

White Souls.

There is on high of snow white souls a throng. The purest all help love they feel, The eyes of angels soften at their knees, As ever nearest to God's throne they kneel.

MY VEILED CLIENT.

At the time of the incident I am about to relate I was a young solicitor, with no very considerable practice, and therefore not always so discreet as I might have been had I been able to pick and choose my clients.

I was interrupted one night at ten by the servant entering and saying that a lady wished to see me. Hastily finishing the meal, I hurried into my business room.

"I suppose I had better explain who I am and what I want," she began. "I am Miss Howard, of Graham Square, and I want you to make out my will."

"That is very simple," she said. "I wish my whole property to go to Mr. David Simpson, of Stafford street, here. I have never been married, and I want the will framed so as to cut off any heir who might claim relationship to me."

"I made a note of the instructions, and asked when it would be convenient for her to call and sign the deed."

"If you could have it written out by to-morrow night, I could call then and sign it. I would like if you could arrange to have a doctor to be a witness to my signing—a young doctor, if possible."

"Certainly, madam. To-morrow night at this time will suit, and I will arrange about a doctor being present. Is there nothing else you wish mentioned in the will?"

"No, nothing," she said, rising. "But be sure you make it so as to cut off all relations."

"I assured her everything would be as she desired; and, after assisting her into the cab which was waiting, noticing the while that she had a slight limp in her walk, I retired to my study to frame the will in accordance with my instructions.

explained to him the position of affairs—that he was sole legatee, and that I was executor. He seemed to take the matter very coolly, I thought, but was anxious that everything should be realized as soon as possible.

Acting within the duties of my executorship, and also with a desire to find out if possible the relations of the old lady had been so anxious to cut off, I inserted a notice of her death in most of the leading newspapers in the kingdom. This had the desired effect; for in the course of a few days I was waited upon by a young gentleman, Edward Howard, who informed me he was a nephew of the late Miss Howard, and had called upon me, having got my name and address from the office of one of the newspapers to which I had sent the advertisement.

Some weeks after this, as I was returning from a consultation, my attention was arrested by the figure of a woman in front of me. She was hurrying along as if trying to escape observation, but there was something in her style and the limp which she had that struck me as familiar.

I immediately followed, heard the door of thirteen shut, and glancing at the number, quietly opened number twelve, and after giving an order for some slight refreshment to the attendant who had followed me, I took a hasty look around the room.

I found it was divided from the next one only by a wooden partition which did not reach the ceiling, and that, by remaining perfectly quiet, I could hear that a whispered conversation was being carried on in the next room. The entrance of the attendant with my order disturbed my investigations; but on his departure, and regardless of the old saying that listeners seldom hear anything to their own advantage, I did my best to make out the conversation.

"How convenient a watch like that must be," said the archbishop, "especially when one is traveling in the night."

"I can answer in a moment," answered Mr. Drexel, as he touched the repeater in his vest pocket and the time was rung out.

"I indeed," was the reply, "I would be glad to get away from this place to-morrow if I could. I'm sure I only wish you could have been content with half of the estate with Mr. Edward, instead of burning the will when you found it to be to be divided between you and him, and getting me to do what I did. I'm sure it's a wonder my mistress doesn't rise from her grave and denounce us all."

"Keep that cant for another occasion, old woman; it's no use getting religious now. But I'll tell you what—I've got an idea."

Here the conversation got so low that I could not catch more than an occasional word, and what that idea was I never found out, as he never got the chance to try it on me, for I had heard enough to know that next door to me were three of the most daring conspirators I had ever come across, who had duped me, and made me, though unwittingly, the chief actor in the conspiracy.

"You'll do it as quietly as you can for the credit of the house," said he. "Of course," said the detective. "Show us in."

In another minute we were inside the room, with our backs to the door, the detective dangling a pair of steel bracelets and nodding smilingly round the room. The woman faintly. We had no difficulty in securing the men; and in half an hour we had them safely housed in jail.

Before their trial came on we had worked out the whole story. The woman who had called on me and signed the will was Mrs. Simpson, Miss Howard's housekeeper, whose mother of Simpson, in whose favor the will was made; and the other man was a lawyer's clerk who had suggested to them the feasibility of such a scheme.

The estate turned out to be much larger than I had at first thought, as I succeeded in proving that a large number of investments in Simpson's name really belonged to Miss Howard, and the management of so large a property fairly put me on my feet as regards business. I have had many good clients since then, but I have often thought that my Veiled Client was my best one, as she was the means of giving me my first lesson in prudence and my first start in life."

Archbishop Ryan's Watch

Archbishop Ryan, Mr. A. J. Drexel and Mr. George W. Childs were riding down Chestnut street in a car one night just before Christmas.

