

## LECTURE BY REV. DR. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

Last Sunday evening Grand Musical Vespers were sung in St. Peter's Cathedral, London. The celebrant was Rev. Father Pinsonneault. His Lordship the Bishop occupied the throne, and was attended by Rev. Fathers McKee and Egan. Rev. Father Aylward was also present. The cathedral was crowded, many non-Catholics being present to listen to a lecture given by Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, the distinguished orator and author. Rev. Dr. Smith is no stranger to Londoners, having won the hearts of our people by an interesting and scholarly address on "The Irishmen of New York" which he delivered in the Opera House last year at St. Patrick's Concert. The present lecture was under the auspices of the Children of Mary. A collection was taken up by six of their number for the poor of the city.

Between Vespers and Benediction Dr. Smith ascended the pulpit, and from the starting to the completion of his lecture held the closest attention of the vast congregation. He began by remarking that he considered it a great pleasure and an honor to make his appearance before the people as the pleader of the poor. It was only the examples of the universal faith of the Catholic Church that a man of one nation appears to the people of another in behalf of their brethren in distress. He stated that a visitor to London could not fail to be impressed by the order and dignity of our public thoroughfares and our private dwellings. The poor, he continued, was to be seen in his little cottage and plot of ground by comparison with the crowded tenement districts of the larger cities. The condition of the people here must, likewise, be, on the whole, prosperous, in proportion to the dignity and order which our city in its public appearance proclaims to the visitor. Yet no doubt, he continued, we have with you the poor, for they are "always with us." And in spite of the theories and pretensions of the times, they will be with us to the end of history, to show at least the limitations of man's intellectual nature. We cannot solve every problem and we cannot wipe out poverty, he said. Therefore, said Dr. Smith, let your charity go out to-night towards those suffering from poverty. Be generous, he continued, in behalf of those ladies who have made it their business to do your work and to go about and discover the needy and relieve their needs whilst you are enjoying your comfort.

Our life is, said the lecturer, a warfare; and this warfare takes on different forms for the individual and the society in which he lives according to the circumstances of the times. In our day the whole civilized world is divided into two camps over a single issue; and that issue is the simple question: "Is there another life to be lived by man eternally?" No need, continued Dr. Smith, for me to dwell on this subject. On one side is the camp of the Christians with their sympathies amongst the Pagans, who believe in Jesus Christ. And on the other, the proud, successful world—the world of pleasure and power—persuading its foolish devotees to enjoy themselves and be merry while they can. There is, however, no noise or clamor of warfare heard around about us; and on that account the rev. speaker could imagine many simple people looking upon him as rather an alarmist when he told them that the battle to which he referred is already on. There is no marshalling of armies, no liveried generals and no bugle call to gather the people to the front. This battle, like all battles of nature, is silent; and in its silence it is all the more deadly and all the more terrible. You can only trace it at certain points of human activity. The first and most vital place in which that war is possible is in the school. They know they must begin by training the children if they wish to have a generation of Pagans. In the United States the system of education is neutral in regard to Christianity. Throughout Europe, principally France, the school is positively hostile, going so far as to teach that there is no God and no life to come. The second stage in which this battle is raging is in society. The moment the child enters the activities called school, that moment the struggle begins for him in deadly earnest. On all sides the enemies of Jesus Christ proclaim to man that there is no God. Society, whose God is Power, whose ambition is Money, says: Come and enjoy yourself while you are here for there is no other life to come. The third place in which the battle is carried on, said Dr. Smith, is in the Legislature. War is plainly in France where the Legislature of the nation is positively antagonistic to Jesus Christ. In this country the contest is more subtle. We are not confronted here with the knife and the blunderbuss. Under the guise of courtesy and smiles our Faith is, nevertheless, being ceaselessly assailed. Continuing, Father Smith here spoke of the awful havoc divorce is creating in the United States, and stated that such laws as that were the creation of the corrupt leaders of society. To gratify the lust of the men with the millions, laws of this kind were placed upon the statute books. The fourth place in which the battle is carried on is, said the lecturer, the press—that mirror in which the whole nation sees itself reflected, even to its vices. Its pages teem with statements and accounts of every crime that could be committed against the Decalogue. Every indecency is carefully noted down, not with regret, but with a laugh and a joke. The above were the four places designated by the lecturer in which the battle against Jesus Christ is principally being fought. The result is that dirt and disorder engulf the whole land and ooze up from below. In order to deceive the people, they call all this filth—nature, pleasure, the right every one has to enjoy the corruption of his own fallen nature. Where the blighting results of this state of society becomes known best is, perhaps, said Father Smith, to the priest

