

## White Souls.

There is on high of snow white souls a  
throng,  
The pure of all help loves they feel,  
The eyes of angels so often at their knees.  
As ever nearest to God's throne they kneel.  
They tasted life and knew love's fondest  
dine,  
Nor waited till its light could grow more  
dim,  
But coming eyes upon a world like this  
Awoke in Heaven, to know they died for  
him.

His shadow over them was never cast,  
They never learned the bitterness of tears,  
Sorrowed are their hours of innocence were  
past,  
Beyond the tempting arena of the years.  
From Earth's sad heritage all purified,  
With no dark memory of their own to sting,  
They are the little baby court, who died  
When Harold sought to slay their Baby  
King.

MISS FRANCIS SMITH.

## 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. My business hours were ostensibly from ten to five, but the fact of my house adjoining the office made me subservient to the wishes of the public beyond the time stated on the brass plate at my office door. In fact, it was generally after business hours that my most profitable clients came, and though I can say that I refused many a time the agency of some shady business, still I must confess with regret that once or twice I found myself unwittingly involved in transactions which I would have much rather left alone. One of these I have occasion to remember too well, and I never think of it but I thank Providence for saving me from becoming an accomplice unwittingly in a most audacious piece of imposture.

I was interrupted one night at tea by the servant entering and saying that a lady wished to see me. Hastily finishing the meal, I hurried into my business room. As I entered and bowed, a lady rose, made a slight courtesy, and remained standing. I begged of her to be seated, and asked of what service I could be to her. It was a little time before she answered, and then it was in a nervous, frightened way, glancing round the room as if she were afraid some one else were present. I saw that, although she was dressed in good style, she had not the air of a lady; but, as she wore a thick veil, I could not distinguish her features, though I made out a grey hair here and there.

"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."

I started involuntarily, for this elderly person, though I had never seen her before, had been the subject of many a surmise and many a gossip with the neighbors. She was reported to be very wealthy, but had apparently abandoned the world, for during the last five years she had shut herself up in her house, seeing no one but her servants. My curiosity was therefore piqued at the idea of making out this old eccentric's will. Taking up a pen I asked her to give me the particulars of how she wished the property disposed of.

"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 also wish you to act as my executor in seeing my will carried into effect."

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. Next night, punctual to a minute, she called; and, as I had a doctor present, the ceremony of signing was soon over, the doctor signing as a witness along with my clerk, and appending a certificate of sanity, as desired by my client; and the deed was consigned to my safe.

The affair had almost completely passed from my mind, when I was startled one morning by receiving a note from Mr. Simpson, the legatee in the will, informing me that Miss Howard was dead. I immediately proceeded to the house, performed the usual duties devolving upon a solicitor in such circumstances, and made what arrangements were necessary. After the funeral I had a meeting with Mr. Simpson, and

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. Our interview was very short; and I came away with a strong feeling of dislike for the man, who, I found, had acted as a sort of factor for the deceased lady.

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. During my interview with Mr. Howard, I was much impressed with his bearing on my telling him the position of affairs, as he was much more concerned at his aunt's death than at the purpose of her will. He told me that five years ago he had married against his aunt's wishes; she had refused to recognize his wife; and though he had written her several letters, he had never heard from her in reply. He thanked me for my information, and said he would likely see me again, as he was coming into town to a situation he had just been offered.

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, though I could not remember where I had seen her. Just as she was passing a lighted part of the street, she happened to look round, and the face I saw at once explained to me the familiarity of her figure, both face and figure being an exact counterpart of my late client's, Miss Howard! Somehow or other suspicion flashed across my mind; my instinct told me something was wrong, and I determined to follow her and see where she went to. Pushing my hat well over my brow and pulling the collar of my coat well up, I followed through two or three streets, and was almost at her heels, when she suddenly turned into a public house, when, so close had I followed her, I heard the attendant say in answer to an enquiry by her, "Number thirteen, ma'am," and I saw her disappear into the back premises. 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. I distinguished the voices to be those of two men and one woman. The latter I at once recognized; and, at least my imagination led me to believe, to be the voice of the person who had called on me a year ago to make her will. The voice of one of the men was strange to me; but after the discovery I had already made, I was not greatly astonished at recognizing the voice of the other man to be that of Simpson, the legatee in the will. The whole thing flashed upon me at once, and I saw I had been made the innocent machinery for carrying through a clever and daring piece of imposture. I, however, listened attentively to the conversation, in order to fathom the whole affair.

The first sentence I made out came from the stranger: "I told you that young Sinclair was the very man to do the work for you. These young lawyers never ask any questions as long as they get the business."

"Well, well," said Simpson, "that is all right now. But the question is, what is to be done in the way of hurrying him up with the realization of the estate without exciting suspicion? The sooner we all get away from this the better. I am glad that young fellow Howard didn't ask any questions. But one thing's certain, we must get the old woman away from this immediately, or she's sure to get recognized. She's been keeping pretty close lately; but I dare say she's getting tired of it. Aren't you, old lady?"

