

very likely exercising those fine sturdy legs of his at cricket or football, and trying the strength of his healthy young lungs by many a good shout. But it is well to look forward.

"Ah, Father, sure where would I be if I didn't look forward? It isn't what me little boy is doin' now that I care to be thinkin' about, but what he's going to do, glory be to God!"

It was indeed chiefly the thought of the good times to come that kept Mrs. Brophy alive during the many long hard years which intervened.

"Bad times," hunger, loneliness, rapidly advancing age one side, and on the other her blessed hope, her vivid faith—and Pat's letters. Oh, those letters! every one of them from the first scrawl in round hand to the more formed characters, in which he announced his promotion to deaconship, beginning with the hope that she was quite well as he was at present, and ending with the formula that he would say no more that time—such items as they further contained being of the baldest and simplest description—were ever documents so treasured before? So tenderly kissed, so often wept on, so triumphantly cited as miracles of composition! Mrs. Brophy was a happy woman for weeks after the arrival of these letters, and was apt to produce them a dozen times a day in a somewhat limp and crushed condition from under her little plaid shawl for the edification of sympathetic neighbors.

"I had from Father Pat today," she would say long before her son could claim that title, while to the young and such as she wished particularly to impress she would allude to him distantly as "his reverence."

Last week was Biddy's joy when he at last wrote that he was really to be ordained at a not distant date, and named the day on which he was to say his first Mass? How she cried for happiness, and clasped her hands and rocked backwards and forwards! How proudly she got out "the bades" and rattled them, and kissed them, and hugged herself at the thought of the wonderful blessing which her "little boy" would soon impart to them.

"If you could only hear his first Mass, Biddy," said Father Shehan, when she went to rejoice him with the tidings.

"Ah, Father, jewel, don't be makin' me too covetous. Sure that's what I do be sthrivin' to put out o' me head. I know I can't be there, but the thought makes me go wild sometimes. If it was anywhere in ould Ireland I'd thramp till the two feet dropped off me, but I'd be there only the say, yer reverence, the say is too much for me entirely! I can't get over that. Saint Pether himself 'ud be hard set to walk that far."

Here she laughed her jolly good-humored laugh, wrinkling up her eyes and wagging her head in keen enjoyment of her own snuff, but suddenly broke off with a sniff and a back-handed wipe of her eyes.

"Laws, Father, it 'ud make me too happy!"

"Do you really mean that you would walk all the way to Dublin if you had money enough to pay for your passage to Liverpool?"

"Heth I would, an' twice as far, your reverence. Wouldn't I stage it? If I had the price o' me ticket, there'd be no holdin' me back. I can step out wid the best whin I like, an' sure anyone 'ud give me a bit an' a sup when I tould them I was goin' to see me little fellow say his first Mass."

After this, strange to say, "the price" of Biddy's ticket was forthcoming. Poor as Father Shehan was, he managed to produce the few shillings needful to frank her from the North Wall to Clarence Dock. Her faith in the charity and piety of her country-folk was rewarded, the "bit an' the sup," and even the "shake-down" in a corner, more willingly found as often as she needed it, and in due time, tired, dusty, and desperately sea-sick, she arrived in Liverpool.

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated Biddy, delighted to find herself once more on dry land. Then she chucked her black velvet bonnet forward, shook out the folds of her big cloak, clutched her bundle, and set out undauntedly for Everton, pausing almost at every street corner to enquire her way.

"Loneys! isn't England the dirty place!" she said to herself as she tramped along through the grimy Liverpool slums. But as she drew near her destination wonder and disgust were alike forgotten in the thought of the intense happiness which was actually within her grasp. She was to see Pat, upon whose face she had not looked once during all these years, and to see him a priest! To be present at his first Mass, to ask his blessing—ah, to think that her little boy would be able to give her "the priest's blessing!"—and last, but not least, she would give him her beads to bless. She had not told him of her intention to be present on this great occasion, partly because, as she told Father Shehan, "it was better not to be distractin' him too much," and partly because she thought his joy at seeing her would be heightened by his surprise. No wonder that Widow Brophy walked as though treading on air, instead of greasy pavements.

It was touching to see her kneeling in church, with eager eyes fixed on the sacristy door and the rosary clutched fast between her fingers,

but it was still more touching to watch her face when that door opened and her son at last came forth. So that was Pat! "Bless us an' save us," would she ever have known him? And yet he had very much the same face as the little bare-legged child who had first "celebrated" under the hedge, a face as innocent and almost as boyish, if not quite so brown; but he had certainly grown a good deal, and his Latin was of a different quality, and there was moreover about him that which the mother's eyes had been so quick to see, the dignity of the priest, the recollection of one used to familiar converse with his God. Who shall describe the glory of that first Mass for both son and mother? Who indeed could venture to penetrate into the sacred privacy of that son's feelings as he stood thus before the altar, his face pale, his voice quivering, his young hands trembling as they busied themselves about their hallowed task! But the mother! groaning from very rapture of heart, beating her happy breast, praying with so much fervor that the whole congregation might hear her weeping till her glad eyes were almost too dim to discern the white-robed figure of her son—surely we can all picture her to ourselves.

