

## MOTHER KATE.

## SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

The current number of *The Orient*, the interesting organ of the Convent of St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston, gives a beautiful memoir of the revered and beloved Superior, who was called to her rest a short time since, at the age of 83, after sixty-five years of work and service in the religious life. The article tells us that Katherine Anne Egerton Warburton was born in the parsonage of a small village on the banks of the Mersey, her father being vicar of the parish. He was the son of a great Cheshire family, to which the land around had belonged since the days of the Conqueror. Katherine's mother belonged to a family whose history was also buried in antiquity, a race of fighters and little Katherine inherited the fighting spirit, and was later to take her part in a crusade "serving her Prynce."

The earliest portrait shows her a little girl about eight years old, with thick, short golden hair hanging down on each side of her resolute little face. There are fire and energy in the poise of her head, on the slim shoulders, in the glance of the dark eyes and strength, and great tenderness in the small, finely formed hands, which are clasping a collie puppy to her heart. This fire and energy, this tenderness for God's creatures, remained with her to her last breath. We have only to look at the beautiful

face, whose picture we have been allowed to produce, to see how the physical promise of her childhood was fulfilled.

She loved to run wild and cared more for horses than anything, and to "hold on by her eyelids."

She recalls being taught to ride by her grandfather, an old Peninsular officer in a high hat and blue coat with brass buttons, the small Kate being herself arrayed in a blue pelisse and a large black beaver bonnet.

Religion, as presented in those days, did not seem to trouble her, but she remembered how the preacher banded

the cushions, and "how I liked it!"; but at seventeen the "one clear call" came to her, when she was out on the mere in a boat, pulling up the weeds.

"Something came suddenly into my heart, putting everything in a different light for me."

From that moment she went straight forward and at eighteen she entered the convent, which, at the close of her life, she said that she never regretted for a single moment.

Gay and sweet, warm-hearted, overflowing with fun, she must have been immensely attractive at that time.

Her slight little figure must have looked very attractive kneeling in the oratory, with the white veil shading her rosy, childish face.

Her artistic and literary ability was of a high order.

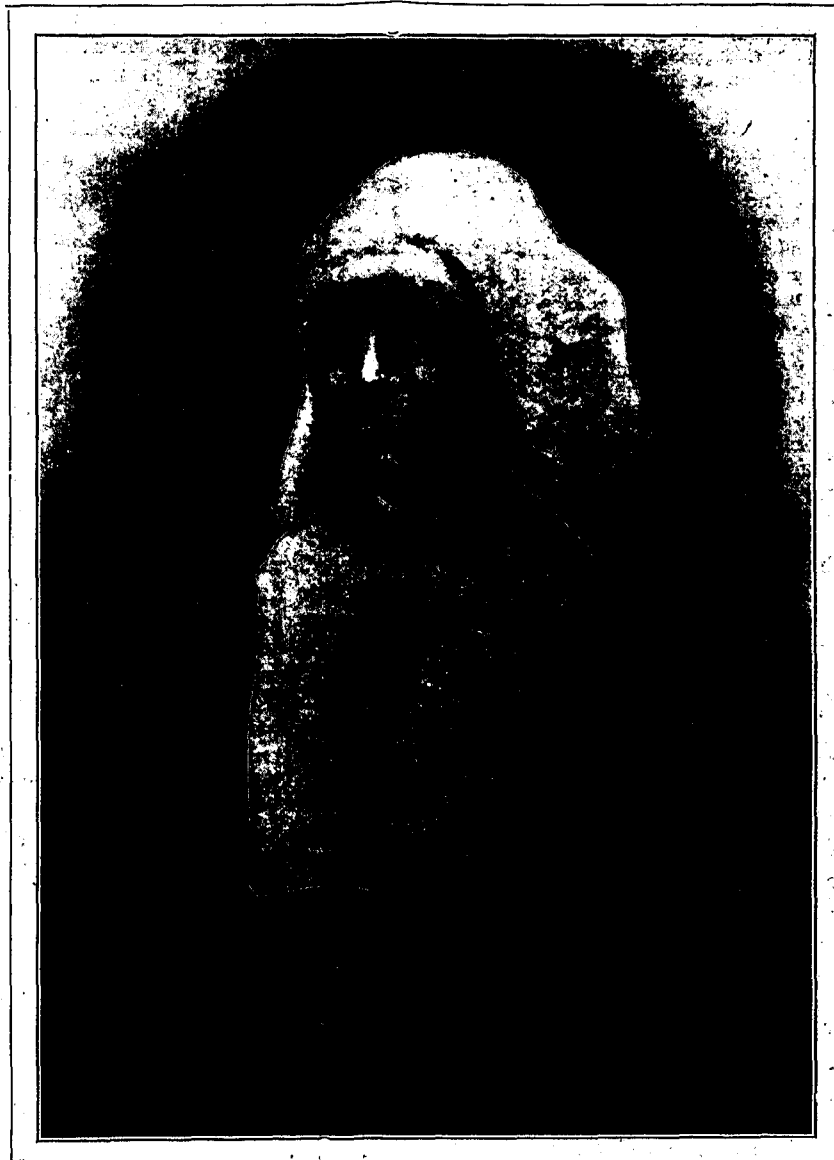
Her fine courtesy and manners, her dignity and reserve; her lavish generosity of money, time, and talents, combined with many other spiritual graces, made her especially fitted to be Mother of the Community to which high office she was called at the early age of twenty-eight.

She demonstrated during those fifty-five years of love and service that "Mother" was no vainglorious title, but that she was mother indeed to all who had claim on her sympathy in the mean and dreary environment of Haggerston.

Shortly after her election, in 1870, before the days of organised district nursing, a great epidemic of smallpox was raging in the parishes where she and her Sisters

worked. The Shoreditch Vestry had run up a temporary wooden hospital in a disused burying-ground, and four of the Sisters undertook the nursing there. The remainder of the Sisters, including Mother Kate, gave themselves up to visiting those who were stricken in their own wretched homes, many of them in a dying condition, some already dead. They nursed the living, consoled the dying, laid out the dead, hurrying all day from call to call.

Winter came but still the epidemic raged and the suffering caused by the intense cold increased the universal distress.



From a Photo by Norman Taylor, Oxford.

MOTHER KATE  
(Circa 1874.)

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