

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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JUST BY THE WAY

There is a great deal of misapprehension as to what is called "sentiment." Most people today pride themselves upon being without it. To many it seems a maudlin condition which has not the excuse of drink. To others, whenever they hear a thought expressed which has some feeling in it—that is condemnable as sentiment, and a man who indulges in sentiment is regarded as a sort of snob of the feelings. Now, if all this censure was kept for the affectation of feeling, and if the word sentiment was kept for that pretence, there would be nothing to be said. But it is not so; indeed, "sentiment" in a condemnatory sense is applied to every feeling that the person having recourse to the dictionary does not understand or does not sympathize with. To understand all the feelings of other people, there is much that is dubbed sentiment which is real feeling, and that instead of being one of the worst is the very best thing we know in this life. The prevalence of this blind censure is due not to the commonness of mock feeling in man, but to the want of genuine sympathy in so many critics.

But there is another truth which underlies this matter which is not unworthy of notice. All feeling seems exaggerated to another who has not the same feeling, and it is because of this belief in the exaggeration that sentiment gets a bad name. The strong man can feel deeply. It is the weak one who shows his feelings by writhings or groans, or tears, or laughter; and when the man is very weak these ebullitions of emotions—which are not the overflow of the full cup of heart—but of hysteria, which is an expression of the emotions through the muscles. When emotion goes so far it is naturally and reasonably resented. But even short of hysterical outbursts the wholesome leakage of our emotions of mirth and sorrow in laughter or tears causes discomfort, and is felt to be incongruous by all who are not infected by the same disease. If you are in a company when all are laughing—and you do not know the joke—you feel a decided rising of resentment. If you are in the house of sorrow and note the tears without knowing why they flow, again you are outside the charmed circle of emotion, and that feeling produces annoyance. All healthy expressions of emotion are social. Every laugh aims at making a convert. Emotions are meant to communicate the same feeling from one to another. Anger is a beacon fire. And the only way to make the expression of the emotions of another congruous to you is to have the same emotion. If you share it to the like extent with the person who is laughing or weeping, then their laughter is music, their weeping a sad echo of your own heart.

But, again, there is a tendency in all emotion to overdo itself, to fall on the other side, like vaulting ambition. Pathos is easily turned to bathos. There soon gets to be a luxury in feeling, in nursing, in exaggerating your emotion—

"There's such a joy in melancholy, I would not, if I could, be gay."

THE HAPPY MEAN

Attention has a way of pointing the instant—it is focusing the mind. It excludes the world, and concentrates the mind upon the particular thing that dominates the moment. But pain and pleasure have the same domineering methods. They insist upon having the room of the moment to themselves. They, too, exclude the world, which is not in the acting toe or the instant's rapture. The poignancy of either the pain or the pleasure is in proportion to the absolute-ness of the monarchy. When we are only temperately moved the pain or pleasure is on the shaky throne of a constitutional monarch. Here, again, unless the critic shares the sentiment to the full, the manifestation has the effect of a stage play; it is put on, it is affected, it is sentimental, and not real feeling. Al-

though sentiment in this sense is not admirable, sentiment in the true sense is most excellent.

And we fear that in these days the ridicule which is thrown on the spurious may have some effect in preventing the genuine manifestations of deep feeling. It is ill for an age when it lives behind a mask, and yet today it seems it is good form to be callous—laughter is to be mellowed to a smile, and sorrow—there is nothing but cards and flowers.

There is, we believe, a happy medium between the sedateness and hardness of a granite rock and the detonations of hysteria, and this age has missed it.

