

Nurses in so honoured a position, and urged those present to strive after the ideal so unceasingly put before them at the Temperance Hospital.

Tea, and a delightful renewal of old friendships and much happy talk of bygone days followed. The Nurses sang "Comrades in Arms" with much feeling, and after many good-byes and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," we scattered to our various works and duties, with a memory and an inspiration the fragrance of which will outlive many dark and dreary days, and serve as an additional bond of union with our beloved hospital.

MARY STEWART DONALDSON.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

THE AMERICAN MISSION, ASSIOUT, EGYPT.

About the end of May our schools closed for the summer, and, after seeing our 600 boarders off to their various homes, we packed our own boxes and sought a cooler place, for Assiout was then almost unbearably hot. Some, who were in need of a complete change, went to Switzerland; some to Syria, while others of us unable to afford so much, were glad enough to get as far as Ramleh, a little place by the sea, seven miles from Alexandria. Here some few years ago Miss A. Van Sommer, of England, after interesting friends at home, had a charming home of rest built for missionaries, with accommodation for about 28, and though during the winter months friends from England are gladly welcomed and made at home, Fairhaven during the summer is kept for missionaries from Egypt and the Soudan. Needless to say, it is much appreciated and taken full advantage of. To a tired nurse, and especially a missionary nurse, after the rush and anxiety of a year's work, be it in the villages, the mission hospitals, or the schools, Fairhaven, with its air of restfulness, its large bright sitting-rooms and very dainty bedrooms, looking away out over the Mediterranean, its long verandahs, its gardens and tennis court, and, above all, the kindly care and interest shown to each and every visitor, is a haven of rest indeed.

Unfortunately Miss Van Sommer had to return to England this year, but left the house in charge of Miss Miller and Miss Wood.

Miss Wood has been there since it was first opened, and right glad we were to see her again, for well we remembered how in former years she won our hearts by her never-tiring kindness and love.

Of Miss Miller, who had just come out from home during Miss Van Sommer's absence, it is almost enough to say she is the sister of the late Miss Kathleen Miller, who, as practically the founder and the first secretary of the Nurses' Missionary League, was so well-known and so dearly loved by hundreds of nurses now scattered the wide world over.

As all know, this League has as one of its chief objects the raising of the standard of nursing throughout the mission field by supplying *fully trained* nurses to all missionary societies, nor did she only send others forth, but gladly—when the call came to her—she sailed, just four short years ago, for India, from where only last November she was again "called," this time to higher service in the presence of Him who was far more precious to her than life itself. To meet a sister of hers was a great privilege, though right soon we learned to love Miss W. Miller for her own sake also. Indeed, we doubt if any could stay long at Fairhaven and not love both Miss Miller and Miss Wood very truly. There was plenty of sea bathing for those who cared for it.

Some played tennis daily, and those from Upper Egypt rejoiced in the electric tram and the French shops at Alexandria, to say nothing of the ice-cream rooms! while all enjoyed the picnics which Miss Miller so constantly and untiringly planned for us, always accompanying us, and looking well after our comfort herself. Sometimes it was to "Spouting Rock" we went—quite a little distance off—where, sitting on the rocks, we could watch the glorious Mediterranean or see the waters spouting up from a huge cavity in the centre of the rocks; or, again, to the Housa Gardens, well worth a visit; and sometimes—several times indeed during the summer—to Abukir Bay, a place of great historical interest, for was it not here that Nelson, in 1798, fought his great fight and won his great victory over the French fleet, destroying thirteen of their seventeen vessels? Also, in 1799, Napoleon defeated the Turkish army at Abukir, though, but two years later, his own was defeated in the same place by Sir Ralph Abercromby. And while some loved to gaze on the great fort, standing grim and bold and strong, with its huge cannons still lying strewn around, and its quiet suggestion of the awful scenes once witnessed there, or to stroll a little farther along and visit the remains of Canopus, once—in Ptolemaic times—one of the greatest and richest and wickedest cities of the world, even the ruins of which are to this day awe inspiring; others lay on the sands and gathered the dearest tiny green shells which, when strung together, make a charming necklet.

Doubtless, as this summer's visitors in the years to come look back on those days at Abukir, they will again remember how deeply they were stirred by thoughts of an age gone by, and a glory long since departed, and how their very beings were thrilled as they lived over, in imagination, the great battles which troubled those mighty waters, making the rocks resound, and sending brave men to their doom. Yet somehow, we fear—though low be it spoken—that some, just some of their number whose souls can't, perhaps, soar quite so high, will always think of Abukir first of all as the place where they had the most delightful picnics and gathered "little green shells."

FRANCES L. J. BENNETT.

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