

not have been persecuted could he have been answered. Yet the truth lived, and men were set on the right track of observation for all ages to come.

Pascal said of his condemnation, "It is in vain that you (the Jesuits) have procured against Galileo a decree from Rome condemning his opinion of the earth's motion. Assuredly that will never prove it to be at rest; and if we have unerring observations proving that it turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with it." Truth may run for a long time under ground, but it is sure to work its way to the surface at last; and in proportion to the obstacles it encounters, and the length of its struggle, are the extent and the certainty of its triumph.

The life of Kepler was as sad as that of Galileo. Originally a poor boy, he was admitted to the school at the monastery of Maulbronn, and eventually became a learned man. He accepted the astronomical chair at Gratz in Styria, and devoted himself to the study of the planets. He was afterward appointed Imperial mathematician to the Emperor, though his salary was insufficient to maintain himself and his family. At Lintz he was excommunicated by the Roman Catholics because of some opinions he had expressed respecting transubstantiation. "Judge," he says to Hoffman, "how far I can assist you, in a place where the priest and school inspector have combined to brand me with the public stigma of heresy, because in every question I take that side which seems to me consonant with the will of God."

Kepler was then offered the professorship of mathematics at Bologna, but having the recantation and condemnation of Galileo before him, he declined the chair. "I might," he said, "notably increase my fortune; but, living a German among Germans, I am accustomed to a freedom of speech and manners which, if persevered in at Bologna, would draw upon me, if not danger, at least notoriety, and might expose me to suspicion and party malice."

In 1619 Kepler discovered the celebrated law which will be ever memorable in the history of science, "that the squares of the periodic times of the planets are to one

another as the cubes of their distances." He recognized with transport the absolute truth of a principle which, for seventeen years, had been the object of his incessant labors. "The die is cast," he said; "the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity—I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

The next book Kepler published, "The Epitome of the Copernican Astronomy," was condemned at Rome, and placed in the prohibited Index. In the mean time, his mind was distracted by a far greater trouble. His mother, seventy-nine years old, was thrown into prison, condemned to the torture, and was about to be burned as a witch. Kepler immediately flew to her relief; and arrived at his Swabian home in time to save her from further punishment. But more troubles followed. The States of Styria ordered all the copies of his "Kalendar" for 1624 to be publicly burned. His library was sealed up by order of the Jesuits; and he was compelled to leave Lintz by the popular insurrection which then prevailed. He went to Sagan in Silesia, under the protection of Albert Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland; and he shortly after died there of disease of the brain, the result of too much study.

Even Columbus may be regarded in the light of a martyr. He sacrificed his life to the discovery of a new world. The poor wool-carder's son of Genoa had long to struggle unsuccessfully with the petty conditions necessary for the realization of his idea. He dared to believe, on grounds sufficing to his reason, that which the world disbelieved, and scoffed and scorned at. He believed that the earth was round, while the world believed that it was flat as a plate. He believed that the whole circle of the earth, outside the known world, could not be wholly occupied by sea; but that the probability was that continents of land might be contained within it. It was certainly a probability; but the noblest qualities of the soul are often brought forth by the strength of probabilities that appear slight to less daring spirits. In the eyes of his countrymen, few things were more improbable than that Columbus should survive the

dangers of unknown seas and land on the shores of a new hemisphere.

Columbus was a practical as well as an intellectual hero. He went from one state to another, urging kings and emperors to undertake the first visiting of a world which his instructed spirit already discerned in the far-off seas. He first tried his own countrymen at Genoa, but found none ready to help him. He then went to Portugal, and submitted his project to John II., who laid it before his council. It was scouted as extravagant and chimerical. Nevertheless, the king endeavored to steal Columbus's idea. A fleet was sent forth in the direction indicated by the navigator, but, being frustrated by storms and winds, it returned to Lisbon after four days' voyaging.

Columbus returned to Genoa, and again renewed his propositions to the Republic, but without success. Nothing discouraged him. The finding of the New World was the irrevocable object of his life. He went to Spain, and landed at the town of Palos, in Andalusia. He went by chance to a convent of Franciscans, knocked at the door and asked for a little bread and water. The prior gratefully received the stranger, entertained him, and learned from him the story of his life. He encouraged him in his hopes, and furnished him with an admission to the Court of Spain, then at Cordova. King Ferdinand received him graciously, but before coming to a decision he desired to lay the project before a council of his wisest men at Salamanca. Columbus had to reply, not only to the scientific arguments laid before him, but to citations from the Bible. The Spanish clergy declared that the theory of an antipodes was hostile to the faith. The earth, they said, was an immense flat disk; and if there was a new earth beyond the ocean, then all men could not be descended from Adam. Columbus was dismissed as a fool.