in the confessional, when the torn and wounded soul returns from the awful conflict; to the magistrates, to the nurses and the wardens of our prisons, from a contemplation of the unfortunates who fall in the struggle. And society calls this progress! What Jesus Christ said centuries ago is as true to-day as it was then: "He that is not with Me is against Me; he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." Man can never establish a principle that will get along without that basis. It is awful to contemplate the results of the apostasy of man. Look at France, whose proud boast it was to be called "the eldest daughter of the Church." Look at Italy, the home of art in former days. Born and brought up Catholic, to-day their children are without faith. They are defeated and ruined. They are confronted not only with dirt and disorder, but despair as well. Despair that comes to the men and women of the world when you take away the hope that buoyed up Adam and Eve when they were driven from the Garden of Eden—the hope that built this beautiful temple; the hope that Jesus Christ brought into this world to enable man to obtain a firm footing for the hereafter. You cannot understand, said Fr. Smith, because you have never experienced the love, the innocent, beautiful creature created by Almighty God to be happy forever with Him in eternity become the victims of despair and suicide. In the train of dirt, disorder and apostasy, follows suicide. Here the question was asked by the rev. lecturer: "What are we to do in the matter?" Are we, he continued, to stand with our arms folded when the church is built and the pastor has taken possession, and work in the church until the good buries even the steeple? Are we to sit down quietly while this disgrace goes on around us? Is that Christian? No, answered Dr. Smith. We must take up arms and go into the midst of the battle and fight whilst we have life. We have two obligations—to preach the gospel to every creature and to save for Christ the generations that are to come. In referring to life in Rome in the third century Father Smith vividly depicted the persecutions and cruelties inflicted on the poor and the slaves by the Roman aristocracy and told of the resignation and contentment, nay, joyfulness, which the gospel preached by Lawrence, the representative of Christ, wrought in the lives of two widely different members of society—a Roman soldier and a slave—enabling both of them to openly proclaim their belief in Christianity after sorrows and sufferings, and finally to gain the martyr's crown. Referring to Lawrence, the ambassador of Christ, entering the prison to announce the Christian faith to the unfortunates confined there to await the pleasure of their cruel masters, Father Smith said: This is what we must do for the people around us who have no faith. We cannot sit still and leave to the outside world all the souls for whom Christ died. We must do it or die. There is no alternative. Why should we trust the ignoble, scheming, wretched world? It is swayed by ambition, power and pleasure. Less than one hundred years ago the heads of our Bishops and priests were cut off for upholding and practicing the faith. And it is not so long since the churches and schools and Catholic institutions of the United States went up in flames. No, we have no choice and we must war against the spirit of the world. How are we to do it? For every school that is built in which religion is not taught, we must build another to offset its influence. Every Legislature that enacts bad laws, such as divorce, we must by our votes have substituted by another. The society that ignores God must be met in the same manner. The Pagan press, books, magazines, libraries, must be counteracted by our supporting good literature, Catholic and Christian to the core. While the warfare goes on in the kid-glove fashion we must not be fools enough to shut our eyes to the danger. Our main weapon of attack must be, always, faith. Jesus Christ is our leader. His lieutenants are our Bishops and priests. The laity are the soldiers. United and strong in the spirit of faith, hope and charity, we will conquer, and like St. Paul we can say: "I have finished my course; I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith." This is the weapon that we must use in order to allay the souls from the false principles that are bringing this world to destruction.

