LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902

The Catholic Record.

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SOME QUEERA.

So many years since we put our face to the world. We do not like to think that the time has passed, but the gray on our temples and the droop of the shoulders remind us that we are going down into the valley. Those who knew and perchance loved us in the days ago have gone home. One of them-he is always our Christmas guest -comes back and installs himself at our fireside. He says little, as all the good talkers, and friendship is too sacred a thing to be defiled by chattering. Mayhap our eyes play us falsebut we imagine-and this imagination is one of our best Christmas gifts-that we have for a few hours the companionship of our departed friend. What we talk are about trifles which, however, are " jets of affection which relume a young world for me again."

When we knew him first he was a chivalrous hearted youth bubbling o'er with health and talent. We pick him from all the rest because he has done much to shield us and others from utter failure. Thrown in early days among a time in arid wastes, seeking contentment for mind and heart-the key to unlock the mysteries of the world. before him and since, in the bosom of the Church. And we well remember that one morning he came to us with deem the authors of their misery. the words of Louis Veuillot on his lips: " At present all is clear ! At present I see, I hear, I know. The smiles and the sounds of nature are a language I understand; my heart answers it with a beat that tells of brotherly love. I know why the hills are clothed with joyousness, why the seed rejoices in the earth, why a song of praise comes up from the valleys, why the little stream

leaps and claps its hands." And what he would not do? Yes, brave heart thou wouldst have been truth's soldier. But ere the good armour was defaced by the conflict he exchanged it for the vesture of peace. The end came suddenly. Just after Midnight Mass at which he had received his God, he complained of being unwell; ten minutes later he died. His last words were Mother and the Sacred Names. Poor little mother! We pitied her from our heart of hearts. Her days we knew were counted by her boy's letters. A few years and he would be home to make it all up to her who toiled and economized for him: and we doubt not that she saw in a gladsome future a more than recompense for the weary waiting of the past. This is rather a sorrow-tinged memory. So we thought, at the time, and when that brave heart went still in death we resented the jubilee of praise and glory that the Christmas bells flung over the little town where he and I dreamed and w we see more clearly. Joy and sorrow are sisters. But sorrow is the elder sister-God's angel working always to the end that He be loved by all and above all. For this our dreams come to naught and the world's vanity an open book before us; for this, as Lacordaire says so beautifully, that we seek no other head but the bleeding head of the Redeemer; no other eyes but His eyes; no other shoulders but His, furrowed by the whips; no other hands and feet to kiss than His pierced with nails for us. And so the bells, and we hear them always, now they make sweet music in our ears. The ache, though dulled, is always there, but we are glad that our friend went home in the full tide of his innocence and purity.

" Love took up the harp of life, and smote On ait the chords with might -On air the chords with might— mote the chord of self, that trembling Passed in music out of sight,"

What, however, is the use of reviving old memories? But memories are ever young. Some indeed are rose-tinted and others are grey and as bleak as a wind-swept moor, but they do not age. They remind us of many things-even things that we'd like to forget. Do we remember how the world seemed once upon a time, like a ball to be kicked and by us. We knew that experience had surprises in stores for us. But what of that? Were we not like Sir Galahad with the strength of ten. Had we not heard of the Torquatus to whose keeping the sacred vessels had been confided-how he sped along pursued by an angry rabble and shed his blood in the Roman streets rather than betray

ANARCHISTS. Some of our exchanges are descant-

ing upon the necessity of putting down the anarchists. They might be coralled and consigned to a desert island, or to some nook in darkest Africa, where wild animals and men would give them no time for plotting. We might suggest other schemes, but having few valuables and an obscure and peaceable citizen withal, we may as well be reticent on the subject. Still the talk speaks well for the zeal of our brethren, although we do not imagine that the miscreants who are anxious to put a few inches of steel or grains of dynamite into somebody are likely to be put out of countenance by strongly worded editorials. They are used to being berated, and rather accept it as a tribute to the votaries of Infidelity, he was for their efficiency. But we should not vent all our ire on the poor wretches who have been kicked into the world to wonder why they must eke out a pitiful And he found it all at last, as so many existence and then goaded by hunger or whiskey and the ravings of brother anarchists to strike at those whom they

