

"Case of Babes in the Wood?" But just then my guide's bump of locality asserted itself. A few more plunges and we were on the highway, stamping the snow from our feet. Twenty minutes later we had reached our goal, Bethesda, the Homœopathic Hospital by Budapest, and were seated in Matron's room. Books, pictures, splendid evergreens in profusion marked our pretty resting-place, the sanctuary of refinement. Behind the window-panes, the bare snow-silvered trees of the "Stadt-wäldchen"* formed studies in black and white.

When the door opened and the Matron entered, I felt, that for me, it was a case of love at first sight. Imagine the sweetest pink and white little old lady, in dainty white frilled cap (that reminded one of daisy-petals) framing the gentle face, from which forget-me-not eyes shone brightly out, and spoke, "Welcome," as plainly as the smiling lips. She kissed Miss M., and at once expressed her willingness to show me the Hospital, which in 25 years has grown from a few beds in a hired room into a well-ordered handsome building, claiming consideration, and steadily increasing in importance.

The Hospital mainly owes its existence to the energy of Presbyterian missionaries. Its subsequent development is due to business capacity and practical common-sense on the part of the administration. These qualities have proved bulwarks of protecting strength to what is now a veritable citadel of sympathy, tact, and gentle womanhood.

We began our round by inspecting Matron's plants. A beautiful palm, and several eucalyptus plants roused my admiration.

"They *are* beautiful," said the owner with justifiable pride; "I have much trouble in sheltering them from the cold."

Outside there was an arctic temperature. These luxuriant specimens of tropical vegetation spoke volumes in favour of our hostess's watchfulness and devotion—qualities no good Nurse can be without. Everywhere on the painted glass windows in the corridors, there was the image of a dove with an olive branch, symbol of the Königswörth Sisters, from whose ranks the staff has been recruited. Everywhere, too, were plants. Some of the rooms were perfect green-houses, with tiers of plants reaching half-way up the walls, trailing creepers dangling down from cupboards, eucalyptus plants, large and small, in great number, here and there a delicate fern, an ox-eyed daisy in full bloom, and from every window a view of the little forest in

* The "Stadt-wäldchen" (literally, "Little Forest") is, in summer, a well-kept park, given over to all kinds of outdoor recreations.

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which Bethesda stood. The trees almost touched the window-glass.

"In summer all is green and fresh," said the Matron. "The trees are bare now—but beautiful too!"

Indeed they were! The snow had silvered everything, and the branches resembled a beautiful tangle of filagree work. I did not notice any cut flowers, but found that the mass of living vegetation was consistent, and gave every corridor, and most of the rooms a decorative festive aspect.

"We like *life*," said the Matron, in reply to some remark on the subject.

The wards were small, but clean, and bright with texts and pictures; and the patients were evidently well cared for.

Miss M. had brought a large supply of picture cards and lavender bags for the patients. They were unaffectedly pleased. The gracious recognition of the Hungarian, when you try to please him or her, takes active form.

"I kiss your hand," he or she exclaims, and suits the action to the word.

Only a few beds stood in each ward. The tact that the bed-clothes hung loosely, and were not tucked in, gave a free and easy aspect to the rooms, that was strikingly un-English. There was the usual amount of real and awful suffering: the woman burnt frightfully by the explosion of a lamp, the girl paralysed by a sudden shock, the patient dying of heart-disease. Death claimed his victims here as elsewhere, and nationality was lost at the boundary of that land where all are one.

But, on the whole, the patients were delightfully genial, and pleased to see us.

In one ward was a small black-eyed maiden of 17, up and dressed, and very sorry for herself and her sore hand, which she was most anxious to show us.

"Isn't it getting better?"

"No, no better."

"Will you have a pretty picture," said my friend?

"Oh yes," she said, and smiled eagerly.

"German or Hungarian?"

"Magyar!" The answer came proudly. (The Hungarians are very patriotic in every rank of society.) We left her delighted, sniffing the ornamental lavender bag, and rapturously regarding the coloured Scripture card.

One pale girl "looked" her thanks. The pathos of those eyes I only saw equalled once in a fawn, that we carried home out of the snow to die. The Cziganok,* to which race she probably belonged,

* Gipsies. Most English authors mis-spell the name.

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