

also suffering (but with resignation, rather as if it were a matter of course) he sent for the man who had the duty of seeing to the beds, also for the inspector, and the *Economo* (male housekeeper), and showing them a specimen of the pests, exclaimed, "You see how well this gentleman fulfils his duty. From this moment I suspend him." Of course the man began to expostulate "How could he turn the patients out of bed, etc., etc.," with the usual facility for excuse, which still arouses my astonishment by its futility.

The chief merely bade him be silent, and gave orders to the infermieri to disinfect and paint carefully each bed, a few every day till all were freed from their parasites.

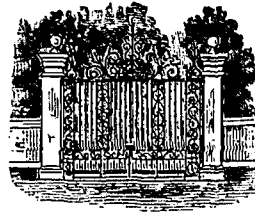
After the doctors had left the two infermieri came to me, and Gaetano (an extremely kind and gentle nurse to whom the patients are devoted) begged me to try and get their hours of duty altered saying they had been found asleep and fined, but they *could* not keep awake having such long hours. They have the most curious *orario* here; but they do so little hard work it had not struck me that it was worse than any of the other curiously unpractical (to me) arrangements I have had to accept. The rule here is for each ward to have three infermieri (male or female) they all have their families (except one girl), and every third day each is allowed to go home as soon as the doctors leave after morning rounds, and the receipt book is taken to the pharmacy. He or she is free till 7 the following morning, but then has to remain two days and nights and till after rounds the third morning as aforesaid: hence literally they are 52 or 53 hours on duty, except for six hours the second night when they have a right to sleep in the bed in the ward kept especially for them. Gaetano begged me to ask for a fourth infermiera that they might do 24 hours each pair, but knowing how many hours they dawdle about doing nothing, I could not see the necessity of their having 24 hours off duty alternately with 24 hours on, so only promised to try and get the Direttore to revise the *orario* and make it more satisfactory to everyone.

Two of my rather especial patients, one Donato, I had found with slight bed sores, and dressing them and healing them—aided by air cushions, no water-bed in any Italian Hospital I fear—has been a bond between us. The other, Giovanni, gastric neoplasma, is extremely devout, and I have read bits of *I Fioratti* to him in his better moments. It was growing dark outside, the lights from the candles shone on the two dying faces (their beds happened to be side by side) on several convalescents, and on the priest, as we knelt beside them, and said litanies. Giovanni was past speech, but his eyes followed me, though I am not sure if he saw with them. And the words he kept repeating two evenings ago (after I had read to him) came back to me "Charity is the road to Heaven; love God, love God," and gave a very strong feeling of nearness to them all; so that later, after the priest had gone and a squabble arose between two patients about an open window, it was easy to make peace, telling the phthisical man that since any quarrelling might cause the death of the poor angina pectoris patient, he must let me put a blanket over the back of his bed, and so allow me to open the window. He was as nice as possible, telling me to open it wide; and I left the ward all quiet at 8.30, feeling as if really I was beginning to take root.

(To be Continued).

Outside the Gates.

GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME.



Now that the Czar is making Peace fashionable, it is a little consoling, and more than a little interesting, to know that, for a period of more than twenty years, there has been in London a little band of enthusiasts, who have

been labouring for peace, according to their means and opportunities.

They have an organ, called "Concord," in which all that makes for peace is vigorously advocated. It was Mr. Hodgson Pratt who founded the Peace Society; but among its members the most striking and interesting personality is that of Mr. Felix Moscheles, the artist. Mr. Moscheles has two claims to be interesting, quite outside of his own personality. He is the son of Moscheles the musician, and the godson and namesake of Felix Mendelssohn. But beyond this, he is a man who thinks, a man who does not expect to regenerate the world in five minutes, a man who has realized that much may be done very quietly, very slowly, but very thoroughly; a man who can say, as he said to me last week, "I bank with Eternity."

His idea of the function of Art is one of his leading traits. The highest office of Art, he says, is not to beautify, but to teach. The modern artist produces things which conform more or less nearly to his standard of beauty, and they are the luxuries of the rich. But Art, says Mr. Moscheles, was meant to cry aloud to the world to look and see, to turn aside and fix its attention upon such things as we mostly pass unseen. Moscheles was a personal friend of Robert Browning; and, as I stood in his studio last Sunday, I could not but think that to the influences of that man and that place, the poet owed his immortal lines:—

"For don't you know we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we've
passed

A hundred times before, and noticed not?"

But it is to awaken not only love but pity and terror that Mr. Moscheles wields the brush. Here is a ruined cottage, a young girl dead upon the ground, her father glaring forth with the eyes of helpless, maddened despair, his wife and child cowering in a corner. The models for these pictures were all Armenian refugees, brought to London and befriended by a committee of which

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