The little fellow lay motionless on altar which is continuously celebis pillow, every hour growing brated unto the joy of the Church and slowly, with awful insistence, whiter as the life-blood drained out triumphant, for the strength of the the soul bade the body lift itself, and medicine, or in morals, which can of his poor, little body. He asked to see the priest, who came, but dared of the Church suffering, not give him Holy Communion, for he was growing too weak to swallow even water. Drop by drop the life current came, and the medical skill of several doctors was unable to stop the flow All Friday night, all Satur day, the family watched and wept and their angelic boy grew weaker

He smiled and spoke to them all.

"It is like Heaven," he said, "to know we are all Catholics, and will meet God and our Blessed Mother.

"But God so made the human heart and determined relations between man and man that he hungers to the word of absolution even Don't cry for me. I am not afraid. I am not suffering a bit either." The priest said: "Herbert, isn't it

happy to think you have brought your whole family, eight souls, to the

"God did it," said the little martyr. "I'm so glad He made me lame!"

On Sunday at noon, just five min-utes before he died, he smiled into his mother's face and closed his eyes. It was his last smile! His features, pale and wan, never lost that expression, and it seemed as if his life blood had drained out at last in the cry of his resignation:

"I'm so glad God made me lame!" Could the angels have failed to lift up that little soul to the bosom of God, where he was surely placed among the apostolic martyrs whos zeal converted the world?

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Rev. Albert Muntach, St. Louis University, in Our Sunday Visitor

The doctrines of our Holy Faith besides forming a strong and wellknit system of truths appealing to the intellect, possess also a charm and an aesthetic value that satisfy legitimate aspirations toward the beautiful. It is pleasing to contem plate any structure of solid intellect ual truths. It should be even more satisfying to consider such a system when it is composed of eternal veri-The Catholic religion presents its adherents with such a body of

One of the inspirings teachings of this religion is that concerning the Communion of Saints. By this phrase we mean that those who are still members of the Church militant on earth, those suffering in Purga tory, and those triumphant in heaven

form one body and spiritual union. Whata wonderful feeling of strength should possess the Catholic heart at the remembrance of this wholesome truth! There is always a consciousness of power in recalling that others are with us in the same work, and in the same society striving towards the

It is true, indeed, that the Com munion of Saints is a spiritual union, a union of souls. But yet there will be born in the soul a strong hope for help and encouragement in the spiritual combat, when this splendid verity is rightly considered. For ours is not a struggle against armies in battle; but it is one against unseen enemies who are plotting the destruction of man's supernatural life. These enemies are laying constant siege to the citadel of the soul. They are striving to despoil it of its real life—the life of sanctifying grace To offset these crafty schemes w need soul-power, supernatural strength and uplift that come from fervent prayer, from the intercession of the Saints and from the consideration of their victories over the wiles

of the evil one. significance to every tempted way farer through life's stormy pilgrim age. That there is such a union o the three divisions is a manifest fac contained in revelation. Christ in our common head—the head of the crowned ones in heaven, of the suffer ing souls in Purgatory, and of those still working out their salvation or earth. We have all been invited to share the same glorious heritage We are all children of the Saints Under our leader, Christ, we are all journeying forward to the same

Do we sufficiently think of this blessed truth? We may often ask ourselves with profit to our souls "what are the blessed ones doing for me beyond the starfires?" They are praising the Lord, indeed, and they sing their "Holy, Holy, Holy," be fore the face of the eternal God, but they are also praying for me. What are the loved ones in purgatory doing for me? They are suffering for their sins indeed, but they are also expecting their swift delivery from the dread abode, by the help of my prayers and good works, and the hearing and offering of the Holy Mass.

The fruits of this Communion of Saints, therefore, enrich especially the members of the Church militant and suffering. The former are aided by the merits and the intercession of the Saints in heaven; the latter are benefited, in turn, by the indulgences and good works which our devotion prompts us to offer for these de parted brethren

Blessed indeed this doctrine of the Communion of Saints! Though subject to the things of time and clothed in the flesh, our conversations and our aspirations may be in heaven. For, there are the brethren who have gone before, there are those who have been crowned with the crown of persever At the same time we are linked with bonds of holiest love to those in the prison chambers of ex-We may offer them the imnense fruits of the sacrifice of the

MINISTER SEES WISDOM IN THE "CONFESSION" IDEA

Rev. E. H. Stevens (Bapt.)

