

"What will be Teddy's next exploit, I wonder? Children are always in mischief," she mused; and thoughts flashed each other through her mind until, like waves, they struck on the rock of bitter memories, and the shadow of past sorrows darkened her proud old face.

Several years had gone by since her only child Agnes had run away with the handsome scoundrel against whom everyone had warned her, against whom though in the course of time Mrs. Scott had relented and been prepared to grant forgiveness, Agnes had never tried to obtain it. She had left Glasgow with her worthless husband, and out of the whirlpool of London into which they had plunged not a word had come and all traces of them were lost.

Mrs. Scott leaned back in her chair with closed eyes, marveling why the old world throbbed anew to-day and why the voice so long unheard should seem to be ringing in her ears, until two young persons entered, sufficiently like each other to be known as brother and sister, though at present one was wearing a smile and the other a frown. As the latter laid down her golf clubs rather noisily, Eric raised a warning finger.

"Sh! I Aunt Helen is asleep." "With I were, never to waken!" said Clare, before Aunt Helen could repel the charge of slumber.

"If you were my child, you should be sent to bed with a heavy supper—crabs and oysters and lobsters and pork pies for choice," he said. "Then you'd be glad to have your dressing in the morning. It's easy for me to laugh," she retorted crossly. "But I am tired of having to go without things that every other girl has. And you have no sympathy."

"What'll we do about this, Mrs. Scott?" It was the voice of Mrs. Jebb who had just entered with something in her outstretched hand. "That little boy left his coat behind him in his hurry, and I was just giving it a shake when this fell out of it. Perhaps it belongs to the young lady. You'll see there is a name on it."

"It was a much-tarnished locket, which Mrs. Scott took mechanically, and examined with the aid of her eyeglasses. Next moment a sound that was half a sob, half a cry, brought them all beside her in alarm.

"Eric—Clare—look here!" She spoke in gasps. "It is a locket I gave to Agnes. She was wearing it when she went away. Her name is on it. See! My own portrait used to be inside."

Her trembling fingers could not open it, but Eric did that for her, revealing a miniature of herself, painted when her hair was not so white, and care had not trod so deep an autograph on her brow—but unrecognizable as she was.

"Surely that young lady will be able to tell us something. We must find her at once," said Mrs. Scott, every nerve quivering. "She was going to the shore with some children, and they will be there still. We must find her, Eric!" "As you know her, that will be easy," said Mrs. Scott. "In a certain way, Aunt. Never mind how long you've had to wait for it!"

It was the time of year when Salt-coats becomes a suburb of Glasgow, and the shore was crowded with people from that city. Children dived and swam in the sea, and the sparkling water, while their mothers exchanged confidences and opinions. To and fro, from group to group, Mrs. Scott led her niece and nephew until she recognized Eva and indicated her by a gesture, finding herself unable to speak.

The picnic had reached its most interesting stage—the distribution of the eatables. Eva was handing round sandwiches; and the eager uplifting of small sallow faces, the impetuous extending of bony fingers to grasp the food, the instantaneous devouring of it, told a tale that brought a glow to Clara's smooth cheeks.

"Eric, to think I was trying to quarrel with you to-day because you wouldn't give me a sapphire bracelet!" she murmured in a rush of wholesome self-reproach. She had thought herself aggrieved because an unnecessary ornament was not forthcoming; and here were children who knew what it was to starve!

"Just stay here and take care of Aunt Helen," he whispered, seeing that Mrs. Scott was perilously near breaking down with excitement; and he went forward alone.

How strange it was! To Eric Scott it seemed that the days of his life had been leading on to this moment, when he saw in the clear depths of a maiden's eyes possibilities and revelations of happiness as yet unknown. Her rising color recalled him to the necessity of explanation.

"May I ask if this locket is yours or the little boy's?" he began. "One of you must have left it with the old coat at Mrs. Jebb's."

"It was not Eva's," so she called Teddy, who responded, clinging fast to a large bun. He claimed the trinket without hesitation. It was his very own and he carried it about with him everywhere, because he did not want it to be "put in the pawn." He did not know that she had lost it.