Still bent on his idea, he wrote to the King of England, then to the King of France, without effect. At last, in 1492, Columbus was introduced by Louis de Saint Angel to Queen Isabella of Spain. The friends who accompanied him pleaded his cause with so much force and conviction

that the queen acceded to their wishes, and promised to take charge of the proposed enterprise. A fleet of three small caravelles, only one of which was decked, was got ready; and Columbus sailed from the port of Palos on the 3d of August, 1492. After his long fight against the ignorance of men he had now to strive against the superstitions of seamen. He had a long and arduous struggle. The unknown seas, the perils of the deep, the fear lest hunger should befall them, the weary disappointment on the silent main, the repeated disappointment of their hope of seeing land, sometimes rose to mutiny, which Columbus, always full of hope, had the courage to suppress. At last, after seventy days' sail, land was discovered, and Columbus set foot on the island of San Salvador. Then Cuba and Hispaniola were discovered. They were taken possession of in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. At the latter island a fort was built. A commandant and some men were left in it; and Columbus then returned to Spain to give an account of his discovery.

The enthusiasm with which he was received was immense; his fame was great, not only in Spain, but throughout the world. He did not remain long in Spain. He set out again for America, this time in command of fourteen caravelles and three large vessels, containing in all about 1200 men. A number of nobles took part in the expedition. On this occasion Guadaloupe and Jamaica were discovered; and San Domingo and Cuba were explored. But the fabulous gold which the nobles expected was not forthcoming. Factions began, and ended in blood. Columbus vainly endeavored to reanimate their enthusiasm. But they regarded him with disdain, and as the author of their misery.

Columbus returned to Spain a second time, but he was not received with the same plaudits as before. The Spanish sovereigns received him with interest, though not without a little coolness. He found that a base and envious jealousy was springing up against him among the courtiers. Another expedition was, however, undertaken. Six large ships again carried Columbus and his followers to the New World. On this occasion the mainland of America was

discovered, and other islands in the Caribbean Sea. In the meantime the natives of San Domingo rebelled against the Spaniards, who treated them with great cruelty. The Spanish colonists also fell out among themselves, and waged incessant war against each other. Columbus, in great sorrow at these events, dispatched messages to the King of Spain, desiring him to send out to San Domingo a magistrate and a judge.

At the instigation of some jealous and hostile members of the court, the king sent out Don Francisco de Bobadillo, furnished with absolute powers, and designated Governor of the New World. He was not a judge, but an executioner. The first thing he did after landing was to throw Columbus and his two brothers into prison. He commissioned Alonzo de Villego to convey the brothers to Spain. Columbus was laden with chains like a malefactor, and put on board ship. While on the way, Villego, compassionating the great navigator's lot, offered to relieve him of his irons. "No!" said Columbus; "I will preserve them as a memorial of the recompense due to my services." "These irons," said his son Fernand, "I have often seen suspended on the cabinet of my father; and he ordered that at his death they should be buried with him in his grave."

On the return of the ship to Spain, the king and the queen, ashamed of the conduct of Bobadillo, ordered that the prisoners should be set at liberty. Columbus was disgusted with his treatment. "The world," he said, "has delivered me to a thousand conflicts, and I have resisted them all unto this day; I could not defend myself, neither with arms nor with prudence. With what barbarism have they treated me throughout."

Yet his eager and mysteriously informed spirit was still brooding over the wide ocean. He obtained the means of making a fourth voyage, which, he thought, would eventually enrich Spain, a country which he had as yet so thanklessly served. This time he discovered the island of Guanaja. He coasted round Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama. He landed at Veraguas, and found the rich mines of gold in these regions; he endeavored to found a colony on the river

Belen; but a tempest arising, his ships were blown hither and thither, and he was obliged to set sail for San Domingo to repair his ships. He was now growing old and worn out with fatigues and sufferings. He was sick and ill when his seamen mutinied and threatened to take his life. He could not resist, for he had no one to help him. But suddenly the land came in sight, and he entered San Domingo in safety.

