

ing, and I took tight hold of Fatmeh's hand, that she might not escape, as I wanted to ask her the meaning of this, but before I could speak she clapped her hands and said, "Hyeha, Lulu, Mätat wa Kämät" (Yes, there is Lulu, dead and risen again). Then, like a hare, she sped down the narrow street, to take refuge with her mother. Neither Miriam nor I could speak, but Lulu laughed and laughed, and said, "What is it, lady? You surely are glad to see me, and I am so pleased to see you; this is my sister's baby; come into her house." "But," I said, "I thought you were dead, Lulu," and she laughed again and again, and said, "Now I will explain to you, Sister. Last Friday, I wanted to take her to the baths, and she wouldn't come, and got very cross, and said, 'I shall go to the Hospital and tell the Sister you are dead.' Fatmeh is always cross because she thinks you love me most." So from Friday till Sunday little Fatmeh's brain had been at work, and she had invented this wonderful tale of her sister's death. The Arabs' heads are full of pictures, their imaginations very quick, and it would seem their inventive power even quicker, for even when Lulu appeared before us, Fatmeh's power of invention came to her aid, and how quickly her thoughts must have travelled to enable her to exclaim, "Yes, she was dead, but she has risen again." Miriam was greatly shocked, and said to me, "The lies are very dreadful, lady, I shall read a little to these people, if you permit me, to show them how wrong it is." Then she took from her pocket a Testament, and began to read aloud the story of Ananias and Sapphira, but was obliged to leave off, as Lulu and her sister were laughing so much, and Miriam said, "I can no more read, lady, I see I make matters worse." Lulu apologised for laughing, but said, "Excuse me Sister, it is when I think of Fatmeh, I must laugh; the naughty, wicked little Fatmeh; I think I must kill her to have told you I was dead and buried, and from your pity to get that beautiful doll, but it was so clever I must laugh." We said good-bye to Lulu, thinking it better to take our departure. The following morning I was astonished to see two little figures in one of the corridors of the Hospital. They were too shy to come to me, so I beckoned to them. One of them was Fatmeh, and the other her niece, a child of four years old. Fatmeh had a deep red rose in her hand, and pushed it towards me, saying, "Take it; are you cross with me? Tell me if you love me as much as you love Lulu, and then I will never tell a lie again." I took the poor little thing in my arms, and told her I wasn't a bit cross, and that I loved her very much, and that God loved her still more. She was so overcome by being freely forgiven, I think, that she put her little arms very tightly round my neck, and told me she would never tell a lie again. Then the bell rang for dinner, and so I put her down and told her she and Amy must stay and dine with the patients to-day. She looked very proud and said, "Bedeesh (I don't want). I didn't come for something to eat." The other little child was much less proud, and when I said, "Well, have half

this loaf, each of you," exclaimed, "Yes, lady, I am hungry, and Fatmeh truly is a liar, for all the way on the road, she said she hoped you would give us some bread, as she was quite empty, lady; by the life of the Prophet I do assure you she has nothing inside her." After a great deal of contradiction between the two children, each calling the other "kizzairby" (liar) about half a dozen times, both consented to take the bread, and sat down and ate it eagerly.

After that day Fatmeh became a very dear little girl. She really tried hard to show her gratitude by coming to the Hospital every week with little presents. Sometimes it was a camel bell for my room, or an artificial geranium attached to a big brass hairpin for my hair, or some bottles to give the fellahen out-patients to put kuttra (eye-lotion) in for their eyes. I never enquired where all these things came from. It was wiser not. Fatmeh has slept in the Hospital several times since then; all her little prejudices and jealousies are overcome, and of her, it may be said, "Where much is forgiven, is much love," for Fatmeh never seems so happy as when she can do something for her many friends at the English Hospital, where her quaint little figure in the black Malayyah may often be seen.

SISTER MARIE.

Coming Conventions.

The two Societies of American Nurses who together form the American Federation of Nurses and help to form the International Council of Nurses; both hold their Annual Conventions in May. The Superintendents meet in Philadelphia on May 8th, 9th, and 10th, and the Nurses' Associated Alumnae at Richmond, Virginia, on May 14th, 15th, and 16th. Amongst many interesting Papers to be presented the following sound vital: "The Blazing of New Trails," by Miss Theresa Earles McCarthy, of San Francisco; "Some Urgent Social Claims," by Miss L. L. Dock, of New York; "Work and Overwork," by Miss Martha Smith, of Philadelphia.

The Lesson.

A nation grows by its children,
In the way ordained by God,
As the sap comes up in the oak tree,
To publish its leaves abroad.

When a people enslaves its babies
To the demons of greed and gain,
They shall pray for stately stature
And a crown of life in vain.

Sapless and leafless and dying,
When the alien winds come down,
Low shall they lie in the forest
With scattered dust on the crown.

Then cometh the certain knowledge,
Too late for profit or boot,
That the men who enslaved the children
Laid the axe to the root.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE, *Munsey's Magazine*.

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