CARDINAL MERCIER

U. S. MINISTER TO BELGIUM GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF HEROIC PRELATE

In Everybody's Magazine for July Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium, gives a true picture of Cardinal Mercier's heroic stand against tyranny. Mr. Whitlock's story is in part as follows:

On Christmas Day he had sat in his austere study in the gray old ecclesiastical palace in Malines, its roof fallen in from the shells that had rained upon it during the fierce battles of August and September, penning in sorrow, but in lofty courage of an indomitable will, a pastoral letter to his bruised and scattered and tortured flock. It was that great Prince of the Church, the power and clarity of whose intellect, like the rigid austerity of his almost monastic life, recalled the early fathers of Christianity—Désiré James, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

He was proud of being a Walloon; he had been born in Braine l'Alleud, near the field of Waterloo in 1851; he had been educated at Louvain in the same university that had given Father Damien to history, and now he was the Primate of Belgium. He was called to Rome at the outbreak of the war to render the last homage to the late Pius X., and to participate in the election of the new Pope; he had returned to Belgium to find his land laid waste by the sword, his alma mater destroyed, his diocesan city in ruins and the roof of his own palace open to the sky. And during the months of that autumn and early winter he had been quietly visiting the devastated pastures of his flock.

I had not seen him at that time; it was not until weeks after that New Year's Day that I had the privilege of making his acquaintance, and the ultimate honor of claiming him among my friends. He came in the simplicity that was so implicit an element of his greatness, one February morning to express his gratitude for what America had done for his nation, and to give me an autographed copy of his Pastoral, which at that moment had somehow got out of Belgium and gone around the world and made him famous.

He entered, advanced, tall and strong and spare, in the long black soutane with the red piping and the sash, not with the stately, measured pace that one associates with the red hat, but with the long, quick strides, kicking out with impatience the skirt of his soutane before him as he walked, as though it impeded his movements. He was impressive in his great height and he bent slightly forward with an effect of swooping on, like an avenging justice. But his hand was outstretched and in his mobile countenance and kindly eyes there was a smile, as of sweetness and light, that illumined the long, lean visage.

When he had laid off the low, black, beaver hat, with its cord and tassels of red and gold, and seated himself in one of the Government's ugly leather chairs, he adjusted the little red capote that covered the poll whereon the gray hair had long been thinning, drew off his red gloves, and as he sat, his long fingers that played for an instant with the gold cross and chain that hung before him, found a pair of common steel-rimmed eye-glasses and played with that instead. The detail seemed to be expressive of the utter simplicity of the man in all that concerned him personally; for it, in all that pertained to his high office as a prince of the Church, he was correct, punctilious even, in all purely personal ways he was as simple, as unpretentious, as modest as one of those rugged primeval natures to which one instantly compared him.

His hands were large and powerful and his weathered countenance was full of serene light with little of the typically ecclesiastical about it—a high brow, a long nose, lean cheeks, strong jaw, and a large mobile mouth, humorous and sensitive, the mouth of the orator, but with thin lips that could close in impenetrable silence. The eyes were blue and they twinkled with a lively intelligence and evident humor. Perhaps I could do no better in the effort to give some im-

pression of him than to say that, had it not been for those touches of red in his black garb, he would have recalled some tall, gaunt, simple, affectionate Irish priest whose life was passed in obscure toil among the poor, in humble homes, and lowly lives, whose every care and preoccupation he knew and sympathized with, going about at night alone, in all weathers, unsparring of himself, visiting the sick and the imprisoned, forgetting to eat, accustomed to long weary vigils, and of an independence that needed none of the reliance or approvals of this earth.

There was something primal, original about him, a man out of the people yet above them, one of those rare and lofty personalities who give the common man hope because they are like him, and yet create in him new aspirations and higher hopes because they demonstrates in their sufficient selves what a common man may become if only he have the will by devotion, by abnegation, by sacrifice, and by love. In his mere presence one felt all little things shrivel up, and wondered why small annoyances should fret and irritate; and when he had gone the impalpable influences of his lofty spirit hung for hours about one in the air.

He was the incarnation of the principle that is the antithesis of that upon which the power that had overrun his country was founded and because of this all its armies and all its guns and bayonets and *Kommandanturs* were powerless; its minions who had not hesitated to destroy whole cities and communities, did not dare even so much as to touch a hair of his head. Ultimate history, written at that hour when mankind shall have emerged out of the darkness and savagery of these times into the light of those better days, that must come if there is any meaning or order in the universe, will celebrate the astonishing coincidence that, in the little nation which the most ruthless power of all times chose as the first and most tragic of its many victims, there was a man whose personality, alone and of itself proved the superiority of moral over physical force.