They are like children abroad in a

craft without chart or compass. They have been robbed of everything that can explain life. It is all a riddle-a mocking conundrum-and so they prowl around civilization showing their teeth when they may and feeding mind and heart with recitals of their wrongs and class in this country, outside the Cathheart with recitals of their wrongs and woes—without hope and content, because without faith. But we have less to fear from them than from the materials. Faith in the fundamental truths of Christianity is fading, becoming hazy and indefinite. There are two reasons for it. The first is the woes-without hope and content, beamateur anarchist. The professional is erroneous principle on which Protestant faith is grounded. A false principle on the country of the cou apt to be known to the secret service and so kept within bounds. The amateur is not known as an object of police sur- in time work out its logical results and veillance, and may be all that is respectable in the eyes of society. Now et us explain. By an amateur anarchist we mean one who believes in some kind of a God, though he may be little worried about God's dominion over him. He has thoughts now and then of judgment, and the light struggles fitfully into his soul to show him its bleakness. But his distinctive characteristic is a love of this world. He exudes it. This has been taught him from infancy. The talk at the fireside has been of pomp and show; at school success in the acquisition of pelf and power is pointed out as the goal, and he begins his work with every nerve and functions of the Church and assume a tingle for the pursuit of the dollar. Sometimes he makes his pile; oftener race. He benefit is a drag on the upward course humanity. The world could spare him and be the gainer. We would not then travel so quickly, but we might live in an atmosphere not surcharged with the fever of getting rich quickly. We should have time to build air castles-a consolation indeed for the generation that prides itself on being practical. Perchance also transfoil begin to understand how poor a thing is money compared to the love and truth we can have for nothing.

Of what avail to us to know of the men who have left their mark in the stock market or the history of s accessful deals? What message has it ail for the many who brush elbows with Poverty - for the sorrowburdened? To those who are stumbling on without God it comes as a voice from a world from which they are debarred. They, too, may wonder and chafe under it, but they are kept in order by fear of the "powers that be." And so they journey on, strangers even to the beauty of life. Battling and striving, they go their way, only to find, when the light of eternity shines upon them, how much time they have wasted. Better far a poor man who is trying to set his house in order. He and those like him are the truest benefactors of their kind. They steady and comfort and guard us from the worship of idols. They make the social fabric stronger for their having lived. They see things that the amateur anarchist can never see. The supernatural looms large before them, awe-inspiring, doubtless, but inexpressibly comforting in its

called cynicism. Anything but that. grip on love, peace, faith, modesty, They are for the most part Protestant

kind, to earn a little and spend a little not this seem strange to the people who may think we exaggerate we give less; to renounce when that shall be went into the prophecy business when necessary and not be embittered, to Garibaldi and Cavour began their work? keep a few friends but these without They harrowed us with tales of the capitulation-above all, on the same poor priest-ridden Italian and again grim conditions, to keep friends with wafted us into an ecstasy of anticipation of the good things that would be due when the Pope would be thrown into the Tiber. So far the predictions of prosperity and glory have not been to see it as such, value it as such, use verified, and it will take a singularly optimistic individual to discern in present conditions any indication of their trouble of thought, study, and some-verification in the rear future. Italy is too sick just now to warrant much jubilent conditions any indication of their seem to have diagnosed the case correctly. And yet the disease is old and not uncommon, viz., apostasy from the Church. This disease means death friends who acclaimed the birth of United Italy may have a chance to attend its funeral.

WHERE FAITH IS FADING.

A correspondent, writing us from a certain city in the United States, says: "The majority of the newspaper boys in — are unbelievers. They are mostly college graduates—secular colleges. I wondered so much about it that I quizzed a young fellow on the matter the other day. He had been a Sunday school teacher, but he got to studying the other worlds, the planets, etc., and wondered if they were inhabited, etc., and his speculations led and society him to give up whatever previously held in Christianity. In ates therefrom are unbelievers, he said decay.-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It is safe to say this percentage will olic Church. Faith in the fundamental ciple once introduced into society and accepted as a principle of action, will abnormalize the social system as surely as the microbe of smallpox or other zymotic diseases, once introduced into the physical system, will throw it into

n abnormal condition. an abnormal condition.