The Sioux City (La) Jour, al. Feb. 21, 1915. hear the word of absolution even though it is spoken by his brother

To ignore this is poor psychology. It does not recognize the nature and the laws of the mind. The early Christians, centuries before the days of compulsory priestly absolution, appointed grave presbyters to hear the confessions of voluntary peni-

It is folly to minimize the office of absolution because some ecclesias tics have abused it. Who have abused the office more, the men who pect. have used it, though mistakenly, or those who have neglected it almos entirely? Protestants must get back to the first principles of human nature and good religion.

A dying man wants human sym pathy, and the declaration with numan authority that both God and man have forgiven him. To leave such a man feeling that the minister in the case is quoting scripture and has not the courage to speak out like a prophet that he forgives him, and that God forgives him, that his absolution is on the condition of true repentance, absolutely assured, is a piece of ecclesiastical coolness that is born of ignorance and stupidity. In the name of God absolve the penitent. Let him have peace.

"The confessional may be any place whither two or more men meet. Sometimes it is the great cathedral, more often the humble chapel, and again afar from civilization under God's sky on the mission field, and where is there a sional that compares with home where, on bended knee we pour our heart's sorrow to our mothers

THE ONLY WORD HE KNEW

Mons. Bickerstaffe-Drew, who under the pseudonym of John Ayscough has written some splendid novels, is now a chaplain with the British Expediionary Forces in France.

The following touching and terri-ble account which he gives in the London Month of administering the last Sacraments to a dying Polish boy on the battlefield is one of the most dramatic descriptions that the navoc of war has brought forth.

And, next, an enemy. God save the silly mark, for the priest has none! A Pole; a lad of nineteen, but of big, stalwart figure; tall, strong and stout, and, somehow, oxlike; heavy build, broad of chest and shoulder, slow (one would say) of motion, when life and strength were his, and now all life ebbing

'He had been wounded on Sun day, and this was Friday, — shot through the base of the spine so as to be utterly helpless, incapable of all movement, and yet, alas; not killed lying on his face in the dank sodden woods; his body sodden The Communion of Saints is a fact and one of surpassing from head to foot. Through five orrible nights of pitiless rain be nguished, slowly rotting from youth ful life to inevitable death. Pitiles Jesus, what a purgatory for such little faults as his! He could not move: he could only lie upon his

'He had no French, little German out enough of the latter to confess himself. He could not move, and the priest could only lie down beside him in the blood-reeking straw, to get near enough to hear the sobbing

whispers of his confession.

"He had no beauty nor comeliess, like a Greater than he ; only ig, once strong body, all rotted now n ungainly head, of a low mental ty as to shape; lips green and terri ole; eyes like the eyes of an oxslow, large, inexpressive; and the

one expression in them, 'Why ?'
"He had no talk of home—o ather, mother, brethren, or of Father land; no talk of any sort; hardly vords enough to confess himself And no time: the dregs of life almos all spilled at life's threshold. Yet he confessed, as though, throughout the neffable anguish of those five ghastly nights of rain, he had been prepar oriest; or, if not, for the certain ning of the Great Priest of all who surely would not suffer him to lie alone. Then the anointing. He tried to turn outward the palms of the terrible hands on which he lay, but could not. He tried, with awful endeavor, to turn his head for anoint ing of eyes and nostrils and mouth out could not. All that remained to him of power he used to lift himself as he lay face downward, at each recurrence of the Name ineffable, in he Latin Office; and each time h forced the stiffened, frightful lips to form the sound of the Name incorruptible—'Jesus! Jesus!