WHY WE FIGHT AND PRAY

Two momentous utterances, within a week, concerning our country's part in the Great War have deeply impressed the American people. One was the address of President Wilson at a great international Fourth of July celebration at Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, and the other the appeal of our three American Cardinals to the Catholic people of America. President Wilson spoke to those natives of many races who had gone to Mount Vernon with him to pay their tribute to the nation's founder. He declared that there can be but one issue, that the settlement must be final, and that there can be no compromise, and "the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace" were thus described by the President:

"I.—The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

"II.—The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

"III.—The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern States in their relations with one another, to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots and conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

"IV.—The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned."

The whole American people are back of their President in the determination to attain these ends. They are ready to go to any lengths and to make any sacrifice for the triumph of American principles.

And, as the three Cardinals point out in their appeal to their people, none more enthusiastically and wholeheartedly accepts its full share of work and sacrifice than the Catho-

lic population of America. We Catholics are ready to put forth all our resources "to stand with all other Americans to the defense of our sacred principles of right and national duty." Speaking for American Catholics our Cardinals say that our President has clearly stated the high principles upon which the sacred cause for which we fight rests, and that we battle for the welfare of men of every nation, asking no special indemnities for our sacrifices other than those which all free men seek. And for this reason, our Cardinals point out, we turn with fullest confidence to the God of justice and mercy, beseeching Him to accept our sacrifices, guide our rulers, and give success to our arms. With our righteous cause God will be our surest help as He must be our strongest hope. We shall all fight and pray till our victory is won and peace is again restored to the world.—N. Y. Catholic News.

GERMAN RECIPROCIITY

We now have from the Government itself the facts about the German behaviour on Corpus Christi Day, which has done so much to exasperate Allied feeling, if that were possible, about the manner in which this War is being conducted by our principal enemies. Shortly before Corpus Christi day the Holy Father, acting not in the partisan interests of the Germans, but as the intermediary, according to his custom, of any humane proposal from any belligerent transmitted to our government a petition from Cardinal Hartmann that Cologne should not be subjected to aircraft attack on that day. In agreement with the French Government and with the acquiescence of the Air Ministry the request was granted, and the Germans were left free, by the withdrawal voluntarily of our military arm, to have their processions of the Blessed Sacrament in peace. It seems incredible, but on that self-same day the Germans deliberately carried out a long range bombardment of Paris, killed and wounded 13 people, and damaged a church in which the self-same worship as at Cologne was going on. Also on that very day they continued their abominable practise of bombing from the air with every circumstance of deliberation the main- and bed-ridden and the nurses and doctors in hospitals at the bases in France.

One expects nothing different from the Kaiser and his satellites. Such conduct is entirely in their line. But even at this period one cannot help being shocked when one comes across new exhibitions of the theory and practise of Prussianism. And one is still left wondering at the folly of people who do not see when they are doing a thing which marks them down in the eyes of the world as savages, and alienates from them any remnants of consideration which the spiritual power they wish to have on their side might be able to extend to them. The statement was published on Tuesday, though not in the Times, that the Holy Father has expressed his strong indignation, and telegraphed to that effect to the Archbishop of Cologne. We can well believe that this is the truth, or even less than the truth. As to the British action, we believe it to have been at once generous, and in the long run wise, and it is encouraging to see from the general tone of the press, apart from the notoriously anti-Catholic organs, that our feeling of Protestant fellow-countrymen. And we say this with full knowledge of the attempts of the Times, the Morning Post, and similar organs to misuse the incident in the interests of their favourite campaign.