When the young priest was unvesting after Mass, there came a little tap at the sacristy door, a little, modest, tremulous tap, and on being invited to enter a strangely familiar figure met his gaze.

"Father Pat," said Biddy, in a choked voice, "I've come to ax your reverence if ye'll bless me bades for me, an' an' will you give me yer bless—"

She tried to fall on her knees, but the mother's instinct was too strong for her, and with a sudden sob she flung her arms around his neck.

"Me boy!" she cried, "sure it's me that must bless ye first!"—St. Anthony Messenger.

THE GERMANS AND THE TURKS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine

Notwithstanding the fact that the Turks were allies of the German Empire during the World War there is no rejoicing in Germany over the recent Turkish victories in the Near East. The German people never relished the idea of having the Turks as partners in the War and were forced into the alliance only by dire necessity.

Bismarck's famous characterization of the Sultan as "the dead man on the Bosphorus" has never been forgotten and there was no desire in Germany to bring the "dead man" to life. Indeed in the early stages of the War, when Germany hoped to be victorious, his expressions of regret were heard in many quarters that a victory for Germany would also necessitate a victory for the Turks. This feeling was intensified later on when the massacres of the Christians in Armenia took place.

Whoever knows the history of the Balkans knows that it has been written with the blood of Christians from the earliest times on. A new chapter in this record of murder and rapine has been made public in the collection of diplomatic papers recently published by Dr. Johann Lepsius called: "Deutschland und Armenien, 1914—1918." In this collection it is revealed how hundreds of thousands of Armenian Christians were slaughtered in the closing years of the War for no other reason than because they were Christians.

The German attitude on the Turkish situation is very well summed up in an editorial appearing in Der Oboerschlesische Kurier published at Koenigshtutte in the territory allotted to Poland. It reads in part:

"Not only from the German standpoint is the victory of the Turks not to be desired, but also from the standpoint of universal political welfare and humanity. That victory sets the whole of the Balkans in motion and unrest and may result in an explosion that will endanger all Europe."

"The Turks are going hand in hand with the Bolshevists of Soviet Russia and Bolshevism is the big cloak, clutched her bundle, and set out undauntedly for Everton, pausing almost at every street corner to enquire her way."

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STRICKEN BUT BUSY DOCTOR

PREACHES USEFUL SERMON TO GRUMBLERS

The career of Dr. F. H. McMechan, of Avon, on Lake Erie, Ohio, a few miles west of the limits of Cleveland, is a rebuke to men and women in health who grumble because they do not have everything they crave.

Dr. McMechan, now forty-four years old, has been confined to a wheel chair for twelve years, the result of an infection, he believes, from a pneumonia patient. His ailment has been diagnosed as arthritis.

Two days after this patient, an elderly man, died, Dr. McMechan was unable to arise from bed. Since 1910 paralysis of certain muscles and disarticulation of the joints have compelled the doctor to direct his efforts from the wheel chair.

Realizing that he could no longer continue the general practice of medicine he decided to make a study in anesthesia and angalesia, branches of the medical and surgical profession which he felt had not kept pace with the progress in other lines of these callings.

Dr. McMechan is a graduate at twenty-five from the Ohio Medical College, Cincinnati. His father and grandfather were also graduates in medicine from the same school. Dr. McMechan is also a graduate from St. Xavier college, Cincinnati. For some time he was able to do his own typewriting but increasing paralysis of his arms and hands soon compelled him to turn this task over to his wife, and to her, Dr. McMechan pays the beautiful tribute, spoken with tears in his eyes that "she has never made me feel that I was a burden to her."

Despite his physical handicaps Dr. McMechan is usually in attendance at State and national medical gatherings. He is chairman of the research committee of the National Anesthesia Research Society; secretary general of the Interstate Association of Anesthetists and nominee for the 1923 term in this office. He is engaged to attend the joint convention of several groups of physicians who specialize in the study of anesthesia, in Columbus O., October 30 and Nov. 1. On November 14th and 15th he will attend an organization meeting of the southern association of anesthetists at Chattanooga, Tenn. and will read a paper.

Dr. McMechan is of Bavarian ancestry on his maternal side and of Irish on his paternal.

"How could a man of such ancestry fail to overcome obstacles whatever they might be?" he asked during the recent convention of the Public Health Association in this city.

"Too busy every day to worry about conditions as they are" is the philosophy of both the doctor and his wife.

Medical and general literature from all over the world engage their attention and a goodly number of hours each day is given to reading, study and work.

Devout members of their faith in every sense of the word, the doctor is the object of many fervent prayers for his recovery. Petitions are being offered daily by an aunt, a nun in the convent at Grosse Point, Mich.

The case of Dr. McMechan is being studied not only by himself but by eminent physicians and surgeons. The doctor would like to effect a cure through his own treatment, he said, if that be God's will, and in bringing about his own release from the illness, he would seek to aid others similarly afflicted.

