

her enemies and praying to God. After her death an English soldier exclaims : "We are lost ! we have burned a saint ! " as of old in Jerusalem, the Centurion prostrated before Calvary exclaimed : "This was verily the Son of God."

The crime was accomplished, and Pierre Cauchon, the miserable bishop of Beauvais, and the doctors of the Sorbonne, and all who had a share in her condemnation, went off bearing a life-long remorse in their hearts.

But let not the evil-minded attribute the death of this martyr to the Church. For as we cannot impute the cruelties of Warren Hastings to the whole English

people or to its king, so we cannot impute the crime of the bishop of Beauvais to the Church or to the Pope. They are innocent of the death of Joan of Arc ; and well have they proven it by rehabilitating her memory, and by since declaring her 'Venerable.' May we soon see her placed on our altars ! May France repair its ungratefulness towards her by making her its patroness, and stamping her image on its banners, as it is deeply engraved in the heart of every true Frenchman !

AURÉLIEN BÉLANGER. '97.

### THE RECRUIT.

So much to me is imminent ;  
To leave Revolt that is my tent,  
And Failure chosen for my bride.

And over life's highway be gone,  
Ere yet Creation marches on,  
Obedient, jocund, glorified :

And last of things afoot, to know  
How to be free is still to go  
With glad concession, grave accord,

Nor longer, bond and imbecile,  
Stand out against the gradual Will—  
The great "*Fall in!*" of God the Lord.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.