

JOAN OF ARC.

PART I.
PREPARATION.

N olden forest! What a world of mystery and enchantment lies hidden in the words! For the imaginative, thoughtful child, who has such a nursery and playground, the leafy solitudes are peopled with strange presences; whispers of unknown import stir in the thickets; down the solemn aisles of trees there breathes a murmur that falls with a reverent hush on the listener, while in the darker recesses weird shapes seem to lurk, that need but the touch of some Ithuriel spear to call them forth.

Spirits of good and of mischief seem abroad in the wood to the child that roams there, at will; yet fear is conquered by delight, for the good is evermore the stronger, and to the child-lover of nature there is a sense of comfort and protection in the mighty Presence that broods over all.

It is true that not everyone knows this feeling of mingled awe and rapture in the heart of a great forest. Many may discern nothing there but green tree, bramble, fern, and flower; yet for those who are of sensitive spirit and keen imagination the spell exists. This spell it was which to men of old peopled the woods with nymphs, fairies, satyrs, and dryads, and made them the shrines of worship in the childhood of the world.

Four centuries and a half ago such a forest was the chosen haunt of a pure and gentle village child. Jeannette, daughter of Jacques de l'Arc, or James the Bowman, lived at the sequestered village of Domremy, in France, on the borders of the great woods of the Vosges. Under the old oaks, whose origin dated far beyond the memory of man, she would roam at will. The birds knew her quiet tender presence, and would hop down at her call, while other wild creatures of the glades and thickets came willingly around her. Fairies, or "good people" as they were called, were thought to make the forest their home. Children scarcely believe in fairies nowadays, and perhaps are none the better for the loss of faith in the poetic legends that delighted their ancestors; but the girls and boys of Domremy told many a tale of the elves who haunted the "Bois Chénus." They were said also to impart magic virtues to the waters of a clear cold spring that bubbled up at the foot of an old beech tree on the top of a hill behind the village, and, as a tribute to these fairy guardians, the children, in early springtime, would hang garlands of primroses, snowdrops, and violets on the beech boughs, and dance round the gnarled trunk with laughter and song.

Among the merry band of these village children Jeannette was a favourite. Simple and pleasant in her ways she always was, yet there was something in her nature that her playmates could scarcely comprehend. Loving the quiet forest with passionate intensity, lingering by fairy well and magic ring, gazing up into the foliage of the haunted beech-tree till she fancied sighs were breathed forth to her, she was, nevertheless, helpful, docile, and gentle, not neglecting her household tasks for lonely reverie.

She was accustomed to spin by her mother's side, and to watch her father's flocks and herds upon the hills. Taught neither to read nor write, she was instructed by her godmother in wonderful legends of the saints, and caused by her mother early to observe the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. The church at Domremy was quaint and ancient, dedicated to St. Margaret and St. Catherine, with beautiful stained glass in the windows that flooded the grey interior at times with sunset glory. Devotion became a passion with Jeanne; she would steal to the church when other girls were at play, and fling herself in an ecstasy of adoration upon her knees.

The sound of the church bells was a delight to her, raising within her that dreamy ecstasy of pleasure and pain which has been felt by thousands. Yet the girl of thirteen was no mere lazy sentimentalist. She was known as invariably tender to the poor and sick, anxious to relieve suffering, scrupulous to do right. The practical side of her character was the one most apparent to her fellow-villagers, who regarded her as an ordinary child, only good, industrious, and docile to a pleasant degree. She seems to have been a favourite with the good village curé, who taught her something about the great men of old and the history of her own land.

There was, however, more in her nature than her friends dreamed of, and, all unknown to them, her imagination and enthusiasm were forming day by day.

From her childhood she thought she heard voices that spoke to her within, and that she felt compelled to obey. At first the voice only gave such simple injunctions as "Jeanne, be a good girl, go often to church," but the mysterious intimation grew with her growth.

To the remote hamlet of Domremy came from time to time tidings of the conflict that was devastating the fair realm of France. Henry V. of England, relying on an unjust claim derived from his grandfather, Edward III., had invaded the land, which, governed by a lunatic king, Charles VI., was then divided between two great factions, one headed by the Duke of Burgundy, the other by the Duke of Orleans. The partisans of the former were called Burgundians, the latter Armagnacs. The Duke of Burgundy was assassinated by one of the Armagnacs. Wild for revenge, his son Philip, who then had the mad king in his power, threw himself on to the side of the English, and by the Treaty of Troyes recognised Henry's succession to the French crown at Charles's death, while Henry ratified the monstrous arrangement by marrying Katherine, the eldest daughter of the French king. The scene in Shakespeare's play of *Henry V.* is well known, when the Princess in her pretty broken English yields herself to the invader.

KATH. "Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?"

HENRY. "No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine."

Now, Henry V. and Charles VI. died in 1422, when Jeanne was ten years old, within six weeks of each other, and at the funeral of the latter the herald cried, "May God grant long life to Henry, by the grace of God King of England, our sovereign lord!"

This was Henry VI., at that time only an infant, for whom the Duke of Bedford was appointed Regent; and before the duke was borne

in solemn state the sword of the Kings of France.

But it was not likely that the patriotism of France could tamely submit to the rule of England while there was a youth of twenty, the son of Charles VI.

Hence the strife raged hotly between Charles the Dauphin and the Armagnacs on the one hand, and Philip of Burgundy and the English under the Duke of Bedford, on the other.

Even the village lads of Domremy shared in the party spirit that rent the country, and would engage in mimic warfare. Jeanne was ardently loyal. "She had pity on the fair realm of France," and identified herself with passionate sympathy with her beloved and suffering country. Her vivid imagination pictured the blazing castles, the heroes dying for their fatherland, and, above all, she saw Charles the Dauphin—in reality a feeble and indolent prince—as a brave and noble martyr, warring vainly for his rights. Her prayers night and day were that he might be crowned king at Rheims with the holy oil of consecration preserved in the cathedral.

There was an old prophecy current in the country that "France should be saved by a woman." This saying had stolen deep into the girl's heart, and when she was fourteen it seemed to her that a voice—"moult belle et douce," as the old chronicler expresses it—said to her: "Jeanne la Pucelle, child of God, be wise, be good, put your trust in God, for you must go into France!"

