

carried to the balcony, but it was dangerous to move her, and all we could do was to wheel her bed very gently to the window, that she might get the sea breezes which she still enjoyed. One evening when Dr. Fuleihan came round the wards he found nearly all the patients sleeping, the lights were low, and the work of the day-nurses finished. "Nothing needed, this evening, Sister?" he remarked, "I think all your patients are sleeping." "Yes," I answered, "all but Allia, and I hope she will soon sleep, too." He was leaving the ward when something impelled me to say, "Would you like to look at her before you go?" We re-entered the ward, but before we reached Allia's bed I saw her beckoning to me with her hand. "Taa'illy, yaourty," she said softly, "I'm very tired, and oh, so thirsty." We found what we had feared, Allia's face was ashy pale, her lips blue, the bed simply saturated as the hæmorrhage was very severe. I quickly put screens round her bed, then turned up the light and did what I could, while the doctor plugged the wound. When he had finished Allia looked up at me and said: "Amoot, yaourty? Queteer tabairny, wa àtchairny, àtchairny, mye mye, mye, arteeny mye" (Am I going to die, Sister? I am so tired, and thirsty, thirsty; water, water, water, give me water). I had to tell her the truth, and I asked her if she would like me to send for her husband and mother. "Not now," she said. "It is too late, my mother is old; she could not come; you are my little mother; don't leave me; just hold my hand and stay with me till I die. To-morrow my man will come and you will give him the little dress for my baby." I promised to stay beside her till the end; then she seemed calmer, and inclined to sleep, but a few minutes after she looked at me very earnestly and said again, "You are sure you won't forget the frock?" "Quite sure," I replied. "Bihiyairtel-Nabi?" she asked (By the life of the Prophet? *lit.*: Swear by the life of the Prophet). "Bihiyairtel-Nabi, ya habeebty" (By the life of the Prophet, dear), I answered, and at last she believed me. Then the doctor said "Good-night," and I was left alone with the dying woman behind the screens. It was then 8 p.m. I had been on duty since 7 a.m. that day, and was very tired, but it was Allia's last request, so I sat beside her all the long night. The doctor had given her an injection of morphia. She did not sleep much, but it allayed her fear. I could only give her sips of iced water and wait. . . . The night nurse came in and out of the ward, but she moved so quietly that only I was conscious of her presence. Not one of the patients spoke, and none of them seemed to have any wants that night. When morning dawned the native probationers came and made the beds, and washed the patients, but there was no sound to disturb the poor little gipsy woman, who still lay behind the screens. I was wondering if I should be able to keep awake much longer, when Allia suddenly opened her eyes and looked at the tears in mine. "Tibkeesh yaourty, maktoob alaye" (Don't weep, Sister, it was written against me). Then there was a pause, and I thought she would not be able to speak any more, when she tried to

raise my hand to her lips, and murmured "Katter-hairik yaourty, màassalemy" (Thank you, Sister, good-bye) "and don't forget the . . . little . . . pink . . . frock." And so she passed away to the Land of Eternal Sunshine! It was 8 a.m. I went to my room to snatch a little sleep; I, too, felt "queteer tabairny," almost too tired to kneel and thank God "for all those who have departed this life" to be forever in that Home where "there shall be no more pain," and "the weary are at rest."

By the side of my bed is a luminous cross, and over it a picture of Christ surrounded by little children, and many sick folk, and underneath I read these words: "And He laid His hands upon them and blessed them," and "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Surely Allia is numbered among "one of the least of these."

And as I looked at this beautiful picture I felt a great sense of rest and comfort, and so I fell asleep. The little girl still wears the pink frock, and I feel sure her mother looks down and smiles and is glad that "the English ladies keep their word."

SISTER MARIE.

NO PROTECTION ON COCOA.

Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Ltd., of Bournville, near Birmingham, whose fame as vendors of pure and excellent chocolates and cocoas is world wide, have for many years advocated the abolition of the duty on cocoa as well as on other articles of food. At the present time the attitude of the firm is somewhat misunderstood. Messrs. Cadbury have never asked for protection on cocoa. The duty which is raised upon it is for revenue, and not for protective purposes, and differentiates between raw and manufactured cocoa, this difference being designed to place the home manufacturer on an equality with the foreign manufacturer in the home market. There is a slight advantage to the British manufacturer, amounting to between ½d. and ¾d. per pound, but in the case of exported cocoa the home manufacturer is handicapped to the extent of nearly 6 per cent. in comparison with his foreign competitors. Messrs. Cadbury are convinced that the removal of the present duty on cocoa would be a gain to the consumer and involve no loss to the manufacturer. The point is of interest to nurses, as both they and their patients consume a considerable amount of cocoa.

CRIMINAL LAW AND PRISON REFORMS.

The following resolution has been passed by the Criminal Law and Prison Reform Committee of the Humanitarian League:—"That this Committee desires to give its entire support to Mr. George Greenwood's Law of Murder Bill, and while approving of its general aim—viz., to discriminate between the crimes of various degree now classed as "murder," especially welcomes the provision made in the Bill for putting an end to the passing of the death sentence in those cases of infanticide where there is no intention of carrying the present law into effect."

previous page

next page