The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

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OLD SAYINGS

Among the shrewd sayings that passed current in days that seem far back in our experience one dictum stood out clearly, bearing on its face the hall-mark of worldly wisdom. It roundly declared that Discretion is the better part of valor. We are passing through the most critical of the stages which mark our national evolution.

It is an epoch when proverbs and popular phrases which embody the fallible judgments of the fathers are more and more subject to the criticism of the new generation. Our young men and women see visions, and refuse to be bound by the conclusions of their elders. It cannot be denied that presumption often takes the form of stubborn adherence to a barren or discredited maxim. Just now there are unmistakable signs that our people, old and young, are sorely in need of a judicial temper in their outlook upon public affairs. The accepted formula above quoted may serve as a text for some reflections on a situation which is obscured by crossing lights and shadows that tend to confuse and perplex the common mind.

It is significant that the adage about discretion being the better part of valor comes down to us from Elizabethan times, when the tremendous conflict between the absolutism of Spanish Philip and the measured freedom upon which the English State had founded itself was at its height. It occurs in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas, Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of Falstaff—that swaggering, pot-valiant knight, victor in unwitnessed fights with phantom armies, effective wielder of the brush and patron of the flowing bowl, he stands for the exception that emphasizes the rule. His discreet avoidance of personal danger was buttressed by a hardihood of assertion which few dare emulate and none could carry off with greater aplomb.

OUR DAYS

In modern warfare there would appear to be less scope for discretion than in the imperfectly scientific battles which roughly outlined the map of Europe. Then individual initiative and physical prowess were the chief factors in achieving victories. Now, machinery, craftily and overwhelmingly brought to bear upon enemy forces and armament depots, seems to overrule in trench and dug-out. Static defence and dynamic attack are less equally balanced than they were in the Napoleonic era. Wellington could not have imagined such methods of fighting, nor could Grant or Sherman have envisaged such scenes of conflict as the fields of Flanders and France exhibit to-day. It is an unparalleled war between Titanic powers that transfixes the world's gaze—let us hope for the last time in our planet's history.

How state a case for sound judgment in view of the new perils which environ us all more or less in this period of mental and physical trial? It is easy to expound first principles; but then, as we often say, "circumstances alter cases." Aristotle, in his Ethics, laid out his theory of the Golden Mean. Thus he instances the liability to unbalanced views of conduct when he says that "the extremes thrust away from the mean, for the coward calls the brave man rash, and the rash man calls him coward." So it is that merely abstract discussion is generally unfruitful. Plutarch is a practical philosopher. He is rich in moving examples that bring out the real distinctions between the heroic temper and the proneness to timidity in handling affairs, not in the battlefield only, but also in the Council Chamber and the administrative post.

MOVERS OF MEN

We cannot always assume that disinterested patriotism and organising ability animate our political leaders, but we take for granted the courage of the rank and file in the War. How nobly our men have behaved in terrible straits on land and sea and in the air we know. If our shortcomings in strategy and supply have shocked our sense of obligation ought we not to attribute these mainly to deficiencies in mental and moral development? Will, guided by bright intelligence, always strikes the heroic note. The classic myths all ring the changes on exceptional power and efficiency. A Hercules, an Arthur, draws all ages towards the central truth of personality; a Cæsar or a Napoleon commands the homage of mankind. Such characters charm by their adequacy in critical situations. The popular ballads and romances are devoted to their glorification. Orators flourish on their traditonal fame and exploits. Great musicians celebrate their deeds and sacrifices. All this shows that the supreme attainment is the casting out of fear. Fear usually springs from ignorance, which commonly allies itself with meanness.

The reconciliation of these two constituents of human nature has been the paradox of government in war and peace. The diplomatic counsel of old Polonius to his son Laertes does not cover all cases, as Polonius himself found when Hamlet thrust his rapier behind the tapestry on overhearing a rustling noise.

PROBLEM OF IRELAND

AND THE WAY TO SOLVE IT AS TOLD BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P. IN NEW YORK WORLD

To get Ireland back into the War; to get some more of her gallant sons to join in fighting for the freedom of the world; that is the problem which confronts today the statesmanship of the Allied countries. Let me see if I can find a way out of this now difficult and complicated problem.

