeps up and on endlessly before the throne of God—the music of heaven. This is the true attitude of a great Catholic poet. He does not seek to explain in verse the moral law. He takes no delight in metrical dogma. He is himself a Catholic deep down in his inner nature, and God incarnate, Mary His mother, the Blessed Sacrament, the cross, purgatory, heaven and hell are realities of his very tissue and fiber, and he necessarily touches all his themes, in all their diversity with these constituents of himself. His faith is a living thing, the energizing force behind his pen, and his work stands as a homogeneous whole unified by the fact that once in time "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," that man himself might one day dwell with the Word.

This direct connection of himself with his poetry prepares us to find that there is a wide personal note in Thompson's work. There is much that reflects his own mind, his sufferings, his struggles, his difficulties. Many of his finest poems are full of reminiscences or of self-conscious outlook. In any other poet I should at once say that such a prominent characteristic was a distinct weakness, for it is seldom found so universally in the greatest poetry. In Thompson, however, it is as necessary as the very vehicle of poetry for his thought. He was introspective, and in a very true sense he lived alone—alone with suffering.

"I witness call the austere goddess;
Pain,
Whose mirrored image trembles
where it lies
In my confronting eyes.
If I have learned her high and solemn
scorn.
Have I neglected her high sacrifice,
Spared my heart's children to the
sacred knife."

Or turned her customary footing from
my soul?
Yea, thou pale Ashtaroth thou rul'st
my life
Of all my offspring thou hast had the
whole."

I think that the true method of approaching Thompson's work is to recognize this, and not to be afraid to see the poet in his poetry. It is impossible to disassociate him from "The Hound of Heaven," which is not only secure in its place in English Literature, but also among that small number of books which are intensely personal, and of which St. Augustine's "Confessions" is the supreme example. Or again, who would deny the title of great poetry to the following because it is essentially personal:

"O world invisible we view thee;
O world intangible we touch thee;
O world unknowable we know thee;
Inapproachable we clutch thee!"

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems
darken
And our benumbed conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would we
hearken,
Beats at our own clay shuttered
doors.

The angels keep their ancient places:
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces
That miss the many splendored
thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not
gadder)
Cry; and upon thy sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's
ladder

Pitched between Heaven and Char-
ing Cross.
Yea, in the night, my soul, my
daughter
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems,
And lo, Christ walking on the waters
Not of Genesareth, of Thames."

It would be possible to go on quoting examples of this personal note in Thompson's poetry, but one other will suffice, in which he foretells his own fate.

"The sleep flower sways in the wheat
its head,
Heavy with dreams as that with
bread;
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed
sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the
reaper.
I hang mid men my needless head
And my fruit is dreams as theirs is
bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed
sleeper
Time will reap, but after the reaper,
The world shall glean of me, me the
sleeper.
Love! Love! your flower of withered
dream
In leav'd rhyme lies safe I deem
Sheltered and shut in a nook of
rhyme
From the reaper man and his reaper
Time."

Some critics may find this personal note a defect; but we remember that Keats wrote "Bright star, would that I were steadfast as thou art" and "When I have fears that I may cease to be"—two personal poems which we would not willingly do without.

I have written at length on the two most prominent characteristics of Thompson's poetry. I shall in conclusion only refer to some other aspects, which seem to call for criticism in a general study—to deal with his work in any wider detail belongs to a critical volume. First then there is his wide range of splendour in the expression of some thought—

"God's fair were guessed scarce but
for opposite sin
Yea and His mercy, I do think it well,
Is flashed back from the brazen gates
of hell."

There is the perfect beauty of thoughtful craftsmanship in such lines to the stars.

"Bells that from night's great bell
tower hang in gold
Whereon God rings His changes man-
fold."

There is something of the indefinable, the elusive, the intangible, which we find only in the greatest poets, in his words to Mary:

"Sweet stem of that rose Christ, who
from the earth
Suck'st our poor prayers, conveying
them to God."
Or there is the bold imagery which
thinks of the air as
"Upwaded by the solemn thrifter,
The mighty Spirit unknown,
That swingeth the slow ether before
the embannered Throne."

These characteristics of greatness meet us with such regularity, that long before we have finished the second volume we find that they are no mere "purple patches," but a uniform part of Thompson's mind and art. Along the "traverses" of dizzy imagery, up the "Caminos" of ancient magnificence, round the "coulours" of clear-cut precision, up the "arretes" of lofty fancy, he guides us with steady hand, sure step and unerring eye, until he brings us to the summit of the high peak of Poetry, where he stoops down to present us with "A Snowflake" lying in splendid isolation on the mountain top.

"God was my shaper
Passing surmised,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour
To lust of his mind:
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinyly, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Inscupped and embossed
With His hammer of wind
And His graver of frost."

Finally I wish to say something on Thompson's thought. My attention was first drawn to consider closely this aspect by the chance remark which I recently heard by way of detraction, that he lacked power and depth, and also by the fact that Mons. Rooker who has been the first to study his work in detail refers at length to it. Now it seems to me that there is no necessity to demand great power and supreme depth of thought from a poet. The true poet is the "vates" what he sees, not what he says, matters. There are not a few names in literature who have injured their reputation by sacrificing poetry to intellectual effort, and who have curtailed the width and beauty of their vision by the limitations of reasoned argument. True there are notable exceptions—Browning for example—but as a rule the purely intellectual poet is a weakened artist not only in his outlook but in the extent of his appeal. In this connection Matthew Arnold might be referred to, whose "vates," is confined and reduced by the pressure of thought. In Thompson's earlier work intellect holds a much more prominent place than in his later, and where he is weakest is where he is most intellectual. His final poetry, taken as a whole, is characterized by a throwing aside of thought for thought's sake, and by an abandonment of himself to imagination and wide-sweeping vision. Thus he has deliberately, as it were, chosen to follow what seems to be the clear-cut path of the highest in his vocation—

"From Moses and the Muses draw
The tables of thy double law."

