

inhabitants forsook her for districts more remote from industry; many of the poorer families moved into the town. The Catholic community dwindled, until at last it proved too poor to support a priest, and with reluctance the bishop arranged for it to be served from the parish in the town. The bishop had also requested the nuns to take over the house so that there should always be some one at Greenhithe to look after the chapel, to visit the sick, to instruct the children, and in general to keep an eye on the little flock during the intervals between the visits of the clergy. On this particular day only the little Sister Martha and an aged nun were in the convent. The superior and the others had gone on a visit to the mother-house in the big town. It was what Sister Martha called a quiet day. Apart from religious exercises, her days were usually spent amidst pots and pans and brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and a quiet day meant a little less household work, a chance to spend an extra half-hour before the tabernacle and to do some needlework of a design superficially ecclesiastical. She was a cheerful soul at all times, but this day found her even more cheerful than usual. She had just received a letter from her aged mother. It was a real mother's letter, full of affection and piety. It ended, as did all its predecessors, with a renewed request for prayers for "poor James, God help him!" her mother's youngest brother who many years before, when little more than a boy had sailed for America and had not been heard of since.

Sister Martha, then, felt well pleased with herself. She had ahead of her the prospect of an uninterrupted afternoon. She went to the chapel first, and settled down to pray. Thus it happened that as soon as the stranger crossed the threshold, his eyes fell upon the black outline of the little Sister as she knelt near the sanctuary. He advanced slowly between the two rows of benches, inspecting everything as he went, always with the same air of childish curiosity. He arrived at the altar-rails, and for a few minutes stood gazing at the altar. Then he turned round. At the same moment Sister Martha raised her head and her eyes met his. On her part it was a fearless look, yet full of tender inquiry; on his, a look of surprise mingled with awkwardness. To be regarded with anything but loathing and suspicion was to him a new experience. The Sister was quick to carry her kind thought into action; she stood up and spoke: "What is it, my good man? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I can't say that there is," he replied gruffly.

"You look tired," she said.

"Won't you come and rest yourself while I get you a cup of tea?"

"I could do with a cup of tea," he grumbled. "I've had precious little to day in the way of a sup or a bite."

"Come along then," she said, and she led him into the little reception room, clean and bare, which lies off the passage connecting the chapel with the house. Sister Martha was the almoner of the house. It was understood that she had a special gift for discerning the really needy, and the Reverend Mother allowed her a free hand in dispensing charities. It was not long before the wanderer was sitting down to a substantial repast of bread and butter and tea which he consumed with zest. He had finished, and was preparing to depart when Sister Martha looked in again.

"Going so soon?" she queried.

He made no reply, and she went on: "Have you far to go?"

"To be sure I don't know," he returned with a grim chuckle.

"Long or short doesn't make much difference, and all roads lead to the same end in the long run."

Then, without any pretence at tact which is said to be one of the distinguishing qualities of the feminine sex, she went on otherwise Sister Martha went straight to the point: "Are you a Catholic?"

He looked puzzled. "If ever I was, 't was a very long time ago, and I don't remember much about it. I've knocked about all over the world in my time, and haven't had time to think about that kind of thing. It's been hard enough to live."

Whilst speaking he had taken a blackened clay pipe from his pocket and thrust it into his mouth; then, snatching it away again, he said: "Beg your pardon, ma'am."

"But what made you come into the chapel?" Sister Martha resumed.

He thought for a while, and then: "Well, I don't know. It did seem to remind me of something. But when the Sister said nothing, but went to a cupboard box containing a medley of pious objects. She selected a rosary. "Do you know what this is?" she asked.

"I don't remember the name of it," he answered. "I've seen one before. I can just remember that my mother had one when I was a bit of a lad, but that's more'n fifty years ago I reckon."

Sister Martha smiled triumphantly. "Then you really ought to be a Catholic," she said. "Anyway, take this and don't part with it. Maybe it will bring you a great blessing."

"Hope so," he said, as he put the beads in an inside pocket. "I could do with a blessing," and again he

laughed in the same curt and grim manner.