Shortly after he set sail for Spain. It was his last voyage. He was now about seventy. After his "long wandering woe," he was glad to reach Spain at last. He hoped for some reward—at least for as much as would keep scul and body together. But his appeals were fruitless. He lived for a few months after his return, poor, lonely, and stricken with an amortal disease. Even toward his death he was a scarcely tolerated beggar. He had to complain that his frock had been taken and sold, that he had not a roof of his own, and lacked wherewithal to pay his tavern bill. It was then that, with failing breath, he uttered the words, sublime in their touching simplicity, "I, a native of Genoa, discovered in the distant West, the continent and isles of India." He expired at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506, his last words being, "Lord, I deliver my soul into thy hands." Thus died the great martyr of discovery. His defeat was victory. He struggled nobly, and died faithfully.

Some men are willing to throw themselves away in the pursuit of a great object. The early martyrs, the early discoverers, the early inventors, the pioneers of civilization—all who work for truth, for religion, for patriotism—are the forlorn hope of humanity. They live, and labor, and die, without any hope of personal reward. It is enough for them to know their work, and by the exercise of moral power to do it. The man of energy and genius is guided by his apprehension of the widest and highest tendencies. He may be thwarted and discouraged. Difficulties may surround him. But he is borne up by invincible courage; and if he dies, he leaves behind him a name which every man venerates. Death has fructified his life, and made it

more fruitful to others. "When God permits His ministers to die for the gospel," said Brousson, "they preach louder from their graves than they did during their lives." "What we sow," said Jeremy Taylor, "in the minutes and spare portions of a few years grows up to crowns and sceptres in a happy and glorious eternity."

Are not difficulty and suffering necessary to evoke the highest forms of character, energy, and genius? Effort and endurance, striving and submitting, energy and patience, enter into every destiny. There is a virtue in passive endurance which is often greater than the glory of success. It bears, it suffers, it endures, and still it hopes. It meets difficulties with a smile, and strives to stand erect beneath the heaviest burdens. Suffering, patiently and enduringly borne, is one of the noblest attributes of man. There is something so noble in the quality as to lift it into the highest regions of heroism. It is a saying of Milton, "Who best can suffer, best can do."

It is a mistake to suppose that there is ever an age when there is not a demand for the heroic virtue, or that the martyr-ages, or the ages of death-struggle with tyranny, alone call for the practice of this virtue. To withstand the every-day course of a generation which has lost the sense of man's high destiny, and allowed pleasure to usurp the place of duty, may demand as much real heroism as to confront tyrant power, or to face the axe of the executioner.

Even in war itself, endurance is as high a virtue as courage; and now that war has become scientific, endurance has taken the higher position. The well-disciplined soldier must stand erect in the place that has been assigned to him. "Be steady, men!" is the order. He braves danger without moving while bullets are dealing death around him. When he advances, he has still to endure. He must not fire until the word of command is given. And then the charge comes. But it is not merely in action that endurance is highest. It is in retreat rendered necessary by defeat. Viewed in this light, the retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand outshines the conquests of Alexander; and the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna was as great as the victories of Wellington.

There are numerous men who have been martyred in defence of their country. There is an old story in France—indeed it is an old story everywhere. "It is a shame," said Clovis, looking on the rich fields across the Garonne, "that such territories should belong to villains who have a different creed from ours. Onward! let us take possession of their land!"

When Xerxes endeavored to conquer Greece, Leonidas, with three hundred men, marched to the Pass of Thermopylæ, to resist the immense Persian army. A fierce combat ensued; great numbers of the invaders were killed. Leonidas and the little band of heroes were destroyed, but Greece was saved.

Not less brave than Leonidas was Judas Maccabeus, "the hammerer." With his forlorn hope of eight hundred men he resisted the attack of twenty thousand Syrians, who were overrunning the Holy Land. Judas took his last stand at Eleasah. His followers would fain have persuaded him to retreat. "God forbid," he answered, "that I should flee away before them. If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren; let us not stain our honor." The battle was heavy and fierce; Judas and his men fought valiantly, and were killed to the last man, with their faces to the foe. They did not die in vain. The Jews took heart; they beat back the invaders; the temple was rebuilt, and Judea again became the most prosperous country in the East.

