

LOVE'S COMMONPLACE

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRAPPINGS
AND PAGEANTRY OF WAR.

How Florence Nightingale Saw and Followed the Voice of God and Love for Suffering Humanity Though It Called Her Through the Utmost of Commonplace—How the World-Famous Nurse Answered a Canadian.

At the date when, now many years ago, the British army marched through London to the port of embarkation for the Crimea, no doubt Florence Nightingale, who was later on to prove such an angel of mercy there, stood at some window, as did thousands of other women, and watched the splendid pageant. It was an exhilarating sight. All hearts were beating high. High-born ladies, with flushed faces and eyes raining cheer and gratulation, waved their handkerchiefs in wild salute. Who could think of anything but valor, glory, combat and triumph as the drums rolled, the horses neighed, the bugles blared, the heavy tread of the infantry shook the pavements, the ponderous batteries jarred along, and as the very heavens reverberated the shouts of the delirious crowds?

But here, in signal contrast, stood one woman, who looked on at all this pageantry through an obscure maze of mist that damped its colors and bedraggled its plumes; saw it, and yet did not see it, for something else she saw more distinctly still; saw, indeed, these stalwart and soldierly forms, but saw them gaunt, yellow, wasted with fever, shattered with hacking coughs; saw them soaked in muddy trenches and pitiless rains, mangled on the battlefield, lying in helpless rows and with faint, piteous voices in hospital wards—saw them there in foul, stagnant air, with coarsest food to turn from in loathing, burning with thirst and no water by, shivering with cold and no blankets at hand. And the voice within said: "Follow after them, with succor beforehand made ready for those dreadful scenes you prophetically see are coming." And the voice was to her the voice of God. And the God who thus commissioned her was the God of compassionate mercy. But ever her first thought was that only through thus thoughtfully loving her brother whom she has seen could she ever come to know and love Him whom she had not seen.

Of course such a woman ultimately becomes world-famous, and then all kinds of sentimental people write letters to her to have her make it clear to them how they, too, may become like angels of mercy, and, of course, get to be equally as world-famous. The glamor of the angel's halo wings fascinates their imaginations, and great is the shock to their sensibilities to be informed that the precious stones of the pavement to the yearned-for celestial city have all to be laid down in the humble form of soups and jellies and bandages and poultices and liniments, and that, too, in so effective a way of bringing them to bear on human misery as will make them shine in the eyes of the wretched with more glorified light than were the sapphires, carbuncles and emeralds of the New Jerusalem in the Book of Revelations.

Now, from this point of view, there is among the letters preserved in the biography of Florence Nightingale one that is very striking. It is a letter written in reply to some one in Canada, who had enthusiastically besought her for a sketch of her life and a photograph of her face, and which seemed to take it for granted that she must have done her work in a continuous whirlwind of inspiration, and as one long revel of humanitarian kite flying.

Miss Nightingale's answer was pre-empted by a feeling of deep religious conviction. She could not have done her work, she said, but for the support of a constant sense that it was God's work as well as hers. But the God she communed with was the God of order, business exactness, minute patience, the God ever more clearly revealed to her through the homeliest matters of good gruel, fresh air, clean sheets, sunny exposure, careful nursing and cheerful surroundings—these all seen in their immediate bearing on the relief of human suffering and on human chance of recovery. In and through these lowliest shapes, and in the grateful sense of the cheer and alleviation they wrought, did she feel herself brought face to face with the tenderest attributes and divinest laws of heaven, and realize the patient fact that she was co-working with God. And so the whole tenor of her letter seemed to read: "If any woman say I love the God of mercy and compassion, and hate learning how to make smooth gruel, to rub a limb, bandage a wound and secure ventilation, that woman's religion is vain. For precisely in doing these things will she feel herself brought into vital touch with a renewing and comforting power, manifest as an actuality of experience and not as an idle dream."

There is a vast deal, not merely of practical good sense, but of devoutest piety in this letter of Florence Nightingale. The world, unhappily, is full of people who sentimentally persuade themselves that they love God, humanity, art, literature, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but who, brought to the test of the hard and self-denying work involved in getting at the central heart of any of these, prove the utter lack of stuff that is in them.

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THE WAR NURSES.

Mr. A. G. Hales Pleads for a National Memorial for Them.

