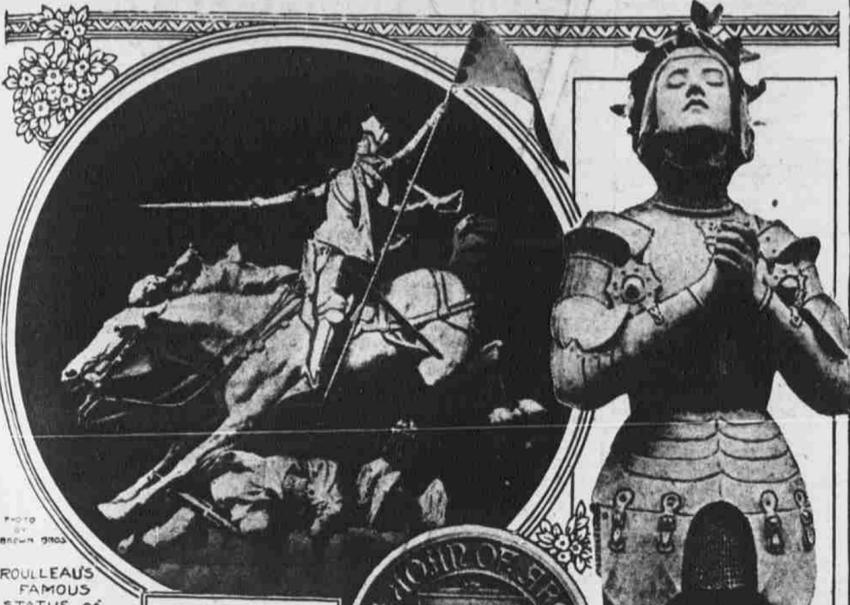


Life of the Maid Reviewed in Story of Her Canonization

Decree of Sainthood Granted Only After Rigorous Research Extending Through 464 Years by the Brightest Minds in the Church



ROULLEAUS FAMOUS STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC LEADING A CHARGE.

ONE OF THE TIFFANY MEDALS TO COMMEMORATE THE CANONIZATION OF JOAN OF ARC



ARCHBISHOP PATRICK J. HAYES, OF NEW YORK, IN CHARGE OF THE GREAT CELEBRATION HERE



MISS ELISABETH MARBURY, CHAIRMAN OF THE WOMAN'S COMMITTEE



JUSTICE VICTOR J. DOWLING, CHAIRMAN OF THE MEN'S COMMITTEE



THE FAMOUS STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC BY PAUL DUBOIS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS



STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC BY ANTONIN MERCIÉ



STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE



PAINTING SHOWING THE CAPTURE OF ORLEANS BY JOAN OF ARC

Continued from Preceding Page.

cardinals and descendants of the kin of Joan, the martyr, the solemn ceremonies in the beatification of Joan of Arc were carried out in St. Peter's to-day. According to the rubric the Pope does not attend beatifications in person, but as a mark of special devotion he assisted this afternoon at a special benediction, which replaced the ceremony of the Veneration of the Relics, none existing in this case.

"The Basilica presented a fairytale appearance. It was hung with red velvet draperies and everywhere strings of electric lights were artistically arranged. Huge pictures, representing the miracles of Joan of Arc, and her statue, were placed over the high altar, but they were veiled. The ceremony began with the reading of the brief, at the last word of which the veils fell. The statue appeared framed in electric bulbs, the bells pealed forth and the massed choirs intoned the Te Deum, which was taken up by the vast throng. Many of the pilgrims, overcome, burst into frantic cheers, which were immediately suppressed.

First Pontifical Mass in Her Memory.