Cardinal Gasparri expressed on Friday to the Count de Salis the Holy Father's thanks to the British Government for their action, and in that expression of gratitude all Catholics are thankful to be able to join. Unfortunately, we, without French, American, and Italian brethren in the Faith, cannot associate ourselves even in the week of Corpus Christi with those who have benefited by the kindness of the Holy Father and by the decent standards of thought and action followed by the Allied Governments. Unless or until there is some sign that the Catholics of Germany through their leaders, ecclesiastical or lay, repudiate the code of morals adopted on their behalf by their rulers, they must be held to be, if not partakers, condoners of crime. We can quite believe, as we have often said, that they may be as a mass misrepresented and misled. But, after all, they can only represent themselves through their own representatives, and mankind can only judge of them as so represented. And, unfortunately, it is no new story. For nearly four years they have looked on, as Cardinal Mercier says, "with folded arms, unmoved looks, and closed lips at the torture of a friendly people that have never wished Germany anything but good," and for nearly four years abomination after abomination, culminating in the despicable trick on Corpus Christi Day, has found them equally unmoved. Have not we Catholics of the Allied countries the right to be angry, the right to

determine that vengeance shall be exacted to the utmost by every lawful means? Let that eminently exact theologian, Cardinal Mercier, answer in the words of his pastoral on the feast of St. Francis of Sales last year. "The will to avenge an evil is properly a virtue. To wish a physical evil to someone who has committed an injustice and obstinately perseveres in his unjust course, and to wish this physical evil, not as an end in itself, but as the means of attaining an ulterior moral end; to wish that the guilty should suffer so that, under the pressure of suffering, there shall come about the conversion which he refuses to effect voluntarily—this is not to hate him, but on the contrary to love him rationally."

The last thing we should desire to see is a blind campaign of wild "reprisals" upon the innocent, the aged, and the suffering. The evil is to be sought out and uprooted at its centre—in the German High Command and the military forces at its disposal. In such circumstances as those of today, and with such forces in the enjoyment of a temporary ascendancy, it is useless, and it would be merely a condonation of evil, to talk about negotiating with such people. They are no more fitting parties for negotiation than is a poisonous snake to the traveller that crosses its path. If any think that the reptile is physically irresistible, they had better make the best fight they can against it, and go down honourably, than meet the same end as cravens. But while the essential business of the Allies is to bend all their force to the reduction of the enemy, where alone he can be effectively reduced, it is both their right and their duty to neglect no auxiliary operations that can conduce to that end. And amongst these undoubtedly is the carrying of war into his own country, by aircraft attack upon military objectives, even though such attack involves incidentally the loss of innocent life. If in the manner of such attack the Germans have chosen—as so often in other details of war—to treat as scrap paper the humane provisions of the laws of warfare, those who are engaged against them cannot be bound by such provisions so far as contracts and conventions, or upon the feelings natural to humane persons. Nor will it be open to the Germans a second time to obtain such immunities for such reciprocity as were taken and given last week.—The Universe.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP DOUGHERTY

ENTHRONED AS METROPOLITAN OF PHILADELPHIA

CARDINAL GIBBONS OFFICIATES AT SOLEMN CEREMONIES Philadelphia Standard and Times

Home, back home, amid the scenes of his youth and early priestly labors, whence he went forth fifteen years ago in humble obedience to the voice of the Vicar of Christ to become a successor of the Apostles in the far-distant Philippine Islands the Most Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty, D. D., was solemnly enthroned as Archbishop of Philadelphia and Metropolitan of the Province of Pennsylvania in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul on Wednesday, July 10.

His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, officiated at the ceremony, which surpassed all previous functions held in this illustrious see, one of the most important in all Christendom.

The circumstances could scarcely have been surpassed. The day was ideal. The stately Cathedral, resplendent with flowers and ferns and potted plants and brilliant with electrical illuminations was thronged. High above the main altar was a great Cross of incandescent bulbs, and in illuminated letters, the significant message: "In hoc signo vinces" (In this sign thou shalt conquer). More than three times as many as the vast edifice could accommodate thronged Logan Square, the Parkway and the adjoining thoroughfares anxious to greet the new Chief Shepherd of the diocese by their presence and view the magnificent procession of prelates and priests. Every paw was filled and hundreds were forced to stand or kneel during the three and a half hours consumed by the authorization and the Pontifical Mass.