"And where did you get it, dear?" Eva asked. "It was mother's," he answered. She noticed how, as he said that, the intonation and accent of the slums seemed to fall away, as if something of the influence of better times associated with "mother" asserted itself.

"Not Mrs. Graham, Ted?" "No, Mrs. Graham, Ted?" he replied; the distinction seemed subtle, but Eva understood it perfectly. "Do you know anything definite about him?" Eric asked her. "Yes, I do. He is an orphan. His father's name was Edward Graham. You know it, I perceive."

"Only too well!" said Eric. "Please go on!" "I am sure that Teddy's mother was a lady. She died suddenly in London, and his father came back to Glasgow and married again—this time a woman who dragged him lower and lower, until he died, almost in destitution. The boy has been looked after in a way by his stepmother, but I have been hoping to get him adopted by some one rather than to see him die."

"That is not mother's picture in your locket, Ted?" "No; someone said it was granny's," he replied indifferently. Obviously the name had no meaning for him. Eva could not understand the emotion in Eric's handsome face, nor the tenderness with which he put his arm round the boy, and so led him to Mrs. Scott.

"Aunt Helen," he said humbly, "those brown eyes are these if not Agnes? I will remember her!" "It was late in September now, and Miss Reburn was the guest of the Scotts at Seaforth. Mrs. Scott occupied her own room, and the porch, and at her feet her small grandson listened with a face of rapture to "Aunt Clara's" recital of the gallant deeds of Bruce and Wallace—a picture which Eva contemplated with immense satisfaction from the shelter of the drooping ash tree to which she had retreated.

"It is responsible, too, for my introduction to the dearest girl in the world. You are that to me and more. As the sacred right to take care of you, to protect you, and make you happy till death do us part?"

"That the answer was satisfactory may be gathered from a later remark of Mrs. Scott: "Eric is a dear good boy, and always has been, but he will be better still with such a jewel of a wife as Eva."

BLESSED JEANNE D'ARC

SERMON BY FATHER VAUGHAN, IN TORONTO

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, when she was born, it looked as if France and England were going to be united under one crown. Our fifth Henry crossed in 1415 to France, resolved seemingly, not to be content till he had won the crown of Clovis for his crown. His inheritance from his grandfather, Edward III, he thought would be a good foundation for further conquests, and these he pushed almost to the furthest point of success. As you know, by the Treaty of Troyes, he was appointed Regent of France during the lifetime of his father-in-law, Charles VI, the imbecile, with the right to the crown when Charles should have passed away. As it happened, in 1422 our fifth Henry died, and shortly after him Charles was carried to the grave. You remember the great pomp and circumstance that surrounded the coronation of Henry VI, the child, at Paris, and how the Duke of Bedford, his uncle, was appointed Regent.

While our heroine was still a child Bedford thought to win the crown of France completely for his young charge. Orleans was the one place that was needed; it must be stormed, captured and brought under Anglo-French domination.

Need not remind you that, if the Salic Law obtained in France, as it did, neither our Henry V nor Edward III. had much legitimate claim to the crown of France. Strange to say, before Henry had been in his grave thirty years, all that he had inherited from his forefathers, as well as his own conquests in France, were lost, except what stood behind the walls of Calais; and what England lost she never regained. Finally the "fairest gem that sparkled in our diadem"—Calais—was lost to England, and its name was written on broken-hearted Marie's heart.

The circumstances of the case put before you, and so I have briefly recapitulated these facts, which I ask you for the moment to bear in mind.

ENGLISH ANTAGONISM TO JOAN "Here let me also remind you that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there was hardly a good word to be said in England for Joan of Arc. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries she comes a little more to the front, and in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries she is almost forgotten. It is the evidence of the trial, she stood full height before my countrymen, while in this twentieth century we have made a splendid act of reparation to her. We thought when we were beaten that we were beaten by a devil-worshipper, by one sent to us by the evil spirit; never could we understand that I think the countrymen ought never to have paid such a compliment as that to the devil. I can quite understand even England being beaten when she had to contend with one sent against her by Almighty God, but when sent by the devil—I should pay him no such compliment; I would tell him to go to his own place, to hell."

