

EULOGIUM UPON JEANNE D'ARC.

JEANNE! Eternally as ~~now~~ named Excellent, robed of  
beatitudes, <sup>Eleutherian</sup> royally throned, found only supreme to excite  
reverence, how dare I name thee? Hail, immaculate love  
and religion incarnate, one name not to be surpassed in  
the long story of heroism, virtue and grace that deify  
the word Woman.

Now blessed above all trees be the Olive beneath whose  
shadow thou wast nurtured! A mountain village, a lonely  
hut; no palace gleaming above the splendours of a mighty  
city; the Spirit of Liberty knows not these bonds. The sky  
is its dome; the sun its lamp; the flowers its tapestries.

JEANNE, thou wast born with the Spring; and July set its  
seal of gold upon thy forehead. The sun himself coloured  
thy hair; and Mars and Venus blended their rays to gild  
thine eyes. Fearless and free wast thou, and knewest not  
thy destiny. For when thou wast come to hours of know-  
ledge, thou didst find thy sacred land in the power of a  
monster. Mistrustful and terrible, threatening hell's envy,  
with fire of Satan, tyrannous, evil, remorseless. Be-  
neath the holy mountain, the fair springs, fringed with their  
ashen aspens, were befogged. Sorrowfully brooding, thou  
didst seek light and life and liberty and love - not upon  
earth but ~~at~~ in the heavens! Thou didst call, and the Lord

answered thee, a Lord eternal, invisible, strong tower, eternal refuge, crowned, radiant, omnipotent, white lion, eternal youth!

The snowy summits of the Alps, witnesses of God's will that man be free, rejoiced as on that glorious morning of July, thy rod of the ~~Divine~~ <sup>Divine</sup> Will was laid upon thee first.

It penetrated all thy being, that glowed and quickened as the first outpourings of the Holy Spirit flooded thee.

From such initiation there is no escape, no turning-back; so holy an hour is the ~~First~~ <sup>Fiat</sup> of the Fate of the Chosen of the Lord Most High.

Thus vision after vision came upon thee; Saint Francis saw the heavens no clearer; the angels themselves surprised thee not, folding their wings upon their faces before the Glory of the Lord. Soon or late, thou must, take up thy burden; the monster must be slain; the fair land must be freed.

And so didst thou, as it was given thee to do. Victory sat upon thine helm; the land was free.

I have no heart to say more. Must it ever be thus that treason and superstition and tyranny should have force to destroy the vehicle of the Spirit of Freedom? Nay, it shall not be so. America, answer it!

Whether in this great city, where the Atlantic thunders, the vision come upon us, or in Chicago where the wide waste of Michigan is the silence of the tameless waters, or in Buffalo where Niagara roars his battle-slogan, or where the pines of Oregon answer the palms of California, (yea, or even in Canada, from Erie to Vancouver) "Skyward to sun and light" let it inspire us to preserve and to enlarge that liberty - of which thou, Jeanne, wast the protagonist of thine age.

This wreath of green and white speak to us of freedom and of purity; a talisman consecrated by almighty power; a symbol of the victory she won for us not only over tyranny but over time. And these letters of crimson, be they our sacrifice, that man should no more have to die - as did this maid - for what should be his heritage *and allayed*.

JEANNE, golden rose of earth, white lily of heaven, Jeanne, true sister and true bride of every poet's and every free man's heart, I salute thee. I bid thee not farewell; may be thou ever with me till the hour of death bring me to that greater freedom that flowers not upon earth.