

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON JOAN OF ARC.

The address delivered at Orleans Cathedral on Monday last by the Most Rev. Dr. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, was wonderfully eloquent, and will have remarkable effect in France. The following is a complete report of the magnificent discourse. His Grace said: "Non fecit taliter omni natione, et Judicia sua non manifestavit eis—He hath not done in like manner to every nation, and his judgments were withheld from them."

France! but thou belongest also to humanity, and wherever celebrated she is made in thy honour citizens of all countries unite with the people of thy own land in offering to thee the tribute of reverence and of love. There are in the great human family. CERTAIN PRIVILEGED NATIONS, whose providential destiny has been and still is to exercise far beyond their territorial frontiers precious and fecund influences in aid of the highest interests of religion and of civilization, and in this manner to link to themselves in closest ties other countries of the earth. Such has been thy destiny, France, and such still is thy destiny. Thou hast been and thou art a world-nation; and when citizens of other countries, beneficiaries of thy favours, with hearts overflowing with gratitude and affection come to thee, they will refuse to believe that they are unwelcomed by thee, and unbidden to take part in thy sweetest joys and most sacred festivities. From afar, Jeanne d'Arc from distant America—I come to speak thy praises, to speak the praises of thy France. Jeanne d'Arc, I salute thee; France, I salute thee. Most dear to me is the present moment. Prelate of Orleans, I thank you for the happiness which is mine. It was in the days of blessed youth, under the roof of my father's home, at Meung-sur-Loire, in France, I read of Jeanne d'Arc in prose and in poetry. I heard from the lips of esteemed teachers

THE RECITAL OF HER PROWESS and of her sanctity; I made her deeds the theme of my literary trysts; and, together with my mates, I pictured in playful drama her victories. Now, the memories and the delights of my youth are back to my soul, as fresh as if newly a half-century of time had not since crossed my life's pathway; and an honour is mine which I then did not dream of coveting—the honour of speaking of Jeanne, on her historic anniversary, in her own city of Orleans. Often in these days my mind, my heart turned towards Orleans. There then lived in Orleans a great Bishop, Monseigneur, that you wear his mantle is high honour to your name and high honour to his memory. The Bishop was Dupanloup. His apostolic zeal for souls, his deep and intelligent interest in Christian education, his strength of thought, his strength of expression, his courage of action, endeared his fancy. Dupanloup has remained for me one of my ideal masters of men. To-day I rejoice that I am permitted to stand in his pulpit, there to give voice to my admiration for him, and to sink more deeply into my soul the ineffaceable impress set upon it by his name in my life's earlier days. I am to speak to France—to France so nobly represented in my audience by her clergy, her army, her national administration, her magistracy, her people. I value the opportunity to tell France of my personal sentiments—of my enduring gratitude, of my enduring love. I owe much to France. She was the country of my youth, she was

THE SCHOOL OF MY SOUL. Beneath her sky "I was fashioned to thoughts and to impulses that to a large degree have since dominated my mind and my heart. France, I have never forgotten thee. I inhaled the love of France from the daily breathings of beloved guardians and teachers, and that love has never departed from me. I value the opportunity to address France as a citizen and a Bishop of the United States of America. America is not unmindful of the deeds done by France in her favour. The names borne a hundred times over by lakes and rivers, by cities and States in America, repeat to succeeding generations of her children the honoured memories of explorers and missionaries, some of France. The eagle, the symbol of her life and of her hopes, in its march across continents and oceans, constantly proclaims to herself and to the world that valiant soldiers of France saluted its first flights towards the skies, and that among the sponsors of the national liberty which gave birth to it were a Louis XVI., a Lafayette, a Rochambeau. AMERICA THANKS FRANCE, and prays that the friendship of the past be the friendship of the future between herself and France. I offer to

France the homage of America. The homage of America is not an apology, nor a reparation. America is not in honor beneath the flag of Bedford, nor upon the judgment seat of Cauchon. The homage of America to Jeanne is her disinterested tribute to innocence and to valor, to patriotism, and to religion. I present America to Jeanne. I present Jeanne to America. America is in search of high types of greatness and goodness; she is resolved to turn every material force into the service of what is best for men and most harmonious with the designs of the Divine; and I say to her that she may well draw from the story of Jeanne d'Arc inspiration to guide her in the pursuit of the mighty destiny which the Lord of nations is pleased to assign her. Most dear to me, indeed, is the present moment. But yet, as I turn to the task which it imposes upon me, it fills my soul with fear. I am to speak of Jeanne d'Arc, to speak of France herself, whose story is the story of Jeanne. I am to speak of Jeanne and of France to a great and representative audience, so righteously jealous of the glory of Jeanne and of France. I stand in the pulpit of the Cathedral of Orleans, whither have come for more than four centuries, year after year, to speak of Jeanne and of France.

THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTERS OF ORATORY. In this land of oratory I am to address my audience in their own French language, a speech upon whose beauty they cannot easily pardon, whose musical accents, however much still they are cherished by me, long ago forsook my lips. And I am to speak to you, unused to your cause, in a language of thought, your modes of expression in peril of giving cause of offence while the desire is to please, of wounding most just susceptibilities while respect for them is supreme. Yes, the task affrights me. I appeal to the courtesy of Frenchmen: I offer as a plea of pardon for mistakes my sincerity of love for Jeanne d'Arc and for France; I invoke the blessing of the Heavenly Father. The fifteenth century of the Christian era had opened upon the world. It was a historic period of extraordinary importance to the destinies of Europe and of humanity. Mighty events having far-reaching results were in germination. The capital of Oriental Christendom, Constantinople, was tottering to its fall. Asiatic Mohammedanism was gliding its reins for a final effort to conquer Europe and destroy the religion of Christ. Already

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION was spreading its roots through German and English soil, and the day was high when it would rise up into open air, and in the fury of hatred and power threaten to disrupt and, if it were possible, destroy the Catholic Church. Already adventurous spirits scattered through Western Europe, were questioning stars and seas in the hope of discovering new continents, and from the rising of the setting of the sun, out of ocean's billows, immense empires were soon to come forth and give to human ambition and human energy an impetus of power never before known in the life of humanity. The hand of Providence was tracing visibly over the face of the world the lines upon which a great cycle in the history of nations and of men was to unfold its giant form. The nation appointed by Providence to take during the coming cycle of history a leading part in the great interests of religion and of humanity would be expected at this momentous period to be busily gathering together its life's forces and clearing its vision in readiness for its mighty work. Was France the chosen nation? It was; and yet, when it should have been vigilant, how blind it was! Where it should have been strong, how weak it was! O, France, in my love for thee I feel, would not I have seen that thou wast, were not thy deepest misery, the revelation of thy highest glory. I believe in

GOD'S PROVIDENCE OVER NATIONS. God is the Creator and the Lord of men, and, as such, He is the Creator and the Lord of those necessary aggregations of men which we call nations, outside of which individual men cannot attain their purpose of life. God has care of the birds of the air, and of the fishes of the field. Much greater care has He of men, even though they be of little faith. No nation is born or dies, flourisheth or decays, without God's knowledge and God's counsel. As sometimes to favored individuals, so sometimes to favored nations, God assigns a special mission, bringing them into intimate participation with His supreme plan for the government of humanity; and when in the fulfillment of such mission "His help from God's right hand is needed" by the chosen nation, that help Divine Wisdom and Divine Justice will most surely accord. We shall call that help extraordinary and supernatural in God's eyes, should the tomb of an ancient sovereign of France, and Bedford, regent and commander of armies, hurried to uplift the standard of the conquest over France from Channel to Mediterranean. The task seemed easy. La Normandie, la Bretagne, la Picardie, la Touraine, le Maine, l'Anjou, la Champagne, were already subject to England, and were organizing armies in support of her claims over the remainder of France. PARIS BELONGED TO ENGLAND: its Parliament legislated in the name of England; its university—the university of France—had sold to Eng-