A MAGNIFICENT AND INSPIRING FIGURE "To-day I am going to put before you as briefly as possible an outline story of this matchless soldier-maid. She is simply magnificent, she is inspiring. It would be well for every Englishman to study her character, for he would then be truer to the King and country. Wonderful! that in this age of democracy we should be able to lift up the portrait of this little village maiden and point a lesson, which all of us need so much to-day. I am going with your kind permission, to tell the story as simply as she told it herself. I have no sympathy with Anatole France, nor with Jules Blois, who emulating the so-called art of Renan and Sabatier, because her own does not suit their theories of this world. But Anatole France and Jules Blois, with some others may be just about the door with Renan and Sabatier, those other two romances, who read their own story into the lives of our Divine Saviour and St. Francis of Assisi."

In the Province of Champagne, in France, near Vanouleurs, there is an unpretending village called Domremy. Here in a modest homestead, standing near the village church, was born on the eve of the Epiphany, 1412, Jacques and Isabelle d'Arc's fifth child and second daughter. They christened her by the name of Jeanne, and she grew up a typical little French Catholic girl, fond of weaving flowers for fairy trees, as I dare say you and I have done in our childhood; and fonder still of gather-

ing great bouquets of wild flowers to put at the feet of the First Woman of Creation—God's Mother. This bright little child grew with her brothers and sisters, lithe and vigorous, with a healthy kind of piquet, not goodly, but thoroughly good, strong, well-braced-up, and splendidly built, spiritually as well as physically. Nothing very much happened, or nothing that I need tell you, during her early childhood days.

THE SWEETNESS AND SANCTITY OF JOAN

"She was a child pure as the waters that danced beside her home, bright as the bloom that decked her garden plot, sweet as the herbs hidden within the woods, and as full of promise of summer as the love songs of the birds that flew from tree to tree. This bright, live poem of a girl was one day in her thirteenth year, working in the garden, helping her father when suddenly she noticed a great light, and there appeared the form of some sainted creature, who had a message to her. It was St. Michael. He came and he went, and with him came and went two others, St. Margaret and St. Elizabeth. They appeared for two or three successive days, coming and visiting her in times weekly. There was nothing of illusion about this simple, healthy girl in her ideas of what she saw, for she saw them and looked at them and felt them and pursued them, and kissed their ground on which they stood, and tried to hold them from fading away into space. They had a message for her! St. Michael told her that she was called upon by God to raise the siege of Orleans, and to see her King crowned at Rheims; that she was to go to Robert de Baudricourt, the Governor of Vanouleurs, and ask for his escort to Chinon, where the Dinon, a tributary of the Loire, where she should thresh this out with His Majesty the Dauphin.

"I must not linger here, but pass on to tell you that in 1428, more than two years after the first vision and the first time she heard her voices, she found herself face to face with Vanouleurs with Baudricourt, who scanned her and looked at this little village girl in her teens, with her hair down her back, with a white veil about her brow and her little red dress, simple as any child from any simple village. He recommended her, she should go, and according to the custom of the day, suggested that a little sound whipping might do her good. Whether she got the whipping I do not know, but she returned very much disappointed, but not a bit discouraged. No man or woman has any reason ever to be discouraged, so long as there is the open door beyond."

AGAIN VICTORIES

"On the 7th of May the soldier-maid said the siege must be raised, and she drew forth her forces and attacked the St. Loup, which had been taken in the first fight, but Les Tourelles, the great fortress that stood on the bridge which with its fifteen arches spanned the river. Cannon was mounted on the walls and on the force held by the English. The Maid led her forces, her spearman and her archers, who were to make straight for Les Tourelles, that central fort of the English. And as she stood by—because she never drew blood a sword, she never drew blood—she urged her countrymen to do their work bravely and well. The battle was fought on the first side, and then by the other, every inch of the ground being obstinately fought for. But victory seemed to favor the side of the French, who fighting under the eye of the maiden, at the sound of her voice felt that they were called by God to carry out their great duty, and the English and coun-