From that time the voices increased in solemnity, and it seemed to the impassioned maiden as if shapes of heavenly beauty and brightness appeared to her, bidding her go to the succour of the Dauphin, and promising that hers should be the arm to save the land. The patron saints of her church, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, as well as the Archangel Michael, all came, she thought, in radiant vision to foretell her mission. Gradually she renounced all hope of any other life save that of a deliverer of France.

One absorbing passion flooded the girl's heart—the love of her country, the "kingdom of Jesus," as she called it, for religion and patriotism were so intermingled in this simple ardent nature that they could not be separated. "There is pity in heaven," the Archangel had seemed to tell her, "for the fair realm of France." Jeanne believed herself the instrument of God to save the land from impious invasion, though of her unaided power she trembled at the task.

Three years passed away, during which the maiden was in a deepening state of religious ecstasy. In the church bells, in the sighing of the forest leaves, in the bubbling of the fairy well at the foot of the haunted beech, in the very silence of the star-lit fields, came the mysterious voices bidding her go to the Dauphin.

At last a practical and distressing proof of the struggle reached her. The followers of Philip of Burgundy overran Champagne and invaded Domremy. The church, loved and revered by the girl, who had prayed there since her infancy, was set on fire, and the villagers, including Jeanne's own family, fled in terror from their homes, only to find them devastated on their return. Tidings came that a hundred thousand people had died of wretchedness and disease in Paris alone; and the once peaceful outskirts of Domremy were traversed by miserable bands of outcasts and wounded. Jeanne would give up her bed to many such a sufferer, nursing him with unselfish devotion; but her very heart was wrung at the sorrow of the land.

Orleans, she heard, was besieged by ten thousand of the allies, and the Dauphin could do nothing to relieve it. Desperate indeed seemed the case to all who loved their country. But there was one brave, gentle soul that thought alone of self-devotion for its sake.

Jeanne was, at this time, seventeen years old, a tall, strong, comely girl, no pale visionary. Yet she shrank with all a woman's terror from the thought of taking up arms; and often, by her own account, pleaded thus with the imperious necessity that seemed laid upon her from without: "Alas! I am a poor girl, I know neither how to ride nor how to fight." But the possession that mastered her whole nature did not alter, and at last she allowed some words to escape her to a neighbour. "There was a girl," this neighbour repeated to her father, "not far from Vaucouleurs, who, before another year was passed, would have Charles anointed King of France."

A royal garrison was quartered at Vaucouleurs, the nearest town in the valley, and the father feared Jeanne had some intention of joining the soldiers. Rather than allow her to do so he threatened to drown her himself in the river; and in his alarm, he prevented her from going to keep sheep in the fields as heretofore. She had been sought in marriage by a young man of the village, and her father now attempted to force her to accept him, but she was steadfast in her refusal. Neither confinement, threats, nor persuasion had any effect upon her, and at length the way opened to the fulfilment of her purpose. She obtained leave to visit an uncle who lived between Domremy and Vaucouleurs, and bade farewell to all the familiar scenes of her childhood, feeling that she should never see them again, for she intended to make this visit a stepping stone to an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, Governor of the Vaucouleurs garrison.

Schiller in his play, "The Maid of Orleans," has embodied Jeanne's farewell to her native

woods and meadows, in words which every student of German ought to commit to memory for the sake of their pathos and music.

"Dost thou know the prophecy?" Jeanne said, on entering her uncle's door, "that France is to be saved by a maiden from the borders of Lorraine? It is I."

The uncle thought his niece must be crazy, and reproved her for foolish talking; but she dwelt persistently on her theme, until she succeeded in convincing him. He actually went to Baudricourt, asking him to give the girl an escort to the Dauphin, who was shut up at Chinon. "Box the girl's ears and send her back to her home," was all the answer the rough captain vouchsafed.

Jeanne was persistent, and at last persuaded her uncle to conduct her into Baudricourt's presence. The military governor scoffed at the peasant girl, and sent for others of the garrison to share in his mirth; but her modest dignity quelled their derision in spite of themselves, and they felt obliged to treat her with respect.

"My Lord Captain," said she, "know that God for some time past has caused to be revealed to me that I should go to the gentle Dauphin, who is, and who ought to be held, the true king of France; that he should give me men-at-arms, and that I should lead them to raise the siege of Orleans, and then conduct him to be anointed at Rheims."

The appeal was in vain. Again and again she begged to be sent to the Dauphin, but she was refused. At last the interest of a young man-at-arms, named John de Metz, was excited, and he resolved to see and speak with her.

"What is your purpose in coming to Vaucouleurs?" he said. "We must make up our minds to see the young French king driven from the country, while we all become English."

"I must go to the Dauphin," was her reiterated reply; and again and again she persisted. "Though I should wear my limbs off to the knees, I must go. I would rather be at home

and spinning by my mother's side, poor simple maiden that I am; but I must go, for my Lord so commands it."

"And who is your Lord?"

"God," she answered.

John de Metz was so much struck by her reverent earnestness that he placed his hand in hers, and swore to lead her to the Dauphin. Now, the report of her spread far and wide, and another young soldier, Bertrand de Polougi, espoused her cause, while her uncle and a friendly citizen subscribed to buy her a horse. Her parents, hearing of her determination, became greatly alarmed, and tried to induce her to return home, but she was steadfast. The inhabitants of Vaucouleurs, whose interest and sympathy were now thoroughly aroused, prepared her for departure. Her long brown hair was cut off, the red woollen jacket that she wore as a peasant girl was replaced by a suit of man's attire to guard her from the dangers of journeying in those disordered times; and in the early spring of 1429 she set forth, attended by John de Metz, Bertrand de Polougi, and four other men-at-arms. Baudricourt, who had refused to help her, gave her scant encouragement in his farewell, but the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs came forth to see her depart with pity and tears.

"It was for this enterprise that I was born," she said, as she turned her horse's head towards Chinon.

