

## Reflections.

## FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



Their Majesties the King and Queen will receive the delegates to the International Red Cross Conference at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, June 15th.

Baron Komura, the Japanese Ambassador, has forwarded to Lord Rothschild, the chairman of the British Red Cross Society, a copy of a letter addressed by him to Sir Edward Grey, informing him that the Japanese Red Cross Society will be represented at the conference by Baron Takeo Ozawa and Dr. Nagao Ariga. In deciding to delegate to the conference so prominent a personage of the society as Baron Ozawa, the society have taken into their consideration that the conference is to take place in the country with which Japan is enjoying such cordial and special relations of friendship. The delegates from the Japanese Government will be Surgeon-Major Kasai, Colonel Goro Shiba, and Surgeon Kenji Kawanishi.

Hospital Sunday in London has this year been arranged for June 9th. In view, however, of the claims of other collections that are to be taken near that date, the collection in the various Roman Catholic chapels will take place on June 2nd. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have also arranged to take their collection on June 2nd, it being the occasion of the State visit of the Judges.

Mary Countess of Ilchester presided at the third annual meeting of the Ladies' Association of the West London Hospital, held last week at the Post-Graduate College attached to the institution at Hammersmith. The annual report stated that during the year 164 patients were sent to convalescent homes and 23 were provided with surgical appliances. Miss Letts, the honorary secretary, gave an interesting report of the Samaritan work, and Miss Nevile, the Matron of the Hospital, spoke of the value of the help given by the Association in sending patients to convalescent homes.

Alderman Sir Walter Vaughan Morgan presided last week at a meeting at the Mansion House in furtherance of the movement for establishing a "home of recovery" for surgical patients discharged from the London hospitals.

The London School of Tropical Medicine has been invited to send an expedition to Macedonia in order to investigate the outbreak of malaria in Salonika and the surrounding neighbourhood.

The Royal United Hospital, Bath, has received an unexpected and welcome bequest of £20,000 from the late Dr. T. J. Bennett, of Tunbridge Wells. It is to be used as an endowment.

## Our Foreign Letter.

## IN THE LEVANT.



## CYPRUS.

From our windows in the Government Hospital sitting-room, and looking south, we see the Troödos range of hills covered with snow, the sun tipping peak above peak, and showing all the smaller baby hills lying low and dark against their background of spotless mother hills. It is so beautiful to look at, but, alas, so cold in our plain home, swept by these snow winds. And again, the old Monastery of Kykkow, its white walls just seen amidst a wealth of olives and tall black cypress trees, is a lovely spot to rest the eyes on nearer home—the grey green of the olives making it look like a moss-nest, and the brilliance of the setting sun showing up all the details of lovely colouring. The winter, though short, is so severe generally that one longs for the spring, which is so beautiful here. The thorough nipping that, doubtless, does one so much good, is so unwelcome, and the joy of my garden is tempered with an unhealthy desire to run, either to the nearest fire, or, when good sense prevails over weak and foolish humanity, to the delights of a brisk walk. The house, too, being constructed on a plan suitable for heat is scarcely adapted for the cold we get, so we are subjected to gales, in the form of draughts, that assault us from all sides, to our great discomfort, and defy our slender curtains to protect us. If Providence is kind and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and spares me the humiliation of a chilblain on my nose, it is not so charitable to my plump fingers, and they are adorned with red bumps varying in size from a pea to a turnip, and in colour to the hue of the petunia that flourishes in my garden yearly.

Let me also flourish to the North, and tell you of the Kyrenia Hills, that are stretching away for miles so much nearer us, and just now hurtling their snow winds at us. The colouring on them is so beautiful, grey, purple, red, and black, with the cloud shadows on them, but barren in reality, facing us, the fierce rays of the sun during the hot, long summer, the want of rain, and the rocky nature of the soil, making it impossible for cultivation.

Going up the mountains, the barrenness of the plain and lower hills, the hummocks (the work of mighty earthquakes) with their curiously rounded shapes, gradually give place to pretty green spots here and there, until the higher hills are reached, with their deep ravines, and red rocky sides showing bright against patches of green shrub and fir, until the head of The Pass is reached, and then one realises the beauty of the place; bold rock, covered with gorse and ceroh, deep ravines full of every shade of green, of olive, and

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