IRELAND WHEN THE WAR BEGAN

And first let us see why it is that Ireland is out of the War; for if we discover the reason we may find the way for solving the problem. Ireland was not always out of the War. This is a central fact of the situation which is constantly lost sight of, and perhaps in some circles in America almost as much as in England. Mr. Redmond was the very first man, following on the speech of Sir Edward Grey, in Aug., 1914, to pledge the adhesion of Ireland to England in this War, on the ground that England was fighting the battle of freedom and that Ireland could not take any other side but that of freedom. That declaration of Mr. Redmond, coming suddenly, made without consulting Irish opinion, without consultation even with Mr. Redmond's chief colleagues who were absent in Ireland, was, nevertheless, accepted by Ireland with enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm translated itself into acts as rapidly as in England. Thousands of our young men rushed to the training camps—and they went there accompanied by their local leaders, by their priests, by crowds, by bands, by processions. The Irish in Great Britain—an important section of the Irish race often forgotten, though they number nearly two millions and a half of people and are a fourth of the entire population in the two great cities of Liverpool and Glasgow—acted with even greater promptitude and, long before conscription was enacted in Great Britain, had sent 100,000 men to the army. With Ireland's 175,000 men, this made a total of 275,000 Irishmen from the British Isles. A further, and even more astonishing, symptom of Ireland's change of heart was that "God save the King"—banished from every Irish Nationalist gathering for more than a century because it was regarded as a sign of submission to the denial to Ireland of her right of self-government—was sung at Irish Nationalist gatherings; I myself presided at a meeting of Irish Nationalists in London where it was sung for the first time in the history of the race.

WHY THE IRISH RECRUITED

Why did the Irish thus rally to the army? There was, first, the sense that England was on the side of freedom; then came the horrors of Belgium; then sympathy with France; then the instinctive hatred of everything like German militarism in Irish hearts. I may give as an amusing instance of that later feeling that several shops were broken into, mobbed and destroyed in Dublin, in the belief that they belonged to Germans; as a matter of fact they were run by Russian Jews. But the overmastering motive undoubtedly was that in fighting for the freedom of Europe they might have felt they were fighting for the freedom of Ireland.

Thus it was that the appeal to fight reached not merely the young man of the farm and the shop but the men of letters, like Thomas Kettle, Ireland's most brilliant son for a quarter of a century—poet, essayist, orator, thinker—and politicians even more, such as Willie Redmond, not far from his sixtieth year, and Stephen Gwynne, politician and man of letters, over fifty years of age. The high tide of enthusiasm swept out of existence ancient memories; in that hour of wonderful transition the rebel soil of Ireland, consecrated by generations of suffering and resistance—with memories of scaffold, jail and exile—was changed into a passionate love of all the things that it had fought and hated. The sons and grandsons of rebels were among the first to join.

The Redmonds came from a long line of Wexford rebels. A grandson of Patrick Egan, once the most dreadful man in Ireland, was wounded in the trenches. Esmondes have been hanged during rebellions, and the blood of Henry Grattan, the great patriot who fought for the old Irish Parliament to the last hour, runs in the veins of Sir Thomas Esmonde, the bearer of the Esmonde name today—his son died in the Battle of Jutland. John Fitzgibbon, now a quiet member of Parliament, stood during the Land League struggle for all that was courageous and inflexible in the fight for the land, and was imprisoned some dozens of times. One of his sons died in Gallipoli; another a Jesuit priest and an army chaplain, has, I learn from the papers, been awarded the Victoria Cross—England's highest decoration for bravery. I have a sister whose grandfather and mine fought at Vinegar Hill, the great battle of the great Rebellion of 1798; whose father and mine was a rebel in 1848. She herself was imprisoned during the Land League struggle. Her last surviving son, a boy of about twenty-two, died in France. Two Irish leaders were especially active in recruiting—John Redmond and Joseph Devlin, who alone raised more than a battalion of the famous 16th division. Devlin actually raised more than three thousand men in the City of Belfast. I helped the recruiting in Great Britain; from one city—the City of Newcastle-on-Tyne—battalion after battalion of Irishmen was raised, until they reached the number of 5,000 which did not include thousands who had already joined English regiments before the organization of the Irish battalions.