"There is something beautiful and moving in the aspect of a noble enthusiasm fostered in the secret soul amid obstructions and depressions, and at length bursting forth with an overwhelming force to accomplish its appointed end," says Carlyle of Joan of Arc. However difficult we may find it to understand a character and purpose so widely different from any that could be fostered in our own times, we cannot refuse our sympathy, admiration, and reverence to the heroic maiden, as she journeys with her little escort on her perilous way.

(To be continued.)

A FEW HINTS ON HEALTH AND NURSING.

By A HOSPITAL NURSE.



IN connection with the subject of nursing the sick, I want to talk to you a little about ventilation and cleanliness. These, indeed, are very important matters; and if they were more studied and understood we should have less illness amongst us than is unfortunately the case at present.

Try to fix your attention on what I am about to tell you. It may, perhaps, be new to some of you, and may also seem dry. I wish, however, to address you as sensible girls, and to try to show you some of the reasons why we should value two good gifts which God has bestowed upon the poorest of us—air and water. Like all His gifts, these may be abused or despised, but if we do reject and misuse them we shall find out our folly when it is too late.

You have often been told that pure air is wholesome, and I am sure if you were up, say, on one of the Welsh mountains on a fine afternoon, or down by the open sea, you would certainly think it much pleasanter to breathe there than in a crowded court or alley in a great city. I must try to show you some of the reasons for this. To begin, we must

talk a little about the blood. You know that your body contains a great deal. You cannot make a prick or scratch anywhere of any depth without wounding a small vessel and bringing some—perhaps only a tiny drop—to the surface.

Roughly speaking, there is said to be rather more than a pint of blood to every stone of weight in the human body. Thus, if you weigh eight stone, you will have from four to five quarts, and so on. This blood is of two kinds, different in colour, different in use, and flowing in different directions. You know if you lost a good deal you would turn sick and faint, and if the flow could not be stopped you would die. There are three sets of three I should like you to remember about your blood: three kinds of vessels which contain it, three circulations going on at the same time in different parts of your body, and three different uses or offices which the blood performs.

As to the circulations, I am only going to trouble you with two of them. The word, as you probably know, means *going round*, and in one circulation every drop of blood in your body passes twice through your heart. You know where your heart is—in the middle of your chest, between your lungs, rather tilted over towards the left side.

We will take the blood as it starts from it. The heart is like a force-pump to drive the

blood through the system. Lay your hand upon the left side of your chest, and you will feel it pumping out. It is driven, pure and bright, of a scarlet colour, into a great tube or vessel called an artery. This may be likened to the trunk of a tree, and it divides, as you know a tree does, into branches, and these go off again into smaller ones all through the body, carrying nourishment as they go. You know that whatever you eat only goes as food through a small portion of your body; and, besides, you know that all you take in this way is not nourishment. Some of it would do harm if retained, and must be cast out. The body itself, too, is constantly wasting and being renewed; worn-out matters are carried away, and fresh materials are brought to take their place. This is done by means of the blood. Did you ever think how the tips of your fingers, for instance, are fed? If you were to tie a string round one so tightly as to stop the circulation it would soon die.

The blood is the purveyor or feeder of the body. If you would like to feel an artery, put your fingers lightly against your wrist, just below your thumb; there you feel the blood jerking along. You have heard that called the "pulse." The same sort of beating is going on all through your body, wherever there is an artery; but that particular pulse is very easy to find. If you were to cut



JOAN OF ARC.

CHAPTER II. CONFLICT.

TOILSOME and dangerous was the journey taken by Jeanne and her followers. Through a land devastated by war and swarming with robbers, across torrents swollen by the winter rains, the intrepid girl pressed onward, encouraging and inspiring her companions, until, after eleven days, the Castle of Chinon in the valley of the Loire rose before them. The Gothic pile seemed to frown unwelcomingly upon the peasant maiden, and she was refused admittance.

Within the noble halls Charles the Dauphin was shut up with a small and dispirited remnant of his followers, spending much of his time in helpless weeping, receiving each day worse tidings from the besieged and famine-stricken Orleans. Yet the greater part of the investing army had been withdrawn, and only two or three thousand Englishmen now remained before the city. A paralysing despondency had fallen upon the Royalist party; the soldiery were thoroughly demoralised, and their cause appeared hopeless. The suggestion that a peasant-girl could be of use in such a strait seemed preposterous to Charles and his suite, but her two knightly friends, John de Metz and Bertrand de Polougi, worked on her behalf, and finally obtained leave to introduce her to the royal presence.

The scene must have been a striking one. In the lofty hall, where tapers and torches strove against the darkness that gathered in the recesses of the arched roof, richly-clad courtiers and grave ecclesiastics were assembled, curious to see the village girl. Charles himself was purposely in plain attire, and had given orders, to test the truth of Jeanne's powers, that no one was to point him out to her.

With quiet and modest mien the tall, beautiful girl advanced up the hall and flung herself on her knees before him.

"I am not he," said Charles, pointing to a gaily-dressed noble; "there is the king."

But Jeanne was not to be deceived. "It is no other but yourself," she replied, adding—

"Gentle Dauphin, I am Jeanne, the maid sent by God to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims; and you shall be lieutenant of the Heavenly King, who is the King of France."

Charles raised her from her knees, drew her apart, and conversed with her for some time earnestly, during which time his face, as Alain Chartier, an eye-witness, records, brightened into a look of hopefulness that had long been



"THE PEASANT GIRL HAD TRIUMPHED—ORLEANS WAS SAVED!"

absent. At the close of the interview he announced that he was satisfied of the sincerity of her pretensions, and gave orders that she should be well and honourably treated.

But Jeanne had much to undergo from petty jealousy and bigotry before she was allowed to enter upon the task for which she

had come—the relief of Orleans. Priests frowned upon her as a child of Satan, and she was sent to Poitiers, where Parliament was sitting, there to be subjected to a searching examination before an Ecclesiastical Commission consisting of members of the University of Paris.

Was she a sorceress? The doctors of theology laboured to prove that she was; but their arguments glanced aside from her mother-wit and simple frankness. It makes one smile to read her ready answers to their cumbersome suggestions that she should give "signs" of her mission.