VIENNESE HONOR CATHOLIC POET

—Vienna, October 30.—The seventieth birthday anniversary of Dr. Richard von Kralik, noted poet, philosopher, historian and musician was made occasion for great festivities by the Catholics of Vienna. Dr. Joseph Eberle author of the famous book "Grossmach Presse," writes in "Das Neue Reich," "Kralik is a prominent personality of the century; not only for Austria but for Europe. That the world should bethink itself of Kralik means that it has become conscious of a chapter from the Catholic literature of culture, history, and politics." Dr. von Kralik in a lifetime of untrifling

investigation freed the ancient sources of popular religious poetry, himself composing after old originals, numerous religious plays which were staged in Vienna in the eighties and nineties of last century. Thanks to him, a new Catholic romantic poetry has sprung up in the German parts of Central Europe.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NEED OF WORLD

ONLY INSTITUTION THAT BINDS MEN TOGETHER

A brilliant address by Mr. Hilaire Belloc on the decay of authority was one of the most notable features of the three-day conference held by the Catholic Truth Society in Manchester in behalf of that organization's "Forward" movement. The Archbishop of Birmingham presided and six bishops attended the conference, which was held in Free Trade Hall.

Mr. Belloc began by saying that none arrived at the Catholic Church by a diversity of routes. One of these was the way of private conversion; but there was a very different way now open to Europe. The need which must be fulfilled; the need without which the civilization of Europe could not stand, seeing it was already in grave peril, was the need for authority, and especially for the combination of authority and truth.

AUTHORITY IN CHURCH ONLY

"The thing that has to be grasped" Mr. Belloc declared, "is the fact that the only place where one can discover, as we believe, truth; and certainly the only place where one can now discover authority, is the Catholic Church. And if that truth be not accepted within a reasonable time, those parts of our common European civilization which turn their backs upon it will decline so rapidly that all they have inherited will be lost."

This need of which he spoke, Mr. Belloc asserted, was both a political and a civic need.

"The very conception of authority during the long period of wealth and ease and peace, has been blurred and almost lost," he said. "It is the experience not only of Catholic, but of any man who has lived under any real authority, that outside of authority there is no real freedom at all."

"There is nothing holding human society together in Europe today; there is nothing between us and chaos, but routine. The insistent questions of justice, the insistent social questions—in the family as for marriage, in the State as for property—the insistent demand of man to be at peace with himself, to explain the ways of the universe to himself—these enormous needs are not met."

"Those who govern us politically know very well that they govern us now on tolerance, by routine. Those who own great property know very well that their moral right to it is challenged. Even in the ultimate molecule of society, the family, all outside the Catholic body feel that the security of that institution is challenged. Our civilization is on the edge of moral anarchy and chaos, which will be followed very rapidly by their physical counterpart unless we rediscover authority."

"No basis of authority remains in Europe except that which has saved Poland, thank God, from the communistic anarchy of the East; which has saved Hungary, Bohemia, and Bavaria, which has saved all those States within which the culture of the Catholic Church has remained."

CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY COVERS ALL LIFE

"Among the innumerable needs which the Catholic Church can fill there are two which must be clear to everyone. They are the two for which the modern world is crying out, though its cry is never answered. They are the answers to the questions: What theory or philosophy have you that will cover the whole of human life? and What theory or philosophy have you that will bind humanity together as one?"

"The philosophy of the Catholic Church does cover the whole of life, and does co-ordinate it. The proof of that lies in this: that any individual who, having accepted the Catholic philosophy as a whole, is led by some accident, some strain, some temptation, to rebel against a part of it, is always compelled by the necessity of the position very soon either to return or give up the whole."

"It never fails! A man who, under the strain of some tragic marriage, wars against the Catholic Church's doctrine of what marriage should be, ends in one of two things: in reconciliation or in the loss of the whole scheme. The only institution that binds men together in this world is the Catholic Church."

TEXAS RAILROAD GETS CATHOLIC PRESIDENT

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 16.—The departure of Thomas Hamilton for Texas, which took place Nov. 15, caused some of his many friends to remark that it would be a good thing for that State, which has elected a Ku Klux Klan senator, to acquire a sterling Catholic citizen like Mr. Hamilton, who has just become president of the International and Great Northern Railroad, and who for

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years has been operating First Vice-President of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad. Mr. Hamilton will have his headquarters at Houston and in February his wife and three children will join him there. Mr. Hamilton is a native of St. Louis, is forty-eight years of age and has been in the railroad business since he was thirteen, when he began as a messenger boy with the "Frisco. The Texas road of which he will take charge has been in the hands of a receiver, but the receivership will end December 1 and he has been selected, because of his ability and long experience, to bring the company back to a normal and profitable condition.

Then The Gifted Musician Called Neither Janes nor his wife were real musicians. She could play a little and he liked music, but they weren't expert judges of it. They had bought a Sherlock-Manning Piano. They liked it—but they weren't just sure that they had chosen wisely. AND THEN THE GIFTED MUSICIAN CALLED "A Sherlock-Manning!" he exclaimed in tones of genuine pleasure; the verdict of this man of music proved it—and they were proud of their choice. Everywhere musicians praise the Sherlock-Manning—it is "Canada's Biggest Piano Value." SHERLOCK-MANNING 20th Century Piano "The Piano worthy of your home" Made in Canada Sherlock-Manning Piano Company London, Ontario

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