

little intelligent perception, impartiality and firmness soon dispose of them.

#### PILGRIM SHIPS.

This afternoon the *Memphi*, an Austrian Lloyd steamer, came in. She brought only 300 pilgrims, having left twice as many at Port Yambo or Yembu, who were bound for the inland city Medina on a pilgrimage to that burial-place of the prophet.

*Friday.*—To-day the usual routine visits to the Hospital and sections were made. Everything was going on satisfactorily. The second section was being cleared. The occupants of the first went yesterday, their three-day period of quarantine having been fulfilled.

It is a strange scene to witness the departure of a thousand pilgrims from a section. The moment the military cordon is withdrawn, a stampede is made to the camels and donkeys stationed outside the section by those able to afford the luxury of a ride. The poorer pilgrims go on foot, laughing and shouting with joy, or jumping and running races with each other to see which of a set of friends shall be first at the jetty to embark for their steamer. Soon, however, will be repeated the eating, drinking, smoking, praying, sleeping, and either playing at ball or at a game akin to draughts or chess on squares drawn on the sand with various stories for men.

On calculation the mortality in the hospital seems alarming if expressed as a percentage on the total entries there; but considering the total number of pilgrims and the privations they have to undergo, the actual death-rate is really insignificant. This evening another Turkish ship arrived, carrying some seven hundred Moslems back to Bosnia and Herzegovina. They were accompanied by a few Tartars and Persians.

*Saturday.*—At work by six this morning, as indeed has been the case every morning this week; for these early hours are a necessity where it is almost impossible to work between eleven and three on account of the great and scorching power of the sun. I had an experience of its power myself a day or two ago. Just after lunch an Arab doctor at the hospital sent down saying a patient needed immediate tracheotomy. The chief and I went off post-haste for the two-mile ride across burning desert. It was hot. On our arrival, *voilà!* we found the patient breathing tranquilly, and with not the slightest symptom demanding surgical interference. That we were somewhat annoyed with that "doctor" *cela va sans dire*. However, the terrible heat did no permanent harm.

To-day we had an enjoyable "feed" on board the Austrian Lloyd, and in the afternoon I accompanied K— through the section where his pilgrims are located. Their head man gave me a very pretty silver inlaid cigar-holder as a testimony of his appreciation of our endeavours to make his people comfortable during their period of quarantine.

*Sunday.*—Had dinner with the "Maamour," who is the civil authority of the Quarantine. His duty is to look after the proper supply of bread to those pilgrims who really have no money; he also has to keep record of any deaths of pilgrims, and to take charge of any money or effects of the deceased. He is, in fact, the local representative of the Minister of the Interior. He is an Arab and a strict Moslem, therefore there were provided no beverages other than water, but he was delighted that we should bring our own.

#### Trained Nurses.

WRITING in the *Providence Journal*, Julian Ralph expresses himself somewhat flatteringly towards the Nursing profession in an article entitled "Trained Nurses."

"The trained Nurses of to-day are wonderful creatures. Whoever has to do with them enjoys and admires them, and they—if they are good in their way—can bring a sense of calm and of peace and order and luxury into a home to such a degree that I wonder some wicked men do not divorce their wives and keep the Nurses, so as not to lose the charm that they often add to a household. I do not at all blame a rugged, woolly, Western man of my acquaintance who had to be put out of one of our hospitals because he would not go of his own accord as long as his Nurse would keep on waiting upon him. She was a young Madonna-like woman in a dainty starched cap and a daintier starched apron and cuffs, and a still daintier lace collar. But the daintiest things about her were her soft, white hands—that is, until you saw her angelic, exquisite face; and even that lost caste in the presence of her divinely melodious voice.

Well, my friend had deposited a toe under a cable car and had left it there, and he took to bed in the hospital and stayed there while this beautiful young girl dressed what they called his 'Trilby' on the variety stage. At last he got well, and a week passed and the doctor said he could go home. But he had never before been waited upon by an angel and he let business slide and clung to his bed, and counted the minutes between her three daily visits for the dressing of his foot. She was at leisure sometimes and read to him, and at all times she was kindly and sweet and radiant and as pure as the snow that falls on the brow of Niagara.

On one day, when ten days had passed since his cure, she said to this woolly, Western man that she wondered he did not go.

'Go!' he burst out; 'I don't want to go. I think I will lie here 87 years.'

'You are cured and have no reason to stay,' said she.

'No reason?' he echoed. 'My dear Miss, I have been introduced to a new sex, to a true woman such as poets tell about, and not five of them ever saw. As long as you will come and visit me for five minutes at a time, three times a day, I will stay in this bed.'

'You have no right to speak to me like that,' she said; 'I am surprised. I thought you a gentleman. I am a hard-working woman attending to my business, and I cannot allow you to fancy that I am as trifling as you evidently are.'

She went away and the house surgeon came and ordered my friend to leave the hospital that night.

In a certain house all that the Nurse did was to be so sweet and patient and gentle and obliging that the very essence of a whole convent full of sweet sisters slept in her gentle breast. It sometimes seemed to the women of that household that this Nurse could show make-believe ladies what it truly was to be a genuine lady, and they secretly vowed to try to copy her graces.

Clearly, modern Nursing is one of the most beautiful developments of this day and generation; one of the sublimest agencies that a woman has opened to herself; one of the kindest benefactions that heaven has vouchsafed to earth!"

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)