"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 was 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. My first idea was to lock the door of the room they were in and go for help; but as that was likely to cause a disturbance, I determined to slip out and trust to being back in time for their arrest. As luck would have it, nearly the first man I met outside was a detective whom I had known very well in connection with some criminal trials in which I had been engaged. A few words explained my purpose and signaling to the nearest policeman he placed him at the door of the shop, and both of us walked in. He nodded familiarly to the bar tender, and leaning over the counter, whispered in his ear. The shopman started, and gave vent to a long, low whistle.

"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 fainted. 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, the 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 fact of Miss Howard's self-confinement and my own imprudence had nearly made the plot a success, but for my accidental recognition of the housekeeper. Each of the prisoner's offered to turn queen's evidence; but as we had no difficulties in proving the case, this was refused, and they were sentenced to various periods of penal servitude. I had then the pleasure of handing over the estate to the rightful heir, young Edward Howard, who, notwithstanding that I had nearly been the means of depriving him of his inheritance, made me his agent.

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."—*Chamber's Journal.*

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

"How convenient a watch like that must be," said the archbishop, "especially when one is traveling in the night." A few days ago a messenger from the banker and the publisher arrived at the archiepiscopal residence on Eighteenth street, carrying a neatly tied up parcel. He asked to see the prelate personally, and when his grace appeared he gave the parcel into the archbishop's hands, with the compliments of Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs, "as executors of the late Francis A. Drexel." As the archbishop opened the package his eyes danced with surprise and pleasure, for reposing upon a bed of velvet in a handsome casket in his hand was the most beautiful golden "repeater" that he had ever seen. An employer of the manufacturers came up the same afternoon and taught the archbishop how to manage the delicate and complicated instrument. "We are proud of that time keeper," said the manufacturer's agent. "The order left us was 'make the finest watch in the United States,' and I'll swear we have done it."

**Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with HYPOPHOSPHITES.** Is Remarkable as a Flesh Producer. The increase of flesh and strength, is perceptible immediately after commencing to use the Emulsion. The Cod Liver Oil emulsified with the Hypophosphites is most remarkable for its healing, strengthening, and flesh producing qualities.

The Cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling, it is a matchless compound.

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea kettle of boiling water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and the effect was immediately to allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

## THE TORONTO ANTI-HOME RULE FIZZLE.

The following letter in the *Globe* of March 11th, 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.—1st. "It was clear the meeting was convened upon a false cry, and on the assumption that the 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. 3rd. That the name of Loyalist was a misnomer to those taking part in the meeting, and would with far more propriety and truth be applied to those advocates of the needed reforms, such as Home Rule applied to Ireland may with good reason be expected to give, and which would tend, certainly not to the dismemberment of the Empire, but to its consolidation and union with Great Britain. 4th. That the refusal to put an amendment to the meeting (the contents and spirit of which motion could not be by any sophistry be construed into disloyalty or a wish for the 'dismemberment of the Empire') showed that the authors of the meeting felt their cause to be a lame one, and that they feared to discuss it. 5th. I deeply deplored to see ministers of religion taking part in and identifying themselves with such proceedings as did Col. Wild and Capt. Potts. The wilderness of the 'Col's' utterances does not take me much by surprise. But what will be said of the 'Capt.' who promises to follow him so valiantly? Does he forget that the weapons of his warfare should not be carnal, but spiritual? Truly, as I sat in front of the doughty Captain last night, and heard his sneering utterances concerning certain public men not present, and the epithets he used to some who were present, but who he disesteemed from his own views, and when I witnessed his belittling attitudes and general bearing, 'twas impossible to find evidence that there existed, that 'love and charity' with his neighbor which is expected from those participating in the solemn service which he had undertaken to perform. I do not look back on the night of my visit to the 'Loyalists' as one of the most profitable of my life. I am sure that the 'Loyalists' are not worthy of the name. I am also sure that an Irish Protestant from the Province of Ulster as ever entered the Dominion of Canada. But I have seen enough of Orangemen and of their pernicious effects in Ulster as to make me regard Orangemen and Orangemen (as such) with supreme contempt, and I further look upon the importation of Orangemen into Canada as nothing less than a calamity to the Dominion. Therefore, for the sake of the honour of the Methodist Church (which I highly revere), and with which the 'Captain' was identified before he assumed the name of Captain of Hysterics, I do fondly hope that the 'Loyalists' will take Hamlet's advice and 'do it in his own house.'"

ULSTER-CAHANEAN PROTESTANT. THE ANTI-HOME RULE MEETING. Sir,—I desire as briefly as possible to point out some inconsistencies and refute some inaccuracies referred to in the article by the report of the addresses at the Anti-Home Rule meeting on Monday night.

