

MEMORIES AND MUSINGS.

*Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.*

—T. MOORE.

Who does not enjoy the cultivation of the roses of memory? They always bring solace and pleasure. "The Pleasures of Memory" was written by the banker poet, Samuel Rogers. He wrote many other things, but upon this his fame rests. The inference we draw is that we do like to brood over pleasurable memories and feed the mind upon them, rather than those of sadness and sorrow. Our minds are tuned to a minor key just now. The multiplicity of horrors and sadnesses of this unprecedented war oppress and depress us. We are in danger of becoming morbid. But there are roses of memories even of this war. Sublime courage, quiet discipline, self-sacrifice, and unquenchable cheerfulness are the most conspicuous elements of it; some of the most fragrant roses. To draw our thoughts—or if they won't come easily, *drag them forcibly*—sometimes from the other side, seems to be a positive duty that we owe, not alone to ourselves, but to those among whom we live. When I let my fancies free I frequently bridge over the Atlantic Ocean of space in a moment of time. I transport myself to San Francisco where the great Nursing Convention was held last year under the auspices of the American Nurses' Association. I hear again the able speeches delivered, and the excellent papers read by some of the most distinguished members of the profession. Their professional enthusiasm, their professional idealism thrills me. It is a real thing; it has brought some of them from the extreme East to the extreme West of that great Continent, nearly 4,000 miles! Between six and seven hundred of them from all parts of the States. Just a few foreigners there are who listen, admire, learn. A large number of them are free women. They have the Parliamentary vote which gives them a voice in the Councils of the State. Very many of them bear the dignified title of "Registered Nurse." The profession of nursing has legal status, and its members are free to govern their own profession in their own way, under an authority appointed by the State. They have votes for nurses—the professional franchise—as well as votes for women—the Parliamentary franchise. This means opportunity, of which they are making very good use for the advancement of their country and their profession. Do we envy them? We are members with them of a great spiritual alliance, namely, the International Council of Nurses, in which envy would be a foreign body. When one member, or many members, rejoice, all the members rejoice with them. That is the spirit of Internationalism. We therefore rejoice with them, and we aspire towards that same state of dignity and freedom.

From the Session Halls my astral body is transported to the houses of some of the kind friends we met there (my companion and I). Now to the crypt of the Cathedral, where Dean Gresham of San Francisco conducts a service of the Guild of St. Barnabas; now to the beautiful reception in the Divinity Hall, where we meet and speak with many kind friends. To the model hospital of St. Luke's. And now we are driving through the Golden Gate Park, with the foundress, in her own motor-car. The next minute I have traversed some 3,000 miles over the world's greatest highway, the famous C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railway). I am in the beautiful city of Toronto, with its 52 parks, its 3 Cathedrals, its 80 public schools, its magnificent General Hospital, its very fine Children's Hospital, and its 245 churches. Here I meet again a friend of former years, a pioneer in the Canadian field of nursing, one to whom the profession is greatly indebted. "The pleasures of memory" next take me to the city of Mount Royal—Montreal. I greet another friend, the busy editor of *The Canadian Nurse*, one full of professional enthusiasm. In another minute I am in New York city. Now a guest in the famous Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston. Back again in New York, staying in the well-known and famous Presbyterian Hospital.

I must arrest the flight of my thoughts for a moment in order to introduce the reader to one who has done much for the advance of the Profession in the States—another pioneer. She shuns publicity, and cordially dislikes what she calls "hot air," by which she means she dislikes to hear her well-deserved praises sung. I respect her too much to displease her, so I will say briefly that the nurses of the States feel themselves greatly indebted to Miss Anna Maxwell, Superintendent of Nurses of this hospital. She has worked indefatigably as a pioneer and organiser for about forty years. It goes without saying that the training here is excellent. She is of opinion that the value of visiting nursing (district nursing) is so great that it should form part of the curriculum of hospital training. In pursuance, therefore, of this idea she has established a Visiting Nursing Department within the hospital, presided over by a trained District Nurse, who gives a six weeks' course of instruction in theory and practice to every nurse. The principle is that knowledge of the conditions of poverty should be acquired by all nurses. I believe Miss Maxwell is the originator of the scheme, which seems excellent. This does not, I believe, constitute full district training.

In imagination I am living again the pleasant time I spent as her guest. She tells us one day—or implies—that it is our duty to see the East River Homes, so one morning, suiting the action to the word, she sends for a taxi, and we are driven there, all three of us, Miss Maxwell, Miss Hulme and myself. We were indeed glad to do our duty. This magnificent group of apartment buildings was founded by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, senior, the purpose being to provide suitable house accommodation for those of the poorer classes

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