While the warrior-maid stood encouraging her fighting men beside the fortress wall, a shaft winged by an English Bowman caught her in the neck and she reeled and tottered and fell. This disaster gave the English fresh courage, thinking she had destroyed her forces, but soon, with her own hand having drawn out the barb, she was seen again urging on her men, until at last they fung themselves upon the great bridge and seemed to fill the Tourelles. Presently fires were blown and soon the bridge gave way, and the English, who had made to the mainland, found the bridge was broken down, so that those who were not drowned, and those who were not burned, were slaughtered by the troops and returned at night after the victory. In the morning some watchmen from the tower, looking over the bridge, found the bodies of the English, found that their tents were struck and that they were nowhere to be seen.

THE DO NOTHING DAUPHIN "After Mass of Thanksgiving, the Maid of Orleans thought out of pressing on to meet her King. She had raised the siege. How it had been achieved, who can tell? One thing is certain, that one of the decisive battles of the world, one which settled our position in France, was won by a village maiden, who could neither read nor write, but who had a mission.

She met the Dauphin, and he gladly recognized her great services to the country, but when she urged him to push forward to Rheims to be crowned, he could not be made to stir. He was a real princeling, at last. He had all his splendid robes, he had all his crossed lances, he lost time, he did nothing, a girl, a village girl, having to do his work for him. She did it far better than he could have done it.

THE DAUPHIN CROWNED AT RHEIMS "At Jargeas she met the bold, stubborn and dauntless Suffolk, and there she fought him, and he was taken prisoner. At Pafay, Talbot, who had known nothing of defeat, had to yield to her forces. She chased him, and he was brought forth to stand before her judge, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, Jean Lemaitre the Vice-Inquisitor, and Estivet, the Promoter.

"Was there ever such a trial recorded in history? There was once, when her Master was tried. Then there was no voice raised on his behalf. She played a good second. She showed forth his hidden life, His public life, and now she was going through His passion-tide and presently she shall pass into His life triumphant. Marvellous! Wonderful! Some people say, 'What a play she was not called before her!' No, let the girl win her crown, win her spurs, by passing through the Valley of the Shadow of suffering which alone can build heroic character."

ALL TORTURE IN VAIN "So she passed through this ordeal. I need not harrow your feelings—indeed there is no time, even if I wished to do so—by telling you the horrors of it. How they tried to get her to say what they would against truth and then to make out that she had said what she had not said. You know how the day came when they showed her the tortures that were prepared for her as an enchantress, a witch, and a heretic, and how for the moment she succeeded in losing her momentary self-control. But she rallied splendidly and declared that if they were to lead her limb from limb she would still be true to her voice, and that she had only carried out the mission to which she had been deputed, the work which she had lost her Master of us all.

THE MAID'S MARTYRDOM "At last the fatal day arrived, the 30th of May when she was told that she

troops, she looked to the kit, she found what was wanting, she looked for points of vantage. She seemed to be especially skilled in all matters connected with artillery—this girl who had not learned to ride or fight, who could neither read nor write. "The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong, and the foolish to confound the wise." He was doing it now.

VICTORY FOR THE SOLDIER MAID

"On the 6th of May, in the afternoon, the Maid astonished her well as friend. She went forth leading an attack on St. Loup. The English were full of expectation of ultimate victory. The battle of the Herrings had seemed to settle the case in their favor; besides the French were nearly starved into capitulation. The battle was fought on the 6th of May, the Burgundians only Bedford objecting said, 'No, those who have beaten the covers must have the birds.' And so they had fought on. This afternoon, May 4, for the first time Joan of Arc saw battle, and the terrors and the horrors of war, which she had never known before. Again she went to see how men were slaughtered about her; but a shout of triumph that came from the French walls of defence proclaimed that for the first time, after months, there was victory for France, that the English had been actually starved out. The battle was fought almost paralytically by what they thought was a devil-stirred girl, a witch, an enchantress.

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was about to be burned alive. She was found guilty of being a devil-worshipper, a traitress, an idolater, a suicide one in a pair, a chiseler, and the French University endorsed all that and added: 'And she is, too, a liar and an enchantress.' She heard the ver-

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