The erroneous principle on which the Protestant system of religion is based is, that private or individual judgment is the sole criterion by which revealed truth and law can be known and interpreted. This principle was proclaimed by the reformers as a justification for the revolt in the sixteenth century against the authority of the Catholic Those leaders proclaimed it Church. in justification of their own revolt against the authority of the Church, but it was not their intention that it should be invoked against their own authority. for themselves the teaching authority which they denied to her. Thus they were never logical or loyal to the prinhe does not. But whether he has ciple they announced, for they were as thousands or nothing he is of dogmatical as the Pope could possibly be, and had nothing but curses and anothemas for all who did not accept their doctrinal decisions with as ready acquiescence as the Catholic is required to accept the decrees of the head of the formulated creeds, Church. They formulated creeds, based on their individual interpretation of the Bible, and made man's salvation lependent on intellectual assent to supreme and infallible head of the

Church, could do no more. But their lay followers, flattered by the new principle that made each of them the sole judge of revealed truth and law, were more logical than their masters. Each became within himself court of last resort, and those who could not see through the spectacles of their would-be masters in I-rael set up surches for themselves, and, imitating the lack-logic of their masters, damned Thus Protestantism was, by the very principle of its existence, broken up into as many views and opinions as there were heads to contain them. Hence the innumerable sects.

It is only in modern times that the ous principle has been carried to its ultimate of individualism, disintegation, skepticism, loss of living, ly defined, oper right infidelity. operative faith and down-

For several generations those who adhered to the principle of private judg-ment accepted the Bible without quesinspired book-the word of God. But of recent years it has oc-curred to the more thoughtful and more logical to ask why the Book was thus accepted. Having by their principle to reject all authority but private judgment, they have sought to know what private judgment has to say, not of the meaning of the Book, but of the origin and authority of the Book itself. These more advanced private judgm are called higher critics. They assume to be the more learned in Scriptures, and the seems to be gener tion seems to be generally admitted except by Catholics, and their be pardoned for youthful visions. Disenthantments have come, and they, unless
we take care, fashion the cowardly tool

message of peace and happiness. Sorinfluence is, among non-Catholics, on
the influence is, among non-Catholics, on
the increase. These higher critics
the fields. She was a good girl, who their execution and all that followed

called cynicism. Anything but that. grip on love, peace, faith, modesty, May each one be able to say this Christmas that, as Robert Stevenson phrases it, we have tried to be honest, to be anarchists come from Italy. Now, does it, we have tried to be honest, to be

recent outgivings of the Rev. David Utter, in Unity Church, Chicago: "I think a very great error has been made, and is by this modern criticism to The error is that the be overthrown. The error is that the Bible is the word of God — is a divine, infallible book. If it is simply the remains of the ancient literature of the Jews, plus the writings of a number of the early Christians, the world ought

"We might be glad to have a perfect and infallible book. It would save the criticism, is literature, history, poetry, parable, fiction, some parts foolish, some sublime, some weak, some strong, some parts wise, some unwise."

sooner or later. It looks as if our friends who acclaimed the birth of pulpit one need not be surprised at its prevalence in the pews. Thus Protestantism, that first placed itself on the Bible and private judgment, is now, by the use of that principle, destroying the divine authority of the Bible on

which it claims to rest as on a firm foundation.

The second reason of the decadence of faith in this country is the sin of the Israelies at the foot of Mount Sinai, their object of with this difference: their object of idolatry was the golden calf: that of our day is the golden eagle. Material wealth is the highest good, and " but he got to but he got they were in
seculations led belief he had belief he had ristianity. In society in which all-absorbing greed is the highest motive of effort, cannot be answer to the question as to what per cent. of young men in college or gradulong lived. It has in it the microbe of

MAID OF ORLEANS.

LONDON SPECTATOR'S REVIEW OF HER LATEST BIOGRAPHY.

Now that the Church is preparing the process of her canonization, Jeanne d'Are is again challenging the interest of the world. T. Douglas Murray has just edited her life from original documents. Apropos of the new volume the London Spectator publishes the follow-

ing interesting article: The character and achievements of Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, have long passed beyond the range of con-traversy. Her simple courage and her splendid faith, which so profoundly influenced the fortunes of France, are accepted by all with unquestioning admiration. The source and quality of her inspiration may still be matter for discussion, but that is all. The world needs no argument to convince it of Jeanne d'Arc's piety or patriotism. Indeed, though she suffered at the stake, in accord with the savage fanaticism of her time, she had not been dead much more than twenty years when, under the auspices of Pope Calixtus, her trial was reconsidered and her condemnation was annulled. Evidence was upon cath concerning her childhood, her military exploits and her violent and this evidence, translated and edited by Mr. T. Douglas Murray, gives us so plainly unvarnished a pic-ture of the past as history rarely