## The Easter Duty.

Catholic Practices.

The Easter duty is the obligation of every Catholic of requisite age to receive Holy Communion within the Easter time.

This obligation begins at about the twelfth year and continues throughout life. During this time it binds under pain of mortal all those who enjoy the use of reason.

The Easter time in this country extends from the first Sunday of Lent until Trinity Sunday.

The precept binds all grown Catholics of sound mind without distinction, whether they are in health or in sickness, whether they are able to go to church or not.

Those who are not able to go to church during the Easter season, or those in charge of them, must notify the priest, so that he may bring Communion to the former, although they be in no danger of death.

Do not put off notifying the priest until the last week, or second last week of the Easter time; but give him ample opportunity by notifying him in the beginning or in the middle of the Easter season; as he may have a great many invalids to attend to during the course of the Easter time.

## An Editor's Guess.

From the Sacred Heart Review.

A new attack on the Catholic Church is being circulated in the shape of a book with the title "The Devil in Robes." We don't know much about it, but judging from its name it is a biography of Margaret Shepherd.

## FATHER POLYCARP, RITUALIST.

Torquill MacDonald contributes to the Century Magazine "An Anglican Monk," one of the most pathetic and suggestive of recent short stories. Its background is the religious life of England and Scotland thirty years ago, its hero, Father Polycarp, erst the Rev. Angus Sutherland, son of a Scotch officer in the British service, and grandson of a Scotch peer. Young Sutherland was an extreme High Churchman—the whole Anglican body in Scotland is Ritualistic, for not being "by law established," it is unchecked in the following of its natural bent. He had worked with his party till his uncertainty on the score of Anglican orders had driven him to seek ordination from a Bishop of the Schismatic Greek Church and initiation into the religious life in a Schismatic Greek monastery. Then he came back to social ostracism and mob violence in London, rejoicing in persecution and having no earthly desire but to buy long "and reviving upon that tale of the simplicity and the holiness of the days of Columbia."

It is a part of Ritualistic inconsistency that a sincere and self-denying man, like Father Polycarp, should still claim to be a clergyman of the Church of England as by law established, and to whose laws he refused obedience, and to salute as heretics those who had no other claim to the title than the orders on which he would not stake his own trust.

Even among his old party of advanced High Churchmen, however, the Anglican monk found scant countenance. One old friend, indeed, stood by him; but the Rev. Van Kessel Schuyler had himself fallen from his erst estate, only in an opposite direction. As the author of a work on clerical celibacy, he had once been in high favor, but now having married—a Low Church woman at that—he was in a disgrace with the austere young apostles of the unsuppressed Oxford movement. He was in England trying to recover the copyright of his pamphlet on celibacy, so that he could stop its publications when he found his old friend in Father Polycarp.

"I wish to warn you against promising to visit that unhappy man, or countenancing him in any way," said the Rev. St. John Cholmondeley, Schuyler's ex-actor and ex-spiritual director. "You have already deeply erred. To commit another sin is not the way to atone for the past."

Of course the warning was wasted. The married Ritualist and the tobaccoed Anglo-Greek monk renewed their friendship with enthusiasm; nay, more, the Low Church wife of the former became an ardent champion of the latter, and was deeply moved by his presentation of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

For among Father Polycarp's intensest desires was the revival in the Anglican communion of that devotion to the Mother of God for which England was once renowned. As he said: "Of all the evils brought upon this unhappy country by the so-called Reformation my heart has ever most deplored her total alienation from the Mother of God. We have lost belief in many holy and beautiful truths, such as the Real Presence, the Communion of Saints, and the guardianship of angel; but we have actually seemed to think we were doing God a service by reviling His Blessed Mother. Many a day have I watched and prayed that Our Blessed Lady would vouchsafe to England some token of her forgiveness and her love. But I did not ask—I did not dream—that it would be at our poor Abbey."