The Romans also knew the value of heroism and devotion on behalf of their country. But let us come to more modern times. Little countries, of comparatively small populations, have contrived to maintain and preserve their liberties in spite of enormous difficulties. It is not the size of a country, but the character of its people, that gives it sterling value. We find men constantly calling for liberty, but who do nothing to deserve it. They remain inert, lazy, and selfish. There is a so-called patriotism that has no more dignity in it than the howling of wolves. True patriotism is of another sort. It is based on honesty, truthfulness, generosity, self-sacrifice, and genuine love of freedom.

Look, for instance, at the little Republic of Switzerland,

which has been hemmed in by tyrannical governments for hundreds of years. But the people are brave and frugal, honest and self-helping. They would have no master, but governed themselves. They elected their representatives, as at Apenzell, by show of hands in the public market-places. They proclaimed liberty of conscience; and Switzerland, like England, has always been the refuge of the persecuted for conscience' sake.

It was not without severe struggles that Switzerland conquered its independence. The leaders of these brave men have often sacrificed themselves for the good of their country. Take, for instance, the example of Arnold von Winkelried. In 1481 the Austrians invaded Switzerland, and a comparatively small number of men determined to resist them. Near the little town of Sempach the Austrians were observed advancing in a solid compact body, presenting an unbroken line of spears. The Swiss met them, but their spears were shorter, and being much fewer in number, they were compelled to give way. Observing this, Arnold von Winkelried, seeing that all the efforts of the Swiss to break the ranks of their enemies had failed, exclaimed to his countrymen, "I will open a path to freedom! Protect, dear comrades, my wife and children!" He rushed forward, and, gathering in his arms as many spears as he could grasp, he buried them in his bosom. He fell, but a gap was made, and the Swiss rushed in and achieved an exceeding great victory. Arnold von Winkelried died, but saved his country. The little mountain republic preserved its liberty. The battle took place on the 9th of July, and to this day the people of the country assemble to celebrate their deliverance from the Austrians, through the self-sacrifice of their leader.

But Swiss women can be as brave as Swiss men. Women pass through moral and physical danger with a courage that is equal to that of the bravest. They are pre-eminent in steady endurance; and they are sometimes equal to men in a becoming valor to meet the peril which is sudden and sharp. The saying is, that the brave are the sons and daughters of the brave; simply because they are brought up by the brave, and are infected by their example,

In 1622, nearly two hundred years after the battle of Sempach, the Emperor of Austria desired to make himself master of the Grisons, in order to extinguish the Protestant religion and banish its ministers. His army first appeared in the valley of the Pratigau. The valley is shut in by high mountains. It is rich in pasturage, and is still famous for its large cattle. The men were high up on the hills, driving and watching their herds. Only the women remained; and so soon as they heard of the approach of the Austrians, between Klosters and Landquart, they took up their husbands' arms—pikes and scythes and pitchforks—and rushed out to meet them. There are passes in Switzerland where a few well-armed men or women can beat back a thousand. With the help of stones showered down from the hills upon the enemy, the women prevailed. The Austrians were driven back. Of course the men were as brave as the women. Not long after, the castle of Castel, opposite Fideris, was stormed and taken by the peasants, armed only with sticks! On account of the gallant defence of the women, it continues to be a standing rule in the valley that the women go first to the Communion, and the men follow.

Such are the heroic men and women whom the Swiss venerate—Tell, the dauntless cross-bowman, and Winkelried, the spearman. Though the former is probably traditional,\* the latter is a man of history. The house in which he lived is still pointed out at Stanz, in Unterwalden; his coat of mail is still in the Rathhaus; and a statute is erected to him in the market-place, with the sheaf of spears in his arms.

Some five centuries ago England suffered a grievous defeat in the North, which afterward proved to be one of her greatest blessings. Scotland was poor, consisting principally of mountains and moors. It did not contain a fourth of the present population of London.† The people were

\*There are several Tells—a Danish Tell, a Finland Tell, and a Swiss Tell. There is a Tell in the East. It is probable that the story of Tell is an Indian myth.

