

where to veil the dazzling splendour, lest its too sudden appearance should prove too much for mortal sight. A little time elapsed, the mists were drawn up, under the angel's wings, perhaps, to disclose a vision of beauty! The sky was all ablaze with flames of gold and yellow; I had to shade my eyes to enable me to take in all the exquisite loveliness of this glorious landscape. Picture to yourself an interminable garden of orange, pomegranate, and palm trees, with the plain of Sharon and the blue hills of Judea in the distance, this on one side, and on the other the sea, shining and sparkling as if the crest of each wave were studded with a thousand diamonds! With such a view, the fresh morning air blowing on my face, and such a nice little teacher, my Arabic lesson is a great pleasure to me; it lasts till seven, and then the real work of the day begins, for I must go to my wards to give the patients' breakfasts. At nine the doctors come, and everything must be straight and tidy as in English hospitals at home. All the patients must be in bed. This is rather difficult, as scarcely any of them have slept in a bed at all before coming to hospital, the earth floor of a mud hut has been their bed, where the women, children, camel, donkey, and chickens usually sleep together, all on the floor, but a part of the room is about one foot higher than the other, and this is where the women and children sleep. So you may imagine it takes them more than a day to get used to nice, English beds, and when not too ill they like to hop in and out and squat on the floor or on the balconies, which extend all round the hospital. Just before nine o'clock I generally take a final walk through the wards to see if anyone has broken the rule, and on this morning I find two little children on the balcony playing "five stones." I clap my hands, and they instantly return to their beds. The doctors were late, and some of the children were getting impatient, when instead of doctors several travellers appeared in the corridor, one of whom was a lady, and, if she will pardon me the proclamation, may I add a very charming one? It was Mrs. Theodore Bent, who, as everyone knows, is an ardent lover of the East. After excusing herself for calling so early, she was taken round the wards, where she chatted gaily with the patients in their own language. This delighted them very much, and one woman declared she must be an Arab lady to speak so well. Before the visitors left the ward I noticed a small boy getting out of his bed, and making his way to Mrs. Bent. I looked at him and said "Alafairschtack ya Nuchly" (Go back to your bed, Nuchly). He paid no heed, but walked up to Mrs. Bent and said in broken English, "I see you one very nice ladee, you come wis me and I show you one very nice box in ze corridor, you will put money in, not so? and the Sister will buy for us one very nice muzeeka." I felt so embarrassed, and wished my poor little patient at Jericho, especially when he added: "Why you looking cross, Sister? You teach me how to say it, in English, French, and Arabic. 'Would you like to put somezin in ze box?' You say I must say that to all ze travelling ladies and gentlemen." I was much relieved

when Mrs. Bent very kindly added her donation to the box, and we could pass on to another ward without the persistent little Nuchly. Through the kindness of many friends, we have our musical box now, it is such a nice one, and plays ten tunes; it is a great pleasure to the patients, and has helped many of them to forget their pains for a time. The women love it, and sometimes the children dance to it. When Allia was with us, she would point to it every evening and say "Al Muzeeka, Yaooty" (The musical box, Sister). Allia was a gipsy I found one afternoon lying on the ground in the courtyard. She did not look like a woman at all, but just a heap of *something*, lying there covered with her husband's dark blue cloak; he was standing beside her, and begged she might be taken in at once. She was in a wretched condition, and one arm diseased from shoulder to wrist. She was put in a small ward alone, charcoal poultices were tried for five days, and carbolic burnt in a vaporiser to make the ward possible for other patients to pass, but the disease was found to be malignant, and the arm had to be amputated. For some little time after the operation the patient did very well; she gained in weight, and her general health improved. She was a tall, beautiful woman, but so thin, I could carry her quite easily. Someone gave me a long chair, which I had placed on the balcony for Allia's benefit. Every day after the dressing was done I carried her to this comfortable couch, where she would lie for hours in the sunshine, watching the ships go by. She looked quite picturesque in her red and white striped uniform, a red mandille on her head, and a pretty red screen behind her to shelter her from the wind. Some days her husband and children would come to see her, a long way they had to come, from their tent in which their lives were passed, and we would give them dinner with Allia, on the balcony. A pretty group they made in their gipsy dress. When I could spare the time I sat with them, and made small garments for the numerous babies who come to us for one thing or another. At the time I was making a little pink frock suitable for a child of two, Allia said it would just suit her baby, who was sitting on my knee, her mother gazing at her the while with such loving wistful eyes, so I promised to send her the dress as soon as finished, and I heard her murmur softly to herself, "I shall not be there to put it on, but my baby will have the frock, the English ladies keep their word." Then she lay back on her pillows and no one spoke for a time. Like all Mohammedans, especially gipsies, Allia was a fatalist. She began to lose heart, and no wonder, for she was getting weaker every day, and oh, so weary! A large, soft, cheesy gland formed in the axilla of left arm, which was very difficult to remove, as it involved the brachial artery, and the doctors warned me there might be hæmorrhage at any time. Every morning, when the dressing was done, Allia would put her index finger to her forehead and say: "Maktoub alaye," meaning that even before she was born it was foreordained that all this trouble would happen to her. She begged each day to be

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