land the prestige of its name and of its logic. What was there remaining to France? The provinces south of the Loire, weak and desolate; and the Dauphin, Charles, without money, without arms, seeing his followers daily diminished in numbers, seriously considering whether he should not without delay seek an asylum in Spain or in Scotland! With truth indeed, could I have said from Heaven say to a little girl in the valley of the Meuse: "There is great misery in the poor kingdom of France." What was there remaining to France? There was Orleans. It was the one stronghold of France North of the Loire; it was the key to the southern provinces. Orleans could not safely cross the Loire. O Orleans, well hast thou been called "the heart of France": when the liberty of France and the moral glory of Frenchmen had their last refuge, and their last source of life, Orleans opened to them its gates. But how long could Orleans yet remain to France! Bedford knew the value of this stronghold; he ordered thither his "preux" warriors, Glansdale, Talbot, Suffolk, Fallstow. Orleans was besieged; during seven months were the English at work building "tilles" and digging trenches. Vaillant, indeed, were the Orleansais; but what could they do in presence of

SUPERIOR NUMBERS. In presence of famine! A determined effort to divide the besieging forces failed. Hope vanishes. Orleans must soon be taken by the English—and then the South is opened to the invaders, and France is no more France. To certain nations, as Glensdale and St. Louis, with Thou not in Thy mercy arise, and in Thy might save France? The time has come, O Lord, when no power but Thine can save France. In His government of humanity Goes does not usually send to nations supernatural aid when natural aid is high; natural aid is no longer within reach of France—will the supernatural be vouchsafed to her? I read amidst the universal history of the world if I do not, with Bossuet, behold the Almighty discharging special vocations to certain nations, as lowering from time to time His arm to enable such nations to fulfill their vocations; and I read amidst the history of France if I do not behold the Almighty discharging to her a special vocation, and if I am not allowed to hope for her an extraordinary interjection of Divine power, when ought but such interjection can save her. France's story before the fifteenth century had been "Gesta Dei per Francos"; her story after the fifteenth century was still to be "Gesta Dei per Francos." I give you a few illustrations. The Protestant Reformation swept over Germany and England; without France, independent and strong, it would have dominated all the countries of the Continent of Europe north of the Alps and the Pyrenees—and indeed we may ask, without France what barrier was there to arrest its triumphant march across those mountain ranges? France, a province of England, would have obeyed the monarchs of England in matters religious as well as political, as it has obeyed and the once French Isles of Alderney and Jersey, and

WHAT WOULD HAVE REMAINED TO CATHOLICISM? Vast continents were discovered and opened to exploration and colonization; what country but France was to be the apostle of Catholicism, as England was that of Protestantism? Were it not for the missionaries of France in America, Asia, Africa, Oceania, how diminished would be to-day over those continents the sphere of the Catholic Church! Wherever went the "Fleur-de-lis" went with it the Cross, and far beyond the reach of the "Fleur-de-lis" went the Cross borne aloft by the hands of sons of France. Where but in France were formed those wonderful congregations of women whose works of charity and of zeal have so glorified the Catholic Church, no less in India and Protestant than in Catholic lands—even in lands over which floats Islam's crescent? Where but in France were formed those stupendous organizations of Catholic magnificence which alone give means of living and of working to Catholic missionaries in the "desolate" and "Antarctic regions"? What nation but France in this present day means for Catholicism protection and extension of its kingdom over the whole earth? France, no doubt, has had through centuries her shortcomings and her aberrations; so did Israel of old make transgressions. But, as Israel of old, so France in later times has been

JEHOVAH'S CHOSEN SERVANT AND SOLDIER. What, then, when France's last ray of hope at Orleans was sinking into night? What then? That God would reach out His arm to Orleans and to France! And this God Jeanne d'Arc, and Jeanne d'Arc! Sweet, beautiful, sublime Jeanne! Most sweet, most beautiful, most sublime figure of womanhood, outside the Virgin Mother of Nazareth, known to history! Oh! were it mine to speak of thee as truth demands, as my heart desires! What glory for thee, France, to have given birth to one so blest by nature and by grace! That France is the mother-country of Jeanne merits for all humanity. If gifts not unworthy of her, France the Divine are to be found in one whom God chooses to be an instrument of His power and mercy, such gifts were found in Jeanne. Jeanne was not twenty years old when her career on earth closed. Until her seventeenth year she had been a poor

peasant girl, not knowing A nor B, spinning and sewing with her mother, guarding in the meadows her father's sheep. And then, suddenly, she became a warrior of Orleans and of France. The most antipodal phases of human character and of human action met in one person, a girl not twenty years old; each of those phases set out in its highest type, yet all together

