

voice the patient opened her eyes and answered: "Yes, my dear one, I am better. Come and sit beside me, my Paul." I gave him my seat and went to the window to watch the sun rise. What a relief it was to feel the long night was over! But what would the morning bring to those two? I could hear them talking to each other in German of their great love for each other, and of the Fatherland they spoke. Did they know, I wondered, how near to them was the Valley of the Shadow, which must so soon be crossed by one of them? I could not tell, for neither spoke of death. For a time the voices ceased, and I thought the patient was sleeping, when suddenly she called me. "Sister," she said, "what is it? There is something. Oh, is it—is it—death? Don't let me die! Oh, the sunshine, the beautiful sunshine. I will ride to-day. Paul, mein geliebter Paul, kiss me." No great change had come over her, only she was restless and very distressed, and suddenly raising herself from the pillows she sat up and put her arms round me and kissed me on both cheeks. "Sister, dear Sister," she said; "so kind you've been. Auf—aufwiedersehen. . . ." And with her arms still round me, her face close to mine, she died, her head resting on my shoulder.

Oh, the pity of it! And there was still that last office to be performed, and this, too, must be done alone, lest the contagion should spread. Strong antiseptics were used, and when all was finished the door was locked and strict injunctions given that no one was to pass the carbolic sheet which separated this ward from the rest, nor go on the balconies on that side of the hospital.

It was 7 o'clock, the doctor came, "Take a carbolic bath and go to bed at once," he said, "I'll send you some breakfast, and don't get up till you have my permission to do so." I was too sleepy to answer; as to a bath, I should have slept in it. I could not even undress, but threw myself on the bed, and in less than five minutes was fast asleep and dreaming. Oh, how good it was to be sleeping, and I was to sleep on and on until I was called, and that might not be till to-morrow morning! Had I not earned this rest? But, alas! no such blissful slumber was in store for me, for before very long I was suddenly awakened by the sound of voices in the corridor near my room. Someone was saying, "I will not wake the Sitt, she has been on duty two whole days and nights without sleep," and a man's voice answered, "Then I will do nothing, I will go back to the colony if she herself will not give me the measurements." Was I dreaming? I jumped up quickly, looked at the clock; it was only 10 o'clock. I had slept three hours. Still I heard voices outside, so I unlocked my door and there stood Nurse Fareedy. "Oh, Sister," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry to disturb you, but it is the German undertaker, and he will not go in the ward, and I have been forbidden to, so we had to come to you." I am afraid I looked at the man with something like scorn. "No, I will not go in that ward," he said, "I have a wife and six children, and this patient died from the very worst form of black small-pox, the German doctor told me so; you take the measures, I will then *make* the coffin, but that is all."

One could not blame him. So this also had to be done. I gave him the necessary information, and went back to bed. At 3 o'clock I was again disturbed by a tap at my door, and on opening it saw the nurse, who again apologised for rousing me, "but you see, Sister," she said, "it is here, and the man has gone." I wondered what would happen next! "It," the coffin, was just outside my door, with not even a sheet over it! I hurriedly snatched a blanket from my bed, with which I covered it, and Fareedy and I carried it as far as the ward out of everybody's sight. The doctors, nearly worked to death, so much illness was there at the time, were all at their clinics or visiting patients in the town or in distant villages that afternoon, so I should have to wait, but it was not long before Dr. F., who had attended this case, returned and came to help me. We needed all our courage, and when the sad work was finished felt sick and weary. It was useless to go to bed again, as the funeral was at 5 o'clock, and poor Herr Schmidt, half dazed with grief, had begged us all to attend, so I took a very hot bath, changed all my clothes, and aired myself on one of the balconies for an hour, in order to be ready to start with the rest. How good the air seemed, coming straight from the sea, how soothing the soft murmur of the waves! Everyone who could be spared from the Hospital went to the service held over Frau Schmidt's last resting place, near the cypress trees, in the little cemetery in the German colony. It was of a very simple character: just a few words of comfort at the grave, spoken by the German Pastor, and a hymn sung by the German Sisters, our Lord's Prayer in German, in which all joined, and then the Benediction, and we returned to the Hospital. It seems extraordinary when one thinks of it all, at this distance of time, nine years ago, how wonderfully we all escaped the contagion of this most contagious disease, for nothing happened; the ward and corridor were fumigated and whitewashed, and there were no subsequent cases. We realised the truth of that beautiful promise: "He shall give His angels charge over thee."

SISTER MARIE.

#### THE COMMUNITY'S DUTY TO ITS CHILDREN.

Speaking last week at a meeting of the Church Socialist League, at Sion College, on "The Community's Duty to its Children," Sir John Gorst said that the first reason for attending to the children of the poor was mere self-preservation. It was among these children that arose those epidemics and diseases which cost the lives not only of the poor but of the rich as well. The community had taken upon itself to deal with some diseases the ravages of which had been lessened, but one disease was at present omitted from the list of notifiable diseases—measles—the most fatal of all children's diseases to the children of the poor. It should be realised that in Germany they had absolutely exterminated small-pox because they paid so much attention to measles. German doctors had to come to England to see small-pox. Tuberculosis had its origin among the children of the poor, and the rich need never have tuberculosis if it was not generated among the poor.

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