†The population of Scotland at the time of the Union, in 1707, was only one million.

widely scattered. The country lay close to England, and was always open to invasion. It was not, like Ireland, protected by a wide and deep sea moat. Besides, it was not a united nation, nor were its people of the same race. On the north and west were the Celts or Highlanders; on the south and east were the descendants of the Saxons, Anglians, and Northmen. The Highland clans warred against each other. They gave no help to the Lowlanders in their wars for freedom. Robert Bruce was nearly killed by the Macdougals in his flight through Lorne.

Wallace preceded Bruce. The Lowland country was conquered by Edward I. All its strong places were in the hands of the English. Wallace endeavored to rouse the spirit of patriotism throughout the western counties. Though a man of great personal prowess, he was not a great warrior. He was never able to raise a sufficient number of men to fight a pitched battle. He was defeated at Falkirk. Indeed, he was a man who failed. He was the forlorn hope of Scotland at that time. Yet his faith in the future of his country nourished the national spirit more than even the victories of his successor, Robert Bruce. At last Wallace was betrayed, and delivered over to the English. He was taken to London, and, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, 1305, he was dragged on a sledge from the Tower to Smithfield, where he was hanged, and quartered while still living. Thus died the martyr for freedom. He did not live in vain. He inspired his countrymen with the love of liberty; and the time came when they could follow his example with success.

Robert Bruce was the descendant of a Norman. He was half an Englishman and half a Scotchman; and, by his mother's side, he was a claimant to the Scottish crown. After many daring adventures and rude perils—borne up throughout by strong persevering conscience and an ardent love of liberty—Bruce was able to get together a patriotic army, to meet the English at Bannockburn in 1314. Before the battle began the Scottish army knelt down in prayer. Edward II. was looking on. He turned to his favorite knight and said, "Argentine, the rebels yield! They beg

for mercy!" "They do, my liege," was the reply; "but *not from you.*" The battle ended, not only in a victory, but in a rout.

The English ambassadors at the Papal Court induced John XXII. to excommunicate Robert Bruce, and to lay his kingdom under an ecclesiastical ban. The interdict was met by a heroic Parliament held at Arbroath in 1320. Eight earls and twenty-one nobles appended their names to a letter from the Parliament to the Pope, which, for the principle it asserted, was worth any document in European history. It asked the Pope to require the English king to respect the independence of Scotland, and to mind his own affairs. "So long as a hundred of us are left alive," say the signatories, "we will never in any degree be subjected to the English. It is not for glory, riches, or honors that we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man loses but with his life."\*

Although numerous wars followed, and although attempts were made by the stronger nation to force new forms of religion upon the weaker nation, the result was always the same. The history of Scotland has been a perpetual protest against despotism. Its lesson is—first, the power of individualism; and latterly, that of the rights of conscience.

There was another great defeat which England sustained about the same time, which, though regarded as deplorable, yet turned out to be as great a blessing as that of Bannockburn. It was at the siege of Orleans, which, Dr. Arnold says, was "one of the turning-points in the history of nations."† The English were overrunning France. They

\* Professor Veitch's "Border History and Poetry," p. 277.

† The following are Dr. Arnold's words ("Life and Letters," by Dean Stanley): "The siege of Orleans is one of the turning-points in the history of nations. Had the English dominion in France been established, no man can tell what might have been the consequence to England, which would probably have become an appendage to France. So little does the prosperity of the people depend upon success in war, that two of the greatest defeats we ever had, have been two of our greatest blessings—Orleans and Bannockburn. It is curious, too, that in Edward II.'s reign the victory over the Irish at

had won many battles; they had entered Paris, and were besieging Orleans. France was in a dismal condition. The principal nobles abandoned the king (Charles VII.), and each endeavored to set up a petty sovereignty of his own. The towns gave themselves up without making any resistance. The taxes were levied by force, and even the king had scarcely the means to live upon, still less to maintain his army. The people lost faith in both king and nobles, and longed that God might work some means of deliverance for their country.

Strange! how small a circumstance may alter the destiny of a nation. It was a woman—a country girl, who spinned and knitted at home, and looked after the cattle out of doors—who came to the help of France. Joan of Arc was born at the village of Domremy, in Lorraine. She was simple, virtuous, and religious. Being of a nervous temperament, in her exalted state she dreamed dreams, and heard solemn words spoken to her. She was told to “go to the help of the King of France,” and was assured “that she would restore his kingdom to him.” Captain Baudricourt, who was informed of her wishes, thought at first that she was mad. At last he was so touched by her earnestness that he offered to furnish her with an equipment of armed men, and to conduct her to the king. She travelled through the 150 miles of country occupied by the English; and at length reached the king and court at Chinon in safety.

