

in Quebec. (Why does one suppose that nuns live a quiet life?) We talked about Quebec, colonial life, French culture in Canada, social services and so, gradually, came back to the point, my desire to see the hospital.

By this time only one difficulty lay in my path and that a formidable one. It was early morning and the time of the doctors' visits. My new friend was obviously really afraid of a rebuke from doctors. But there were a few places where we were not likely to meet them.

First we inspected the baths. At the back of the central court was a modern installation for baths of all sorts, almost like a thermal establishment without its luxury. A huge furnace was being stoked by a male attendant. It had probably been found impossible to arrange bath rooms in different parts of the ancient building, so all were concentrated here, but I think what was gained in efficiency of installation was lost in the trouble of bringing the patients from distant wards.

The first of the inner courts that we visited was rather plain, not to say ugly. It was given up to private wards. I ventured to call these patients "privés" and elicited a smile. "That's what I often call them myself since my time in England, but here in France no one knows what I mean, for they are called *pensionnaires* as if they were school girls." The hospital was very glad of the revenue it derived from its *pensionnaires*, for with the "increased cost of living our endowments are worth next to nothing."

This led to a discussion on ways and means. The nuns receive a small sum "for mere necessities." A little money comes from past or present benefactors, but most of the revenue is derived from the patients, who are now obliged to pay their way. If they are not able to do so personally, then their commune pays for them. There are no charitable appeals as in England, for the French do not respond to them in the same way.

We now turned to our right (east), and entered a most beautiful court with vaulted arches. This had once been the cloister of the monks, and my guide told me that, beyond it, was a yet more beautiful court into which she dared not take me as the doctor was there. I gathered that the military part of the hospital was there.

Next we went up a wide wood staircase, a beautiful thing that antique lovers would pine to take away. We could see our faces in the dark polished wood, but, when we reached the top and looked back, the light from the stair window revealed an unpolished streak all up the middle, as if a damp rag had been trailed. The expression on the sister's face became severe. She clapped her hands; "Sœur Thérèse look at that." When another nun appeared she pointed an accusing finger. Sœur Thérèse called up a young girl in red-cross uniform and spoke to her in a voice too low for me to catch, but it was evidently a good "telling off."

Though in red-cross uniform the girl was really a ward-maid. "I have started dressing them like this not only because the patients respect them more, but because it increases the self-respect of the girls themselves. We have great difficulties in France now to get servants of any kind and as we, in the hospital, are not rich, we cannot afford the best type of girl. In fact, I have had them of very, low type. But they improve. Uniform and self-respect are two very strong factors."

We entered only one ward "since they are all very much alike." It was large and square, and had beds on three sides (about 18 beds in all), but none in the middle. The open central space, with only a table with flowers on it, and the large windows overlooking the river, gave a general atmosphere of light and air that I found truly delightful. As in all French hospitals, grey and white are the prevailing colours—the idea of having bright counterpanes does not seem to have arrived.

This particular ward was medical, as were the others in that wing. Further on was the surgical department and theatres, "just like any other hospital; truly there is no point in your seeing them." Neither did I go to the "maternity" nor the crèche, while the out-patients' department and the pharmacy were too busy at that time in the morning to receive visitors.

My last sight of the hospital, as I walked on along the river, was of two doctors in white coats, walking up and down under the trees discussing some matter with such earnestness that I thanked my lucky stars I had not met and disturbed them while I was within the precincts.

DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD AT THE WRIGHT-KINGSFORD HOME FOR CHILDREN.

Some time ago we gave an account of the Wright-Kingsford Home for Children in these pages. This Institution was founded by two nurses—Miss Blanche Wright and Miss Ellen Kingsford and in our previous article we told of how it had developed a most beneficent work in providing a home for many little homeless children; since that article was published the Home has continued in its development and new buildings have been added.

On Tuesday, January 20th, a most interesting ceremony took place when the Bishop of Willesden dedicated the Chapel which Miss Wright has built in memory of her sister and brother, Florence Maud Wright and Albert Evelyn Wright. The Rev. Pelham Thomson, Vicar of Christ Church and Hon. Chaplain of the Home, Mr. Philip Kingsford, the Rev. N. I. Urquhart and other clergymen also took part in the very lovely service.

The Bishop referred to the wisdom, sympathy and generosity with which, after having founded the home, started from very small beginnings, the two Nurses had conducted its administration and guided its destinies. He spoke of how much they had accomplished within its walls to provide for a happy childhood for the little inmates and to help them to lead useful lives in the world. "This," said the Bishop, "is a great day in the history of the Wright-Kingsford Home when we dedicate, in the midst of it, this gift of love from one of its founders, where the children and the workers will give praise to God and listen to His teachings and where the simplest thoughts will receive help and strength." The Bishop said that when he first came to take up his duties in the neighbourhood he had been fascinated by the Home when he passed it; with its blue plaques and their bambinos set in its walls, it reminded him irresistibly of the Innocenti at Florence, with the heights of Fiesole rising beyond.

The chapel was crowded throughout the service and afterwards the guests were entertained to tea in the large Hall which stands in the grounds of the Home. There Mr. Kingsford spoke some words of appreciation of the work which the founders had achieved, describing the latter as women of no ordinary vision. They had devoted their wonderful clarity of spirit and mind, their enterprise, faith, energy and self-sacrifice to help the weakest of humankind—the little children.

Sir Charles Saunders, a representative of the Shaftesbury Society in thanking the Bishop, said that those responsible for the Home and also the Shaftesbury Society would remember what had been said about the Chapel being a Trust. He never passed St. Paul's Cathedral without thanking God that, where men lived through strenuous days full of the world's affairs, there was set a Temple in the midst and he thanked God that there had been set this Temple in the midst of this home for little children.

One is struck by the beauty of the Chapel as one reaches

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