Father Polycarp failing to get possession of long, had been to some extent restored, a ruined abbey in the North of England, and here he received postulants and, in underestimating imitation of the "monks of old," daily fed a horde of tramps.

Like the Trappists, he is willing to receive the chief of sinners and do his best to make him the chief of saints. "I am Clifton, another Oxford friend, who hard-headed lawyer thought he was, all but adored Father Polycarp. 'Unlike the Trappists, he is not a judge of men. And, would! they plunder him, slander him, he refuses to prosecute, and has just as much faith in the next penitent who presents himself.'"

One of these unwelcome penitents, Brother Oren, the treasurer of the monastery, playing upon Father Polycarp's desire, and drawing two honest partners into his swindle, got up a fraudulent apparition of Our Lady, and published it far and wide.

Poor Father Polycarp was absent at the time of the reported vision, but nothing doubting, instructed a Triduum in thanksgiving for it; and Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler and Clifton augmented the party from the Hall, the residence of the Squire, the monk's sturdy champion, to assist at the solemnity.

The story of the apparition had, however, "been received by the higher classes with scorn and by the lower with fury. Those who had never heard of the miracles at Yorkshire; and, as in the days of the Gordon riots, ruffians who had never voluntarily entered a place of worship in their lives," now professed to believe the Church of England in danger and in need of their dubious championship.

At the closing service of the Triduum, these creatures were strongly in evidence, reinforced by a lot of mill-operatives, out of work and spoiling for a fight.

Just before he should face his congregation for the words with which he meant to prelude "the office of Benediction" Father Polycarp discovered that Brother Oren had been caught in the act of running away with the monastery funds, and with copies of a "confession" which he meant to scatter as he went, charging the fraudulent apparition to the honest head of the monastery. And then, nothing would do Father Polycarp but to tell the truth to the rough crowd without implicating the miserable impostors.

The fire and magnetism of the man saved the day—at least until Benediction had been given. And then an English "tough" with a blow from his heavy club, laid the monk bleeding and

senseless on the altar-steps. He lived for a brief return to consciousness, and to lay the blame of his own misadventure on the shoulders of the Church of whose Visible Body he had believed himself a part.

Anglican monks are no novelty in England to-day, and may hold Tridiums with little fear, for the murderous Gordon rioters have dwindled down to noisy ineffectual Kenits, with whom the police have no sympathy.

But soon or late, the flower of these monasteries find their refuge in the True Church, as poor Father Polycarp would have found it, had life been left him. Meantime, they are softening and civilizing in some degree the debased, unchristian masses of their countrymen, who since they were robbed of the True Faith, long ago, have steadily lapsed into their primitive barbarism.—Boston Pilot.

## "THE IDEAL HUSBAND."

"The Ideal Husband" was the title of Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy's sermon in St. John's Church, Altoona, on a recent Sunday evening. He began by saying that one of the most noticeable and regrettable facts in the social life of to-day is that young men are not given to marry. It is a grave social problem. Some years ago it was asked, "Is marriage a failure?" And in view of the many unhappy unions and the constantly growing number of divorces in America there was seemingly justification for the answer, Yes, given by some people. To-day the question is, Why do not our young men marry? Bachelors are quite numerous in every community. Here in Altoona elsewhere men passing the age of thirty-five and forty without any thought of marriage, whilst around them is the most eligible list of fair young women with all the virtues and qualities that go to make up good and loving wives. What is the cause of this social change? Can the fault lie with the young woman? True, it is a good thing to go slow; to realize what and how serious the step is; to distinguish between fancy and affection, passion and true love; to fully appreciate the duties and obligations of the marriage state. Marriageable women complain and say the fault lies with the men; the men in turn blame the women. The case stands. And there are fewer marriages.