"I am not come to Poitiers to give signs," she said. "Take me to Orleans and I will show you signs for what purpose I am sent. Give me men-at-arms, and in the name of God I will raise the siege and conduct the Dauphin to be anointed at Rheims."

Séguin, a Dominican friar, cited passages from books and councils to prove that she was deluded.

"There is more in the Book of God than in yours," she said, raising her eyes to heaven.

After three weeks, during which all pains were taken to find out what manner of life she had led, she was pronounced a good, devout, and humble girl, who should be allowed to try before Orleans if she could carry out her purpose.

Her power of managing her horse was proved to be satisfactory; her cheerfulness, grace, and good sense charmed many hearts at Poitiers; voices began to speak loudly in her praise. She returned to Chinon, and orders were forthwith given for her equipment at the head of a convoy to carry provisions into the beleaguered city of Orleans.

No sword would Jeanne accept save one whose hilt was marked with five crosses, that she directed to be brought from a shrine dedicated to her favourite, St. Catherine. Her armour was "white and shining," perchance of steel that glittered in the sun; her banner was of white silk embroidered with golden lilies. Mounted in this pure array upon a cream-coloured steed, with head uncovered, her face and form instinct with the power of a noble enthusiasm, she must have seemed like a vision from another world to the six thousand men at-arms that followed her from Chinon. Her esquire, D'Aulon, said about her, many years afterwards, that she was "tall, beautiful, and well-formed, of a most pure and good life, and was the most devout woman he had ever known." And her influence over her rough army was proof of the truth of this praise. Her first act was to free the camp from evil hangers-on, and morning and evening she called the soldiers to prayer. All oaths and profane language were forbidden, though, with a touch of humour, she allowed one old warrior who could not understand the prohibition to break the habit gradually, and to swear by his staff! Such gleams of mirthful good sense helped her to control her wild followers. The report of her coming had spread far and wide; as she rode along the peasants crowded round her, praying her to bless crosses and chaplets by her touch. "Touch them yourself," she said, smilingly; "your touch will be just as good as mine."

But her faith in her mission was unshaken. She had addressed a letter to the English commander-in-chief, summoning him to surrender; and as she drew near Orleans a feeling of superstitious terror fell upon the besiegers. The officers, it was true, jeered at her, and threatened her messenger, but many of the soldiers believed that she was able to accomplish her purpose.

Jeanne had directed that Orleans should be approached through the district where the English force was strongest; but the French captains, her colleagues, took advantage of her ignorance of the country to lead the army round another way, and she unexpectedly found the Loire rolling between herself and the city walls. Count Dunois came out with boats to meet her, but the wind was contrary, the heavens were overcast with storm-clouds, the river was low; it seemed impossible to

cross. The Maid was grieved that her orders had been disobeyed; "not for her own sake," she said, "but because she brought the aid of the King of Heaven." That very night, however—April 29, 1429—the wind changed, the provisions were put on board the boats and safely conveyed across, while Jeanne herself followed, accompanied by two hundred knights.

It was midnight; thunder rolled and lightning flashed in a fierce tempest. The English, although they occupied a fort overlooking the part of the Loire where the transport was effected, offered no opposition to the entry of the Maiden and her escort.

On through the streets of the starving city she rode, while lightning gleamed on the thousands who pressed around her, anxious to touch her armour, her banner, or her noble charger. She went straight to the cathedral, there to offer thanks for having been permitted to enter the city, and by torchlight the priests and people sang a solemn *Te Deum* of thankfulness. Then she was welcomed at the house of a good and gentle lady who had prepared a splendid feast for her; but she took only a little bread and wine, and retired to pass the night with her hostess's little daughter.

The romantic and wonderful event, the faith of the young girl in her mission, all gave fresh heart to the inhabitants. The garrison far outnumbered the besiegers. Courage was all they needed; that courage was given by this new and inspiring presence among them.

Jeanne's first act was to send another letter, attached to an arrow shot from the ramparts, into the English camp, summoning the besiegers to depart. They answered with scorn and derision. Nevertheless, a second convoy of provisions, sent round by a different route, was allowed to enter the city unmolested.

And now the Maid was to prove that her courage did not fail her in the very act of war. An attack by the garrison on one of the forts held by the English soon took place, and she plunged into the thickest of the fight, waving her white banner, and calling aloud on the troops to follow her. She led them to victory; yet long afterwards she averred that she had never shed blood with her own hands, and the sight of the wounded moved her to pity and tears. Fain would she have saved Orleans without bloodshed had it been possible.

Attacks followed on the other forts, which likewise yielded, until one only—"Les Tournelles"—deemed impregnable, was left, defended by Suffolk, Talbot, and the flower of England's chivalry. Jeanne's colleagues wished to await reinforcements before assailing it, but she indignantly refused; and, though they tried to prevent her, she advanced in person with a band of men to the attack. Those who had most opposed her purpose rushed to her aid; the battle was fierce and obstinate, and Jeanne was pierced by an arrow in the neck. She wept with the pain, and the enemy deemed her mortally wounded; but rallying in a little time, she led forth her men with fresh energy. The English were panic-struck at her re-appearance; a furious struggle followed, but at last the French stormed the fort, and the Maid's banner waved from its conquered summit. The peasant girl had triumphed—Orleans was saved!

On the next day, the 8th of May, nine days after the entry into Orleans, the besieging force withdrew; the *Te Deum* was sung by rejoicing hosts over the victory, and Jeanne, henceforth to be known as the "Maid of Orleans," was raised to the topmost pinnacle of renown.

The second part of her mission was yet to be accomplished—the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims—'but, before this could take place, other cities on the Loire fell before the magic of her presence. The battle of

Pataye, in the open field, completed the French triumph in this part of the country. The loss of the enemy was terrible. One incident is significant. At the close of the battle a French soldier struck down a wounded Englishman who had cried for mercy. Jeanne leapt from her horse in sharply-expressed indignation, raised the head of the dying man in her arms, and soothed his last moments.

The effect of this victory was decisive and complete, and Jeanne became an object of homage to soldiers and people. At her wish all pillage was renounced, and there was a universal cry, "Let us follow the Maid to crown the King at Rheims."