With that he departed, and the Sister returned to the chapel.

About a week later, old Father Hardy, the parish priest from the big town, was sitting in the same reception room waiting for Sister Martha to bring in his breakfast. He and she were good friends, and his jokes were not always new, but even though well-worn and oft-repeated they were an unending source of amusement both to himself and to the little nun. This morning he was in great form, for he had noticed something which had appealed to him as having great possibilities as an object for humor. As soon as Sister Martha appeared with the tray he lowered his newspaper, peered over his glasses, and began: "Sister Martha, will you please tell Reverend Mother that I cannot allow firework displays in the chapel."

"Firework displays! Whatever do you mean, Father?"

"Yes, indeed, and I'd like to know the meaning of it all. What else can be that queer contraption that you've put up around Our Lady's statue?"

Father Hardy rambled on whilst she poured out his tea: "So you have been performing the works of mercy several at a time."

"And how did I manage that, Father?"

"Yes," he went on, ignoring her inquiry, "feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, instructing the ignorant. Do you remember the poor old tramp who called here last week?"

"Indeed I do, Father. The poor old man! What happened to him?"

Father Hardy was quite serious now.

"I had a sick call to the hospital some days after he had been here, he explained. "The poor fellow was found under a hedge in a state of exhaustion. The night Sister knew he was a Catholic because they found a rosary on him, and so I was sent for."

The priest went on with his breakfast as though he had no more to say.

"But what happened, Father?" asked Sister Martha.

"I went, of course, but the poor fellow knew nothing about his religion. He told me that he left his home when he was quite young and got lost, and had kept some queer company in his time. However, I gave him as much instruction as was possible under the circumstances, and administered the last rites."

"Yes, rather?"

"He died the same night; a very good death, too, so he's all right. You seem to have made a great impression on him, Sister Martha. He was very weak, but he managed to tell me something about his visit. He said he had not seen so much kindness for many a long year. The rosary was buried with him."

There was silence for a few moments; then Father Hardy looked at her curiously and added: "Did you notice his eyes, Sister? They reminded me of yours."

"Oh, Father!" she murmured, and looked at the floor.

"Yes," he went on, "and he asked me to give you this; he said it was the only thing he valued."

He handed her an envelope made of well-worn oilcloth. The Sister opened it and drew out an old and very faded photograph. For a minute or two she examined it with a puzzled air, apparently unable to make much out of it. Then she went over to the window and viewed it in the stronger light. The photo represented a young girl in the fashion of many years ago. Then it came back to her; she remembered how in her own home, when a child, she had seen a photograph like this in an old album which her mother kept hidden away in a drawer. A slight exclamation escaped her; it was her mother!

the number of her children but by the number of husbands she has had. All this has had such a demoralizing influence on public morals that divorce which was once a thing despised and abhorred has been condoned and excused until at present it is accepted, almost as inevitable.

What is badly needed is the arousing of public opinion against divorce. For years the Catholic Church has been trying to arouse the public conscience against it, but her spokesmen long ago prophesied the very unhappy consequences from which we are now suffering.

To our shame this country today is pointed out by the world as enjoying with Japan the unenviable distinction of having the highest divorce rate of all the countries of the world.

Home life is menaced, morality is flouted, religion is ridiculed, and Almighty God is defied by divorce. What further reasons are needed to cause God fearing and liberty loving people to rise in their might and eject this Moloch that is exacting his tribute of blasted lives, desecrated homes, and scattered families.

It is time for popular novelists to cease their blatant apologies for divorcees and divorcees. It is time too, for the jokesmiths of the stage to see the grave impropriety of turning the sanctity of wedlock into a ridicule, of flaunting the sacredness of motherhood, and of poking fun at the rights of parents. Broken homes, disrupted families, parentless children, woes and miseries innumerable are too serious to be made the staple of a joke.

It is time for all to return to the positive teaching of the Bible, forbidding divorce. Whittling away the Gospel text can never convince right minded Christians that He Who said "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," ever intended divorce.