The commonly assigned reason of the young man is that he cannot afford to marry; that women have grown too extravagant in their habits; that, in other words, it is too expensive to support a wife. While there may be some truth in this, the speaker held that it was not the only reason. It is sufficient cause to justify our young men from abstaining from marriage. The independence of many young women who earn their own living in almost every avocation of life was set down as another reason to account for the disinclination to marry. They do not need a helpmate; they are able to help themselves, and as bachelors seem reconciled to their state, it is held by some that the advanced or higher education of women has a tendency to lessen the number of marriages. No doubt this is so where there is in a community a notable difference between the sexes in educational excellence and refinement.

These were some of the answers given to the question why men do not marry.

Taking up the subject of the ideal husband, it was looked at from the woman's point of view. Of husbands there were two kinds: The prospective husband and the husband in reality; the husband to be and the husband that is. What qualities and virtues should be found in the one and in the other? She held that the ideal prospective husband should be intelligent, moral, industrious, sober, law-abiding, home-loving, virtuous, a God-fearing man—in short, a Christian gentleman. This he can and should be, whether he is a mechanic or a merchant prince, a day laborer or the Governor of the State, a rich man or a wage-earner. If he possess these qualities he will make any woman happy, and such a union will be blessed indeed. It will typify the union that exists between Christ and His Church; sacramental blessings will sanctify the lives of husband and wife as well as the children of such a marriage.

Speaking of the grounds and conditions of a true marriage, he held that the creative forces of happiness must come from conjugal love. Whim, fancy, passion and other things are sometimes mistaken for love. The reading of a certain class of fiction contributes to many wretched marriages; to the daily list of "would-be-lovers" with the sad and dramatic ending of the murder of the loved and the suicide of the lover. The ideal love rarely, strange as it may seem, makes the ideal husband. For he is the unhappy victim of an enchantment which changes his nature and inspires him to fill an unreal part. He is more emotional than rational; more eloquent than truthful; more intelligent than practical; he is not to be taken at his word or judged by the golden wings of fancy. It has been too often found that the lover who showed a delicate taste in the choice of flowers for his lady love when he becomes a husband manifests a heartless indifference to his wife's pot plants and a vulgar shrewdness in discussing household economies.

There are many people who marry for money, both men and women. There are marriages of convenience; more frequent in the old world, perhaps, than here, where family considerations are taken account of. As this country gets older and fortunes are acquired, temptations of this sort will be greater. Too many American women marry for a home or a foreign title. Such marriages cannot prove happy. They are unworthy. There can be no blessing on such a union. Mixed marriages generally prove unhappy. So far the prospective husband.

Of real husbands there are many classes. In one class may be grouped the irascible, fault-finding, moody husband, who is far indeed from the ideal. In another class may be placed the secret, shiftless, the mean, greedy, cruel, miserly husband. In yet another class

is found the spendthrift husband and the one who seeks pleasure and enjoyment outside his own home; the husband who seeks congenial society in the tavern, the club-room or the low theatre. And, lastly in a class by himself, might well be placed the intemperate husband—the drunkard. Many instances were cited of the ruin, misery and crime brought on wives and children by drunken husbands. Great genius, like that of Edgar Allen Poe's, is no safeguard against the frightful results of this vice.

In the marriage service the couple vow "for better or worse." Once a choice is made and the new home established, it is worse than folly to conclude that one might have done better. Sensible husbands and wives will make allowance for the discovery of points of disagreement in temperament and of human weaknesses in each other. They will be patient and tolerant. The blessing of God rests upon those who can bear and forbear. Reference was made to the admirable and tender devotion of the late President McKinley as a husband. This, perhaps, more than anything else in a noble character, endeared him to the American people.