1. Home Rule does not mean separation. In Parliament and out of it, in the press and on the public platform, Parnell and his followers have declared this. The Parnellists are not separatists. The charges were manufactured by his enemies, and many times he has given it the most unequivocal denial. The Nationalists do not ask for an army or a navy for Ireland under Home Rule. They do not ask to legislate in Dublin on Imperial affairs. They consider that representatives should go to London for that purpose. As the Parliament at Ottawa legislates upon Federal affairs, so should the British House of Commons at Westminster legislate upon Imperial affairs. And as the Legislative Assembly of Ontario upon Provincial affairs, so similar way should Ireland legislate upon purely local affairs. No Nationalists have asked Grattan's Parliament without modifications and improvements which would make it harmonize with the spirit and exigencies of the time; it would not be acceptable to the Irish people. Furthermore, the men kept pace with the progress of the time they would provide for England, Scotland, and Wales such a Local Parliament as Ireland demands. Does this mean separation? Is this dealing in generalities? Surely such a scheme should secure the approval of Canadians. 2. The agitation in Ireland has not been the cause of the fall of the sick of the Bank of Ireland. That institution never published like Canadian banks a statement of its affairs. Recently, however, it was compelled to do so. Behold! immediately its stock fell. I defy Mr. Kennedy to prove that this explanation is inaccurate.

3. Prof. Smith thought a measure of Home Rule was needed and he thought so still. The other speakers thought differently. If Home Rule were given these hyper loyal men would forget their allegiance to the Crown, the necessity of compliance with the laws and become officers in a rebellious squad so long pampered landlords, their sybaritic tastes, and their retinue of stable boys. How fortunate for them that so much steam escaped that night. I commit them to the care of Prof. Smith in the hope that he will convince them that a measure of Home Rule is necessary.

4. In reply to Prof. Smith's belief that the events of Home Rule there would be two religions pitted against each other without any mediating hand, I beg to remind him that Home Rule does not mean separation; that the mediating hand would still be present and that there are thousands of Protestants and Orangemen 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 1880 in England and Scotland for an equal population, which I have culled from an English authority, are untrue:—More serious offences—Ireland, 3,842; England, 4,767; Scotland, 6,487. Less serious offences—Ireland, 56,305; 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 the others. But in the latter category there were included such crimes as stealing turf from a bog to keep a family from freezing, or fishing in a fresh water stream to keep a family from starving. It will also be information to many that the number of convicted criminals has been steadily decreasing since 1845. In that year the number was 7,101. In 1880, 2,383.

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 "disaffected and poverty-stricken." Grattan's Parliament curtailed 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 up 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 disaffected and poverty-stricken. I quote the above from a reliable work. Is there not a grievance here that should be remedied?

8. Prof. Clark was informed "that the taxes of Ireland barely defrayed the Governmental expenses." I doubt very much if this statement is correct. But if true, I will add to Prof. Clark's knowledge on the subject of taxation, and will defy him, too, to impeach 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 tax on the poor per head was doubled. On the consummation of the 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 head, Ireland 2s 6d per head. Is it any wonder that the taxes of Ireland barely defray the Governmental expenses?

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.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

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. 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 do so.

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 A CENT.

Church-goers need not be told as a piece of information, says 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 offerings went around through the assembly 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 the religion materially. It was on the collection alone that the priests 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 reality 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 pike, or plate a 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 law which binds a man to give no more nor less 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. He found out the exact amount of the contribution, and then proceeded to hand 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 outran the returns; so many gave a penny, a few dimes, and fewer still gave nickels. The 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 by a person to the church. It remains up to an angel, who, by 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 Haysard's Pectoral Balm 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 Haysard's Yellow Ointment according to directions, there are few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

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In the apostolic period of the Church before the offering was made in the Mass, the offerings went around through the assembly 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 the religion materially. It was on the collection alone that the priests 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 reality 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 pike, or plate a 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 law which binds a man to give no more nor less 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. He found out the exact amount of the contribution, and then proceeded to hand 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 outran the returns; so many gave a penny, a few dimes, and fewer still gave nickels. The 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 by a person to the church. It remains up to an angel, who, by 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 Haysard's Pectoral Balm 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 Haysard's Yellow Ointment according to directions, there are few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

## Louise La Valliere.

I ask not, Lord, that I face may see,  
For that were vain;  
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!

But, oh, my God, forgive me if I dare  
To Thee lift up  
The chalice of a passionate, pure prayer,  
A sacred cup,  
I ask not for myself one single grace,  
(Faith is so dim),  
And yet I pray Thy very face  
For him! For him!

If Thou hast call for both, oh, let his share  
Be mine!  
It both should suffer, Father, let me bear  
His cross with mine.  
With all the anguish of Thy wrath de-  
stroyed,  
My heart I bare to Thine avenging sword  
Nay, leave him free!

Brighten his day with all the many light  
I miss from mine!  
Let in the heart of his predestined night  
My lost stars shine.  
Let him remember of his predestined stain  
Of great regret—  
Nay, if my memory bring one single pain  
Nay, leave him free!

I ask not, Lord, that I face may see,  
For that were vain;  
I ask not that my life should ever be  
What it has been.  
I ask not that this dull, soul sickening pain  
Should ever cease;  
But, lead, oh, lead his troubled