

## The International Council of Nurses.

### THE FIRST FRUITS.

In suggesting the objects of the Federation ultimately named the International Council of Nurses, I had a very clear idea in my mind of the wonderful delight which would result from "the interchange of international hospitality" between nurses, apart from the educational benefit which must naturally result from "conference upon questions relating to the welfare of their Profession" in international Congress assembled, by persons working along associated lines, and I feel sure that every delegate who attended the Nurses' Congress at Buffalo—initiated by the officers of the International Council of Nurses—will agree that the whole-hearted hospitality and touching sympathy extended to us by our Canadian and American hostesses, far exceeded anything we anticipated. It has convinced us that the first object of our Council has already justified itself in a marked degree, and that in years to come, as the nurses of the world realise the pleasure and uses of such international hospitality, we shall find a centre of welcome to nurse wayfarers in every capital in the world. I know that every foreign delegate who visited the States this fall is just consumed with anxiety to prove what sort of a "good time" she can provide for those kind hostesses across the Atlantic, who gave us of their best, should they think well to pay us a visit, when I predict they, too, will realise that the "interchange of international hospitality" amongst nurses is a right worthy object of the International.

### A GLIMPSE AT CANADIAN HOSPITALS.

If you pay 25 cents to the elevator man and in return are whisked up to the top of the tower of the Church of Notre Dame, in Montreal, you will be well repaid for your pains. Step out on to the roof, rest your arms on the parapet, and if you have eyes to see, let them range far and wide. There below you, along the shores of the St. Lawrence River, spreads out the commercial capital of Canada, which in the near future is fated to become an inland port of immeasurable possibilities. But that time will not be until insular politicians realise that the Northern American continent, luscious as are her earth fruits for a few weeks of summer, is not primarily an agricultural country, but that the means of her future development, producing wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, lie buried down, down amongst the dead men, safe in her fathomless bosom, that her fruits and flowers and golden grain are but light weights in the commercial scale, and that her potency is of Metal.

This is not a pastoral age. In a past

century the straight white pines, as they grew to stately strength in our American colonies, were touched with the King's mark, cast down, and upraised again over seas as the masts of our wooden men-of-war. In these days the ships of the "King's Navee" are iron-clad, and the metallurgist is its prophet. Hence nor fruit, nor flowers, nor golden grain, nor great white pines are of primary account any more, but it is by the extraction and the fusion of her minerals that Our Lady of Snows will come to be of the great ones of the earth.

But I digress—one sees so far from the parapet of the tower of Notre Dame!

### THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL

Away to the north of the city at one's feet, rises Mount Royal, up which the city's streets climb steeply; the mountain is beautifully wooded, and on its slope, surrounded by emerald lawns—was ever grass so green?—and backed by oak and beech, is situated the fine baronial building, the Royal Victoria Hospital.

At a later hour of the day we (Mollitino, Carty, and self) find ourselves within its stately portals, and almost reduced to tears, when a charming little lady explains to us that a suite of rooms was ready for the reception of the three delegates present, and that by a change of plans, landing at Quebec instead of Montreal, we had missed letters, and in consequence the first kind hospitality arranged for us on our travels. We went through these rooms in a chastened spirit, so sweet and dainty were they, and looked long and lingeringly at a spacious marble bath, seductively white and deep—so far tubs had given us some trouble.

But a truce to melancholy. We had been so brightly welcomed that we set to work at once to enjoy a happy day. It only took us two minutes to feel at home, so away we trooped, upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber. We were shown every interesting department of the "Royal Victoria," poked our noses everywhere, asked innumerable questions and got straight answers, and finally realised that space—space and light and exhilarating air must have play around an asylum for the sick, if the patients are to be speedily restored to health. From a piazza outside one of the wards we caught a glimpse of convalescent patients and those for whom fresh air was essential, sitting sewing and reading under the lovely trees on the wooded hill side, where a nurse told us they could gather great purple violets at will earlier in the year.

### THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Yet a few hours later we were borne by our hostess to a festive tea at the fine old Montreal General Hospital, in the heart of the city, and we agree that just here also it is well for a hospital

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)