BLENDING IN MOST HARMONIOUS UNITY. presenting to wondering history the marvel of womanhood such as it was never before or since given to the world to contemplate. O, Jeanne, who art thou? and by whom wast thou fashioned for thy singular career? In the village of Domremy Jeanne was the model Christian maiden. The Cure called her the best child of the parish. She was guileless, simple, unpretentious. She sang and played with other children under the shade of "Fables' Tree." She obeyed her parents and aided them in their rude labours. She was tender-hearted and charitable, from her scanty store saving some little for the relief of the needy. She was pure as an angel; she prayed in house, in field, and often was found kneeling before God's altar. Sollicitous for the public honour of religion, she chided gently the old sacristan when he was slow to ring out the "Angelus," and even offered him a reward to prompt him to greater fidelity. Jeanne of Domremy is

A THEME FOR LOVELIEST IDYLL. If angels ever converse with mortals Jeanne was fit to see and hear them. Seventeen years old, Jeanne is the warrior, the counsellor of the King, and the plumes of France, the leader of armies, the deliverer of Orleans, the saviour of France. Presented to the Court of Chinon, she is graceful of manner as the most high-born courtier. She surprises statesmen with the boldness and wisdom of her plans for the saving of France, the deliverance of Orleans (the key to what remained of France), and the appointment to kingship of the Dauphin, thereby securing to Charles the prestige of recognized royalty and giving to his fortunes the consecration of the Church. Her courage triumphs over the vacillations of Charles, the treachery of La Tremouille, and the scholastic subtleties of theologians, and an army such as it was possible to Charles to gather together was placed under her orders. Now in active campaign, Jeanne rides her spirited war-horse with veteran courage and dignity, although in Domremy she was "totally unused to the saddle." clad in knightly armour, sword in hand she leads the bravest, leaps across trenches, assails walls, flies over fields in pursuit of the enemy, compels by her arduous labours and fugitive to be valorous and aggressive. Her plans of march and of battle are the wisest; when, as before Orleans, her plans are at first rejected, they are soon afterwards adopted as the sure means to victory. Her soldiers—La Hire, Thibaut, d'Armenac, Xantralles, Danols, d'Alencon—are

ASTOUNDED BY HER COURAGE AND HER MILITARY SKILL, and readily submit to her leadership. This, d'Alencon's testimony, of the terms of war. Jeanne was most skilled in leading the lance, or marshalling an army, in placing men in line of battle, or disposing of artillery. All were surprised to see her putting forth in war the skill and the foresight of a captain practised in the art during twenty or thirty years. But especially was she admired for her tact in the use of artillery, where she displayed consummate ability." Thou must tell us, Jeanne, peasant girl of Domremy, whence came thy wonderful talent in war. Orleans was now Jeanne, the warrior in the day of your deliverance, May 7th, 1429. Soldiers and chivalrous refuse the combat; the Governor of the city closes the gates. Jeanne mounts her charger: "You have taken your own counsel," she said to the timid, "but I have heard mine, and believe me the counsel of God will have its accomplishment." She rushes through the "Bourgogne" gate, followed now in haste by the army now ashamed of their hesitation, and charges straggling warriors in the "meadow of Orleans." The "Battle de Tourelles." Furious the attack, furious the defence. See her—see Jeanne in the front ranks; she has crossed the "fosse," and reaches her ladder towards the parapet. She is wounded and must leave the fray. Chivalry takes fright, and are ready to give the signal for retreat. "In God's name you will soon be within," exclaims Jeanne, and with her own hand snatching the arrow from her quiver, she is again in the fray. Her standard strikes the boulevard, onward leap her soldiers; the "Tourelles" is taken; Orleans is saved.