A plain statement of the position of the Church on divorce is contained in the Bishops' pastoral. It deserves a wide circulation at this time. "Reluctantly," the Bishops state, "the Church permits limited divorce: the parties are allowed for certain cause to separate, though the bond continues in force and neither may contract a new marriage while the other is living. But absolute divorce which severs the bond, the Church does not and will not permit."

"We consider the growth of the divorce evil an evidence of moral decay and a present danger to the best elements in our American life. In its causes and its revelation by processes of law, in its results for those who are immediately concerned, and its suggestion to the minds of the whole community, divorce is our national scandal. It not only disrupts the home of the separated parties, but it also leads others who are not yet married, to look upon the bond as a trivial circumstance. Thus, through the ease and frequency with which it is granted, divorce increases with an evil momentum until it passes the limits of decency and reduces the sexual relation to the level of animal instinct. This degradation of marriage, once considered the holiest of human relations, naturally tends to the injury of other things whose efficacy ought to be secured, not by coercion but by the freely given respect of a free people. Public authority, individual rights, and even institutions on which liberty depends must inevitably weaken. Hence the importance of measures and movements which aim at checking the spread of divorce. It is to be hoped that they will succeed; but an effectual remedy cannot be found or applied unless we aim at purity in all matters of sex, restore the dignity of marriage and emphasize its obligations."—The Pilot.

resolutions. Nowadays the world indulges in revels, sees the old year out in music and dancing, and cares not a fig for resolutions. The past age held fast to the consecrated phrase, "Happy New Year," the new age has adopted the formula, "Prosperous New Year" indicative of the reign of the material in modern life.

We need to get back to the old fashioned custom of making New Year's resolutions. Professional humorists have aimed shafts of ridicule at those who yearly renounce on the first of January the world, the flesh, and the devil, and then serve all three faithfully during the rest of the year.

There is a certain amount of moral fireworks in some resolutions. They make a loud noise and go off in public. But serious resolutions are made of sterner stuff. They are taken in secret, and are not for public consumption. Even if kept for a brief time, it is an excellent thing to take a resolution.

It is better to resolve and fail, than never to resolve at all. And the man who has turned for a week or a month from habits of sin is able to endure with composure the worldly chorus of "I told you so." He has taken a step forward. He has accomplished a self conquest that will enable him to hold out longer against the future assaults of the enemy.

The two great enemies of permanent resolution are instability of purpose and over-reliance on self. Moralists tell us that to make our resolution stable, we must concentrate on a few resolutions and make them specific rather than general.

It is almost useless to resolve to do the will of God better for the future. But to resolve to say our morning prayers regularly, to resolve to avoid some specific occasion of sin, to perform some definite act of goodness, or omit some positive act of evil—these are things to work on, things that will endure through lapse of time and the gradual cooling of first fervor.

Moralists also tell us that we should not rely overmuch upon ourselves. St. Paul felt that of himself he could do nothing, but he could do all things in God Who strengthened him. The ordinary Catholic has the same unflinching help. He has the grace of God, sufficient and efficacious which comes through prayer and through the frequentation of the sacraments.

Holy Communion, Pope Pius X. reminded us, was instituted as a remedy for human frailty. The frequent reception of the body and blood of Our Divine Lord will sanctify our resolutions and furnish the Divine assistance without which we can do nothing.

Of all the resolutions that will be taken those will fail which are founded on the shifting sands of resolution and self reliance. Those will succeed which are built securely upon the solid rock of sincere repentance and trust in God's all strengthening grace.—The Pilot.

Every mother and father would resolve to spend ten minutes a day singing with and to their children, preferably the songs of their own childhood, I venture to predict that in a few years there would be a marked change in the too often insolent, modern attitude of many children towards their elders, and that we should not hear so much as we now do of the bad manners of young people.

Music still hath its charms, and a mother's music is a charm which ought to surround a child's life from babyhood, be a delightful and living memory in later years and an inspiration to do likewise, when the time comes, for the new generation.—E. U. Eaton in the Echo.

