

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1917

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WHAT

They whose lives are bounded by the theatre, bridge-party, café and gossip-meetings, should go aside and have a talk with conscience. What are they doing in the way of national service? What sacrifice are they making to prove that their duty to country is a duty of conscience—a duty to God? Write it down and scrutinize it. How many hours have they given to Red Cross work? Knitting socks and making bandages may entail a curtailment of pleasure, but it has, nevertheless, to be done by somebody, and to people who think at all it is a duty of justice and of gratitude. It is very easy to wax sentimental over the men in the trenches and to sing patriotic songs, but it is not so easy to get ourselves in the firing line and to demonstrate that patriotism is not a matter of wind but a reality that demands imperiously the service of heart and mind and will. It necessitates the carrying of some burden. Thousands of Canadian women have theirs; there are others who, unscathed by the War, have none and do not, so far as we can judge, mean to have them. For them life is one sweet gababout song with never a harmony that is born of self-denial. It may be that the war atmosphere has lifted them to a high plane of irresponsibility and frivolity and it may be that they are just that way. But they have our pity, profound and heartfelt.

BROMIDES

The returned soldiers would rather be in the trenches than be exposed to the rapid-fire of bromides at receptions in their honour. Our gratitude, too deep for mere words, can be told, however, in deeds that minister to them and to their wives and children; and what they have done and dared in their splendid self-sacrifice and unswerving devotion to duty may constrain us to emulate their example, in a feeble manner, by putting ourselves on the firing line of national service.

TO BE REGRETTED

From time to time we have seen comments on the number of young people who crowd the streets at night. Up and down they go, little girls and big girls, ogling the passers-by and getting, it strikes us, a liberal education in the school of the flesh and the devil. Is it due to criminal carelessness on the part of parents? Parents, of course, have much to absorb their attention, as for instance clubs and the movies, but they should devote some time to caring for and safeguarding their property. We assume these parents know that Christ instituted the sacrament of Matrimony to enable husband and wife to live happily together and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God. Hence they are bound to pay attention to their spiritual welfare by instruction and vigilance. They should so act as to prevent any possibility of stain on the family honor. If they keep before their minds their judgment, the account to be rendered of the souls loaned them by God, we might not note how quickly the streets rob their devotees of winsome reserve and modesty.

SEE RIGHT

Only when people ape the appearance of those whose way of living is characteristically different from their own do they display an innate unreasonableness for really good company. A higher philosophy, such as shrewd getters and spenders often fail to attain, though babes in worldly wisdom often win it without effort is the only security against a depressing struggle when the reckoning begins. That higher philosophy is the fruit of the best thought of all past experience. It is as old as Homer, as new as the latest echo from the profaned provinces which we are rescuing from the modern Philistines. The ornament that lasts, that confers real distinction, does not challenge envy and jealousy; flashing jewels and gay clothing have nothing to do

with worth and beauty, such as true art tries to express. Keats was right when he sang the praises of the "loveliness that increases." Shelley rhapsodizes about intellectual beauty. Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson—the whole choir of bards—join with the seers whose vision of a perfected State has sustained the hopes of mankind through the ages of conflict and trouble. Of ornament that but symbolizes progress there has been more than enough; oratory has charmed the expectant crowd; poetry has adorned plain truth and raised the spirits of men and women to supernal heights of anticipation. Worship has consecrated common days and vulgar lives; music has given wings to desire when words have been unable to embody the ideals which struggle for utterance in crisis of sorrow or joy.

UNDERSTAND

Where in the wide universe that is open to the reverent student is not beauty to be found? It has sown the mid-night sky with glowing orbs and the earth with flowers. It whispers harmoniously in the rustling branches and becomes vocal when the birds pour forth their delight at matins and evensong. Beauty? It is everywhere. The seeing eye and the understanding heart and mind are often wanting but the Scottish Ploughman saw the loveliness of the daisy in the furrow as well as in Mary's "bonnie een." A blacksmith's forge stirred Handel to harmonious expression, and Longfellow interpreted the feelings of the toiler when the choir sang on Sunday in the village church.

For so are all things tuned to the soul's unutterable need. Happy are we, with a happiness not born of garish ornament though it should be worth a king's ransom in the marketplace where even hearts are bought and sold, if we can share the Vision Splendid; if Love has lent a precious seeing to the eye, so that we are privileged.