NEVER WAS WAR MORE CHIVALROUS. Never were soldiers more Christian, than when Jeanne sought for France; and she showed the love of God in tears from her eyes, when necessary battles were to be won; when they could be dispensed with, they were avoided. She was as tender as a sister to the wounded, whether enemies or friends; she forbade pillage, she held out generous treatment to prisoners. The laws of religion reigned supreme in her army. "Often battles," she said, "were lost in punishment of sins." She sternly commanded the removal of all occasions of sin from her camp; she showed no cursing or swearing, her chaplains were kept near at hand to celebrate Mass; soldiers and chivalries confessed and communicated. What high views of righteousness in war! What power of

personality to have such views adopted and put into practice by an army? The warrior was always the woman, the saint. The priest and thought-ful statesman, when counselling, the chivalrous knight when battling Jeanne, to be in two years under the banner of France. The most antipodal phases of human character and of human action met in one person, a girl not twenty years old; each of those phases set out in its highest type, yet all together

WITHOUD PRIDE, OSTENTATION, OR AMBITION. She had the one purpose—to save France. Working for France she was all that the mission could demand; at other times she was the innocent, simple, laughing child. And, always, the saint! The march, the camp, the battle only made more radiant her saintliness of Domremy, her purity of soul, and her love of prayer. Near her was impossible to be without a saintly thought or language of selfless solidarity. She fasted often, she delighted to hear Mass and receive the sacraments of the Church. On her banner were written the holy names "Jesus, Mary." She entered upon all her undertakings in the name of God. The martyr of Rouen! How grows at Rouen the marvel, I must say the miracle of Jeanne's personality! Rouen! I kiss with reverence the pavement stones of thy "deux marches." I have no anger in the memory of the scenes that were there enacted. I see nought in them but the glory of Jeanne. Bedford and Winchester I forgive your decree that the maid must be disgraced and must die. Bourgogne and Luxembourg, I forgive your baseness in selling Jeanne to the invaders of France. Charles and La Tremouille, I forgive your shameful forgetfulness of Orleans and of Rheims; aye, Cauchon and d'Estivet, even you I forgive for your torture of the soul of Jeanne and for your callousness and cruel sentence. Bedford and Winchester, Bourgogne and Luxembourg, Charles et La Tremouille, Cauchon and d'Estivet, you were all needed in

THE TERMINIC DRAMA of the martyrdom of our heroine; it is well for humanity's glory that you acted out your parts, whatever be upon your own names the stigma of history. Jeanne was not twenty years old. See her in judgment; see her in death. Never did the saints of Christ put wiser words on the lips of martyrs, or stronger power into their souls, Jeanne whence thy wisdom? Whence thy fortitude? A score or more of theologians, with a Bishop at their head, assembled to judge her. Bases passions burst in their hearts, treachery to country, avarice, ambition, pride, vindictiveness. Over these bases passions, to conceal them and still add to their fury, those theologians and this Bishop cast the cloak of reason, of justice, and of law, for the Church. No other tribunal is possible. The accusation against Jeanne is that of magic, superstition, schism, heresy. Her accusers and judges are at home in those matters; and to find her guilty under one or all of those heads they are ready to ply DIALECTIC SUBTLETY, that could extract superstition and heresy from the words of apostles and doctors, and to practise the vilest arts of cunning deceit in putting to a child puzzling questions in abstruse theology with intent to mislead and entrap, and torturing her direct and candid speech into perverse and unthought-of meanings. Jeanne is in chains, watched day and night by conscienceless netherers, wasting in bodily strength, without friend and counsellor, deprived even of the consolation of Mass or of Sacraments. Her accusers and judges, to despise their subtlety and malice, MAINTAINING TRUMPHANTLY HER INNOCENCE and the reality and the Divine origin of "the voices" to which her public career had been an act of unreserved obedience. "Do you know that you are in the state of grace? A "yes" or a "no" will entangle her in the meshes of their scholastic subtlety. "If I am not," replies Jeanne, "may God put me in it; if I am, may He preserve me there." "Does God hate the English?" The wretches hoped that in her love of France she would say "Yes," and her they could build up against her an argument of theology. "Of the love or hatred of God I know nothing. I know nothing that I know is that France, except such as they are, may be buried there." Her accusers and judges were noted partisans of the schism which had been for a long time desolating the Church. They ask of her: "Whom do you take to be the true Pope?" "Are there two Popes?" It is the quick and skilful reply of Jeanne. The chief argument against her is that she does not submit herself in the matter of her visions to the Church—accusers and judges being in their intent the Church. Jeanne replies beyond all doubt her loyalty to the Church by entering an appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff. "Bring me be-