UNABLE TO WALK FOR A YEAR
Paralysis Entirely Relieved by "Fruit-a-tives"
The Wonderful Fruit Medicine

Paralysis is a break-down of the Nervous System and affects the victim in various ways. Sometimes, nervousness makes itself known by hysteria, insomnia, constant headaches, or it may be so bad that one is partially or completely helpless in some part of the body, just as Mrs. Heacock was.

SAULT STE MARIE, ONT.

"When I was twenty-eight years of age, my doctor advised me to have an operation, which I did and it proved very serious, leaving me weak and unable to walk for a year. Seeing your 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised in the papers, I decided to try them. I continued to use them regularly, and today I am able to go about my home duties and care for my family."

MRS. J. W. HEACOCK.

Any form of Nervousness is often caused by, and is always aggravated by, Constipation, which poisons the blood, irritates the kidneys and inflames the nerves. "Fruit-a-tives" stimulates the action of liver and bowels, kidneys and skin—tones and sweetens the stomach—keeps the blood pure, and builds up the entire nervous system.

In a word, "Fruit-a-tives" has proved that it is the most scientific and effective remedy in the world for Nervousness or a disordered condition of the nervous system.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

PREVENT Skin Troubles by Daily Use of Cuticura

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations. Bathe with the Soap and hot water on rising and retiring, using plenty of Soap, best applied with the hands. Smear any signs of pimples, redness or roughness with the Ointment and let it remain five minutes before bathing. Finally dust on a few grains of the exquisitely perfumed Cuticura Talcum, it takes the place of other perfumes for the skin.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Depot: Empire, Limited, 246 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. "Cuticura Soap shaves without using."

Irish Orators and Oratory

Edited by Alfred Percival Graves, M.A. William Magennis, M.A. Douglas Hyde, LL.D.

With an Introduction by Professor T. M. Kettle

SPEECHES BY

Edmund Burke (1780-1797)
Henry Flood (1782-1791)
Walter Pusey Burgin (1742-1788)
Henry Grattan (1746-1820)
John Philip Curran (1756-1817)
Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816)
Peter Burrows, K.C. (1758-1841)
John Sheares (1756-1798)
Theobald Wolfe Tone (1763-1793)
William Conyngham Plunket (1764-1854)
Thomas Goold (1766-1848)
Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847)
Robert Emmet (1778-1808)
Richard Lalor Shill (1791-1861)
Isaac Butt (1812-1879)
Thomas Francis Meagher (1823-1867)
The Rev. Mr. Cahill
The Manchester Martyrs
A. M. Sullivan (1880-1884)
Lord Russell of Killowen (1832-1900)
Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891)
Michael Davitt (1846-1908)
John E. Redmond (1851)

Price \$1.50 Postage 10c. Extra

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

"Honour Without Renown"
A NOVEL
By Mrs. Innes-Browne
Sequel to "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"
New Edition with Frontispiece

We get glimpses of life in Paris during the siege by the Germans, and from cover to cover the interest is unflagging—captivating.

\$1.42 Post Paid

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME OF THE SACRED HEART
Home for Ladies
Old Gentlemen and Couples

The institution is situated in the nicest part of the city. Very quiet. Chapel in the Home. Moderate Terms.

For particulars, apply to the Mother Superior, 78 Yate St. St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada
In Charge of the Carmelite Sisters D. C. J.

DEAF?

Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts that every deaf person should know. If you have been deaf, or are only slightly deaf, don't let it go until it is too late! Or, if you are almost totally deaf, there may be a chance of restoring your hearing. This pamphlet will tell you. It also contains about

NEW INVENTION

—The Mears De Luxe Ear Phone, and tells about our great 10-Day Free Trial Offer. Not a penny until your hearing is improved. But first write for our free literature. Now, before our supply is exhausted. Remember, they are only slightly deaf, as well as deaf, and conquer a situation well known hopeless. The construction of the plot is splendid, and the characters are drawn with exceptional skill.