We rejoice that he is a "vates"—a man who saw visions. But above all we are glad that he added another glory to Catholicism by taking it indeed he could not have left it behind—and crowning it with the splendid poetic grandeur of his faith.

PROTESTANTISM IN CANADIAN WEST

Certain members of the Church of England, with the Bishop of London at their head, are making fervid appeals to the English purse for money to save Western Canada to Christ through the ministrations of that denomination. A Canadian clergyman of the Church of England tells them that their zeal is wasted, that nobody cares very much for the Church of England in the far west, split up as it is by constant quarrels between clergymen of ritualistic tendencies and their flocks. The nominal members of the Church of England are quite rich enough to support it without aid from England. They have money in abundance for races, society functions, yachts, horse-shows, military uniforms, and so on; but they have nothing for the church because it has no interest for them. In this they differ from other Protestants, who support their denominations liberally without begging, and show a yearly budget, which, compared with the Church of England's statement, is as a millionaire's income in comparison with a school-teacher's. His statement, has been published in London. An Anglican bishop says it should be considered very carefully, coming as it does from an insider. No outsider, he adds, would dare to make it. But the appeal has not been withdrawn in the mean time.

With regard to outsiders he is wrong. We are outsiders, and we have said exactly the same thing. Indeed, to every outsider who knows the Church of England in the colonies, its position is a matter of scorn. The Canadian clergyman takes, perhaps, too rosy a view of the work of the other sects. They are infinitely more enterprising and self-reliant than the Church of England; but what of the results? A Presbyterian minister from Fort George, a new railway town in British Columbia, told the General Assembly in Toronto that the people are practical atheists, declaring the Bible a farce, and religion a tottering institution. This in Toronto, where the Rev. G. Ellery Read was shouting that "the Church of Rome must reform or die."

The outlook for Protestantism in Canada seems to be dark. Protestant ministers would do well to ask themselves who make the people practical atheists? Who tell them that the Bible is a farce and religion tottering? They may answer, infidel men of science. This is true in part, but it is not the whole truth. The infidel men of science find their best disciples among Protestant ministers. From Protestant pulpits we hear the Bible scoffed at, our Lord's divinity denied, Christianity declared outworn, needing restatement to bring it into harmony with modern ideas. What wonder then that their hearers are practical atheists? The ministers may use decent equivocations to save their face. The hearers ignore the equivocations and adopt the doctrine in its true sense, and declare themselves openly to be what their teachers are in reality—America.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

"A NIGHT PRAYER"

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set; the day is dead;
Thy feast has fled;
My eyes are wet with tears unshed;
I bow my head;
Where the star-fringed shadows
softly sway
I bend my knee,
And, like a homesick child, I pray,
Mary, to thee.

Dark! Dark! Dark!
And, all the day—since white-robed
priest
In farthest East,
In dawn's first ray—began the Feast,
I—I the least—
Thy least, and last, and lowest child,
I called on thee!
Virgin! didst hear? my words were
wild;
Didst think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Alas! and no! The angels bright,
With wings as white
As a dream of snow in love and
light,
Flashed on thy sight;
They shone like stars around thee,
Queen!

I knelt afar—
A shadowy list dim the scene
Where shines a star!
Dark! Dark! Dark!
And all day long, beyond the sky,
Sweet, pure, and high,
The angel's song swept sounding by
Triumphantly;
And when such music filled thy ear,
Rose round thy throne,
How could I hope that thou wouldst
hear

My far, faint moan?
Dark! Dark! Dark!
And all day long, where altars stand,
Or poor or grand,
A countless throng from every land,
With lifted hand,
Winged hymns to thee from sorrow's
vale
In glad acclaim
How couldst thou hear my lone lips
wail
Thy sweet, pure name?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Alas! and no! Thou didst not hear
Nor bend thy ear,
To prayer of woe as mine so drear
For hearts more dear
Hid me from hearing and from sight;
This bright Feast-day,
Wilt hear me, Mother, if in its
I kneel and pray?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set, the day is dead;
Thy Feast hath fled;
My eyes are wet with the tears I
shed;
I bow my head;
Angels and angels hailed thee, Queen,
All day; ah! be
To-night what thou hast ever been—
A mother to me!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Thy queenly crown in angels' sight
Is fair and bright;
Ah! lay it down; for, oh! to-night
Its jewelled light
Shines not as the tender love-light
shines,
O Mary! mild,
In the mother's eyes, whose pure
heart pines
For poor, lost child!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Sceptre in hand, thou dost hold
sway
Fore'er and aye
In angel-land; but, fair Queen! pray
Lay it away
Let thy sceptre wave in the realms
above
Where angels are;
But, Mother! fold in thine arms of
love
Thy child afar!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Mary, I call! Wilt hear the prayer:
My poor lips dare?
Yea! be to all a Queen most fair,
Crown, sceptre, bear!
But look on me with a mother's eyes
From heaven's bliss;
And wait to me from the starry
skies
A mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set; the day is dead;
Her Feast has fled;
Can she forget the sweet blood shed
The last words said
That evening—"Woman! behold thy
Son!"
Oh! priceless right,
Of all His children! The last, least
one,
Is heard to-night.

—REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

Honors, like impressions upon
coin, may give an ideal and local
value to a lot of base metal; but
gold and silver will pass all the world
over, without any other recommen-
dation than their own weight.—
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