"To see a world in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower."

Of the finest of all the beauties and harmonies that fall like the sunshine and the dew upon craving hearts we must not speak save in shadowed hints. Sacred beyond words, outsoaring human imagery, are the intimate bonds that cause life to be precious; the tender passion and sacrificial care of fathers and mothers; the friendship that has no alloy of selfishness; the love that poverty and struggle cannot banish—that hallows the lowliest lot and touches sorrow with a healing hand. At the last, when all disguises fall off and for us no outward show matters, all values change as if by magic. Virtue unadorned is then adorned the most. Crowns and gorgeous robes are no passport to peace. The blessings of those who have helped upward will follow us; we shall have bought eternity with our little hour, tasting the joy of loving service and catching glimpses of a radiance that borrows none of its glory even from sun, moon or stars.

GEORGIA CATHOLICS

Georgia in common with a few other Southern states has had its share of anti-Catholic sentiment. When bigotry culminated in an obnoxious convent inspection bill, the Catholics of the State felt that the time for action had come, and they acted accordingly. At a meeting in Macon, representing every Catholic organization in the State, the Catholic Laymen's Association was formed, and nearly \$5,000 was subscribed to carry on a campaign of publicity which would reach the fair-minded non-Catholics of Georgia; and with few exceptions to the credit of the people of Georgia be it said, the appeal to the sense of fairness received the most cordial consideration. As a result of an advertisement placed and paid for at the regular rate in the daily papers, all sorts of inquiries for further information came to the office opened for that purpose. The questions covered a great deal of ground: The separation of Church and State, marriage laws, the public schools, etc., and with a mailing list of 15,000 which has been carefully selected at their disposal, we may look for results from the active and enterprising Catholics of Georgia. One writer says, "I wish to say that I am not in sympathy with any move to discredit the Catholic Church. I believe that it is a great

body of Christian men and women." Another acknowledged that he had been raised in an atmosphere hostile to Catholics and promised to read with interest the literature that had been sent to him.

In addition to answering questions in a very satisfactory and good tempered way, the Catholic Laymen's Association is scattering pamphlets throughout the State. From the first of these, "A Plea for Peace," we cite the following words which ought to reach all who are "not hopelessly hostile to the Catholic Church: "Catholics and Protestants together settled America; together they laid the forests, drained the swamps and plowed the land. They fought together in the battles of the Revolution. They stood side by side in the conventions and congresses that secured the liberties of the people. Why should they now suffer self-seeking men to betray them into the hands of one another? The American Constitution and the Constitutions of each State guarantee liberty of belief and worship. Catholics and Protestants in joint assembly wrote these guarantees. Why now listen to the designing men who try to violate them? Catholics and Protestants must live together as neighbors. Shall it not be as friends?—The Guardian.

"PATRIOTISM NOT ENOUGH"

Patriotism is a virtue, loved of God and man; in these days there is small danger that we forget it. Our peril lies another way. We may forget that hatred is a deadly sin. "Standing as I do in view of God and of eternity," wrote that brave woman, Edith Cavell, "I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

Our virtues may become vices by excess, if they are not founded on principles sanctioned by the Divine Model and Law-Giver, Jesus Christ. The Son of God hated the deeds of the sinner, as only Infinite Goodness can hate malice, but he did not hate the sinner. He would not call down fire from heaven, as His holy Apostles wished. It was not His will that the sinner die, but that he be converted and live; and what He preached, He practised to the end. On Calvary, the first words framed by His parched lips were a prayer, that the ingrates who had brought Him to this shameful death, might find mercy with His Eternal Father. The legions of Heaven at His disposal, did not beat to the earth the recreant priest and gibing Pharisees, but suffered them to look with impunity upon Him whom they had pierced. The sublimity of Calvary passes all understanding, transcends all imitation, yet it gives us the principle to be translated, as far as human frailty will bear us, into our lives. We must hate injustice and abhor iniquity; but we must also remember, that those who persecute us without cause are to be forgiven, even as we hope to be forgiven, to be loved, because He bade us love even our enemies.

