

that, which culminated in the solemn coronation of Charles on July 17, 1429. Then to think that she, who had done so much for her country and King, was to be delivered through treachery into the hands of the recreant Duke of Burgogne, to be sold to the enemies she had so marvelously conquered, to be tried on the charge of practising black arts, to be condemned as a relapsed heretic, and to be burned with ignominy as a witch by the English at Rouen, in her twentieth year, on May 30, 1431! Her death was most excruciating. Tied to a stake, she was slowly consumed by flames. Thousands looked upon that burning mass as the intense heat turned to ashes all that was mortal of her. There were many among these whom she had conquered, but still more numerous were those whom she had led victorious. Women, men, soldiers and nobles wept at this sight, but there was not one courageous enough to raise a dissenting voice against those cruel murderers. She climbed the scaffold as bravely as she had climbed the scaling ladders at Orleans and Jargeau. Devoutly she received and kissed the cross made at her request by an English soldier. Repeatedly she pronounced that sweet name of Jesus, in her agonizing moments, and asked of Him forgiveness for all her enemies. St. Catharine and St. Michael were especially invoked amidst this terrible ordeal. She never murmured or complained, but peacefully resigned her soul to God. When the last embers of that pile had faded, many declared that the memory of her had likewise vanished, but from the vapors of that fire rose a name never to be forgotten. Now,—after half a thousand years have gone,—her memory and merits flourish with renewed vigor, and within a short time the high honor of Beatification is to be bestowed upon her by the Church. But previous to the act of Beatification the sacred congregation had to have genuine proofs that three miracles had been wrought through her intercession. After long and careful investigation, it decided that these had been proved. There is one man above all others outside the Church, who deserves to be mentioned here, for his noble work in manifesting to the world this blessed Maid's pure life. Andrew Lang's name will be remembered as long as the memory of Joan survives, as the man who revered and defended, where Voltaire and Anatole France outraged and sneered.

C. F. G., '10.

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Nature keeps whatever she has done best, close sealed, until it is regarded with reverence.—Ruskin.