In addition to the universally loved Cardinal Gibbons were present another Archbishop, the Most Rev. Jeremiah J. Hart, D. D., Bishop of Omaha, almost a score of Bishops, a mitred abbot, many monsignors and approximately eight hundred of the reverend clergy, including members of various religious orders and virtually every one of the diocesan priests who could be spared from parochial duties.

The Right Rev. Michael J. Hoban, D. D., Bishop of Scranton, was the celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass. The Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D., J. U. L. LL. D., Bishop of Germanopolis, and Rector of the Catholic University of Amer-

ica, Washington, D. C., preached the sermon.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' ADDRESS AT THE LUNCHEON

In response to the toast "Our Holy Father and Our Country," Cardinal Gibbons replied as follows:

I am asked to respond to the toast, "Our Holy Father and Our Country." My heart at the present time, my friends, goes out to our great soldiers who are fighting in the trenches in France and who are constantly giving their lives to their beloved country, and our hearts go out also, naturally, to those who are to become or who have become enwidowed through this terrible and destructive war. But, as the toastmaster has said, very properly, there is one majestic figure that looms up above all others—one majestic figure commands our sympathy and our admiration, and that figure is Benedict XV. I see him now in spirit with uplifted hand like Moses on the mountain, praying for his children on both sides. We all know well the criticisms that have been passed upon the Holy Father; he is opposed in England, especially the complaint has gone out that our Holy Father has not taken sides with the Allies against Germany and Austria. That would be impossible. Our Holy Father cannot be a partisan; his exalted position forbids it; he is the Father of all; the others are his children. But if the Pope is not a partisan he is not a blind witness or an indifferent spectator of the crimes to which the Bishop referred to day in his discourse; he is not a blind witness to the crimes that have been committed and are committed against humanity and against civilization. The Holy Father has time and again protested; he has protested against the forced invasion of Belgium; he has protested against the deportation of Belgian subjects; he has protested against the destruction of churches and libraries in Belgium and in France, and he has labored not without success in affecting the exchange of prisoners. My friends, we cannot too much exalt the Pope. The Pope is the highest personage today on the face of the earth. This is not a figure of speech, and why? The Pope is the perennial ruler; Leo may die, Pius may die, Benedict may die, but the Papacy lives forever. The Pope in his day has seen kingdoms rise and fall; he has seen kingdoms change into republics and republics lapse into monarchies. He has seen the rise and the development of every kingdom and every power in Europe, and it is not improbable that he will live to see the death of some of them, and chant their requiem. The Pope has looked on calmly while the Goths and the Vandals and the Huns, the Visigoths and the Saxons invaded the fairest portions of Europe, uprooted and replanted the trees, setting thrones; all this he has seen while the divine constitution of which he is the guardian stands as firm as the rock on which it is founded.

I thank God, my friends, that the spiritual children of our Holy Father in the United States are second to none in loyalty to our beloved country, and our service to our country is manifested more by deeds than by words, and while we form about 17% of the population, I dare say we form some 35% of those fighting in the army. What makes Catholicity so strong a power for the countries today? What is it? It is the teaching that you received and that I received. You were taught and you teach from your pulpits that the State is supreme in the civil domain, just as the Church is supreme in the ecclesiastical or spiritual domain. You have been taught when you were young that every man that is elected to office, whatever that office may be, from President down to the humblest official, as soon as he is elected, becomes a representative of Almighty God Himself and is clothed with divine authority. This is the thing that gives strength and courage to our young men and teaches them that our obedience is not an act of servility we pay to man, but an act of homage we pay to God Himself.

I do not wish to detain you much longer, but the question of Church and State reminds me of a thought here. With regard to the union of Church and State the question may be asked as to whether we should love to be united to the Government. I do not desire, my friends, that a union of Church and State be had in our country, but if there is a union of Church and State—an official union, the civil authorities would have the right—they would be apt to dictate to us what doctrines we should preach—put a padlock on our mouths and make us like dumb dogs—but I wish from my heart that the same happy condition of things existing among us today may continue for all time to come; that the priests of the United States may conserve their time and talents and their energy—and their life-blood if necessary, to the cause of Christianity and the enlightenment of the faithful; they will receive in return the gratitude they received today and the homage and love and affection and the free will offerings of a devoted and grateful people.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The entire graduating class of Loyola Jesuit College, Montreal, says Truth, have joined the colors.