Every Catholic knows the measure of his obligations as a patriot. His country may ask him to give his life, that she may live. He does not doubt, nor does his country, what his answer will be. The bones of his fathers, whitening on every battlefield of the Republic, guarantee his complete devotion. With confidence may we invoke the protection of our Father in Heaven over our beloved land, for our cause is just. Yet "patriotism is not enough." Without charity, we are nothing. Let us press forward in our great task without bitterness, without recrimination, with malice towards none, with charity for all.—America.

THE ONE CHURCH

It is strange in this age of comparative enlightenment to hear intelligent people sometimes speak in a most unintelligent manner of a most unimportant matter of real subject of religion. Arguments wax strong, and sometimes wrathful, on the relative merits of high church and low church, of soft shell or of hard shell forms of belief within the same denomination. It is often said that this or that denomination is as good as the Catholic Church because it is almost the same as Catholicity. Even Catholics themselves, inadvertently at times, will in conversation, rate other denominations according to their so-called proximity to the Catholic Church. Thus, those creeds that accept the largest number of our beliefs, at least in appearance, are said to be very close to us. All this argues a deplorable lack of understanding in the matter of real religion.

Religion is from God, else it is of earth, and therefore, but a tawdry imitation. There is no such thing, there can be no such thing, as one religion being as good, or nearly as good as another religion. Christian-ity, in this sense, is not a relative but an absolute term: it admits of no comparisons, it stands by itself, it is born of God, and is entirely outside

the sphere of man-made inventions. Man was made for God and eternal happiness. In order to ensure man's arrival at that goal, Christ founded a Church—not many churches—where in the soul of man might be safely guided on the road to a happy eternity. If human beings of high or low degree, be they monarchs, philosophers, or renegade Christians, have seen fit to set up conventicles of their own, it is only by an abuse of exact terms that they call these conventicles churches, or their teachings, religion. True, they usually retain a few tatters and rags of Christianity saved from the various heretical shipwrecks that have inundated humanity. But these tattered rags are but a silent witness, an accusing proof of the splendor which originally clothed these peoples when they were arrayed in the glorious garb of true Christianity.

There is but one true Church, as there is one God, one Christ, one baptism, whereby men are to be saved. Argue as one will, the stern fact remains, based on historical evidence, that all churches and denominations outside the Catholic Church are but the results of man's feeble efforts to ape the Almighty in establishing the one true Church. There is about as much resemblance between these artificial forms of religious belief and true religion as there is between the pin-pointing of an amoeba in a drop of water and a mighty comet blazing through the skies.—Catholic Bulletin.

REFLECTIONS ON A REVIVAL

The Rev. William Sunday has passed to his temporary rest. His voice will no longer cry over the wilderness of Harlow. "Make straight the way of the Lord," with every variation of slang imaginable to an athletic mind, and we ask where are we? Whether people heard him or not, they seem to be the same old spiritual simplicities. They do not deny the sincerity or envy the business methods shown by his mission. Both leave them neither warm nor cold. But they feel the pathos of his efforts.

It seems fatuous to discuss whether slang is relevant or not in preaching. The mediaevals flooded the street corners with religious slang. Many a "Friar Friday" called folk to repentance with crude and bitter words that shocked as much as they melted. When slang was needed, the Church never turned an eyelash. Ecclesiastical slang, now a lingering affectation of ritualistic life was once an art. But the holy slang of the mediaevals touched the sublime. When civilization was steeped in religion slang came as a variant. When civilization is materialism, as today, there is danger that religion presented in slang may fall to its own foible.

No doubt the comic element in man almost as clearly distinguishes him from the beast as does the religious element. Laughter and religious ecstasy are somewhat akin. Physically prayer and laughter can be ridiculous alike, the opened mouth, the shaking organs of the body, the salt tears and the feeling of *katharsis* or purification in the mind. Theologically one has a high mystical value. The other, however, one cannot laugh oneself into heaven or slip under the bars by twitting St. Peter. Some of us go too far in imagining God saying: "I hate your jokes, and religious slang is an abomination unto Me." Nor can we say that God has a sense of humor, but as He is omniscient He must know what a sense of humor is. Charles Kingsley thought the Creator actually had a comic sense and called attention to the crab in proof. We forbear to think whether the heavenly Hierarchy has been amused or not by the antics in the New York Tabernacle.

