



St. Joan and her three attendants.

When we go a few yards farther back still, another rank of society sits barefooted under the mimosas, or giggles in groups on the dusty grass. This is the native population. This is as colourful a sight as any bazaar out of the East. Here are the small, piquant Javanese women, in their ankle-low batik work, so precious to-day. Sometimes they carry their "gosses" in native fashion, slung over the shoulder like a coil of rope. Barefoot beside them stand the diminutive Javanese men in their frying-pan hats, who, when they walk, turn their feet outwards like orang-outangs.

Here, too, are the Kanaka women, wearing the gaudy yellow and red smocks which missionary tradition seems to have made obligatory. Their great spreading toes project from under their dresses like the roots of a tree. They seem always happy, these shy, laughing people. Of the men, more anon.

One group is always apart. These are the Arabs, descended, I believe, from convicts originally deported from Algeria and Morocco. They are haughty, like all the Arab race, and their women walk like queens.

On the outskirts of this

motley assembly lounges a mixture of Americans, New-Zealanders, and French—soldiers and sailors come on leave to see the pageant, as a change from eternal movies and the monotony of Service life.

At half past one a wave of silence sweeps through the crowd. The mass has begun. It is performed by a New Zealand padre, and the choir is the group of children in front of the church. Their clear, shrill voices seem to spiral away into the blue sky, in contrast to the deeply intoned responses. Then comes the address of the white-robed bishop, whose

voice thunders across the square as he sketches the brief, ill-starred life of Jeanne d'Arc, her visions and her courage, and ends with an invocation that all may strive to emulate that peerless heroine of France. Then the ceremony closes with the "Marseillaise," "God Save the King," and the American Anthem, played by an American band.

For a few moments the square knows confusion. People are rushing to and fro. Officials are pushing the crowd back from lines marked on the grass. I catch the gleam of four "éclairons," or trumpets, lifted, waiting for the



The "aumonier" gives his address.