An unkingly king, indeed! for in spite of the wonderful events of the last months, Charles hung back from his coronation. Relieved from the pressure of anxiety, he dreaded the dangers of the march to Rheims; his courtiers—especially a wretched man named La Trémouille—were jealous of Jeanne, and though her entreaties were seconded by the Duke d'Alençon and some of the chief commanders, he made excuse after excuse. But the army would not brook a refusal, and Charles was obliged to yield. At the head of a host numbering twelve thousand, the Dauphin marched forth with Jeanne by his side.

The first difficulty was encountered outside the gates of Troyes, which would not allow the army to enter and obtain provisions. After waiting six days outside the walls, the Maid bade the troops at evening collect doors, tables, shutters, wood of every kind, and construct a pile in the moat, while on the top they placed a few small cannon. She herself, in her pale armour, holding aloft her banner, sat on horseback directing the operations, and the terrified citizens, fearing magic, succumbed before this very simple stratagem, opening their gates with loyal demonstrations to Charles and his men.

The march was continued, and the army passed through Chalons. Standing humbly by the wayside were some peasants from Domremy, who had come to look on the victorious and celebrated Maid, their former friend. They scarcely expected her to do more than glance their way, but she greeted them with cordial affection.

"How is it you have become so brave?" they asked; "and are you not afraid when you go into battle?"

"I fear but one thing—TRAITORS!" she replied.

And now the towers of Rheims Cathedral cleft the distant sky, and the company pressed onward thither. The principal citizens came forth to greet Charles and lay the keys of the city at his feet. The Chancellor with the army, who was also Archbishop of Rheims, could now take possession of his see, and with loud and joyous demonstrations of welcome the royal band entered the city on the evening of Friday, July 16, 1429.

Practically, France was saved, and by the influence of the enthusiastic maiden. She dictated (for she did not know how to write) a letter to Philip of Burgundy on the morning of the coronation, an extract from which will show the spirit that actuated her.

"I charge you by the King of Heaven, my true and Sovereign Lord, that you and the King of France make a good and sure peace that shall last long. . . . Forgive one another from your hearts, entirely as becomes loyal Christians; and I pray and beseech you, with clasped hands, to make war with us no more!"

On Sunday, July 18, a glorious sight was witnessed in the ancient pile of Our Lady of Rheims. As shafts of sunshine fell athwart the Gothic twilight, they flashed back from the glittering attire of knights and dames—the fairest and noblest of the land—who

stronged the arched aisles, with unwonted splendour.

Near the altar a throne had been erected. Arayed in crimson velvet and ermine, adorned with gold and jewels, Charles entered bare-headed, followed by his retinue, as the organ pealed in melodious thunder through the aisles, and the full-voiced choir chanted in harmony.

The anointing with the holy oil and other portions of the ceremony were proceeded with in due form, and every heart in the assembly beat high with loyal emotion. Yet even more than the king himself did Jeanne the Maid rivet attention and sympathy. Holding her white standard erect, she stood near the altar; the rays of light that streamed through the richly-stained window above her head bathed her in glorified radiance, and she seemed to the awe-struck spectators to be a being from another world.

The ceremonial ended with the benediction, and Jeanne, putting aside her standard, fell at the feet of Charles VII.

"O gentle king, the pleasure of God is done," she cried, with tears, as she embraced his knees. She then begged leave to go home, but Charles, as he raised her from the ground, put aside the request, scarcely believing in its sincerity. And in truth the passionate homage and adoration that were now lavished by all classes of society upon the Maid seemed as though they should have outweighed the attraction of a village home. She asked no reward for herself but that Domremy should be exempted from taxes, and, accordingly, for nearly three hundred years there appeared in the books of assessment

opposite the name of the village, "Nothing, for the Maid's sake." To her and her family were given a patent of nobility, in which the lilies of France figured, under the title of Du Lys.

With these somewhat barren rewards the gratitude of Charles seems to have expended itself, and the history of Jeanne now becomes sadder and sadder to its close.

She remained with the King's forces, and became inspired with the desire that actuated all his really loyal counsellors to conquer Paris for its sovereign; but Charles established himself at a pleasant retreat at Senlis, and shunned activity. In vain did the Duke D'Alençon implore him to appear before his capital, where there were many friendly to his cause. He delayed and delayed; and at last, when an attack was really made, it failed owing to his vacillation and the cowardly command of one of his generals to sound a retreat.

"The city might have been won!" was the piteous cry of the Maid, as, wounded and distracted, she was lifted on her horse and led away. Yet she would not give up her plan; and two days afterwards, with reinforcements and a valiant band of helpers, she started to renew the attack on Paris, at a point where a bridge crossed the Seine. It can scarcely be believed that Charles, hearing of her intention, had caused the bridge to be destroyed during the night, and thus frustrated her efforts!

Feeling that her mission was over, the disheartened Maid hung up her armour before the tomb of St. Denis, the patron saint of France; yet she was persuaded to remain with the Court, and passed a miserable winter of inactivity

at Bourges. Much jealousy surrounded the shepherd girl who had saved France; still, it was not strong enough to prevent her being held in considerable honour, and a handsome income was granted to her. This she spent largely for the benefit of the poor and afflicted, who now, as ever, loved her presence.

Few details of her Court life have come down to us, but it is evident that it was distasteful to her ardent, impetuous nature. In April of the following year—1430—she mounted her horse and set off with a few brave men, bidding no farewell to the king, whom she never saw again.

Hearing that the Duke of Burgundy was successfully attacking the fortresses round Compiègne, she went to that town, and was gladly received by the governor and citizens. She aroused the inhabitants to make a gallant defence, and headed a sally against the besiegers. In the battle that followed she acted in her most heroic manner, but her force was outnumbered. "Jeanne, Jeanne, lose not a moment!—regain the town or we are lost!" was the cry. She was unwilling, but some of her friends seized her horse by the bridle and forced her to turn back. The intrepid girl, seeing that defeat was inevitable, rushed to the rear, to cover the retreat and help the soldiers to escape. More selfish than she was, they fled helter-skelter within the gates, closed them, and raised the drawbridge before Jeanne could cross it. All hope of her safety was over; for, attended only by a very few brave followers, she was shut out!