The Salvationists gave us what Huxley called "corybantian Christianity" and Billy Sunday has given us galvanic Christianity. It could be hardly otherwise. The time of the hallelujah manna has passed. The Salvation Army has become respectable and slow. It bespoken a kind of spiritual drill and massage. But now there is no time for loose tweekings or for casting a net at a venture. Consummate business methods are necessary to throw up an immediate result that can be flashed in advertisement and handled by journalism. Christianity in New York lies too dead for massage and it requires galvanization. And it got it!

All that sheer business-sense could suggest was done. Buses, placards, posters, stenographers and printers did their work. A conventicle plaque was provided and the converted reconverted to enthusiastic order. Thousands hit the stary trail, thousands shook a prophet's hand, thousands hoped to be believed.

It seems too good to be true. Is Heaven as easy to get to as going to a circus and shaking hands with the entertainer? The music is cheerful, if one understands music, and an entertainer is arresting even to an old habitue of vaudeville, but somehow it is all pathetic. Mr. Sunday has no doubts, no internal strife, no theology. The Kingdom

of Heaven can be handed out like oyster soup and for the purpose of supplying savor and condiment to the old fashioned mush. Billy Sunday plays the part of the appetizer until the audience feels that what is only soup has got the very sparkle of champagne. In all of this some good is done to the irreligious and many folk are left happier and more comfortable in body and soul than they ever felt before. But with the orthodox, the stupid and the judgments there is not a faraway sense of pathos, pathos that in 2,000 years of Christian history we have not got further than this. For what does such a mission lead to? Can it be called a revival? Is it a fitting prelude to the apocalypse of war?

A religious revival such as took place in Wales some years ago seemed a moving of the soul. Men and women prayed in tears all night in the lonely mountain chapels. The evangelists wrestled like some weak swimmers in their agony. There was no advertisement, no finance, no laughter. The dim cravings of the Celtic spirit seemed to be seeking some new undefined channel of religious expression in default of the old. There arose a mystic cry for God. No man knew or could explain what happened. The Welsh revival passed as mysteriously as it came. To the respectful Catholic it seemed full of hope and imbued with meaning because it was mystical. Father Benson used to say of religious outpourings that they were all to the good. They generated he thought, a spiritual electricity which was never lost. He felt that the Evangelical movement of one generation passed into the Catholic movement of the next, and the most wayward rivers and fantastic brooks found their way eventually to the sea. Perhaps he was right.

But as far as spasmodic galvanization goes, Billy Sunday has won a passing triumph. Energy and popular favor are a fine pair. With these hitched to a light-bulb creed Billy has Phoebus-like ease to drive this chariot of righteousness across the New York sky. The Rockefeller patronage must have been a great drag. The gulf that lies between the Standard Oil and the Sermon on the Mount is one that even a tight-rope walker like Sunday did not attempt to cross. People are willing to admit that he is not out for money and yet the rich are with him. Certain texts have to be politely left in the background. Indeed most churches have long since done the very same.

There have been no prophets in this War. If the good God sent Billy Sunday, He seems to have done so in the same lightness of heart with which America has taken Him. As this great Republic approaches her trial and agony she may or may not remember with a pathetic smile the gyrations of the strange messenger who turned spiritual somersaults by diversion, or preparation for the fast-coming apocalypse. She may think of him, simply because no other voice was raised in those latter days, and perhaps because she had deserved no other prophet. We do not mean to say that it pleased the humor of Providence to make fun of good Americans, but we feel there is a pathos of contrast in the supreme destiny America has taken upon herself and in the curious laughter-swept antics in the Tabernacle, which have preceded her entry into the war.

It is an agony to many that there has been such slight sign of the Second Coming in this time and that the schools of the Prophets seem closed. No Divine manifestation has been vouchsafed, but had he come and stood awhile at the gates of the country that calls itself "God's own," we feel that He would have wept over New York and bade the daughters of America weep for their children as He once counseled the women of Jerusalem. He would have come sadly no doubt and spoken in perfectly empty churches. His words would have been as an ointment unto burial pain. But He would not have availed to make New York weep. This Mr. Sunday realized, so he made New York grin and the spiritual and permanent value of his mission is exactly that of a good and cheerful grin in the face of eschatological possibilities. So we come back to the choice of laughter or of mysticism, of the human or the Divine attitude toward what is terrible in life and unknown after life. The Catholic Church has long fallen back upon mysticism. But Americans are free to mourn or grin in spirit as they approach their portion of pain and curtains of fire.—Shane Leslie in America.

