

that of the stake to which he had chained Joan.

"When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadow curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

"The shepherd girl, that had delivered France,—she, from her dungeon, she, from her duel with the fire, as she entered her last dream, saw Domremy, saw the fountain at Domremy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which men had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of the woods—these were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers.

"Bishop of Beauvais! . . . By the fountain of Domremy you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as you draw near, the woman raises her veil from over her wasted features. Would Domremy know them again for the features of her child! Ah, but Bishop, you know them, you know them well! Oh, Mercy! What a groan that was, which the servants waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turns away from the fountain and the woman, to seek rest in the forest afar off. . . . In the forests, to which