

side of the road, so close, indeed, that one could touch the branches as we passed. On the way at various sidings we added to our cortège by a horse on a sort of loose box, and a low truck with barrels of beer. On and on we went through lovely scenery, past meadows yellow with cowslips, and banks of primroses; past little lonely huts and farms, little villages where the arrival of the tram was evidently the event of the day. At each of the halts were village carts to meet the travellers and drive them off to some more distant village.

Once, without any apparent reason, we came to a halt, and we leaned over to find out the why and wherefore. A shouting and excitement prevailed among the inside passengers, and the figure of a priest was seen flying back over the track from whence we had come. "Me fish! give me me fish!" he was shouting, his coat tails flying in the wind. Presently he was seen returning with a brown paper parcel which he had evidently dropped, and that some wayfarer had picked up.

"And indeed," he exclaimed, "if I hadn't have gone after it meself, the feller wouldn't have given it up." The next day being Friday, the good padre had evidently made an excursion into Dublin on this account, so the temporary loss of that meal was something of a tragedy. Having regained possession of "me fish," the excitement subsided, and we once more proceeded on our way. The end of the journey arrived at, the remainder of the party, including the padre hugging his fish, were met by more village carts and driven off, and I was left alone to visit the amazingly beautiful waterfall with its famous bridge. The small hotel nestling in the valley and the tram station are the only sign of habitation in this exquisite spot, shut in by the mountains. It is already late when we arrive, and the urgent sound of the whistle of the last tram back to Dublin causes me to turn hurried and unwilling footsteps. I am the only passenger on the return journey. The sun goes down like a ball of fire behind the solemn hills, and the tender after-glow touches them with an altogether different beauty. On the lonely landscape it throws up a solitary church spire into relief. Over the mountains on the other side, the moonlight is gaining in ascendancy, and ere the last glow has faded from the west, its silver light is flooding the meadows and streams. We once more slip into the siding of a quarry and attach a large truck of stones and earth, and in this inoffensive company I am carried back to the city of Dublin, dear city of emotion and romance!

H. H.

## THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF TRAINED NURSES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

### THE DUBLIN MEETING.

In a few days the long-anticipated Nursing Conference in Dublin will be in full swing, and to judge from the programme which appears this week we may safely predict that all who attend will have a delightful time. Our Irish friends evidently appreciate the need for relaxation upon these strenuous professional occasions—and have given immense thought and work to arranging the social functions. We are not going to tell too much, but a little peep behind the scenes is quite permissible. Pageantry, tableaux, and music—to say nothing of a banquet in the Mansion House, luncheons, teas, and motor trips—have all been provided for our pleasure; and if we know anything of the spirit of our National Council we shall work with all the more zest for the kindness and hospitality we are to receive. The historical Procession of Nursing Pioneers, who will bow before Hygeia, has been taken from "A Pageant and Masque on the Evolution of Trained Nursing, and the Right of Life to Health," created and designed by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, the very fine words of which are written by Miss M. Mollett—and which was presented in London, in February, 1911. "Hygeia" (Miss Story), and the "Four Elements" will make a striking group—as all these handsome young women are not less than 5 ft. 10 in. in height! The Spirit of Nursing and the Science of Nursing—with their attendant Attributes—are all to be impersonated by the prettiest and most charming girls, famous for their beauty in Dublin—and we know what *that* means—so no wonder this Procession is arousing so much interest amongst others than the nursing profession! Then, we are to see once again many of our splendid pioneers—whose golden deeds throughout the ages will never lose their radiance—from Agamede the Fair-haired (Miss V. Hely), ending with a group of Modern Matrons and Nurses, worthy successors of those whose splendid example they emulate.

The Tableaux in the Abbey Theatre on the following night will be really fine; and include charming groups of national and historical character, comprising St. Brigid of Kildare; Finn MacCoul and his band of trained nurses; one of the beautiful legends of St. Elizabeth of Hungary; a representation of Luke Fildes' famous picture, "The Doctor"; as well as some of lighter vein. The Tableaux will be followed by a charming little Irish play, in one act, by the daughter of a well-known Dublin doctor, Miss Alice Maye Finny; and a capital programme of music will be played by Mr. Larchet's orchestra. Amongst those who will take part in the Tableaux are Mrs. Roger Bellingham, Mrs. Charles Dickenson, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Mease, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. David Wilson, and the Misses Story, Arnott, Armstrong.

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