

create a demand for everything that makes for better care of the eyes, and that every nurse amongst other things may have a knowledge of the ordinary procedures in ophthalmic nursing. Public school nursing and social service nursing are becoming just as important as surgical nursing, and in them a knowledge acquired in the dispensary is much more useful than the technic acquired in the ward or the operating room.

"And finally, there are in every community a few blind children. Sometimes they are grossly neglected, and sometimes treated like pet animals rather than human beings. Many of these children who are *born* blind have mental defects which have wrongfully been ascribed to their blindness. They must not be allowed to be a drag on the rest nor to make the condition of blindness seem more hopeless than it is. We want the nurse to know how much can be done for the normal blind children, how much better they do when trained with more fortunate children instead of being segregated. We want the nurse to realise and to make clear to her protégés that the blind child gets his greatest happiness and advancement not in having things done for him but in doing for himself. Blessed was the inspiration that crystallised the treatment of blindness into one crisp phrase, '*Light Through Work.*'"

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

BLESSED JOAN THE MAID.

"We'll set thy statue in some holy place
And have thee reverence d like a blessed saint.
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good."

—*I. Henry VI, Act iii, Scene 3.*

As one passes around the Madeleine one realises that this is no longer the Paris of one's youth—nor, indeed, of one's middle age—but something much more thrilling and sombre. In our youth Eugénie was still the idol of the Parisians, as, seated in her gilded coach, exquisitely gowned in pale blue silk, a blue areo-phane bonnet on her golden curls, she was driven with the utmost pomp from the now vanished Tuileries, along the scented Champs Elysées. A short-lived, spurious glory, antecedent to the awakening of the soul of France and the beatification of Blessed Joan the Maid; since which time all France has beheld visions and heard voices, as did La Pucelle de Dieu "at midday in the summer in my father's garden." Voices which have bidden it emulate in its daily life "her sweet and simple piety, her dauntless energy, her matchless bravery." Who, indeed, can think of war in France and not seek inspiration from the blessed Maid, and as we are in her own land, on her soldiers'

business—it is meet we should ask her blessing on the work.

Paris has always been associated in our mind with buoyant spring days—the steps of the Madeleine with baskets of pale lilac, subtly scented lilies and southern flowers. Now, alas! it is no longer spring, but fleeing summer, and of sweet and delectable blossoms there are none.

So we go empty-handed into the shadow of the great church, where, since we passed this way, has been placed that lovely marble statue of Joan of Arc.

Beside it we stand and listen quite a while.

The figure is very simple and aspiring. Clad in a complete suit of armour, grasping and uplifting the Flag of France, starred with the fleur-de-lis. On the base is inscribed:—

À LA BIEN HEUREUSE

JEANNE D'ARC,

Liberatrice de la France.

The sweet heroic face is illuminated in this dim place by the candles of the faithful—a face so young, so pale, so dominant, and yet exquisitely pitiful.

Bowed figures, draped in black, are silently praying at her feet. They are yet too broken-hearted to look up and gather comfort from her face. Yet each grief-stricken woman will no doubt play an heroic part. To die for France, by fire or sword, where is greater glory? But this death in life—

Here the kindly Father who has published for our edification *Life Lessons from Blessed Joan of Arc* is heard through the spirit. "Let us, then," he says, "copy into our own lives her sweet and simple piety, her stainless purity, her dauntless energy, and her matchless bravery. Like hers, let our zeal never flag, our loyalty never change, our chivalry never falter. . . ."

O pure and noble heroine, may the thought of thy great and gracious character infuse into us thy spirit, stir us with thy zeal, and feed us with thy fire! O chivalrous Maid, may the contemplation of thy splendid personality strengthen us to hate what is wrong, to love what is right, and to fight for the best."

COLLECT OF THE MASS OF BLESSED JOAN OF ARC.

O God, who didst raise up the Blessed Maiden Joan to defend faith and fatherland, grant to us, we beseech Thee, by her intercession, that Thy Church, overcoming the snares of the enemy, may rejoice in perpetual peace. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

E. G. F.

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