NOW A CATHOLIC CHURCH

(C. P. A. Service)
London, July 19.—Cardinal Bourne was to have presided last Sunday at the opening of the new London Catholic Church, but his place was taken by Bishop Hanlon of Uganda. The ceremony was a unique one, for the church, which is dedicated to the Holy Apostles, was all ready made, and is the first Protestant place of worship to be adapted to Catholic uses—surely an augury of what is to

come. It was a Wesleyan Methodist chapel and is of fine proportions and imposing architecture. It stands in a busy part of Westminster, close to some big war work factories where many Catholics are employed. Another augury for the future is the demand of a representative body of Anglicans for disestablishment, which they declare is necessary for the liberty of their Church. If the loaves and fishes are gone, one of the principal obstacles to the return of many to the ancient Church will also go.

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

RECEIVED AND SENT FOR DISTRIBUTION A NUMBER OF BADGES OF THE SACRED HEART

Queen Mary has always been thought by the public to possess very strong evangelical sympathies which make anything Catholic objectionable to her, and this idea has been sedulously fostered. Some pious French people conceived the idea of presenting the British Tommies with a number of the little flags of the Sacred Heart which are so popular amongst the French poilus, and are said to have protected so many soldiers in moments of great danger. They therefore forwarded a few days ago to Queen Mary a large supply of these little flags, with a request that the soldiers might wear them on the feast of the Sacred Heart. The Queen has replied in a very gracious autograph letter in which she thanks the donors for their kind thought and piety, and says she has forwarded the flags to the Catholic Chaplain-in-Chief of the British Army, who will charge himself with their distribution amongst the Catholic troops. The French are very gratified by this letter, and Catholic soldiers will in due course receive the little flags.—Catholic Bulletin.

CARDINAL GETS LEGION OF HONOR

London, England.—A touching ceremony took place in Reims when the Cross of the Legion of Honor was pinned on the breast of Cardinal Luçon and other brave citizens were decorated. At 2 p. m. the few remaining inhabitants of Reims made their way stealthily by side streets, for fear of the shells, to a hall still standing, which was bare of decoration, and there, without music, flowers or pomp, the President of the Republic, who had also made a silent entry, saluted only by the flag of France, met the Cardinal. He declared that he came in the name of the Government to salute and recompense the brave citizens of Reims. And first, with reason, must he class Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Reims—his worth, his devotion, the comfort he has brought to his dear and unfortunate people by his continued presence in danger, his generosity and his visits to the hospitals and ambulances. The President also praised Monsignor E. Charbonneau, who, thanks to his commercial relations, his competence in affairs and his devotion, was able to assure the material life of Reims. Next was mentioned Monsignor de Beugnot, who by his technical knowledge, intelligence and activity had kept up the municipal life of the city; then Docteur Harmont, who despite his great age lavished his skill on the sick in the hospitals, and lastly Monsignor Dramas, editor of "L'Eclair," who had never ceased to print his journal daily in spite of its dangerous proximity to the Cathedral, and by this means those who had departed were permitted to follow the daily doings in Reims. The Cross of War was also awarded to Mlle. Luigi and Mlle. Tournellier for their courage and devotion to the sick in the hospitals. The President having pinned the decoration on the breasts of these brave men and women and embraced them, Cardinal Luçon made a touching speech in return. He thanked the President, not for himself, but for his clergy, in whose name he received the decoration. He declared it was sweet to fulfil duty in the midst of such brave fellow-citizens.

