

## The Hospital World.

### THE ENGLISH HOSPITAL, ZANZIBAR.

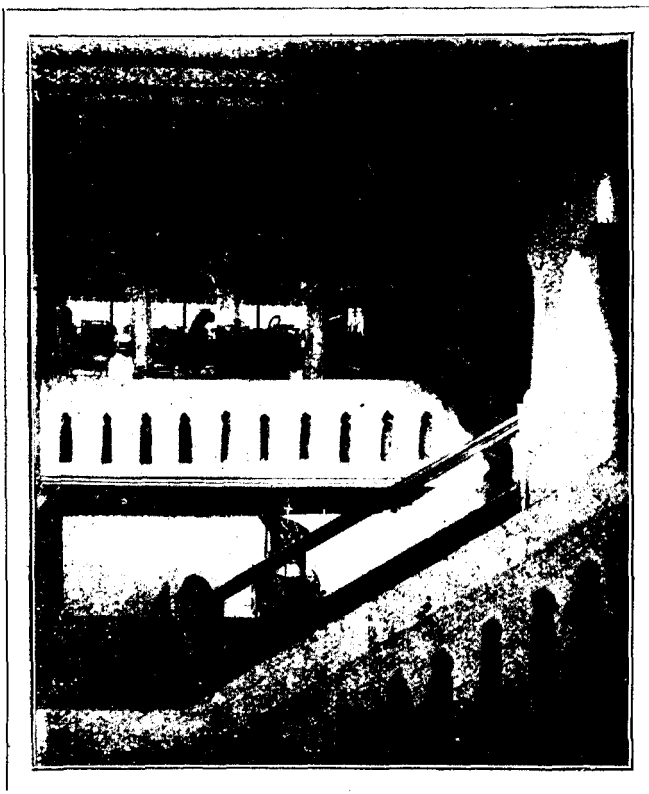
Under the shadow of the Zanzibar Cathedral, the altar of which stands on the site of the whipping post of the old slave market is the English Hospital, built and maintained by the Universities Mission to Central Africa. The hospital, however, is English only inasmuch as it is maintained by English people, and to distinguish it from the French and other hospitals, for it is the most cosmopolitan place imaginable, and, so far as it is able, extends its help to all who need it, of whatever colour or creed. It stands as a witness to the creed of the Christian that evangelistic work includes the healing of the bodies as well as the souls of men, and that the two indeed must go hand in hand if the Church would follow in the steps of its Divine Master when on earth.

It was primarily owing to Miss Emily Campbell, a trained nurse of rare personal charm and wonderful selfless devotion to her work, that the hospital was built during the episcopate of the great Bishop Smythies. She did not live to see its completion, but her memory is still cherished by those who have followed her who know how much the Mission is the richer for her brief work in its service.

The hospital, which is primarily intended for the natives for whom the Mission exists, is built round a central courtyard. At the entrance is a wide verandah where convalescent patients are usually to be found. On entering the front door there is on the one side the operating room, on the other the dispensary, which is attended daily by a most picturesque crowd of various nationalities. Those who can

afford to do so pay something for their medicines, and, in the course of the year, quite a substantial sum is added to the hospital funds in this way. The native wards are on the ground floor, one for men, the other for women, the former generally being quite full. The staircase, depicted in our illustration, leads to the floor above, where are wards in which the European members of the Mission are nursed when ill. To those who know the hospital well every ward has its associations, many a valuable worker has been nursed back to life,

and yet others have been cared for until they crossed the border line which separates us from the unseen world—a world which in Zanzibar seems at times very close and very real, for as one lays to rest those who have fought the good fight, one wonders whether the next grave dug in the beautiful little cemetery at Ziwani may not be one's own. The work of the hospital is many sided, and the little staff of workers proves at times all too small for the demands made upon it. A call may come from a mission station some miles away: Will a nurse come out



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and fetch a patient who is too ill to travel with less expert care. If a patient is ordered to England a nurse may have at a few hours' notice to start off with him. Sudden emergencies, too, there are, such as the bombardment in 1895, when in a few short hours the hospital was filled to overflowing with sick, wounded, and dying. Or it may be necessary for one of the staff to be isolated with cases of small-pox or plague. All this makes the work very difficult to arrange, but in the present matron, Miss Brewerton, the hospital possesses as excellent organiser and a first-rate nurse of most unsparing devotion.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)