"I wonder what the time is," said the cleric.

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THE TORONTO ANTI-HOME RULE FIZZLE.

The following letter in the Globe of March 15th, will be read with interest: Sir,—Having read a report of the meeting held in Temperance Hall, convened to the cry of "The Empire in Danger," I feel constrained to make a few observations as to what impression the remarks of the several speakers produced on myself and many of those who were present.

1. It was clear the meeting was convened upon a false cry, and on the assumption that those favoring or asking for Home Rule in Ireland meant dismemberment of the Empire. 2nd. That those calling themselves "Loyalists" were, by their opposition to Irish Home Rule, as well as by their manner of opposing it, seriously endangering the union and integrity of the Empire, the disruption of which they affect to dread.

3. That the name of "Loyalist" who promises to follow him so loyally in the future, is a name which he should not use until he has shown that he is a man of his word.

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in Ulster, who have no such fear. Parnell, as staunch a Protestant as Prof. Smith, has no fear of such a contingency, neither have the other Protestant Nationalist members, some of whom represent Catholic constituencies. I challenge Prof. Smith to prove that the Irish Catholics, though persecuted as no other race has ever been, ever coerced the conscience of any man.

5. To compare Scotland with Ireland is most unfair. Why did not Prof. Smith inform the audience that all legislation affecting Scotland was first referred to a committee on Scotch legislation, while the Irish representatives were never consulted with reference even to the most important legislation affecting their country until the Bill would be read in the House.

6. I defy Prof. Smith, who dwelt upon the prevalence of crime in Ireland and justified coercion, to prove that the following statistics of crime in Ireland for 1879 and the corresponding number for 1878 in England and Scotland for an equal population, which I have culled from an English authority, are untrue:—More serious offences—Ireland, 3,843; England, 2,877; Scotland, 6,887. Less serious offences—Ireland, 56,395; England, 45,657; Scotland, 119,742. Minor offences—Ireland, 203,199; England, 107,354; Scotland, 84,598.

It will thus be seen that in serious offences both England and Scotland far exceed Ireland, but the proportion is considerably greater than in Ireland for 1879 and the corresponding number for 1878 in England and Scotland for an equal population, which I have culled from an English authority, are untrue:—More serious offences—Ireland, 3,843; England, 2,877; Scotland, 6,887. Less serious offences—Ireland, 56,395; England, 45,657; Scotland, 119,742. Minor offences—Ireland, 203,199; England, 107,354; Scotland, 84,598.

7. While denying that Ulster is prosperous and contented, I will here only prove the reason why the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland are "affected and poverty-stricken." Grattan's Parliament increased the fishing industry by bonuses and loans, which were abolished by the Union. For the next fifty years, the Scotch drew \$250,000 a year, and have since drawn \$600,000 a year to promote their fishing interests alone. They have commissioners to stamp the quality on every barrel put to sea and to award premiums when they see fit. Thanks to the law which gives the landlord alone the right of fishing in the fresh water and to the Parliamentary bounties paid to Scotch and English fishermen for herrings caught on the Irish shore, now there are only 20,000 men and 7,000 boats employed in the fishery, and the people are affected and poverty-stricken.

8. Prof. Clark was informed that the taxes of Ireland barely defrayed the Governmental expenses. I doubt very much if this statement is true. But if true, I will add to Prof. Clark's knowledge on the subject of taxation, and will defy him, too, to improve the figures. From 1801 to 1861 taxation in Great Britain was reduced 20 per cent. per head, while the ability of the people to meet it increased. During the same period in Ireland, while destitution increased, the consumption of the general Union it was solemnly promised that Ireland would have to pay only the interest on her own debt, £25,000,000, and yet sixteen years later the British financiers had inflated the Irish debt to £112,000,000. Ireland possesses one-seventeenth of the assessed wealth of the United Kingdom, she pays one-ninth of the general taxes. Within the past 24 years taxation in Ireland has advanced from 9s 6d to 32s 6d per head, while the population has diminished by over two millions. England pays a tax on her income of 10s per cent. The taxes of Ireland barely defray the Governmental expenses.

9. I will not descend to discuss the illiberal and un-Christian utterances of some of the speakers. J. A. MULLIGAN, Secy. Toronto Branch, Irish National League, Toronto, March 10th.

MR. J. A. MULLIGAN'S LETTER. The following able letter from Mr. J. A. Mulligan, a clever young barrister of Toronto, to the Globe, is a crushing refutation of the G. Smith, Wild-Potts platitudes at the Toronto anti-Home Rule meeting.