Since last report, sixty additional graduates or students of Georgetown University have joined the army or navy. The great school's roll of honor now embraces more than 1,900 names. Its men are in every branch of the service.

The war cross of France has already been given to 122 soldiers from Massachusetts. All but five of these belong to the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment—the Catholic regiment.

The Rev. T. J. Glynn, a priest of Beaver Falls, Pa., has invented a large powerful, triple-propeller airship. It is kite shaped and much larger and much more powerful than the machines now in use.

In the War Cyclopaedia issued by the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy and George Creel, chairman, it is stated under the heading, "Knights of Columbus": "The Knights of Columbus represent the Catholic communicants, who will constitute perhaps 35 per cent of the new army."

The English papers have recently been glorifying that gallant Catholic soldier General Carton di Wiart, whose name appears in the latest casualty list, and who had been wounded on the thirteenth time. In giving his splendid record in the Boer War, Somaliland and the present struggle, in which he has lost both a hand and an eye and gained the V. C., they withhold one detail, that General Carton di Wiart is a fervent Catholic.

Edmonton, July 8.—Very Rev. Hippolyte Leduc, O. M. I., Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Edmonton, has gone to his eternal reward. He breathed his last at 5:30 Saturday afternoon, June 29th. He had often expressed the wish to die on "Our Lady's Day," and the Saturday on which he was called from this "valley of tears" happened to be also the last Saturday of the month of the Sacred Heart. He was fortified for the last long journey by all the rites of Holy Mother Church. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints."

Dr. Washington Gladden, whose death was reported last week from Columbus, Ohio, was known throughout the country as a first bigory, says the Catholic Transcript. During the A. P. A. excitement twenty years ago and again during the recent anti Catholic craze he stood manfully against the campaign of slander and proscription. At the national Catholic Federation meeting in Columbus seven years ago, Dr. Gladden, the Congregational minister, occupied a seat on the platform during the program.

Catholic chaplains are mentioned in latest dispatches for distinguished conduct and particular personal bravery. They are Father Noblet, Father Evans, S. J., Father Vincent Schully C. R. L., and Father Whitfield. Another priest, Father MacIvaine has in the cause of duty. After serving in France and being badly gassed, he was invalided home and insisting in going out again, was attached for a time to a hospital ship. It happened to be the Glenet Castle and he went down with it. He came from Glasgow Archdiocese, where his loss is deplored.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary Daniels last week approved an opinion of the judge advocate general of the navy setting the order of precedence of American Admirals as follows: William S. Benson, Henry T. Mayo, Wm. B. Caperton and Austin M. Knight. Admiral Benson holds the chief rank, under the naval act of August, 1916, which made him rank next to the Admiral of the navy, a position which has been vacant since the death of Admiral Dewey. The other officers rank according to the dates of their commissions.

News comes from London that a Protestant "Wayside Cross Society" has been organized, with Lord Shaftesbury as its president to set up crucifixes throughout England, to revive the faith and cheer the spirit of the people in the midst of their sorrows and sufferings due to the great War. The shrines to be found on the highways throughout France and Belgium, and the consolation derived by the faithful who openly pray there for Divine help and grace, have made a profound impression on the soldiers from Great Britain.

Albany, July 12.—The Right Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Albany, died this afternoon. Bishop Cusack, who was fifty eight years old, had been in poor health since June, 1917, but had been able to perform his diocesan duties at intervals until recently. Cancer, induced by intestinal trouble, was the cause of death. Gov. Whitman sent the following telegram to the Episcopal residence when he learned of the Bishop's death: "In the death of Bishop Cusack the whole community suffers a great loss. I knew Bishop Cusack for many years both in New York and Albany. He was big minded, public spirited, a devout man and priest. We all feel his death as a great personal bereavement."