BEGINNING OF THE DISILLUSION

When did this spirit receive its first blow? Undoubtedly in the six weeks that were allowed by the Asquith Administration to intervene between the passage of the Home Rule Bill through all its stages in the Legislature and its final placing on the statute book by the signature of the King. Those, like myself, who went through those hateful and fatal six weeks are unlikely to forget the sorrowful experience. Day after day Redmond pleaded that this last small, almost formal, step should be taken, so that Ireland might be assured of its character of freedom; he pleaded in vain. Sir Edward Carson, the Orange leader, who had made all the preparations for the Orange rebellion, was appealed to from many quarters—from the King, who called a conference at Buckingham Palace, where again Carson refused to budge an inch; by the speaker of the House of Commons, who called Redmond and Carson into his room to seek compromise, and who was answered by Carson in loud curses and passionate declarations never to yield to Home Rule. The Cabinet had admitted Lord Kitchener into its ranks at the beginning of the War, and that obstinate pipeclay Tory soldier opposed Home Rule; and so, weeks stretched on and on, until, at the end of the sixth week, the bill received the royal signature. I have always held that the Constitutional party never quite caught up with the six weeks of fatal delay.

FACTORS OF THE REBELLION

During these six weeks all the extremists, both in Ireland and in this country, had been at work in a soil made fruitful for them again by Sir Edward Carson. The spectacle of rebellion, organized for years in Ulster, openly, defiantly, without any hindrance, with arms brought in from Germany, against the law, with officers recruited from the British Army aweing Parliament, had produced the profound and natural conviction in Ireland that the gun, after all, was the most trustworthy weapon for deciding the wavering mind of England. The Nationalist Volunteer movement springing as it were, from the ground in a night, burst into full life, and more than 100,000 National Volunteers were organized to defend the threatened liberties of Ireland. Thus, for the first time since 1867, the old gospel of the revolutionary instead of the constitutional methods began to haunt the Irish mind; the work of O'Connell, of Butt, of Parnell, of Redmond—and equally, it must be added, the work of Gladstone, Morley and the others of Liberal thought in England—was largely undone, and rebellion became the obsession of many of the young minds of the country. This delay of six weeks in giving to Ireland the victory she had won after nearly fifty years of constitutional effort thus fell on ground already well prepared for other than constitutional methods. One further factor acted like a spark on this powder magazine of resentment and disappointment. A number of officers in the Curragh Camp, Ireland's great military centre—led by Gen. Gough, a name painfully familiar in the last few weeks—organized a mutiny against Home Rule; and this audacious attempt to reduce orderly, lawabiding and constitutional England to the level of the old Spanish republic and the pronunciamento—created as intense resentment in England among the working classes and all Liberals as in Ireland; but the rebellious officers were allowed to retire not only without punishment but with the honors of war. It is scarcely necessary to say that the officers were adherents of Sir Edward Carson. It is no wonder, under the influence of such events, that the Irish youths whispered under their breath, "The gun! The gun!"

THE CHAPTER OF BLUNDERS

And yet, curiously enough, in spite of these precautions and in spite of the active work of the extremists in Ireland and in America, there was little apparent sign of any change of heart in Ireland. Recruiting still went on; the Irish regiments were undergoing rapid training in the different camps, and they were being turned into robust and skilful soldiers. But with stupidity even the gods fight in vain—and stupidity, though it may be removed from some of the high places in England, always lurks and jumps out of its dark recesses whenever any popular movement has to be stabbed. While Ministers change, the bureaucrat remains; and in no place was bureaucracy so proudly and powerfully enthroned as in the War Office. Unfortunately too the War Office had then at its head one of the most stubborn and most powerful reactionaries in the British Empire—Lord Kitchener. He was surrounded by officers of the army whose spirit was the same as his own and who embodied all the arrogance, narrowness, hatred of popular causes and suspicion of Ireland which constitute the same kind of menace to the security of the British Empire as Junkers who threaten the future of Germany. Lord Kitchener did not take long to give notice of the spirit in which Ireland was to be received. Redmond, Dillon and Devlin went to him a day or two after the declaration of war, offered to him 100,000 of the Nationalist Volunteers and asked him to equip and train them. They were first to be used for home defense only; but who can doubt that once these men had donned the khaki, 70 per cent. of them would have gone to the War? Lord Kitchener blankly refused. He, indeed, made an answer which deserves to take foremost place in the greatest stupidities of the world's history.

"Give me three thousand from Ireland," said Lord Kitchener, "and I will say 'Thank you!' Give me five thousand, and I will say 'Well done!'"