"The Bishop of Orleans then said the first Pontifical mass in memory of Joan of Arc, which ended the first portion of the ceremony. In the afternoon the ceremonial was no less impressive. The Holy Father passed through the ranks of the kneeling pilgrims, followed by his court and by his picturesque guards, to the altar. After the singing of the liturgical hymn the advocates for the beatification presented to the Pope the traditional gifts of a basket of flowers and the Life of Joan of Arc magnificently bound. The United States was represented by Archbishop O'Connell of Boston, Mgr. Seton, Archbishop of Halifax; Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College, and Bishop Farrelly of Cleveland. The congregation attending the afternoon ceremony was estimated at 60,000."

"The process of Joan's canonization," says Father Lynch, continuing the story from the period of the beatification, "was accomplished much more quickly than was anticipated. Her French advocates evidently hastened the great affair on account of the horrible war and its foreseen conclusion. For it was easy to see how much the faith of

ence of the Pope, to examine the miracles presented for the canonization. There were present thirteen Cardinals and twenty Consultors in a session which lasted three hours. On the following Wednesday His Holiness announced his decision; he accepted the miracles, and communicated the decisive fact to Cardinal Amette. On April 6th the decree of acceptance was solemnly read in the Hall of Consistory. It was filled with invited guests, especially from France. Among these were the representatives of 200,000

widows of the great war, who had come to pledge to the Holy See the loyalty of the bereaved mothers and their children. It was Passion Sunday, and well it befitted the tragedy of the Maid of France.

"The Holy Father made a beautiful address, to which the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Touchet, responded.

"On Sunday, May 18, 1919, Paris hastened to honor the 'Saint of the Fatherland.' Two hundred thousand were in procession, yet the multitude was in perfect order. Through vast, applauding throngs the long line advanced. The statues of Joan on the route were covered with rich garlands, while the working people offered their lowlier bouquets. The whole way was brilliant with the flags of France and her allies."

Stands Severe of Tests.

Under the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church rigorous research extending often through many generations marks the progress of a candidate toward the exaltation of beatification and, later, to the higher glory of sanctification, or canonization. None but the elect and the unblemished survives the exacting winning process. The ablest minds of the Catholic hierarchy sit in judgment, and to session of the Supreme Court more august. Every scrap of available evidence is sifted and weighed dispassionately. Not only is there an able advocate favoring the cause of the candidate for sainthood, but there is a no less competent functionary, often designated colloquially by churchmen as "the devil's advocate," whose duty it is like that of the prosecuting attorney in a criminal procedure, to bring out fully any and every weak spot in the character or record of the person whose conduct is under review.

It is the theory of the ecclesiastical tribunal that the devil is entitled to his day in court, and unless the candidate for saintly glory be strong enough in character and good works to withstand all the shafts of Beezebub the halo of the canonized is not for him or for her.

From all such severe tests, applied again and again by successive commissions, generation after generation, Joan of Arc has emerged triumphant, even as she emerged from the assault against the English and Burgundian hordes at Orleans. Her sublime faith in her "Dear Lord," in her heaven-sent Voice and in her divine mission to redeem France survived the test of the inquisition, the torture and the awful ordeal by fire. Even so the spotless purity of her simple character has emerged unscathed from all the barbed shafts of venom, rancor, falsehood and treachery loosed against her in a narrow and bigoted age.

versal yielding; men yielding to their passions, their ambitions, their fears; many among them siding with an enemy that was partly French, whose King was of French blood, having with ours a long line of common ancestors; anarchy everywhere, on the soil and in the hearts—a decadent nation if ever there was one.

"Less than a year later," said the Ambassador, "a change had taken place such as the world had never seen. The national feeling, which had had but a dormant existence, had been aroused, never to fade again; the invincible enemy had been vanquished; the weakling sovereign, doubting his own rights, living in fear, with no troops, no crown, no will, had become a real King, anointed in that august cathedral of Rheims which no hand has been so sacrilegious as to deface, in the course of its millennial existence, until the present day. The nation has become one, with a single purpose; it can fight and win the fight; it has faith.

"A child has done it. What had been impossible for the scion of the Capetian race, his nobles, his doctors, for all the favorites of fortune, has been done in a few weeks by a country maid. No greater miracle was ever seen."

Tribute by Andrew Lang.