affords. The trial of Jeanne d'Arc, which precedes her rehabilitation, is further proof, if further proof were needed, of ner courage and address. A simple, girl, she faced her udges without faltering or timidity. She replied to their questions with an adroitness which might have baffled a clever attorney, and not one who sat upon the bench got the who sat upon the bench got the better of her. Nor was this adroitness ne outcome of cunning or forethought It is clearly born of her absolute confidence in herself and her cause. She pleaded her case without counsel and with a dignity which no counsel could have surpassed. Jean Beaupere, master in theology, canon of Rouen, considered her very subtle, with the subtlety of a woman, and truly she confuted the subtlest doctors without difficulty. And when, after her relapse from recantation, she was led to the stake, nothing could have been better or braver than her demeanor. The eye witnesses testify one and all to her sub mission and composure. One just word of repreach she threw at the Bishop of "Bishop," she said, "I die ou." Thereafter she asked through you." Brother Isambard de la Pierre " into the church near by and bring he the cross, to hold it upright on high upright on before her eyes until the moment death, so that the cross on which God was hanging might be in life continually death, so that This Brother Isam bard did, and she died ' pitiful, devout and Catholic words that those who saw her in great numbers wept, and that the Cardinal of England and many other English were forced to weep and to feel compassion.

HER HOME LIFE.

But it is the record of her life, not the record of her death, that is most interesting to us. The depositions are no dry legal documents. They carry us back to Domremy and show us the life of a fifteenth century village. Jean Morel, a laborer and her godfather,

knew her belief and her Pater and her | -null, non-existent without value or Ave as well as any of her companions. Moreover, "she had modest ways, as beseemed one whose parents were not rich." Before all things she was religious, and if she heard the Mass bell she would leave the fields and hie her FATHER PARDOW'S PERTINENT rich." back to the village and to the church, where she heard the Mass. The same laborer gave evidence on the Fairies' piece of superstition pretty Tree, a

'I have heard that the fairies came there long ago to dance," he says; "but since the Gospel of Saint John has been read under the tree they come no more. At the present day, on the Sunday when in the Holy Churea of God the Introit to the Mass 'Lactare Jerusalem' is sung. called with us' the Sunday of the Wells,' the young maidens and youths of Domremy are too sick just now to warrant much jubilation from the avowed enemies of the Church. Socialists and political adventurers are in attendance, but they do not the spin at the specific to spin at the specific that the burst filled in order to take it as perfect when we know it is not. So what returns are in attendance, but they do not criticism is literature, history poetry.

These words formed part of an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest plea for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest please for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest please for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest please for national aid to the Catholic spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a control of the second formed part of an earnest plea Thorn, where they drink and amuse themselves gathering flowers. Jeanne the Maid went there, like all the other and its object the raising of funds to ome parts wise, some unwise."

When the result of private judgment thus voiced from the Protestant went there alone, either to the tree or to the well-which is nearer to the vil-

So all the witnesses agree in asserting the piety and industry of Jeanne the Maid. One of her godmothers des-Maid. One of her godmothers des-scibes her as fond of work and often at neighboring parish says that she often confessed her sins, and that if she had alone "to talk with God." To another normal. she said one day: "Gossip, if you were not a Burgundian, I would tell you upon one point. something;" and afterwards, when she met the same man at Chalons she owned

called Jean de Metz, relates how he met the Maid at Vaucoulers, gave her the garb and equipment of one of his men and conducted her to Chinon, where she might present herself to the King's Court and Council. Both he and his companions had faith in her and in her mission, and not one of them ever thought to molest her or to show her the smallest incivility. This perhaps, was her most wonderful quality; until she appeared before the court which condemned her she was able to inspire all men with confidence. That a village maid, without any help that she did not procure herself, should only make her way to the presence of her sovereign, but should persuade that sovereign to accept her counsel, is a marvel indeed. Little less marvellous was her influence with the army. It vexed her to hear blasphemles, and out of respect to her the soldiers put a restraint upon their tongues. "No one in the army dared swear or blaspheme before her," says Louis de Contes, her page, "for fear of being reprimanded." It is this page who gives the best account of the Maid and her prowess, and adds many of the small touches which give life to a por-trait. She was of the most sober habits, he says. "Many times I saw her eat nothing during a whole day but a morsel of bread. . . . When she was in her ledging she ate only twice a day be and the bread of the bread o Moreover, brave as she was and day." Moreover, orange of the actual to express always humane and quick to express compassion for a fallen foe. "Seeing a Frenchman," so de Contes tells the tale, "who was charged with the convoy of certain English prisoners, strike one of them on the head in such a manner that he was left for dead on the ground she got down from her horse, had him confessed, sup-porting his head herself and comforting him to the best of her power. one point she was obdurate: she would permit no woman other than herself and er companions to be with the army served the mistress of one of he lowers riding on horseback. Instantly she rode at her threatening her with her sword, not striking her, but admon ishing in all gentleness to leave the army if she would not be punished. Simian in substance is the evidence of Dunois the bastard of Orleans, who declares his belief that she was sent by God and that ner conduct was rather divine than human. As to her soldier-like ability he had never a doubt, and when she came to Orleans he greeted her with the simple phrase: "I am very glad of simple phrase: "I am very glad of your coming." He, too, adds the astonishing testimony that she sometimes spoke in jest of the affairs of war,