(To be concluded.)

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.

OUR CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION.



ALTHOUGH Jeannette had herself proposed that her sisters should begin the winter with a little amusement, she had no intention of letting them spend all their time in that way, and no sooner was their Hallow E'en party successfully over than she set about making

inquiries for some more useful occupation for them. She soon found plenty to do, and her only difficulty henceforward was to prevent the girls undertaking too many things at once.

But Elsie and Nannie found their first piece of work for themselves. On calling one day at the vicarage, while on a charitable mission to two poor families, they found the vicar's wife engaged in a conference with one of her most active lady assistants as to the details of a proposed Christmas Exhibition; and no sooner were the girls introduced to her than she declared it was a most fortunate circumstance that they should have come just then, for she was on the look out for someone to help her, and they were just the girls she wanted.

"So, Jeannette, you must just set your wits to work," cried Nannie, when on returning

home Elsie paused breathless with eagerness and excitement in the midst of narrating their adventures. "And we told Miss Massingham—that is her name, you know—all about you, and she is coming here to-morrow morning to have a good long talk, and settle everything."

"Yes," went on Elsie, "and we said you would be sure to have lots of suggestions ready for her, so do be brilliant, and have splendid ideas while we go and take our things off, and we'll bring some paper and write your ideas down at once. Come along, Nannie."

It was in vain for Jeannette to call after them that they had not explained in the least what they wanted her to do; the girls ran off too full of their scheme to listen to anything. Their usual custom was to sit chatting when they came in from a walk, taking off their gloves and hats, and unbuttoning their jackets as they talked, and it needed a very broad hint indeed to start them off upstairs; but to-day they were too full of their new project to waste any time in gossiping.

In a wonderfully short time they came running downstairs again, armed with pencil and paper, and demanding ideas.

"We never told you what it was all about, Jeannie? But our brains are both so overflowing with the subject that I should have said a thought-wave must have reached you; however, as you are so dense, I will explain. Well, there is going to be an Industrial Show here at Christmas; all the day schools, and Sunday-schools, and Bands of Hope are to be asked to join. There are to be prizes for all kinds of things, chiefly useful articles made by the children themselves. The first thing to be done, Miss Massingham says, is to get large

notices printed announcing the show, to be put up in all the schoolrooms, and any convenient public places. Then we must make out lists of the prizes offered, and get them distributed and explained to the children, so that they will know what kind of things to prepare."

"Are only children to compete, then?" asked Jeannette.

"No, but she wants us to help chiefly with the children. The prize lists for grown-up people are to be on white, and for children under sixteen years on blue paper, so as not to have any confusion."

"The time is very short," objected Jeannette, "and these industrial shows are better held in the early spring, so that the children can have all the long winter evenings for their work. If we gave notice of the show now, and tried to make the children in all the schools promise to work through the winter, we might get a very good show by about April."

"Now, dearest Jeannie, don't be unpleasant and throw cold water on our plans. Miss Massingham says of course that would be the proper thing to do, only she is going abroad after Christmas, and there is no one else who will undertake all the arrangements, so it has to be very much hurried, and, she says, no doubt it will suffer in consequence, but we must do the best we can. And we promised to put our heads together, and get some good suggestions for the prize list; and then to-morrow Miss Massingham will come and sift them out."

So the three talked over possible and impossible ideas, and Elsie eagerly wrote down all the suggestions till they had a goodly list to show their new friend.



"THE EXECUTIONER APPLIED HIS TORCH TO THE FAGGOTS."

[See "Joan of Arc," page 123.]

boy who overheard some grown up people talking about the different kinds of joints in the body, especially the ball and socket joint of the shoulder, where the top of the arm bone is rounded off, and fits into a cavity in the shoulder bone, like the toy known as cup and ball. When he went to bed this child

would not go to sleep, and at last, after a great deal of coaxing, gave as his reason, "I'm afraid my ball might fall out of my socket." Of course if he had had more sense he would have known that his joints were as safe as they had ever been before he knew or thought anything about them. Rather let

us feel with King David, when he thought of the mighty power of God displayed in his own body, "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." Psalm cxxxix. 14.

SISTER CLARA.

JOAN OF ARC.

CHAPTER III.

THE END.

THUS the heroic Maid was captured before the gates of the city she had come to deliver. She was the prize of John of Luxembourg, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy; and surely never prisoner of war was the cause of such rejoicing, for it was felt that the knowledge of her arrest would break the spell of the superstitious dread she cast over English and Burgundian troops. Te Deums were sung at all the churches in Paris, and the English rushed in crowds to the camp to see her. At first the French would not believe that the news was really true—that the Maid, so brave, gentle, gracious, had been captured. Bitter was the mourning in the cities where she was known and esteemed.

What was the king doing? Little more than a year ago he had been a dejected recluse at Chinon, spending his time in idle tears and alarm for his kingdom. Now he was master of a large portion of France, and had been crowned king at Rheims—all by the means of this brave maiden. Yet the coward did actually nothing! whereas one would have supposed that he would spare neither blood nor treasure to free her from her foes. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that not an effort was made by Charles and his Court to rescue her, by force of arms or by ransom; but such, to their eternal disgrace, is the truth.

Jeanne was sent, first to the château of Beaulieu, then to Beaurevoir, a castle in a wood, and placed under the care of the aunt and the wife of her captor, John of Luxembourg. These were pious and amiable ladies, and, like other good women, they were attracted to Jeanne as soon as they knew her. Won by her religious trust, gentleness, and patience, they lavished every kindness upon her. At last the terrible news came that she had been sold by their relative to the English for ten thousand livres.

The old countess flung herself on her knees before her nephew with tears and prayers that he would not commit the base deed of selling the heroic prisoner. But John of Luxembourg was poor, and money was precious to him. Doubtless he would have preferred to accept the ransom from King Charles, had he offered an equal sum; but the king was enjoying himself in his gay and idle Court, and stirred not a finger to save his deliverer. Hence the nefarious bargain was completed.