"She was the most perfect daughter of her Church," says Andrew Lang in the introduction to his book, "The Maid of France." "To her its sacraments were the very Bread of Life; her conscience, by frequent confession, was kept fair and pure as the lilies of Paradise. In a tragedy without parallel or precedent the Flower of Chivalry died for France and the chivalry of France, which had deserted her; she died by the chivalry of England, which shamefully entreated and destroyed her; while the most faithful of Christians perished through the 'celestial science, and dull political hatred of priests who impudently called themselves 'the Church'!"

"She came with powers and with genius which should be the marvel of the world while the world stands. She redeemed a nation; she wrought such works as seemed to her people, and well might seem, miraculous."

Just one more tribute, and it, like that of Shakespeare, is prophetic in its inspiration: Thy country's sin, the insult and the shame, The scaffold's doom, the faggot and the flame— All these shall pass and be remembered not; Fair Charity with kindly tears shall bid From France's shield the black-corroding stain, Caught from thy blood, O Lily of Lorraine!

The hero's heart shall lose its thirst for fame, And truth be dead, and virtue but a name, Ere men shall cease to honor thee who gave To France, to liberty, to truth— In battle's bloodiest trenches undismayed, North insult meek, in persecution brave, Thy love, thy life, thy stainless youth, O Virgin, Patriot and Martyr Maid!

It is from the famous poem written by Coleman.

Tribute by Jusserand.

In his address at the dedication of the Joan of Arc statue in this city in December, 1915, Ambassador Jusserand paid to the memory of the Maid of Orleans a beautiful tribute. He had sketched the decadent France of 1429, "with a weak and worthless King, the son of a mad predecessor; with no resistance, no patriotism, no faith, a uni-

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Old Carillons of Flanders Awaken Fond Memories

George Wharton Edwards has enjoyed a deserved fame as an American artist and illustrator for over thirty years. He has also made his mark in literature, chiefly by his books of description of Flanders, where he has spent many of his vacations sketching and writing. By other excursions in the realm of fiction, such as "Thumb Nail Sketches," "The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac," &c., he enjoys a reputation as a gentle and popular humorist. Mr. Edwards received the bronze medal and the silver medal for paintings from the Buffalo Exposition of 1901 and also similar honors from the South Carolina and Barcelona (Spain) Expositions of 1902.

By GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

WHAT has been the fate of the chimes or, as they should be called, the carillons of Flanders, for which many of the towns and cities of Belgium were renowned before they were destroyed by the Germans during the great war?

I have before me as I write a reproduction of a photograph in a foreign paper showing the narrow street before the great tower of St. Rombauld, in Malines (the church of Cardinal Mercier), with several of the splendid bells which formed part of its famous carillon lying among the ashes and debris from the tower.

I lived for some time (1912) at the small inn opposite the cathedral tower, where part of the chapter on Malines in "Some Old-Flemish Towns" was written, and many times I sat entranced in the window listening to the sound of the bells high in the old tower played by Denijn in his masterly way. It is news to me that this carillon has been restored since the war, as I was credibly in-

formed that the bells had been sent to Essen in Germany, on the orders of Von Bissing, to be melted up.

The tower of St. Rombauld was badly damaged by the artillery and nearly all of the quaint old gabled houses on the square were demolished, according to Cardinal Mercier, the Primate of Belgium, who lives just behind the church. But there are other carillons than that of St. Rombauld, for instance that at Antwerp in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is intact, and which was loyally silent during the occupation of the city by the Germans, who, as they expected to retain Antwerp as a pawn, did not harm it. This carillon is played by tambour (mechanism connected with the clock), which can be disconnected and operated by hand on occasions.

There is another of the same sort at Bruges, in the belfry tower in the market place, and a smaller one at Courtrai. In nearly every town, in fact, is a belfry containing chimes of bells, and most of these were cast by the famous founders of the Netherlands, bearing upon their sides or rims such names as "Roland" or "Grand Mathew," as well as the names of Van den Gheyns, a family famed for their craftsmanship.

