

The rumours of her supernatural calls grew, and she persuaded, after much delay, a young man-at-arms, John of Nouillonpont, to send her to deliver her message to the king.

"Go I must, for my Lord wills it so."

"And who is your Lord?"

"God is my Lord," she said.

We have no space to follow Joan's heroic and marvellous exploits on the battle-field, where she rode in white armour and bore the standard made by her command by which she might be known in battle.

It was from her Sisters in Paradise, for it was St. Catherine and St. Margaret who had told her in the voices which rapt her of what sort it should be. It was to be of fine white linen with the Lilies of the realm scattered on it and sewn, and there was to be painted on it the figure of our Lord with the world in His hand and on either side two angels adoring, with the motto: "Jesus, Mary," and for the blazon on her shield, which was blue, it was a white dove having a scroll in its beak, and written on this scroll were the words, "By command of the King of Heaven." Bearing her inspired standard the gallant Maid led her army. Her answer to the three knights offering duels against three and abide by the issue was typical of her attitude throughout. "Go to your rest. To-morrow we shall see you close enough if God and our Lady will." And later she said to those of her company, "Have you good spurs?" "Why?" they answered, "to fly?" "No," she said, "to pursue."

We must pass on to her martyrdom, hoping that our readers will read the intervening portion for themselves. It is well worth the perusing.

"Now they had set a guard about her of two hundred men with staves and pikes, who went before her through a press of people, and as she went and overlooked the town she said, "Ah, Rouen, Rouen, do I die here in you, and are you to be my last habitation"?

She mounted the pile without faltering and was chained to the stake.

But being there above the people and seen by all she forgave her enemies and begged each priest in that multitude to say one mass for her soul.

Then she asked for a Cross, and an English soldier bound two sticks together and held it up for her to take, which she kissed and put it in the bosom of her white robe.

She asked for a Crucifix from the Church at hand, and this was found and given to her. She kissed it fervently.

The torch was set to the faggots and in the midst of the smoke they heard her proclaiming fervently that her Mission was of God, and they heard her praying to the Saints, till in a very little while a loud voice came from the burning, the Holy Name of Jesus, called so loudly that every man heard it to the very ends of the square. And after that there was silence, and no sound but the crackling of the fire.

Order was given for the embers to be pulled apart, so that all might see she was dead. But lest her relics should be worshipped, men were bidden bear her ashes to the River Seine which ran near by. So they threw into the river the ashes of the Maiden and her heart which the fire had not consumed. H. H.

GRACE NEILL LIBRARY. *Kai Tiaki* reports that some very interesting and valuable additions to the Grace Neill Library in Wellington, N.Z., have recently been received from Mrs. Swanson, an old "Nightingale" nurse, who responded to the call of Florence Nightingale for probationers at St. Thomas's Hospital.

The Gift consists of letters and books written and given to her by Miss Nightingale. The letters

were written to Mrs. Swanson when in Edinburgh, and when leaving England for New Zealand, they have been received with reverence, and will be guarded with care, the letters framed to preserve them for future generations of nurses to see.

A pioneer registrationist, the name of Grace Neill is inscribed on the Scroll of the Diploma of the British College of Nurses.



THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

The imposing monument inaugurated at Orleans by President Doumergue in honour of Joan of Arc. It shows the Maid receiving the homage of a pollu.

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