When the news reached poor Jeanne, she was told at the same time that men, women, and children in Compiègne would be put to the sword when the town was taken. Half wild with grief, she felt she must escape and go to the help of her friends.

On the summit of the tower in which she was confined was a platform where she was allowed to walk for the benefit of the fresh air, and daily there came the temptation to leap down. At last, it is said, she yielded to the wild desire, and plunged over the brink, only to be found, stunned and senseless, on the ground.

When she recovered from the effects of this

desperate attempt she was removed to Crotoi. The plan of the English, who had bought her, was not to treat her as a prisoner of war, but to hand her over as a sorceress to a religious tribunal. An infamous wretch named Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, noted for his wickedness, was fixed upon as a suitable tool to manage the affair, and the English Cardinal Beaufort promised to compass his appointment as Archbishop of Rouen in reward.

To Rouen, the centre of the English power in France, poor Jeanne was finally conveyed, in the latter part of the year 1430; and the mildness with which she had hitherto been treated was replaced by harshness and insult. She was first placed in an iron cage, and taunted by her captors; afterwards she was fettered by day to a log of wood, by night to her bed. Treachery was adopted to ruin her; a priest, named Nicolas l'Oiseleur, induced her to speak freely to him under the pretext of confession, while two notaries in an adjoining room were stationed to hear and write down every word. It is said that the men proved too honest for the task!

Meanwhile, the lengthy preparations for the trial had been completed. No fewer than forty assessors were to judge this unlearned peasant girl, who could neither read nor write, numbering six doctors from the University of Paris, abbots from some of the largest monasteries in Normandy, the Vicar of the Grand Inquisitor of France, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. The articles of accusation at first were seventy in number, charging her with sorcery, heresy, and similar crimes.

In the dim, ancient chapel of the Castle of Rouen, the trial began on February 21st, 1431. Jeanne, pale and trembling from her captivity, was brought up day by day before her judges, who sought to baffle and entrap her by every means in their power. It was not wonderful that they sometimes succeeded in perplexing her about the visions and voices in which she had hitherto implicitly believed; yet on all main points her conviction was singularly true and straightforward. The spiritual character of her religious faith is shown with wonderful force in her answers, and it is remarkable how far she had risen above the superstitions of her age. Not one of the Church dignitaries before whom she was arraigned had a belief so true and pure.

She was repeatedly asked if she would submit to the Church. Her reply was, "I submit to God, who sent me. It seems to me that our Lord and the Church are one. Why do you make a difficulty, and say they are not one?" And again—"I would submit to no one but our Lord, and would always do His good bidding." "Do you believe that you are subject to the Church on earth—namely, our holy father the Pope, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the Church?" "Yes, our Lord being served first."

Repeatedly she appealed from man to God—"I have a good Master, our Lord, to whom, and to none other, I trust in all."

"Do you know that you are in a state of grace?" she was asked. "If I am not," she replied, "God guide me there; if I am, God

keep me there." At this rejoinder one of her assessors could not but exclaim, "Jeanne, you have answered well!"

The record of the trial, which lasted fifteen days, is not drawn from hearsay or from invention, but from depositions taken at the time. These give evidence that cannot be shaken as to the pure rectitude of Jeanne's purpose. Surely it is a sight to move the girl-readers of all time—this girl of nineteen, with no friend, adviser, or helper, brought up day by day into the dim Gothic chapel before the stony-hearted tribunal, strong in the consciousness of an unselfish purpose, resting her faith upon a Supreme Judge who should overrule the iniquity of man—courageous, patient, and steadfast to the last! No greater blot stains Shakespeare's historical plays than his portrait of La Pucelle in the First Part of *Henry VI*. It can only be said that the poet was no wiser than his time in this respect; for belief in witchcraft was then common, and he took the popular explanation of conduct that rose so far above the level of ordinary womanhood. We cannot but regret that he so degraded his art, but justice has been done the Maid by the researches of a later time.

Was she, then, really inspired? It seems plain that her devout enthusiasm, her unflinching courage, supplied, in a time when men's hearts were failing them for fear, just the stimulus they needed to urge them to action. Despondency is the worst of all hindrances to successful strife; this despondency Jeanne swept away by her inspiring presence. Of herself she had little taste for the ferocity of warfare, and at the trial she said, "I carried that banner when I attacked the enemy in order to avoid killing any one; for I have never killed a single person."

To that trial we must return; but it was little more than a solemn mockery. At its close she was condemned to death on twelve articles of accusation, setting forth her sorcery and heresy in various degrees of abuse; and on the 24th of May she was conducted to the cemetery of St. Ouen, where a vast crowd was assembled to see her suffer. In the sermon that always preceded such executions King Charles was assailed with invective, but the loyal Maid would not, even in that dread hour, suffer any reflection to be cast on the character of the coward who had abandoned her.

"Do not speak thus of my king," she exclaimed; "he is a good and true Christian!"

But the end was not quite come. A paper containing a confession of her imputed crimes was put before her, and she was told she must sign it or be burnt there and then. It is probable the unhappy girl did not understand its contents; but in the agony and weakness of the moment she allowed an English secretary of Cardinal Beaufort to guide her hand to write her name. She was next told that she was condemned to imprisonment for life, but by whom and for what she could not clearly comprehend, for she said, "Now, then, you of the Church, guide me to your prisons, that I may no longer be in the hands of the English."

"Take her back to where you brought her from," said Cauchon to the guard; and Jeanne, followed by the shouts and execrations of the English soldiery, was removed to her dungeon. The reprieve was only a temporary one, intended to deprive her of *prestige* in the public sight. By a device too base to dwell upon, she was made to appear as a "relapsed" heretic, and her death was decreed.

Early in the morning of the 30th of May an ominous messenger appeared in Jeanne's cell, accompanied by a Dominican monk. They bade her prepare for death, for on that morning she was to suffer in the market-place of Rouen.

Jeanne's love of life was strong, and at first she lamented bitterly; but in a little while she recovered herself and received the communion with tears and resignation.

