

in the simple joys and affections of home! Look at her: she loves the meadows, the fields, the woods, the birds singing with her the praises of God; she fulfils simply, joyously her every-day duties. You will vainly seek in the uniform and hardworking life of the Lorraine peasant girl the slightest trace of an imagination given to dreaming and foolish fancies. She received from God a sound and upright judgment. Her robust good sense will one day confound the learning and perfidy of her accusers. Her virtues, sweet and lovely as her person, were attested by all the witnesses of her childhood and youth, and protest against the disloyal suspicions of her detractors. Besides, the Church took care to shut the mouths of her detractors by her severe and solemn inquiries. Joan was subjected at Poitiers to the strictest theological examinations, ingenious to put subtle questions to a girl of 17 and ignorant of her A.B.C. And the court charged with judging her mission passed this sentence: "There is nothing in Joan the Maid but goodness, humility, virginity, devotion, and probity." The judges declared her to be "a fervent Catholic, and that they found in her nothing contrary to Christian faith and morality; that she answered wisely the most difficult questions, that they deemed her inspired of God, and that, considering the desperate condition of the realm, they thought that God could or should fearlessly employ her against her enemies." God stamped with miracles His approval of the work achieved by Joan of Arc. Miracles! Surely miracles shone out in all her life. A lowly peasant girl, happy in her condition, Joan never dreamt of warlike adventures. She loved her family, her cottage, her church. But lo! One day she is surrounded with a mysterious brightness. An angel, accompanied by saints, relates to her the sad plight of the fair realm of France. The voices, which every week for five years she constantly heard, became at last more pressing, more imperative, and said to her: "Child of God, go, go, go!" "I have heard them," she said, "and I cannot stay here. Let us start away, let us start. To-day rather than to-morrow; rather to-morrow than afterwards. Even had I a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, I must start, even were I to wear out my legs to my knees." The transparent fact of the supernatural overcame the timidity and fear of her age and sex; overcame the raillery of Sire de Baudricourt, who first thought her mad; overcame the contempt of military leaders towards this peasant girl transformed into a general; overcame the jealousy and intrigue of the Court, as well as the indecision and anguish of the heir of the French throne: The supernatural! It blazes out in the illumination of her intelligence, which penetrated the future. "Gentil Dauphin, the King of Kings through me informs you that you shall be anointed at Rheims to be His lieutenant in the Realm of France." She foretold the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the expulsion of the English from France.

But why recall all this? The young warrior maid's exploits still more proclaim the evidence of miracles. Her knowledge of battles amazed the most famous generals. Victory faithfully followed her footsteps. Her succession of triumphs at Orleans, Jargeau, Baugency, Patay, Auxerre, Troyes, Chalons, the coronation of the king at Rheims, were events so stupendous and extraordinary that they astounded all Christendom. "Omnia Christianorum regna stupebant," as John Nider, professor at the Vienna University, fitly said. Was it the end of the prodigies? No, then captivity, long days of suffering and torment, the odious tribunal, the iniquitous sentence, the burning at the stake. Never did Joan appear greater, more superhuman, more sublime. Trials endured with martyr-like constancy encircled her brow with a more brilliant aureole than her most renowned victories. She was indeed a daughter of God, and in this cry which sums up her mission: "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," she consummated her sacrifice.

No, her celestial voices did not deceive her. The child of Domremy overcame the Dauphin's hesitation by revealing to him a secret known to him alone. Her solemn canonisation proclaimed by the Vicar of Christ, Pope Benedict XV., sets the final seal of Divine appro-

bation on her work—the re-establishment of Christ's reign over France and the world.

We hasten to conclude. What lessons are we taught by this heavenly messenger? Joan appeared on earth as a heavenly vision, a messenger of hope and salvation. What she did here below she will continue in the bosom of God. She intercedes for the world and extends her protection over mankind. Her example in the present trials of France and in the hour of her victory over scientific barbarism, forbids despair and inspires the liveliest hopes. All seemed lost, after a hundred years' war, when Joan of Arc was given to France, and all was saved. Everything to-day is assailed, everything shaken—a thousand woes menace the Church, the fatherland, liberty, family, society. The Maid of Domremy's mission is not yet ended. No longer with the sword of battle, but with the irresistible influence which comes from the depths of her pure heart, she must rescue her beloved France from the cruel hands of those unnatural children, aliens in ideals and aspirations, who have sold it into the power of falsehood, license, atheism, and infidelity. She must gather again around her noble standard the brave, the pure, and the true. Her silver armor must once more flash like a meteor in the fray, and her war-cry, "Jésu, Jésus," find an echo in every heart. If so, under her standard the hosts of evil will melt away and again the Warrior-Saint will deliver France.

THE MAN WHO LEAPED FROM BEANN EDAIR.

I watched from Beann Eadair's dizzy height,
Where Fionn once strode in his haughty might,
The blue-white waves kissed by sunset's glow
Laughed as they broke on the strand below.
In the Sun's pavilion a giant youth trod,
'Twas Lugh Lamh Fada, the great Sun God;
And the white and blue in the waves astir
Was the mantle of Manannan, son of Lir.

The hand of Lugh waved along the sea
And I knew at the moment it waved to me.
Then he closed eyes of flame and sank to rest
Behind a blue curtain out in the West.
O the laughing waves I won't forget
Or the gleam of Manannan's chariot;
For he called my name and showed his face
And I leaped to the waters for his embrace.

Soon a corpse was washed up by the sea
And they waked a body they said was me;
But I—I sought not the shore to boast
That the thing was not me, but just my ghost.
For now I'm at Manannan's right hand,
And with Niamh by moonlight I often stand.
Now you won't deny me a fine, sly rogue,
I who dine with splendor in Tir-na-n-og.

—R.M., in *New Ireland*.

In the constant remembrance of the holy presence of God we find counsel, strength, and courage to face submissively the trials which come to us by Divine permission.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart*.

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