TO PROVIDE AMBULANCES

NEW YORK KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS WILL SEND TWENTY UNITS TO FRANCE

Twenty ambulances for the American Army in France is to be the outstanding feature of the war relief work undertaken by the New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus. Each of these ambulance units will be composed of 5 surgeons and 86 helpers, including nurses, a total of 1,820 men and women. The entire outfit will also be provided with 2 motor trucks, 1 touring car and 19 motorcycles. Ten of the ambulances given by individual councils have already been provided, and before the end of July it is hoped to have the others fully equipped and manned. About August 1 the ambulances and crews will be sent to Allentown, Pa., for intensive training before proceeding to France.—Catholic Bulletin.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The late Mrs. Marie E. Labe of Brooklyn, N. Y., a non-Catholic, left \$5,000 to the Brooklyn Home for Blind, Crippled and Defective Children, Port Jefferson.

The Ven. Anne St. Barthelemy, the companion of St. Teresa and founder of the Carmelites of Antwerp, was beatified recently, and the happy event was celebrated at Rome at the Church of St. Julian-des-Belges.

Thousands of French soldiers have been enrolled in the Living Rosary of the trenches. They respond eagerly to the "spiritual mobilization" as it has been called, and in one section or another the rosary is being said perpetually.

The Sultan of Egypt has conferred upon the Earl of Denbigh the Order of the Nile. Lord Denbigh is one of the senior Catholic peers of England, and his family among the aristocracy has done more war work than the Fieldings, of which he is the head.

Adults converted to the faith in the Philadelphia diocese during the year 1916 numbered 1,469, according to official statistics, says the Catholic Standard and Times. This is a gain of 171 souls for last year compared with the corresponding period of 1915. The total of the city churches was 1,235 persons. The country churches had 234.

All Catholic Spain is preparing to celebrate the solemn third centenary of the illustrious Jesuit, Francis Suarez, "light of the Church," as a Supreme Pontiff called him. The enthusiasm which the idea of this celebration has aroused is such that the directive committee has decided to publish a bulletin which will give an account of the whole movement.

St. Louis, Mo., July 7.—An anti-submarine device has been submitted to the Government by the Council of National Defense. The inventor is the Rev. J. A. DeVilbiss, S. J., of St. Louis University. His invention is said to be highly technical and complex but comparatively simple in its operation. It is operated entirely by electricity.

Cardinal Logue has approved the society known as the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament, which is spreading in Ireland and England. The society has no additional prayers, no meetings, no subscriptions, but each member pledges himself to promote devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by frequent Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and other pious exercises. The society now numbers 20,000.

Mrs. Nicholas Brady, of New York, who built the Anthony Brady Memorial Hall of the Catholic Sisters College, Brookland, D. C., has shown her appreciation of the work of the 5,000 teaching Sisters in the schools of the United States by presenting \$50,000 as the beginning of a fund that will enable the college authorities to give free board and free tuition to the Sisters attending the college.

Archbishop Harty, of Omaha, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University at the last meeting of the trustees. The Board decided to open next fall a new Baseline College, an institution provided for by the will of the late Theodore Baseline, of Croghan, N. Y., for the training of young men for the priesthood, with a particular view to election and effective public speaking. Later on separate buildings will be erected for this purpose.

The death is reported from Paris of M. Paul Allard, the historian of the persecutions of the Church in the first three centuries—on which subject his writings have cast much new light. Allard's chief works are his history of the persecutions in four, and his "Life of Julian the Apostate," in three volumes. He also wrote the lives of St. Basil and St. Sidonius Apollinaris for "The Saints" series.

While digging a well on an irrigated farm near Yuma, Arizona, an ancient copper bell, which is believed to have been brought over from Spain more than two hundred years ago, was unearthed. The bell weighs about 200 pounds and was found several feet beneath the surface. According to the tradition of aged Mexicans, the bell probably came from an old mission church that was located near where it was found. The mission was called Conception Immaculada, and around it at one time was quite a large settlement. The town and the church were destroyed in the year 1781 by the Yuma Indians.

Archbishop Cerrutti, recently Apostolic Delegate to Australia, who goes to Rome to fill an important post, is to sail for Naples shortly. The ship that carries him and a few friends accompanying him will carry no articles deemed contraband of war. In consequence of this, and as a result of arrangements made between Berlin and the Vatican, no German submarine will attack the ship. Special signs upon her sides will indicate that the Archbishop is aboard. It is pleasing to read, says the Catholic News, in the midst of news of slaughter and carnage, that the representative of His Holiness is entirely safe from war's dangers on the seas.