Belfry of Bruges.

These bells ring out the quarters, the halves and the hours, and, heard over the roofs of the hamlets and the level fields, are indescribably sweet and harmonious. Thus in Flanders both day and night were marked by these sweet sounds, set as it were to the music of the bells. Alas! that many of them will never again be heard. How many times in my student days did I mount the broad stone stairs of the old belfry in Bruges, immortalized by Longfellow, and, passing through the vast vaulted chamber wherein were stored the pasteboard were cast by the famous founders of the town fetes, and the furled, dusty banners of the 'Gilden' leaning against the walls, mount

leisurely the hundreds of worn stone steps leading upward to that small leaden floored room where the carillon is played, and from the narrow, leaded glass windows gaze out over the broad banded gold and green fields, ribboned with silvery canals and embosomed by small red tiled farmhouses and straw stacks, while above me in the bell room the chimes boomed and clanged at regular intervals. Both day and night were musical with the silvery chimes before the war; there was music not only for the town but for the hamlets for miles around. Time floated here upon the wings of sweet strains; the peasant was born amid the melody of bells, and to the same sweet strains the kindly priest blessed the humble marriage and finally scattered the soil over his poor coffin.

The Flemish Loves Bells.

The Flemish loves bells. He hangs them upon the collars of those huge, broad backed, thick legged horses bred on the Flemish plains. These bells are somewhat like those we have on our sleighs in the winter, but they range from the size of a coffee cup down to a thimble.

Alot, Deudermonde, Malines, Commines, Bruges, Audenaarde, Dixmude and Ypres all had chimes of glorious bells before the Germans destroyed them, and these are named in the list of property destroyed for which indemnity is demanded by Belgium. It is not generally known that the clock faces of Saint Rombauld in Malines were the largest in existence. These clock faces, called cadran, four in number, measured as follows: Diameter, 13 m. 56; circumference, 41 m.; hour hand, 3 m. 62; minute hand, 4 m. 25; figures, Roman, 1 m. 96.

There were six bells used for ordinary church services and forty-five others, one of which weighed nearly eight tons and required the services of twelve men to ring it. Thirty-two of the bells were cast by Peter Hemony at Amsterdam in 1674; the others

are by Waeghereus, Stylaert van Aerschot, Dumery, and the great master, A. van den Gheyn. The carillon has two keyboards, manual and pedal (Voet klavier), which are connected with the bell tongues by long wires. For striking the hours and the subdivisions there is an automatic machine somewhat like the barrel of a music box (called a "rammet") into which brass pegs are fixed, and these catch loops of the wires connecting with the hammers which strike upon the outside rim of the bells. M. Joseph Denijn, son of the great Denijn, has for years been the town "carillonneur." As a boy he watched his father at the "clavier" in the tower, learning all his secrets, and finally when the elder was no longer able to work the heavy, cumbersome pedals of this primitive instrument he succeeded him at the age of 19, and since 1881 has played in nearly all the chief cities of Europe as well as in Malines. He is known as "Stadbeeldardier," and his sympathetic rendering of the old folksongs (volksliederen) has endeared him to the Flemish people.

Street Nomenclature

THE practice of giving numbers and letters instead of names to the streets and avenues of our cities is so familiar to us that it excites no thought, except of its convenience. But it is a practice often remarked upon by foreigners as peculiar to the United States and as evidence of the matter of fact, unimaginative character of our people.

Historical dates have been called picturesque names for streets. The French set the fashion in this respect. Paris has its Rue du 29 Juillet and its Rue du 9 Septembre. This had spread even to South America. Buenos Aires has its Parque 3 du Febrero, its July Promenade, its 16th of November square and also its 25th of May street.

When the elaborate public ceremonial attending the beatification in St. Peter's was witnessed in 1909, the Herald's cable despatch said:

"In the presence of 30,000 French pilgrims, practically all the bishops of France, many