It is a Fine Stirring Story
\$1.25 Post Paid

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD DAYS

There is a human sympathy and a spiritual uplift induced by the singing of beautiful melodies, and the craving for music is part of the heritage of every normal person. Why is it then, that present day parents are so neglectful of this educative force, so careless of the necessity for laying the foundations of artistic appreciation in the impressionable years? Why do so few mothers and fathers now-day children the songs which combine fine sentiment and really good music to offset the current atrocities which masquerade as melody? What has become of the parents who used to sing the nursery songs and other good melodies to their babies, and follow them with a wider range of music as the children grew older and needed it? Where are the grandmothers who knew all the fine old hymns and ballads and were not afraid to let their children be heard by admiring youth? Where, oh, where are the modern children who are brought up on anything but ragtime or jazz?

As a nation we are losing the power of expressing ourselves in song, and the younger generation is losing all the joy and cultural value of being brought up in households where music is as much a daily habit as speech, and father, mother and children sing separately or en masse as regularly as they eat and sleep.

Nothing can take the place to the child of the living human voice as a musical medium. In no other way than by listening and trying to copy can he so easily be taught to sing himself. There is no fund of memories in later years which will yield him such rich treasure as those connected with the music of his childhood, provided it has been made by mother, father, and the rest of the family.

Whatever the reason for the disappearance of singing in the home be it lack of time, fancied lack of ability, the prevalence of the "record" or the family exodus to the "movie" every evening, the songless condition of the modern household is a national menace and should be remedied without delay if we want to do what we can to bring to the world some of the old race and peace of the days that are gone.

RESOLUTIONS

A sober sadness seems to take possession of most people on the last day of old December that precedes the first of a new January. Exhilaration at the birth of the coming year is mingled with tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. At least the Lady who called it every man's second birthday, that day on which all date their time and count upon what is left.

There is more of welcome to the coming than of farewell to the parting guest in the popular interpretation of New Year's Day. The optimism that is born in man triumphs over the pessimism that he has acquired, and induces him to gather up in his mind on this day all that he has suffered, performed, or neglected during the past twelve-month to write off his losses and to plan anew for the year that is to come. It is everyman's day for turning over a new leaf. A new clean page stares him in the face, and he resolves to keep it lily white. Good resolutions he dutifully takes, and sincerely means to keep.

It has become just a little unfashionable to make New Year's resolutions nowadays. That sort of thing belonged to the age in which elderly people now living were born, and for which their children too often feel bound to apologize. The querulous superiority of past ages may offend the younger generation, but there is really nothing to apologize for.

Religious sentiments prompted the observance of New Year's Day by attendance at church, by watch night services, and the making of

THE MENACE OF DIVORCE

A non-Catholic churchman in New York had the courage to tell his people the other day that "divorce has reached a point where it threatens the life of our land. The awful situation eating like a cancer in the home, which should represent the best citizenship, ought to shock us and arouse us, and call us to action, both as citizens and as Christians until it is stamped out."

The statistics of divorce in this country are staggering. One marriage in every ten now ends in the divorce court. Divorce business proceeds so briskly that judges in our large centres are busy from morning to night every day of the week, dissolving marriages. To such a pass have we come that what the satirist Juvenal said of Pagan Roman society, has been said the other day of us, that nowadays in certain sections of society a woman reckons her family not by

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to all ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, T. T. Johnson, 246 Craig St., W. Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

The Red Ascent

By Esther W. Neill

RICHARD MATTERSON, whose historical studies had led him to become a Catholic, was the son of a Confederate colonel. The talons with his departure from a seminary in response to his sister's letter acquainting him with the desperate condition of the family fortunes. And so the black desert of unrepented disappointment leads the way to "the red ascent" through struggles which tried body as well as soul, and conquered a situation well known hopeless. The construction of the plot is splendid, and the characters are drawn with exceptional skill.

It is a Fine Stirring Story
\$1.25 Post Paid

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA