pilgrim passing her door must to her sympathetic heart have had some semblance to that simple pair who carried the Light of the World to David's little town among the hills.

Paula now laying aside wholly the luxurious habits of her life, set the example of simple and industrious living by washing floors and cleaning lamps and other household work. But she was far from ceasing her studies.

Jerome every day laboured at his great translation, and Paula and Eustochium copied, compared and criticised his daily labours. A great part of the Vulgate he had completed in Rome. His two friends had, doubtless, shared his studies during their long journey. They now read with him every day a portion of the Scriptures in the original; and it was at their entreaty and with their help that he began the translation of the Psalms. The following is a sympathetic description of the method of this work as it was carried out in the rocky chamber at Bethlehem, or in the convent close by:

> His two friends charged themselves with the task of collecting all the materials, and this edition, prepared by their care, is that which remains in the Church under Jerome's n a m e . . . . It is pleasant to think of the two noble Roman ladies seated before the vast desk upon which were spread the numerous manuscripts, Greek, Hebrew and Latin. . . . whilst they examined and compared, reducing to order under their hands, with piety and joy, that Psalter of St. Jerome"

which is still sung to-day.

So on a whole their days passed in fruitful labour. Jerome held a school for boys and young men, in which he taught the classics. But his great work, and the great work of Paula and Eustochium, was the translation of the Bible into what was then the speech of the people. For this they spared no pains nor costs. They

must have found a quiet happiness above all they had calculated in this work. Their minds and thoughts must have been held by the charm of the noble poetry, by the puzzle of words to be cleared and read aright, by the constant interest of accomplishment that every sunrise brought to them, and brings ever to steadfast workers in these days.

And so they dwelt, the gentle Paula, a woman of courtesy, high spirit, steadfastness and gracious, sprightly humour; Eustochium, the grave young daughter who never left her mother's side, whose gentle shadow is one with her mother's; and Jerome, the greatest writer of his time, the mighty controversialist, a man evidently a well of force and sympathy, the kind friend and fellow worker. Every day the three had conferences as to the most accurate renderings possible, and at all times the greatest respect for the scholarship and acuteness of one another. Amid them was the pleasant stir of independent opinion.

In the books that went forth from that seclusion in Bethelehem we find such an inscription as this:

> You, Paula, and Eustochium, who have studied so deeply the books of the Hebrews, take it, this book of Esther, and test it word by word; you can tell whether anything is added, anything withdrawn: and can bear faithful witness whether I have rendered aright in Latin this Hebrew history.

Between these zealous workers in Bethlehem and the old Christian friends in Rome letters were constantly passing. And as the years of her absence grew, Paula, in time, heard of the marriage of Toxotius, who, a little boy of ten, had held out begging hands to her as her ship set sail from the port of Rome. Anon came the joyful news that a daughter had been born and named

after her grandmother, Paula. The baby's mother, Leta, looking forward with early longings for the child's future, at once wrote to Jerome about the education of the little one.

The great writer's first thought, amidst his joyous congratulations, is the probable conversion of the baby's maternal grandfather, Albinus, a follower of the old gods.

"Albinus is already a candidate for the faith," he writes, "a crowd of sons and grandsons besiege him. I believe, on my part, that if Jupiter himself had such a family he would be converted to Jesus Christ."

Then Jerome gives, with tender detail, the counsels as to education for which Leta had asked. But he adds:

"It will be difficult to bring up thy little daughter thus at Rome. Send her to Bethlehem; she will repose in the manger of Jesus. Eustochium wishes for her; trust the little one with her. Let this new Paula be cradled on the bosom of her grandmother. Send her to me; I will carry her on my shoulders, old man as I am. I will make myself a child with her; I will lisp to fit her speech; and, believe me, I shall be prouder of my employment than ever Aristotle was of his" [as tutor to Alexander.]

The invitation was accepted. In a few years the little maiden was indeed sent to Bethlehem, though not till after the death of her grandmother Paula. And it was the child, the younger Paula, who at last closed the eyes of Jerome.

Paula, the grandmother, did not live long after the birth of her namesake. Her last illness was beginning. Eustochium watched her night and day, entrusting to no one else the tender last cares—sustaining the drooping head, warming the cold feet, feeding the weakened body, and making the invalid's bed. If the mother fell asleep for a little while, the daughter would go for

prayers to the Manger, close at hand and sanctified by its tender associations of motherhood.

But the precious life was slowly ebbing away. Knowing that her end was near, Paula began to repeat with great joy the verses of the Psalms she knew so well:

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth"; "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, fainteth, for the courts of the house of my God." ; "Better to be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

When she had finished, she began to say these songs of the threshold over again. She did not answer when spoken to, until Jerome came and asked gently why she did not speak and if she suffered. Then she answered in Greek, the language of her father and of her childhood, that she had no discomfort, but was "beholding in a vision all quiet and tranquil things." "I feel already an infinite peace," she said. And still she continued to murmur at intervals the words of that ancient song of pilgrimage until her voice grew fainter and fainter, and with the sigh of longing for God's presence on her lips she entered it forever.

All Palestine may be said to have assisted at her funeral. A chorus of psalms and lamentations sounded forth in all languages—Hebrew, Greek, Latin. Hermits crept out of their caves, and monks came in throngs from their monasteries to bewail their generous friend, this great Roman lady, this devoted Christian. During her last days bishops from the neighbouring dioceses had gathered round her and her coffin was borne on their heads into the basilica of the Manger.

And there all the poor, the widowed and orphans lamented "their foster-mother," "their mother," and

showed the gifts she had given them and the garments she had made for them. Eustochium could with difficulty be prevailed to leave her. She stayed kissing the cold lips, and at last, her grief breaking through the usual calm of her life, throwing her arms about the unconscious form and praying to be buried beside her.

Paula died at fifty-six. She had spent the last eighteen years of her life in Palestine.

Jerome, for the first time in his laborious life, lost his appetite for work. He could do no more. "I have been able to do nothing, not even from the Scriptures, since the death of the holy and gracious Paula," he wrote. "Grief overwhelms me."

Eustochium, with the instinct of true affection, drew him out of this stupor by inducing him to write a memoir of her mother for her. In two sleepless nights he dictated it. "He could not write himself. Each time that he took up the tablets his fingers stiffened and the stylus fell from his hand. He could not dwell," he said, "on her great pedigree from the Scipios, the Gracchi, from Agamemnon, nor on her splendid opulence and her palace at Rome. She had preferred Bethlehem to Rome. Her praise was that she died poorer than the poorest she had succoured. At Rome she had not been known beyond Rome. At Bethlehem all Christendom, Roman and barbarian, revered her."

"We weep not her loss; we thank God to have had her. Nay! we have her always, for all live by the spirit of God; and the elect who ascend to Him remain still always in the family of those He loves."

Eustochium quietly took up the guidance of her mother's convents and hospice and gently urged Jerome to resume his work. Writing almost countless letters

translating and commenting on the Scriptures he passed still many years, and at last, dying, at his own wish his body was buried in a hollow of the rocks at Bethlehem. To this day, it is said, his name can still be traced graven in the rock.

In the fifteen hundred years that have passed since the death of Paula, the homes of piety and charity established by her strength and love have been swept away. No tradition even of their site is left. But with one storied chamber is connected a warm interest. It is the rocky room, in one of the half caves, half excavations, close to that of the Nativity, and communicating with it by rudely hewn stairs and passages. In this, the legend runs, Jerome established himself while his convent was building. He called it his paradise. Sunlit from above, with prayer and the music of alleluias sounding there night and day, brightened by the glow of the pure affections of Paula and Eustochium and sanctified by their great work, from it flowed rivers of water to refresh the earth.

V

JOAN OF ARC

ON THE 6th of January, 1412, Jeanne d'Arc, or, as we call her, Joan of Arc, was born at Domremy, a little village on the left bank of the Meuse, on land belonging to the French crown. Her parents, Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle Romee, were simple peasants, "of good life and reputation," who brought up their children to work hard, fear God and honour the saints. Besides Joan, they had four children—three sons, Jacques, Jean and Pierre, and a daughter, Catherine.

Joan's native valley was fair and fertile. The low hills that bounded it were covered with thick forests, and the rich meadows along the Meuse were gay with flowers, which gave to the chief town in the district its name of Vaucouleurs, *Vallis colorum.* Domremy, built on a slope, touched upon those flowery meadows, but over the hill behind it spread an ancient oakwood, the *Bois Chesnu* of legend and prophecy. Between the forest and the village rose solitary a great beech, "beautiful as a lily," about which the country people told a thousand tales. They called it the "Fairies' Tree," the "Tree of the Ladies," the "Beautiful May." In old times the fairies had danced round it, and under its shadow a noble knight had formerly dared to meet and talk with an elfin lady.

But now, in Joan's time, the presence of the fairies was

less certain, for the priest of Domremy came once a year to say mass under the tree, and exorcise it and a spring that bubbled up close by. On festival days the young villagers hung it with garlands, danced and played round it, and rested under its boughs to eat certain cakes which their mothers had made for them. During her childhood, Joan brought her cakes and garlands like the rest, danced with them, and sang more than she danced; but as she grew older, she would steal away and carry her flowers to the neighbouring chapel of Our Lady of Domremy.

Her early years were, considering the times, quiet and peaceful. With the war raging between English and French and their allies, to its west and north, Domremy had comparatively little to do. News of English successes, of French defeats, and the sorrows of the French King, were brought by fugitives from the war, by travelling monks, and other wanderers. Joan helped to receive those wayfarers, waited on them, gave up her own bed to them sometimes; and what they told of the woes of France she heard with intense sympathy, and pondered in her heart.

Her bringing up fitted her for the tender fulfilling of all womanly duties. Unlike most girls of her class, she had few outdoor tasks, but spent most of her time at her mother's side, doing the work of the house, learning to sew and spin, to repeat the Belief, and the legends of the saints. Her work done, her dearest pleasure was to go to the village church, which was close to her father's cottage, and there kneel in prayer, gaze on the pictured angels, or listen to the bells calling the faithful to worship: she had always a peculiar delight in the sound of church bells. She fasted regularly, and went often to

confession; so often, that her young companions were inclined to jest at her devotion, and even her chosen friends, Haumette and Mengette, half-scolded her for being over-religious. But her faith bore sound fruit. The little money she got she gave in alms. She nursed the sick, she was gentle to the young and weak, obedient to her parents, kind to all. "There was no one like her in the village," said her priest. "She was a good girl," testified an old peasant, "such a daughter as I would gladly have had." A good girl, indeed: they were pure and helpful hands that for a while held the fate of France.

There was a prophecy current during that unhappy time—an old prophecy of Merlin—which the suffering people had taken and applied to their own day and their own need. "The kingdom, lost by a woman, was to be saved by a woman." The woman who had lost it was Isabeau, of Bavaria, the wicked queen, the false wife of Charles VI, the unnatural mother. Who was she that should save it? In the east of France it was said that the deliverer would be a maid from the marshes of Lorraine.

Joan knew the ancient prophecy, and in her young mind it became blended with legends of the saints, with stories of Bible heroines, with her own ardent faith and high aspirations. She loved more and more to be alone. Night and day the wonderful child brooded on the sorrows of France. She sent out her vague hopes and yearnings in tears and prayers, and passionate thoughts that were prayers, and they all came back to her with form and sound, in the visions and voices that were henceforth to be the rulers of her life.

They came first when she was thirteen years old. On

a summer's day, at noon, she was in her father's garden, when suddenly by the church there appeared a great light, and out of the light a voice spoke to her, "Joan, be a good child; go often to church." She was frightened then, but both voice and brightness came again and again, and grew dear and familiar. Noble shapes appeared in the glory. St. Michael showed himself to her; St. Catherine and St. Margaret bent over her their radiant heads, bidding her "be good; trust in God." They told her of "the sorrow there was in the kingdom of France," and warned her that one day it would be her mission to go and carry help to the King.

While to outward eyes she lived as usual, she had a life apart, given to God and her saints. She vowed her virginity to Heaven, but of her vow and the visions that had led her to it she told no one, not even the priest. Her meditations, her prayers and unearthly friendships, made of her no sickly dreamer nor hot brained fanatic. She grew up strong, tall and handsome, with a healthy mind in her healthy body.

Meanwhile the dangers of France darkened and thickened. The war was pushing southward; the English leader, Salisbury, was on his way to Orleans; the French King, Charles, poor, indolent, ill-advised, was deliberating whether he should retreat into Dauphine, or Spain, or Scotland.

Joan's voices grew more frequent and more urgent. Their word now was always, "Go—go into France!" At last they had told her the way: "Go to Vaucouleurs, to Robert de Baudricourt, the governor; he will give you men-at-arms, and send you to the King."

It was now that Joan's trial began. While her