The king was only too glad to have any means of help, no matter from what quarter it came. The bishops and priests thought her a witch and inspired by the devil. Nevertheless, the king sent her on to Orleans, and she reached the besieged city. The English were already beginning to be distressed. They had sat down before Orleans during the winter, and their forces were fast melt-

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Athunree proved our curse, as our defeat by the Scots turned out a blessing. Had the Irish remained independent, they might afterward have been united to us, as Scotland was; and had Scotland been reduced to subjection, it would have been another curse to us like Ireland.”

ing away. After the death of the Earl of Salisbury, many of the men-at-arms whom he had enlisted separated from the camp. The Burgundians, who were in league with the English, were recalled by their duke. Only about 2,000 or 3,000 English troops remained, and these were distributed among a dozen bastilles, between which there was no connection. “On reading,” says Michelet, “the formidable list of captains who threw themselves into the city with their forces, the deliverance of Orleans does not seem so miraculous after all.”

Joan d’Arc headed the attack upon the English in the bastilles. They were driven out, though in storming the last (the *Tournelles*) the Maid was wounded. But she was not satisfied with raising the siege of Orleans. The English must be driven out of the country. The army, under her direction, followed the enemy to Patay, where they were again defeated. Then followed the crowning of Charles VII. at Rheims, as she had predicted. “The originality of La Pucelle,” says Michelet, “the secret of her success, was not her courage or her visions, but her good sense. By taking Charles VII. straight to Rheims, and having him crowned, she gained over the English the decision of his coronation.”

She had done and finished what she had intended to do; she now desired to return home to her parents, and to her flocks and herds. But the king refused his consent. He had seen how Joan had brought back success to the ranks of the French army. He therefore desired her presence among the soldiers. From this time she had not the same confidence in herself; she felt irresolute and restless, and though she continued fighting, it was without any decisive results.

The English and Burgundians, having again coalesced, laid siege to Compiègne, on the river Oise. The citizens had already declared themselves in favor of Charles VII., and La Pucelle at once threw herself into the place. On the same day she headed a sortie, and had nearly surprised the besiegers, but she was driven back to the city gates, where she was surrounded by the French (Burgundians),

dragged from her horse, and made prisoner. She was given by her countrymen to the English, who handed her over to the Inquisition at Rouen to be judged. The Vicar presided, and was assisted by the Bishop of Beauvais, the Bishop of Lisieux, and other French priests. Estevet, one of the Canons of Beauvais, was appointed the promoter of the prosecution.

The sovereign, Charles VII., who owed his throne to the bravery of the young enthusiast, took no steps whatever for her deliverance. The Sorbonne, the great theological tribunal, was appealed to, and decided that "this girl was wholly the devil's," and ought to be treated accordingly. The French Burgundians did not protest against the hideous punishment she was about to receive. The usual process in those days was to burn all witches and sorcerers possessed by the devil; and Joan d'Arc was accordingly condemned to be burned alive. Her martyrdom took place at Rouen, on the site now known as the Place de la Pucelle, not far from the Quai de Havre, where a statue has been erected to her memory.

"There have been martyrs," says Michelet; "history shows us numberless ones, more or less pure, more or less glorious. Pride has had its martyrs, so have hate and the spirit of controversy. No age has been without martyrs militant, who, no doubt, died with a good grace when they could no longer kill. . . . Such fancies are irrelevant to our subject. The sainted girl is not of them; she had a sign of her own—goodness, charity, sweetness of soul. She had the sweetness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The first Christians remained pure only by shunning action, by sparing themselves the struggles and trials of the world. Joan was gentle in the roughest struggle; good among the bad; pacific in war itself; she bore into war the Spirit of God."\*

The French people have not forgotten Joan d'Arc. Many statues have been erected to her memory. She has been an object of veneration to generation after generation

\* Michelet's "Histoire de France," liv. vii, ch. 4.

of French soldiers. When a regiment marches through Domremy the soldiers always halt and present arms in honor of her birthplace. It is touching to hear of the custom having survived so long, and the memory of the maiden heroine being still kept green by the country she served so faithfully.