I may add as a pendant to this memorable saying that when Mr. Dillon, who has been fifty years in Irish political life, ventured to say that he knew Ireland better than Lord Kitchener, that distinguished soldier turned on him his basilisk eye and said that he knew Ireland very well.

Not the most active, the most venomous sergeant of the Clan-na Gael ever proved so tremendous a recruiting sergeant for the rebellion as the head of the English War Office. The rebellion in Ireland was the work of Lord Kitchener far more than of poor Pearse and the other men who died for it, unless, indeed, one allow Sir Edward Carson's claim for the supreme position.

THE LAST PROVOCATION

I am only at the beginning of the long story, and I have not time to tell the whole at the moment. Take, for instance, the treatment of the 16th Division—the division for the creation of which Redmond and Devlin had the main responsibility; 98% of the rank and file were Nationalist and Catholic. Application after application was made for the appointment of Nationalists and Catholics as officers; they were refused and yet again refused, until it finally worked out that in a division 98% Nationalist and Catholic, 85% of the officers were Protestant and Unionist. Some even were Orangemen; some were men who had gone up and down England as the paid agents and orators of the Orange Party, reviling the country of their birth and attempting to poison the English mind against giving her liberty. One young Nationalist hung around for months trying to get a commission. Devlin, one of the creators of the 16th Division, backed the application, but was refused. It will be no surprise to my readers that this young man became one of the most active and violent of the leaders in the rebellion, and only escaped with his life by the intervention of Devlin. Take another instance: when the Irish regiments went into battle and distinguished themselves by their conspicuous bravery, their names were deliberately omitted from the bulletins by the Orange gang in the War office that ran the army.

THE NEXT BLUNDER

Then came the climax to this long chapter of criminal blunders. Sir Edward Carson, the leader of the Ulster rebellion, was admitted to the Cabinet. By unconscious humor the rebellious leader, as Attorney General for England, was created the chief custodian of law. Even a worse outrage was attempted in Ireland. If there were one man in Ireland who could be described as an even narrower and more virulent Orangeman than Carson it was James Campbell. It was proposed to get rid of the excellent Lord Chancellor then in office, Sir Ignatius O'Brien, a Catholic and a Nationalist, and to put Campbell in his place. The Lord Chancellor in Ireland is not merely the head of the judiciary but he is one of the chief members of the executive; with force of character he may be the most potent member of the executive. This was too much even for the long suffering English Liberals; they joined the Irish in a protest and a threat, and the appointment was withdrawn. Compensation was, however, found for the ex-rebel, for he became Attorney General for Ireland, with handsome emoluments amounting to something like $30,000 a year.

THE REBELLION

Thus doth rebellion—but on the right side—prosper in Ireland. One rebel Attorney General for England; the other rebel Attorney General for Ireland. The reader will now understand the conditions which produced the rebellion. There were other factors, of course—German intrigue, propaganda and money from America, the soreness left in Dublin by the defeat of a great strike, and the visions which had begun to haunt many Irish minds, especially among the young with the rebirth of the Irish nation, through the restoration of the land to the people and the expulsion, after so many centuries, of the feudal landlords. The rebellion was not in itself very serious as a military proposition; only two thousand joined in Dublin, and it was put down, of course, as soon as England was able to bring her troops across the Channel. By this time the whole unfortunate affair might have been partially at least forgotten but for the cruel incidents by which its defeat was followed. Tried in secret, in prison and by the summary method of a court martial, fifteen men, mostly poetic youths, were executed, also in secret. Several people were murdered by an officer afterward declared to be insane, and now, I believe, already at liberty; among them a well known publicist, Sheehy Skeffington, who was not in the rebellion and was known as a pacifist.

The whole soul of Ireland was stirred to its depths, as the soul of man has always been touched by the execution of an enthusiast for an idea. In a night a nation that had been friendly—indeed, the friendliness to the War and to the policy of Redmond, was still so strong that the rebellion was condemned by a large majority of Irish Nationalists—a nation that backed the War with something of the old enthusiam, in spite of all the rebuffs—in a night this nation was transformed from friendliness to hate, burning, reckless, blind to everything—to the War, to the future interests of Ireland, to the scaffold—in the desire to strike back the cruel blow that had been inflicted on her.

Ireland, in short, saw red; and thus in an hour all the work of reconciliation between the two people which had been going on steadily for forty years was undone.

