

Father Smith is, as a warm admirer of his writings said to us not long ago: "A red hot propagandist of the faith; impatient with his own for their want of energy and enraged with the enemy for their dishonesty. He writes, as a soldier fights, for the good of the cause and, occasionally, because consumed by fire he must write."

He has now rounded out his three score years of an honourable life and is a man of whom the New York Sun said: "He is delivering a message which might well rouse his day and generation."

Father Smith has been charged by some querulous critics with subordinating Catholic dialectics to the trivialities of the popular novel. But what is a Catholic priest gifted with lofty thoughts to do? If he publishes a book freighted with Catholic argument and controversial or philosophic thought, the people will not read it.

The reading public, to-day, inside or outside the Church, is not clamouring for ponderous writing, no matter how sound or cogent it may be, and while the learned writer has not passed out of vogue, he must to-day make no parade of his learning. "Have you read Cardinal Wiseman's Essays and Lectures?" asked the elder Ward of Lady Portarlington. "No, I have not," she answered, "but I read his *Fabiola* twice over."

The Duke of Argyle, in a brief reminiscence of Tennyson, tells us the poet once said to him in referring to Lady Tennyson: "She is a sweet, spiritual woman who delights in brilliancy and crispness, avoiding heavy reading as she does heavy dinners."

And so Father Talbot is trying to-day to do what Cardinals Wiseman and Newman did for their generations when, for the masses, they recast Catholic truth, Catholic heroism and Catholic morals in popular molds like *Fabiola* and *Calista*.

It is impossible to read Father Smith's various publications and not be impressed with his Catholic trend of thought. And because of his sound Catholic principles he is always well bal-