Above all, positive religious influence should be found in the ideal husband and in his home. The family altar should be set up in every new home, which should be modeled after the home of Nazareth. If the spirit of Christ were in the home, how many strifes, scandals and sinful practices would be avoided? Most of the tragedies of life can be traced to a lack of piety and reverence in the home. The ideal husband and wife should share each others' joys and sorrows. The ideal husband should ever look upon the woman whom he has chosen to be his life companion as his most faithful friend, his best comforter, his stay and counsellor—the pride of his heart, the light of his life and the queen of his home.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

## WHEN VICTOR HUGO CALLED FOR A PRIEST.

In the midst of the voluminous prose, and even poetry, to which the glorification of Victor Hugo has given rise, there is a striking account of his death in the periodical called the Etudes, directed by the Jesuits. This sets forth that at the awful moment of his passing, the adversary of the Papacy, the turn-coat who was Royalist, Republican, Catholic and Freethinker, as it suited him, called desparingly for a priest. The story was told by an actor, now dead, and whose daughter lives at present in Paris. This actor was allowed by Victor Hugo's valet to see the poet in less than an hour after his death. The player was overwhelmed by the appearance of unbearable anguish, horror and despair on the face of the dead man, and expressed his astonishment and terror to the valet. The latter said: "Ah, Monsieur! he was passing away, Victor Hugo raised himself from his bed by a desperate bound, his fingers crisped and crooked, and he twice cried out, 'A priest, a priest!' but no priest came." The actor went away horror-stricken, and on reaching home said to his daughter: "I should not like to die like that; if I fall ill, you must call in Father Monsabret at once;" and he added, "I shall tell nobody of what I saw and heard, but all the same it is awful."

Victor Hugo was not the only anti-clerical Republican who called out for a priest when dying. Others were in the same predicament before him, and went to their account with all their imperfections on their heads, like Hamlet's father. Cardinal Guibert offered his services when Victor Hugo was dying, but the poet's family declined them. The same way M. Floquet's friends and hangers-on rejected the offer of Cardinal Richard to attend the dying politician in his last moments. Again, in the case of President Felix Faure, the services of the late Vicar of the Madeleine were dispensed with, and soon after he left the Presidential palace servants were running everywhere for a priest. Nearly every one of the politicians of the Third Republic who have been identified with opposition to the Church had been brought up as Catholics. Even Victor Hugo was in his youth regarded by Lammennais as a coming Prudentius who would serve the cause of religion by his poetry. Hugo had been well brought up by his mother and one of his earliest friends was that Due de Rohan who became a priest of St. Sulpice after his betrothed had been burned to death. It had often been said that if Lammennais, who was deeply interested in Hugo, had not left the Church the man who was glorified the other day in that now pagan temple, the Pantheon, would have remained a Catholic.

## MODERN MAWKISHNESS.

The world, and in an especial manner the United States, is given up to a mawkish and affected horror of severity. Ask the principals of colleges, and they will tell you how the plain necessities of life are not considered sufficient by parents; their sons must have the comforts and luxuries of life. There must be no corporal punishment. Such is the false humanity of the world. This is displayed again in the overrated kindness to animals. Horses and dogs are bought at an exorbitant price; are well fed, lodged and tended, while within a stone throw are Christians dying of neglect and starvation.

American parents are too indulgent to their children, and therefore it is not uncommon to find them disobedient and disrespectful. The conduct of such parents is not kindness, but cruelty, and bitterly will they repent it in after years, when their son's soul will be lost for eternity. Be kind, good and gentle, but let it be accompanied by firmness, and if need be, by severity. Oh! to think how how animals were petted while human souls were neglected. Is there not something wrong in that humanity? There is but one gigantic evil in this world—sin; and what does the world think about it? That it is only wrong when found out. Cruelty

to a soul in allowing, or not stopping it in its career of vice, is worse, ten thousand times worse, than cruelty to an animal, vivisection, or any of those morbid sentiments about which the world is now so taken up. Though the severity of God is great, it is not a cause of dread to the true Christian, but rather of love.—American Herald.

## ORIGIN OF SOME CHURCHES.

Rev. John F. Mullany, L. L. D., in April Donahoe's.

