The final test for waning manhood in a human derelict is the insult to his mother. If he will fight for her name, he still has in him what it takes to make of himself a man; if he refuses to leap to the defence of her honor, he is looked upon as a degenerate.

There is a vast abyss between the world of fancy and the world of fact. Some boys say that they love their mothers; other boys say they will die for the defence of name. But such words, just as mere words, unsubstantiated by love-in-action, are cheaper than mountain echoes.

Now if we know that the world judges of our mother by our actions, it is a strange inconsistency that permits a boy to do things that will bring odium to her name or her memory—to say nothing of the things that bring grief to her own heart on Mother's Day: to be forgotten, neglected, or unremembered where remembrance counts most.

Thank God, there is still time to make amends—not to the full, perhaps, but to the point of deep consolation. .. Notre Dame is now offering nine Masses for your mothers. What are you adding to that during this Novena in her honor?