In a car drawn by four horses, accompanied by priests and surrounded by eight hundred English men-at-arms, she was sent forth from the castle, and on the way the false monk, Nicholas l'Oiseleur, who had tempted her to disclose her secrets under the mask of confession, rushed from the crowd with cries and tears to fling himself at her feet and implore forgiveness for his treachery. The multitude that had assembled was so dense as well nigh to prevent the passage of the car; grief was depicted on almost every face, while cries of sympathy rent the air. In the market-place three scaffolds were erected round a lofty pile—one for Cardinal Beaufort (ruler of England during Henry VI.'s minority), another for the ecclesiastics, and a third for Jeanne, with the theologian who was to preach her funeral sermon, and her confessor.

"If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," was his text, that had an appli-

cation of which the divine little dreamed, for the victim's present position was due to her unselfish sympathy for the woes of her country. He ended with the words, "Jeanne, go in peace; the Church delivers you to the secular arm."

Jeanne threw herself on her knees and prayed aloud long and earnestly, with such fervour that all who heard her were moved to tears. She forgave her enemies; she uttered words of defence for the treacherous, faithless king; she asked pardon of all, imploring their prayers. An English soldier handed her a rough cross he had made by breaking a rough stick in two; she kissed it and put it in her bosom.

There were thousands of hearts breaking for pity, yet not one man made an effort to tear her from the grasp of the fierce men-at-arms, who were growing impatient to have the scene over. Jeanne was made to mount the lofty pile, and was fastened to the stake high in sight of all, with one Dominican friar by her side, anxious to console and help her to the last.

The executioner applied his torch to the faggots, and volumes of smoke burst forth; but the friar, absorbed in his mission, heeded not his danger. Thoughtful, even in that supreme moment, for another than herself, the heroic girl bade him descend and leave her to God. "But hold up the cross," she said, "that I may see it." Standing as near as the glare and heat of the flames would let him, uplifting the symbol of the Saviour's agony, he heard her exclaim, even in the midst of the fire, that all she had done had been by Divine direction; then, uttering one great cry, "JESUS!" she sank her head upon her breast and died.

* * * *

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD a special tenderness for poor Corfu, who had several times permitted, and even encouraged, me to talk of things in a way Emily would never tolerate. She called it preaching, but although Corfu often laughed at what he called my "pretty puritanism," he did listen, and I think not from mere civility. Once as we were riding along a narrow lane, I ventured to put in a word I had often wanted to say. I expect the tears were in my voice if not in my eyes, for it is a tremendous effort to say anything which may sound like finding fault to people of his sort. He heard me out with an amused smile, then answered, lightly—

"I promise not to offend again, little cousin." Then, more earnestly, "Why, Sybil, you must not take the misdemeanours of such a hopeless fellow as I am to heart. You are a good girl, but it is too late."

"No, no, Corfu," I said, boldly, "it is not too late; you—"

"You know nothing about it; how should you? Come along, child," and leaning forward in his saddle—he had twisted round with his hand on the crupper as he listened to me—he touched his mare, who broke into a quick trot.

So you see, Magdalen, I could not help liking and pitying the man, and yet when I met him again after nearly a year's absence, I felt his character was deteriorated. There was an air of self-indulgence, a heaviness, which used not to be about his fresh, firm face and figure. My first impression was the utter absence of any brightness or energy about him, and a sleepy expression, and detestable drawling lounge and tone in the place of the old, wholesome, natural glance of his eye and quick, graceful gait. I was very disappointed; yet he was very kind, and seemed pleased to see me, and, as the days went on, became more like his hearty, boyish self, as I first knew him. Now that I am old, I see very plainly wherein lay the weakness of Corfu's character. It was always moulded by the company he was in. With favourable surroundings I am certain, humanly speaking, that he would have turned out very differently, but by a kind of fatality he became involved with the wrong set, ran deep in their ways, and was so imbued with their tastes and habits, that at one time it would have been impossible to extricate him, for he did not wish to be extricated. One thing, how-

"We are lost!" cried an English soldier in the crowd; "we have burned a saint."

Long after her death, the king did justice to her memory, urged to the act by Jeanne's peasant-mother, who would not let him rest. In 1455 an inquiry—the order for which had been given five years before—was set on foot, and investigations into the life and character of the Maid were opened at Domremy, Orleans, Paris, and Rouen. White-haired peasants who had known her as a child, men and women who had received kindness at her hands, soldiers who had fought at her side, priests who had heard her confess—all came forward to testify to the goodness, purity, and nobility of her soul. The trial and judgments were finally pronounced, by a commission—consisting of the Inquisitor-General, legate of the Pope, cardinals, bishops, abbots, all the authorities of the ecclesiastical and civil law—to be utterly incorrect and illegal; the twelve articles under which she had suffered were ordered to be torn from the records and publicly destroyed, and with solemn ceremonial and procession her innocence was declared on the spot of her execution, to be marked henceforth by a cross of stone.

Thus, in spite of her suffering and shameful end, the mission of the Maid was not in vain. In this nineteenth century, we may find difficulty in sympathising fully with her aims—we cannot in any literal sense follow her example—and yet her story may read a lesson to every modern English girl of the beauty of unselfish enthusiasm and steadfast earnestness.

Such nobility and constancy is never lost; its effects abide from age to age. For "No life can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

LILY WATSON.

ever, comforted me a little. I noticed that in the evening he was particularly courteous and attentive to Margaret, and I made up my mind that he had not become so utterly worldly and selfish, or he would not have bestirred himself to make the time pass pleasantly for her, or seem so bent on putting her at ease among any friends who chanced to be there. It was so unusual for a man of his sort to take this kind of trouble that I could not help remarking his manner.

Altogether Margaret's position seemed considerably brighter and more genial; yet all the same she herself did not appear to be benefited by the change. There was a flinty recklessness in her manner when we were with others—sparkling and hard; and an utter weariness when alone, which troubled me sorely. Had I made a mistake in my friend? Was she not what she had seemed to be? Or had the apparent improvement in her lot produced an unhealthy excitement, and drawn her into the labyrinth of Vanity Fair? I wrote about my perplexities to my mother, who speedily answered them in her usual sympathising, yet calm and practical strain. Those letters of hers! Yesterday I read them for the hundredth