To prove that the Church is the only lineal descendant of the apostles we proudly point to the fact that she alone of all the Churches, claiming to be Christian, can trace her pedigree, generation after generation, back to the apostles. The origin of all other Christian communities can be traced to a comparative modern date. Martin Luther, an excommunicated Saxony priest, was the founder of the Church which bears his name. He died in 1545. Henry VIII. of England originated the Episcopal Church, when he divorced himself from his lawful wife, to gratify his lustful passion for another woman. Pope Clement VII. refused to sanction the election of this licentious monarch, and hence the Episcopal sect in 1571. John Calvin and John Knox, two excommunicated priests, evolved several branches of the Protestant faith in 1550. John Wesley is the founder of the Methodist Church, which dates back to 1729. It would be tedious to mention the originator of each of the numerous Protestant sects, whose origin is fifteen hundred years or more too late to have any pretensions to be called the Apostolic Church. Besides most of these seceders advocated errors against Christian truth and Christian morality that to-day cause the blush of shame to come to the cheek of many of their followers, and the more honest among them have the manliness to denounce the reformers and the so-called reformation as a miserable apostasy.

## SCIENTISTS AND UNBELIEF.

By Rev. Henry A. Braun, D. D., in April Donahoe's.

The attitude of unbelieving scientists towards reason and faith is often ludicrous. What can be more amusing than an army of entomologists denying the creative cause, and dissecting the body of a common bug to find out the nature and relation of its members, and the source of its life and motive power. After centuries of vivisection they cannot solve the problem of the bug's life. Another division of scientists armed with microscopes inspects the minute bacillus, and with persistent zeal pursues the investigation through every repulsive change and habitat, without being able to solve the problem of bacterial vitality or origin. Again an army of chemists well supplied with reagents, alembics, and with disintegrating acids, after the most careful and profound research is puzzled by a drop of liquid or the quintessence of a gas. What is it? Whence does it come? They cannot answer. They have boiled down everything and have explained the processes by which they make the distillation or the distillation, only to find the residue and remainder—an unknown quantity without a cause!

## SAILOR AND JESUIT.

Henry Schomburg Kerr, Who Left the Navy to Enter the Society of Jesus.

From the Sacred Heart Review.

The Athenaeum has given a very kindly notice to the "Life of Henry Schomburg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit," written by his cousin, Mrs. Maxwell Scott. It remarks:

"After serving in the navy till he attained the rank of commander (he retired from the sea and entered the Society of Jesus, carrying with him the trained energy and force of character which had promised to win him distinction in the more active profession. In the various offices which he afterwards held in England, as military chaplain in Cyprus, and as chaplain to Lord Ripon, when Viceroy of India, he became known by his delicate tact, zeal and self-effacement. On his return from India he was specially appointed by the Pope to be Archbishop of Bombay; but he pleaded broken health, and, in accordance with an old wish, was appointed to the Zambesi Mission, though—and this was not in accordance with his wish—superior of the mission. It was shortly before this that an old messmate, meeting him at Southsea, said, by way of a joke, 'They ought to have made you a Bishop by this time.' To his friend's astonishment he answered, 'They did offer me Bombay, but I preferred missionary work.' So he went out to the Zambesi, labored there for years, and died of a sharp and sudden attack of pneumonia in 1895—a sailor and a Jesuit, as the title page tells us; a man and a Christian, as every page of this pleasantly written little volume shows."

We make this quotation in full, because we are glad to show by an example the way in which a critic or any other honorable writer should use his pen in mentioning matters connected with the Catholic Church. There is no fling here at the Jesuits, raked up from malignant tales of a bigoted past or a prejudiced mind, but fair and courteous dealing with a noble subject. We are glad to welcome, too, an old acquaintance in Father Kerr, to whom we were introduced before in the charming life of his sister, Mother Honesta Kerr, of the Sacred Heart Order. They were two worthy children of Lord Henry Kerr, an Anglican clergyman, who, with his wife, embraced the Catholic faith when their son and daughter were young.

In some shape all must suffer, but such sufferings will be made the instrument of salvation when accepted in the proper spirit. "If so be that we suffer with Him," says St. Paul, "that we may also be glorified together."

Life is very short and the world to come already dawns upon us. Choose boldly a life devoted to Christ. Be His above all, be His only.