EFFORTS AT COMPROMISE

Looking on aghast and for a moment, helpless before this ruin of her hopes, the Irish constitutional leaders set themselves promptly to the task of trying to restore the fabric again. They found an equal readiness on the part of the British Ministers to make another attempt to settle the question of Home Rule, so negotiations were started for a compromise between Orange Ulster and the rest of Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George was chosen by the Ministry to conduct the negotiations. He drew up a scheme of compromise the main principles of which were that Home Rule should be immediately set up, but that for the period of the War six of the counties of Ulster should be excluded from the jurisdiction of the Parliament in Dublin and should remain under the Imperial Parliament. Much controversy has arisen since the proposal as to whether it was or was not a surrender of the rights of Ireland as a united nation; into that question it is not now necessary to enter. At the time, too, there was considerable dissatisfaction, and naturally, for of all the Nationalists of Ireland those of Ulster stand foremost. The only minority in Ireland that is really persecuted for religious opinion are Catholics of Ulster; in Ulster a Catholic Lord Mayor of Belfast is as impossible as in Constantinople, and thus the Nationalists of Ulster are of tougher fibre than in any other part of the country. When all the rest of Ireland was disunited they have always remained united; they

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

PRIEST TELLS DUTY TO POPE AND STATE

At a celebration connected with the raising of the service flag of the Catholic Church of the Holy Child Jesus at Richmond Hill at which Governer Whitman was present, a presentation of the marked distinction drawn by Catholics between spiritual and temporal allegiance was made by the Rev. Father Thomas A. Nummey, rector of the church. After referring to the fact that the parish with only 600 families had 157 stars on its service flag, and that at least two of his parishioners had already fallen in battle, he said:

"Your Excellency, through you I address the State. We thank you for the guarantees that your Constitution affords us of liberty, equality, justice, and the right to worship unmolested, according to the dictates of our consciences. For this cause we love the State, and for this cause, to preserve it, we are prepared to sacrifice the last drop of our Catholic blood. After God and His holy religion nothing can, or ever will, claim a preference for our love and loyalty. In matters of State, no King or Pope shall ever take away our allegiance. We recognize the State as a divine institution. The same God that said to Peter, 'To thee I give the keys of the kingdom of Heaven,' likewise commanded him to 'render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.'

"Just as in all matters spiritual the Pope claims our allegiance, just so in all civil matters our allegiance belongs to the State. If properly administered however, one authority cannot and will not interfere with the other. Between both, therefore, a conflict is not possible—no more than a collision between two trains running ever parallel on two separate and distinct tracks.

"The Church needs the State, and the State needs the Church. Their mutual help is indispensable. For the Catholic Church is a great power—has been for 1,900 years—a power in every community, in every State, in every country, a world power—but always and everywhere a power for good.

"Correlative with your guarantee, we teach respect for your authority and obedience to your laws as an obligation binding in conscience before God. Therefore, you can ill afford to do without—still less to ignore or even seemingly disregard—an institution of such great power and influence for good that seeks not your sceptre but your soul.

"We have helped to make you, and we have helped to preserve you, and even now the blood of our Catholic manhood is being shed on foreign soil to avenge your wrongs. What our forefathers have done and our brothers in religion are doing, so every Catholic man in America stands prepared to do for his flag and country. We have never failed you in the past, and you have never found a traitor in our ranks, and, with God's help you never will. When the last page of your history is written there will be found thereon, as on every page since 1777, the names of Catholic heroes cited for great deeds of valor and still greater deeds of bravery.

"In times of peace we have ever been a great factor in the achievement of your prosperity and success, whilst other anarchists and socialists—enjoying your protection and not excluded from your patronage, were engaged in preaching sedition and rebellion on your street corners, in your parks, and public squares—we, from our pulpits and in our parochial schools, have taught our people respect for your authority and obedience to your laws.

"In conclusion, let me say that on that honor roll are 152 names of practical Catholics. If such names merit to be on the honor roll of the State, then is there any reason, I want to know, why similar names of practical Catholics in proportion to our population, if they qualify in brains and brawn, should not be found on the payroll of the State. We bear the onus. Let us share the bonus. We ask no preferences or privilege for our people, only equal rights with others and a square deal. We seek nothing more, and we will take nothing more, and we will take nothing less."

The flag-raising was preceded by a procession throughout Richmond Hill, which included many societies, and was viewed by thousands of persons.

