

live, in fact, the doctor did not wish to take him in, feeling sure his days were numbered. I was leaning over one of the balconies overlooking the courtyard, and there, down below, I saw poor little Mohammed in his mother's arms; she was pleading with the doctors to do something for him, and I heard one of them say: "I am very sorry, but we can do nothing for him; he is full of dropsy and will die in a day or so; just take him home and keep him as warm as you can." The mother was weeping bitterly, for he was her only child. Seeing she still remained in the courtyard, I ran down quickly and begged the doctor to let me have charge of the child for a day or two to see if anything could be done to save this little life; he smiled and said: "Very well, Sister, have your way, it's useless, but anyhow the child will be better off than in his mud hut." So away I sped with my precious burden in my arms, and carried him upstairs to a small side ward, generally called the "Sunny Ward," for even during our few weeks of winter the sun always finds its way to this corner and makes it warm and cosy. Mohammed certainly looked as if he could not last through the day. However, he was put to bed at once between the blankets, and simply surrounded by hot-water bottles; hot milk was given very freely, and a sitz bath every day. This treatment was continued for three weeks, the child not being allowed

to leave his bed at all excepting for the bath, which was given daily at the side of his bed, and for this he was lifted in and out, that the heart might not be unduly taxed. The child made rapid progress, and was a great pleasure to nurse, for he was always contented, and happy as the proverbial sand-boy. "Sister," he said one day, "how is it I am so much better and yet so much thinner?" Lucky for him he was! Then, looking very hard at the bread-basket, which was being handed round at dinner-time, he added, "Nitfit-khrusy ya habeebty." ("A little bread, my beloved one"), and as there was scarcely a sign of dropsy now, Mohammed's modest request was granted. Soon after this he was put on light diet, and long before he left us he looked as well as you see him seated in the hospital garden. And what of Zareefy, the little girl sitting beside Mohammed?

As I told you, she was admitted the same day. Her's was a case of ophthalmia. We could not see her eyes, as the lids were half an inch thick, and very purulent, but she appeared a very pretty little person, with a fair complexion and curly, brown hair. She was led into the ward by her mother, and although in great pain, said, in a cheery voice: "Hath-el-beit minshane el-aiyair-neen, mushake ya immy? Acoon ahsan hone." (This is the house for the sick, isn't it, mother? I shall get well here.) The usual treatment was given, the lids everted, and painted every morning with sol. arg. nit. grs xv., and the eyes bathed about every half-hour during the day. When the inflammation subsided the lids were rubbed with sulphate of copper (blue-stone pencil) and then bathed with salt water to take away the stinging, pricking sensation which sulphate of copper temporarily causes. This used daily soon filed down the granulations. Apropos of blue-stone pencils I should like to add that by far and away the very best I have ever procured were those in a French pharmacie in Beyrout, at the modest sum of two piasters each,

equal to 5d. English money. They were so neatly arranged in their wooden cases, and the stones smoothed and polished as if of sapphire; these give much less pain than the rough blue-stone sticks I have bought in England or in Germany.

When Zareefy's

eyes were quite well she was allowed to play with Mohammed, and they became great friends. All the other patients christened them "al-arronce wa-l-arreece" (the bride and bridegroom), which pleased them vastly, and one day I caught Zareefy looking in the glass which herself: "Sahieh! anna arronce, wa *zareefy, hangs in the bathroom and heard her murmur to herself, "Sahieh! anna arronce, wa zareefy,* mithal ismy" (It is true, I am a bride, and pretty, like my name). This with an air of great satisfaction. Both the children were in perfect health now and the time was drawing near when they would have to bid us "good-bye," and we felt we must have a souvenir of this dear little couple; so one sunny morning they were taken down to the hospital garden and were photographed as you see them in the picture sitting on the steps surrounded

* Zareefy=pretty.



MOHAMMED AND ZAREEFY.

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