Such are some of the testimonies in favor of Jeanne d'Arc culted from Mr. Douglas Murray's interesting book. Truly the Maid of Orleans, rarely nonored in her brief life, was yet more honored after her death. Her was complete and ungrudging. say, pronounce, decree and declare, thus runs the document, "the said pro cesses and sentences full of cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences and manifest errors. In fact as well as in law; we say

and "to encourage the soldiers fore-told events which were not realized."

But when she spoke seriously she de

ee the King crowned at Rheims.

lared that she was sent to do no more

than raise the seige of Orleans and to

effect." Jeanne d Arc died at the stake, but her memory received such amends as only a repentant world can

REMARKS.

"Catholics in the United States are annually paying into the national treasury \$25,000,000 beyond their rightful taxes and are educating one million children without charging the country one cent for it. Yet we have never been given one word of praise for this tremendous work. The country is not to blame for this, we ourselves are at fault, because we have never told the United States what we

have been doing.'
These words formed part of an earnest and its object the raising of funds to increase the membership of the Christian Brothers.

doon. He received another when he had finished, and several times he was unable to proceed heavies of the when he was introduced by Bishop Mul-

would have gone to the end of the earth to save a soul, had he felt that it was said Rev. Father Pardow, the spinning wheel: the cure of a his duty," said Rev. Father Pardow, neighboring parish says that she often "but he felt he was called upon for another work, and that it was in the money she would have given it to him for the saving of Masses. One laborer confessed that she would often retire felt that he was called upon to form a

"And now I am going to scold you written by people of other faiths, when we should have studied the books written by La Salle.

met the same man at Chalous such that she feared "nothing but treason."
The unanimity of these simple folk is remarkable, and truly Jeanne d'Arc differed from the most prophets in this, that she was not without honor in her own country and among her own people.

JEANNE THE WARRIOR.

JEANNE THE WARRIOR. world many of the principles that have made modern education what it was because he was a great teacher that he was made a great saint. He believed, as do we Catholics, that the soul should be trained with the mind. Any other system only serves to educate infidels. Cardinal Newman once said the mind resembled a screen upon which views from a stereopticon were thrown. The pictures a But by education the film i so that we could see well. The pictures are blurred. on the film is made clear,

"In the human soul you have will. It is in the child and its cultivation is one of the most important results to strive for in the schoolrooms. And there is where we differ from the Pub-We strive to bring out this lie school. will, while they do not. But we do not object to them. These Public schools

do very much.
"But they stop short and do not educate the soul and we believe that is a La Salle believed, as we do, that God had a right in the school-room and that any system that excluded Him from the mind of the child educated In-fidels instead of a strong religious race. And when La Salle went into a schoolroom God went with him and there went honor.'

THE MASS.

Has the English Church as a Church since the Reformation continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion and with the same intention as she did If "Yes," to the ordinary layman the quarrel with British layman the Pope, even the ban of the Pope and his foreign Cardinals, will seem but one of those matters to which it to give the slip. Our quarrel with the Pope is of respectable antiquity—France, too, had hers. But i "No," the same ordinary laymar will be puzzled, and, if he has a leaning to sacraments and the sacramental theory of religion and nature, will grow distraught.

Nobody, nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently the Mass. If the Incarnation be deed the one Divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may dwell seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land of the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important interesting happened, once for all, long ago in a chill historic past.

However much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical millinery and matters * * *
it is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being a paid agent of the Protestant Alliance) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveller, the Communion service cording to the Roman Catholic ritual without emotion. It is the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference, so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible, between olic country and a Protestant one, be-tween Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer.—Augustine Birrells Essays and Addresses.

The world has only begun to see that no country is great and no cause just that does not help on the world's hap-piness and the world's good.—The Churchman.