

he prays for pity, will he find respite! What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where the wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling. . . . There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of the thickets.

“What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr’s scaffold! Will they burn the Child of Domremy a second time! No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds, and the nations stand around it waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. . . . My Lord, have you no counsel? ‘Counsel I have none: in heaven above, nor on earth beneath.’ Is it indeed come to this! Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away to infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to plead your cause: I know of somebody who will be your counsel. Ah! Who is this that cometh from Domremy? Who is this that cometh in bloody coronation robes from Rheims! Who is she who cometh with blackened flesh, from walking the furnace of Rouen! This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. It is she that will take my Lord’s explanations. She it is, Bishop, who would plead for you: yes, Bishop, she,—when heaven and earth are silent!”