"All the rest of the Latin was to him ncomprehensible; but that suprem word he knew, and waited for; and for every recurrence of it he was ready; and the great, half-dead body obeyed the dying will and undying

the bowed head bowed lower, and the fearful lips formed themselves into the sound that is for the saving of the nations; 'Jesus! Jesus. . . . misericordia!' So that the old priest,

truth and reverence, from uttering It, knowing that He whose It is was there, and that the Greater Priest than he was waiting for that loyal soul to fold it to His Heart. And at the Christian I cannot say. The the last recurrence of that Name, the spiritualist denies Catholic doctrine the last recurrence of that Name, the Polish, peasant-warrior, feeling himself called to the Great Peace, twisted Catholic Church, as we may expect the ghastly, gangrened lips into a childish smile, lifted himself in a emphatically, and in so many words supreme effort, bowed his head at his King's feet, and whispering 'Jesus!' needed no further speech of ours.

About the dead lad, who had died in no quarrel of his country's, but in that of one of his country's despoilers, at the hard, plain call of sheer obedience, hung no terrible odors such as Nature would have told us should be there, but such a fragrance as those who know the sweetness of the Name he worshipped might ex-

THE ANNUNCIATION

How pure, and frail, and white, The snowdrops shine! Gather a garland bright For Mary's shrine

For, born of winter snows, These fragile flowers Are gifts to our fair Queen From Spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day She knelt at prayer An Angel fair.

Hail Mary !" thus he cried. With reverent fear: She, with sweet wondering eyes. Marvelled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of Heaven! Be silent, Earth! And hear an Angel tell Of Jesus' birth.

While she, whom Gabriel hails As full of grace, distens with humble faith In her sweet face.

Be still, Pride, War, and Pomp, Vain Hopes, vain Fears, For now an Angel speaks, And Mary hears.

Hail, Mary !" lo, it rings Through ages on : Hail, Mary!" it shall sound

Till time is done. Hail, Mary!" infant lips Lisp it to-day; Hail Mary!" with faint smile

The dying say. Hail Mary !" many a heart

Broken with grief n that angelic prave Has found relief

And many a half lost soul. When turned at bay, With those triumphant words

Has won the day Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!" Let us repeat. and place our snowdrop wreath

Here at her feet. -ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

THE CHURCH ON SPIRITISM

The Catholic attitude regarding the spiritualistic claim of communi-cation with the dead was clearly tated by the Rev. Michael Gavin S. J., in a sermon delivered recently in a London church. The preache added a word of grave warning to Catholics whose curiosity or temerit may lead them to attend spiritualistic meetings or seances:

"That sairts and angels may sume a human body, or what looks like it, and communicate with friends on earth, we know from the lives of saints. Such communication has ot been uncommon. The greatest writer in the Church, St. Thomas of aquin—and we always follow his au thority with safety—teaches that the saints have power from God to appear on earth 'at their pleasure.' Catholics know that saints, when they do appear, have an object in their communications. The fact of the appearance of a saint or a demon or a soul from purgatory, is proved by the ordinary laws of human evidence You are not asked to believe in these apparitions unless evidence in their avor convinces you. Every sensible nan will readily admit that no saint s likely to appear at spiritualistic seances at the bidding of any man who may chance to ask it. Can the ouls in purgatory appear on earth: The Church gives the answer-Certainly, with God's permission Just as you prove miracles by the laws of evidence, you prove the apparition of souls in purgatory by the ordinary laws of evidence. Souls in purgatory are holy and are united to God, and they appear to ask prayers or to give a warning, but that hey can or would, appear at the bid ling of a man to whom you may pay certain sum, no one in his sense

ould for one second admit. In conclusion, the preacher asked what benefit the human race had lerived from these spiritualistic communications. "Some men and women," he said, "have been brough to believe in the reality of the spirit nal world after death, who did no

point to many ruined bodies and souls brought about by these com munications. The late Monsigno Benson was much interested in spirit lying beside the dying lad in the blood and straw, shrank almost, for He calls it a religion. If it be a re ligion, what are its tenets? What are the truths it proclaims? First, the spiritualist admits God's existence. Whether He be the God o the eternity of suffering which is an article of faith. The spiritualist denies the Divinity of Christ He admits that Jesus Christ was the most perfect being that ever trod the earth, but denies that He was God Jesus Christ was either all He claimed to be, the eternal Son or He claimed tobbe, the eternal Sor of God, or He was the greatest im postor that ever cursed this world. I close with a word of warning. If you value the salvation of your soul, and the health of your body, shun everything that savors of spiritualis tic communication. Avoid the tic communication. Avoid the seance; the stench of corruption clings to it, the atmosphere of hell is all around it. It is the work of the devil, and the devil is the father o '-N. Y. Catholic News.

JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS

Mr Thomas Churchill, former President of the New York Board of Education, delivered the other day a remarkable address before a conver ion of School' Superintendents held in Detroit. He took as his subject the ailure of our Public schools to render to the public the service expected of them. Speaking as an expert who had personal experience in regard to educational matters he declared that our Public schools are failures.
There never was since the nation was born," he said, "so widespread and definite a protest against the failure of our schools." It is a case of judging a tree by its fruits. The fruits as enumerated by the former President of the New York Board of Education are far from inviting. He thus catalogues them:

"Cities misgoverned, public lands stolen, whole precincts selling their votes, juvenile crime increasing, col eges bending their necks for the yoke of rich men's foundations, per odicals reeking with salacity, the drama smothered in sex-madness and prominent employers informing the newspapers that the school chil dren can neither read, nor write, no spell, heads of state departments of education confessing that 'the lives of school children are wasted'—al these things are weakening the American faith in public education.

This is a startling arraignment o an educational system that annually costs many million dollars. Churchill urges that our schools turn out real men and women and not merely persons whose heads are stuffed with odds and ends of ill digested book knowledge. But how can this be accomplished when what makes most for the upbuilding of character is under a strict taboo in our Public schools? There was a time when this taboo had no place in our Public schools. That was eighty-odd years ago. At that time no one could have drawn up an in dictment such as that formulated by Mr. Churchill—N Y. Freeman'

LIVING BEYOND ONE'S MEANS

Archbishop Glennon says that one f the dominant weaknesses of our day is living beyond one's means Spending more than we earn is form of injustice, for some one must suffer through our folly. Unpaid debts are generally the result of liv ing beyond one's means. And bad lebts are only another form of re taining ill-gotten goods. Restitution nust be made as soon as possible.

There is little hope for the future

of the young man who starts out by accumulating debts and the bad habits that usually go with them. He takes no thought of the morrov while enjoying the pleasure of to day : but the morrow comes and brings its penalties for spendthrift imprudence mprudence. Opportunities are closed to the reckless spender, and ne finds himself bound by thriftless habits and unable to "get anywhere in life. He pays the penalty of his recklessness in a lifetime wasted in rnitless struggle.

The number of persons dependent on charity in our cities is on the in rease. A statistician has calculated that only about one person in ten saves any money even during his rears of greatest earning capacity In our large cities one person out of very ten who die is buried in a pauper's grave. The appetite for pleasure, for fast living, is growing instead of decreasing. The children of to-day spend much more for enter-tainment than did their fathers. And there is little likelihood that the tide will turn soon. We are becoming a nation of money-mad financiers on the one hand and spendthrift pleasure-seekers on the other. Both vices lead to dishonesty. But the spendthrift who lives beyond his means is doubly dishonest. He means is doubly dishonest. He believe before, and that is a solitary advantage which can be pointed to by the votaries of this diabolical system of imposture. Spiritualists

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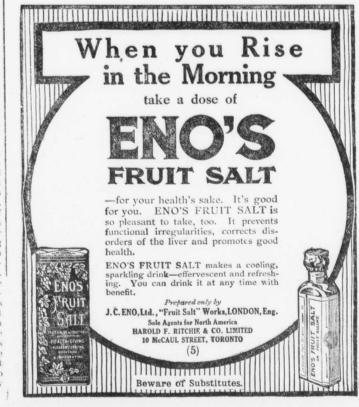


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anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man

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But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they puy for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing to tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash at the full of very dirty clothes in Six ninutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't weer the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what wanted the man to do with the borse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my owe pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've sed it a month, 1'll take it back and pay the wight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer and the all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few month's free weak, send me fer the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you of cents a week, send me fer the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves on you it will make So to 75 cents a week, send me fer the month's trial

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SHE DARKENED HER **GRAY HAIR**

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She Tells How She Did It

A well-known resident of Kansas City, Mo., who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky following statement: "Any lady or It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look ten to twenty years younger.