SIR,—A statement made by the Rev. Dr. Potts at the meeting Monday night, which is having a disturbing effect upon the community that could hardly have been foreseen by him when he manufactured and uttered it, is my apology for this letter. The statement was that the Toronto Land Leaguers "were bringing from the other side a murderer to lecture on St. Patrick's day." As an official of the Toronto Branch of the Irish National League, I am in a position to give this statement a most unqualified denial. As ever that day, no such personage can ever be brought to Toronto to lecture on St. Patrick's day. Further, I have made enquiries and found that the statement is equally untrue regarding the other Irish societies of this city.

See the result of Dr. Potts' words. Our branch has made arrangements for a banquet to be held on the evening of the 16th inst. in the Albion Hotel, to attend which no invitation has been extended to any such person as Dr. Potts refers to. Incited confessedly by that statement several persons have called upon Mr. Holderness, the proprietor of the Albion, and warned him that his premises would be shattered with stones that night. An Englishman by birth, a loyal subject, and a law-abiding citizen, Mr. Holderness finds much in the principles of our League to admire, because he is a man of liberal views; but he is naturally disturbed by the seriousness of the above statement, and the fear of the destruction of his property and the breach of the peace, and he has asked me to publicly deny the statement. Provoked by the utter falseness of the charge, it is with difficulty I refrain from characterizing his conduct as it deserves, but respect for the profession which his illiberal speech did not honour on Monday night constrains me to desist.

Having thus publicly maligned the League and kindled the flames of religious intolerance, Dr. Potts, if he desires even his friends to consider him an honest man, and honourable opponent, will make public reparation. If not I leave our positions to the judgment of the Protestant public.

J. A. MULLIGAN, Secy. Toronto Branch, Irish National League, Mar. 9.

THE PENNY COLLECTION.

THERE IS NO LAW PROHIBITING CATHOLICS FROM GIVING MORE THAN AN OBT.

Church-goers need not be told as a piece of information, save the Catholic Advocate, that at every public service, the box, or basket or pike is passed into every pew. People call it taking up the "Penny Collection," and we suppose it will be known by that sinister appellation to the last chapter of the Church's history. This taking up of collections is as old as the church, but we have grave doubts about its having been called during the past ages "a penny collection."

In the apostolic period of the Church before the offering was made in the Mass, the officials went around through the assemblage of the faithful with large baskets or tray-like portables and received the donations of every one present of bread, wine, coin, etc., and carried them up to the altar, where they were offered together with the bread and wine for the Eucharistic Sacrifice. From these donations the clergy were sustained. It was the "living" they received. But when the church increased its membership, we may well suppose that what remained over and above the amount required to meet the wants of the clergy, was distributed to the poor by deacons and the pious hands of women known in the history as Deaconesses. In the course of time the Church became the religion of the State, and the possessor of land and other property. From that date, the donations of bread and wine and other comestibles fell off, and contributions in coin alone were made. The custom of presenting the coin with the oblations of wine and bread at Mass, fell also into desuetude. But the collection still survived in the shape of money, and the so-called "Penny" collection is its relic and continuance.

We will not here enter upon the needs of such collections. Every instructed Catholic is aware of their object. They should not be regarded as nuisances and distractions. They afford the faithful the time and occasion to fulfill the duty they have to support religion materially. It was on the collection alone that the priest managed to subsist during the periods of persecution, and in our own land were enabled to build temples suitable for the service of God and maintain their suitability. But the collection dwindled down in the course of time. From a collection, in a true sense of the word, has now arrived at the lowest fraction of coinage in the land. It is in name and really a penny collection. Even the wealthy have been misled by the name and spoiled. It now seems a breach of honored custom to put into the basket, or plate or coin of higher denomination. If they really think further contribution than a penny be a reprehensible affair, they are certainly in error. It is true the priest cannot add to or take from the ceremonies and prayers of Mass, or the Breviary, for the law of the church forbids such an act. But the priest who binds a man to give more than a penny when the collection is taken up, is not written.

We once heard a pastor going over the details of one such penny collection. He knew every one in the congregation. He knew the exact number of people present, and he found out the amount of contribution, and then proceeded to parcel it out to the credit of the contributors. There were a large lot of pennies, a spare of dimes and nickels, and one twenty-five cent piece. He showed from the returns that so many gave nothing at all, for the number of people present out-ran the returns; so many gave a penny, a few dimes, and fewer still gave nickels. Twenty-five cent coin now remained—the contribution of a single person. "The party who gave that," declared the pastor, "must have been a stranger to the customs of this congregation."

We have no doubt many pastors can make the same comment. It may be amusing, but it is sad. When a man gives the church only a penny, he is certainly making no tremendous sacrifice or deadly irking to his worldly substance. Yet one penny per week is often the only sum ever paid per year by many Catholics. It remains for the man of the pen, showing how the nickles and dimes went to the tobaccoist and bartender, winds up in this manner:

"God and the organ grinder, 'dot the copper cents."

