

womanly nature have supported all the hardships of camps and war? How could she have so well foretold the deliverance of Orleans and the coronation of the king? By means of the powers of darkness? No, for how could the devil desire the salvation of France, when it was rather to his advantage that it should be blotted off the map of the world.

How many such questions remain unanswered, unless we see behind this weak instrument the directing hand of the omnipotent Providence!

The Pucelle, her mission accomplished, throws herself at the feet of Charles, and begs leave to return to her peaceful village. The king and his council are well aware of the deep influence that she exercises over the army. Joan gone, they fear to see the soldiers relapse in their former habits of indolence and immorality; they are afraid of losing what Joan of Arc has gained for them. Joan is the soul of the army. Her presence is necessary: the King refuses her request. She must obey; for the order of the king is an order of God; and her 'Voices' are silent. Such sadness comes over Joan, that all contemporary writers say that it was 'a pity to see the Pucelle.' Ominous presages haunt her mind. She knows the fate that awaits her, if she should fall into the hands of the English. However she loses none of her energy. Always foremost to attack and last to retreat, she is still an object of dread to her enemies, who fly at the simple sight of her standard.

The march of the French is now an alternation of victory and defeat. At last Compiègne is besieged by the English. Joan throws herself into the place, directs vigorous sallies, and inflicts great losses on the enemy. But in the last of those engagements, while retreating toward the city, she falls from her horse, and is obliged to yield herself to the Bastard of Vendôme, who confides her to John of Luxembourg. This last sells her to the English who, from prison to prison, drag her to Rouen. Here history cries for shame at the sight of the mournful events that follow, and which has inspired one of the most eloquent panegyrists of this century, Mgr. Daparloup, with the following words: "And what! all the gates of the

cities of France remained barred behind her! and no one to rush out of them to defend her! to die for her!

Ah! that is what I cannot pardon! I pardon the traitors, I pardon the executioners, I pardon the English, but I can never pardon the cowards, I can never pardon the ungrateful! Ah! I ask you! should not all the knights and all the soldiers—I do not speak of Charles VII and his courtiers—and for want of knights and soldiers, should not the women and children, who often can still be moved, when men are heartless, should not all the castles and houses have risen, marched on Orleans, and delivered the deliverer of France!"

Whoever reads the story of the capture, trial, and death of Joan of Arc, cannot fail to perceive the strong resemblance she bore to Her Saviour. The money for which she was sold was the gold of treason, the price of blood, the transaction of a Judas selling his saviour to his enemies. Like Christ, Joan was dragged from prison to prison; like Him she had to undergo a mock-trial. In this trial, the parallel between the two expiatory victims is most striking. It is sufficient to give one side of it to see the immediate application on the other. See Joan of Arc standing before her judges! her accusers are those she has saved, those who should defend her. Among them are seen princes of the Church '*Principes Sacerdotum*.' The most monstrous crimes are imputed to her; and what should prove her innocence, is brought to bear against her; her very glories are sources of accusation. Nor is this all: thousands of lying subtleties are invented to entangle her; but by simple answers, by one word, she destroys the long and painfully-wrought arguments of her prosecutors. She is also insulted, notwithstanding the fact that she is the accused, and thereby entitled to the protection of the law. However convincing the evidence of her innocence, yet the cry is raised, "To the stake! To the stake!"

How vivid is the resemblance so far, but it does not end here! It exists to the consummation of the sacrifice. Like Christ she is condemned to an ignominious death; like Him she dies forgiving