Children in whom are inculcated from their earliest days the principles of charity carry with them all through life a spiritual insurance, for the man or woman who is charitably disposed has in the event of a spiritual misfortune ten chances to recover to the one chance of the individual who is devoid of such principle. Therefore, let us be charitable and let our charity embrace all mankind; not only those of our parish, our city or our country, but every man, woman and child made to the image and likeness of God, who has an immortal soul to save and who may be depending upon our assistance in order to save it. —Providence Visitor.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. Simon Hunt, B. A., who was Shakespeare's schoolmaster from 1571 to 1577, became a Jesuit on April 27, 1578, and died in Rome as penitentiary (confessor) on June 11, 1585.

The American flag has been placed in the church at Domremy, France, which is opposite to the house which was once the home of Joan of Arc, and in which she daily prayed.

A Catholic church has been opened in Scheveningen, Holland, to serve the interned British prisoners, of whom a large number are Irish. For the present it will also serve those of the allied prisoners in the vicinity who belong to the Faith. There is a resident chaplain.

Captain Yamamota, naval attache to the Japanese embassy in Rome, who is now in this country on business for his Government, is one of the leading Catholics of his country. Before leaving Rome he was received in private audience by the Holy Father.

A correspondent in Paris of The New York Sun says that the famous statue of the Virgin Mary which surmounted the Cathedral of Albert has been saved from German pillage and has been hidden in a safe place. It was erected in the thirteenth century.

A compliment has been paid the Very Rev. Canon Viscount Verhiljen, who is at present connected with the Duquesne University in Pittsburgh. The Netherlands government has offered him the consulship of Pennsylvania, and has signified its willingness to transfer the office from Philadelphia to Pittsburg for his accommodation.

Frank Shuman of Tacony, Pa., who gained international prominence when he built a motor operated by power from the sun's rays, died at his home recently. He had the happiness in his last moments of being received into the Church. The late Mr. Shuman's principal activity in developing power from the heat of the sun was in Egypt where a plant was erected and put into operation. He also devised a machine for mercerizing cotton yarn and another for degressing wool. Wire glass was one of his inventions.

Readers of the works of Clay Meredith Greene, the distinguished author and playwright, will be interested to learn that he was recently received into the Catholic Church, the ceremony being performed in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Hollywood, by the Rev. John D. Dalshe, S. J., of Loyola College. In the afternoon of the same day, in the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, he was confirmed by Bishop Cantwell.

Among those whom Cardinal Gibbons ordained priests in the Cathedral, Baltimore, a short time ago was Rev. Henry Byron Sanderson, who is now in charge of St. Margaret parish Bellaire, Md. Father Sanderson is a convert, was formerly an Anglican minister and was stationed at a church in Fond du Lac, Wis. He is the eighth member of his family who have had the privilege of being received into the Church within six years.

Paris, July 10.—Gen. Pershing granted an interview at the American front recently to Dr. E. W. Buckley and J. J. McGraw, Knights of Columbus directors who are in Europe inspecting the work being done by the order along the American front. The two commissioners returned to Paris after three day's trip in the battle zone. Knights of Columbus huts are being built everywhere at a rapid rate.

King George has just bestowed a Knighthood of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Empire upon Dr. John Pentland Mahaffy, who thus becomes Sir John Mahaffy. He is the Provost and President of Ireland's principal city of learning, Trinity College, at Dublin. A great character, a most delightful and witty companion and a universal favorite, he has long been recognized both at home and abroad, as the most eminent scholar of the Emerald Isle. His reputation for learning has spread throughout Europe and America. President of the Royal Irish Academy, Governor of the National Gallery in Dublin, Royal Commissioner on Intermediate Education there is literally no end to his British and foreigh honors, both from governments and from scientific bodies.

With the ceremony of consecration and dedication, performed by Cardinal Farley, Sunday, July 20, the final step toward converting a handsome 225-acre tract into a beautiful cemetery for the Catholics of New York city will be taken. The cemetery, to which the name Gate of Heaven has been given, is located in one of the most beautiful sections of the Westchester hills. It lies north of the Valhalla station, which adjoins the Kensico Cemetery, and has a station of its own, which will be known as Mount Pleasant. The tract, the surface of which is rolling, includes a large number of trees, as well as a good sized lake. The cost of the land and the improvements made since its purchase is in the vicinity of $1,000,000.