That there is room for improvement in this matter is evident. Neither our character nor our pocket book will suffer by proving something more liberal. What we must forget is this—that the collection is a penny one. It is no such thing, except we make it that by our niggard donations. It appeals to our generosity and liberality. Have they no larger circumference and wider diameter than the penny?

Putnam's Corn Extractor Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the genuine too often offered.

Will Take Oath to the Fact. Edward Cousins, of Hanson, declares he was at one time nearly dead from the effects of a terrible cold and cough. He tried many remedies but Hagar's Peppermint Balsam was what cured him. He speaks in highest praise of it in other cases, and adds that he is willing to take oath to his statements.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS require no other purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms. Sure Cure for Rheumatism. If the system is properly cleansed by some medicine that acts upon the bowels, kidneys and skin, such as Burdock Blood Bitters, and the sufferer will use Hagar's Yellow Ointment according to directions, there will be few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

DOCESE OF HAMILTON.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE CITY. The festival of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was celebrated on Monday by the Hernald Beneficial Association attending high mass in St. Patrick's Church. The church was crowded far beyond its seating capacity, and hundreds were without seats during the whole of the service. The mass was celebrated by Chancellor Keough, of St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, assisted by Rev. Fathers McCann and Bergmann, deacon and sub-deacon. The Bishop occupied the throne, and was attended by Vicar-General Heenan and Rev. Fathers Cosgrove and Craven.

The Association made an excellent turnout, directed by Messrs. Boby, W. and Thos. O'Brien as Marshals of No. 16, Frank and Messrs. McAllister and Frank Smith as Marshals of Branch No. 16.

Rev. Father Cosgrove, pastor of St. Patrick's, preached the panegyric of the saint in eloquent and powerful language. Tracing the early and oft-told but interesting history of St. Patrick during his captivity in Ireland, when he formed the design of converting the people, he continued: "St. Patrick landed for the second time in the year 432, and he preached the gospel to the heathen. He consecrated thirty bishops, 3,000 priests and built one hundred churches. The Irish people were converted by the hand of God without the shedding of a drop of blood. The island became real and in a Christian sense the gem of the sea and the island of beauty. The words of the gospel planted in Irish soil grew to a mighty tree, extending to branches of the pagan nations of Europe. A man judged by his children, and to understand the great results of St. Patrick's work must read a brief review of the great things that have resulted from the cause of Christ by his spiritual children. Through centuries of bitter persecution Ireland has remained firm in the faith delivered to her by St. Patrick, who from his high place in heaven looks down and sees her strong in the heritage of his mission. The words of his sons and daughters, and in the suffering of his faithful children. When he heard the call to preach the Gospel to the nations, and they hastened to respond, denouncing home and country they came to the land of the living. The words of France, to Scotland, to North America, and even to distant Iceland. No daring navigator went beyond these missionary sons of St. Patrick in their journeys of evangelization. The roll of hundreds of names of the martyrs in the calendar of the heretics of the past, and the names they are held in. Surely St. Patrick must be known by his sons. An instruction on St. Patrick would be incomplete without some reference to the little plaid which is at once the emblem of our religion and our nationality. The trinitarian person of the Holy Spirit, the nature was exemplified by St. Patrick to hearers by plucking a shamrock at his feet. His religion and his nationality are wedded in the Irishman's heart, never to be divorced. The little plaid, with its wonderful vitality, living and blooming in the winter weeks of separation from the soil and a journey to the far west, is a typical indeed of the Irish race. Blood, but fruitless persecution, extending almost to extermination has failed, for the strong hand and the outstretched arm of God were put forth to save His own people and they rose again as the faded and withered shamrock recovered its life when returned to the soil. Never has the faith wavered, not even during the pen days when their blood was spilled for Christ; when a price was set on the head of the priest and of the schoolmaster and bloodhounds hunted them among the hills. It is not more than 60 years since the Bishop of the diocese of my native parish had to go about among his flock disguised as a Highland piper to escape his pursuer. The God of righteousness has wiped out that bloodiest picture in the annals of human war and bitterness, and now we can say with the canticle of canticles: 'The wine is pressed, the rain is over, and the flowers have appeared in the land. The cross has conquered through the suffering of its followers, the Irishmen will have carried the banner of faith into every land. The Irish people have been called the church builders of the world. Down under the rocks of the world, the Catholics are but a handful, I am sure, but they are a handful, I am sure, that promise to all who are in the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Let us hope that after the centuries of darkness and suffering bring

I ask not, Lord, that I see his face may see, For that were sin; I ask not that my life may ever be, What it has been, I ask not that this dull, soul sickening pain May ever cease, I ask not that my feet on earth again Find paths of peace!

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