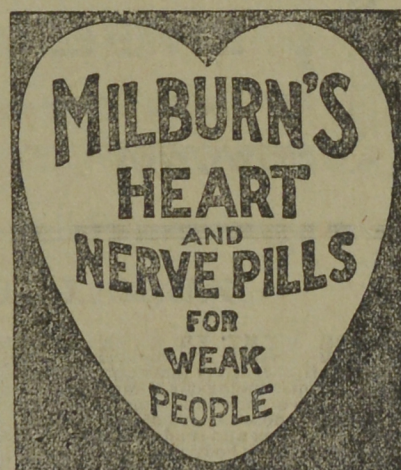
Mr. A. G. Hales, the war correspondent, pleads in Week End for a national memorial of the services the nurses have rendered in the war. He says: "If we ever have another war, then I hope that our nurses will number hundreds where they have numbered tens this time, for they were superb, and their value was above the price of rubies. But why forget them when we are distributing honors? Why forget the statue to commemorate their splendid deeds when we are immortalizing our soldiers? If I had the wealth of a Carnegie I would place a statue in London to these women as high as Nelson's, a statue to the genius of true womanhood, and I hope to see it done. I hope to see the rich and the poor subscribe to this act of justice, and not that alone, but I hope to see a college for nurses founded, an Imperial College, where the Cape Colonial girl and the Canadian girl, the Australian and New Zealand girl, may meet their sister Englishwomen to study and learn how best to help their brothers when those brothers go to war. Such a college, richly endowed, with proper management, ought to be the finest institution that this or any other country has ever known. The women we train in peace could be used in peace for mining accidents, for plagues, for great emergencies the world over, they could be ready to stand between pain and its victims in all quarters of the earth. Nor do I think it but an idle dream. There are many great and good people in this realm who would lend themselves to such a scheme. Even our sovereign lady, Queen Alexandra, might be induced to lend her hand to this. If so, then the Alexandra Home for Nurses, with the Alexandra Cross for those who go on active service, may become something more than a journalistic vision."

Skill in Milking.

In milking the hands should be kept dry. If not it is impossible to prevent drops of milk from constantly falling from them into the pail, says Farm, Field and Stockman. The pail should be held close to the udder, so as to expose the milk to the air as little as possible. The farther the streams fall and the more they spray, the more dirt and bacteria they collect. Contamination from the foremilk must be avoided, by discarding the first few streams drawn, or less than a gill in all. This entails little loss, as the first milk drawn is always poor in butter fat, and if it happens to be badly contaminated, as is frequently the case, much injury and trouble may be saved.

To Clergymen.

Marriage certificates, a good form neatly printed on good paper, can be had at the Herald office.—d&w.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

At Stock-taking!

All hands have commenced going over our stocks this morning. They have been instructed to leave out all short ends, slightly soiled goods, small lots, broken sizes and lines that the quantities are too great. All these faultless goods will be on sale this week. Bargains of everything is the talk in our stores. A DOLLAR spent at our stores

This month will bring \$2 return

We cannot mention every article. Come and look through. Everything marked in plain figures as usual.

A LONELY SALE THIS WEEK.

Here are a few lovely articles we clear out this week under cost. 11 Black Goat Robes \$8.50 to clear \$6.00 1 Grey Goat Robes \$7.50 and \$5.00. 3 Horse Blankets \$3.50 kind to clear \$2.25. 4 pairs Grey Woolen Blankets \$3.25 to clear \$2.50 pair. 3 pairs White Woolen Blankets, \$3.90 to clear \$2.80 pair. 2 Ladies' Fur Lined Capes and Tibbets, Fur Collars, 1 covert grey, 1 Navy covert Cloth sold for \$18.00 and \$16.50, choice of the two to clear at \$9.00. 3 Ladies' Grey Persian Lamb \$50.00 Jackets to clear this week at \$34.50. 6 Persian Lamb Caparines sold for \$13.00 this week to clear at \$8.50. 3 Men's Racoon \$40.00 coats this week \$29.50. 3 Men's Racoon \$40.00 Coats this week \$29.50. 3 Men's Racoon \$30.00 Coats this week \$23.00. 2 Wombat Fur Coats \$19.50 kind \$13.00 and many other little lots to clear at

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Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, and Pictou.....	12.15
Express for Sussex.....	16.30
Express for Quebec, and Montreal....	17.00
Express for Halifax and Sydney.....	22.35

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....	6.00
Express from Sussex.....	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....	12.40
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....	16.00
Express from Halifax.....	19.15
Express from Moncton, (Saturday only), 23.50	

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D. POTTINGER,
General Manager

Moncton, October 16, 1901.