

their work after the few days' pleasant intercourse, spent in discussing professional problems for the benefit of the sick, and the prevention of disease, and also of how best to strengthen professional organization for the uplifting of our profession as a whole.

A FEW DAYS IN DUBLIN.

After a delightful crossing from Holyhead to Kingstown, the entrance to the harbour of which is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world, I found myself for the first time in Ireland, on a visit which was all too brief, but which was compensated for in this respect by its sweetness. Having but a short time, I spent much of it in dear Dublin. It would be difficult to find any centre more fitted for the recreation of mind and body of those whose time and purse are limited. Intersected as this gay city is with electric tramways running for long distances in all directions, visits to the surrounding places of interest are easy, pleasant, and cheap. Within the town itself is to be found a wealth of historic and picturesque detail of nature, art, and skill. The deeply interesting history of the Irish nation is memorialised by magnificent statuary in the parks and streets.

It was my good fortune to be lodged in the Nurses' Hostel on St. Stephen's Green, one of the most charming situations in Dublin. The house, a Georgian building, in itself a delight, is one of a large square of handsome residences overlooking the beautiful park or gardens, which give it its name. Surely the trees were greener, the flowers brighter, the fountains more brilliant, and the children merrier here, than elsewhere. Hard by, though hidden from sight, lie the city slums, in all the abject, hopeless poverty, with such as even London cannot compare. But here, in these gay gardens, the little children are dancing with light hearts, if with bare feet. Down in the heart of the slums are situated the two Protestant Cathedrals, both of great antiquity and of great architectural beauty. The glorious vista of arches in St. Patrick's, and the ancient crypt in Christ Church, will appeal to those who have any knowledge of or love for these things. Both buildings contain many priceless relics and monuments, and in the latter is to be seen the famous tomb of Strongbow, with the legs of the recumbent figure crossed above the knees, to denote he was three times at the Crusades. It is said that St. Patrick's was

originally outside the walls of the city, which may perhaps account for the two Cathedrals, each with its own Dean and Chapter, being in such close proximity. The ancient University of Trinity College stands in the chief thoroughfare. The magnificent library contains the Book of Kells. The Gospels were written and illuminated with exquisite skill two hundred years before the invention of printing. One is allowed to wander at will in the beautiful old-world quadrangle, which doubtless has been the inspiration of many a poet and genius. My wanderings led me into the sombre chapel. Unable to gain admission to the nave, I found my way into the gallery. When I had completed my investigations, I found the door had closed behind me, and I was unable for some time to reopen it. The unpleasing suggestion of being connected with bombs rose before my unwilling mind, and it was with great relief that I found the way out before being discovered. The Pro-Cathedral, situate at the rear of Nelson's Pillar, is well worth a visit, and on Sunday morning it was crowded with worshippers of all classes, of which a large proportion was of the very poor, all intent and devout.

By the kindness and courtesy of the Matrons, I was enabled to see something of the Dublin Hospitals, notably the famous Rotunda. It was indeed a flying visit, just before I caught my train on the return journey. The sister of the labour ward, after clothing me in an overall and goloshes, allowed me to enter. Its methods and arrangements were those of a modern operating theatre, and the beds specially constructed of white metal, with unyielding laths of the same under the mattresses. I was shown a Cæsarian baby, who seemed none the worse for his experiences. Every facility is given in this beautiful hospital for specialisation and observation, but there was only time for a most superficial survey. The Eye and Ear Hospital is the proud possessor of one of the most complete and perfect out-patients' departments in Europe, and I was told that specialists come from all parts to inspect it. It was planned and arranged by a member of the honorary staff, lately deceased.

Then, by the kindness of a lady Guardian, I was shown a portion of the huge and grim workhouse, which contains 4,000 inmates. The infirmary here is divided into two portions, one for the Roman Catholics and the other for Protestants. The former is presided over by the nuns. Each sister has a large number of patients under her care, but has no assistance save from the pauper inmates. The Protestant Hospital is under the charge of a superinten-

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