

leisure in which to write. May God bless and protect you, and likewise the loyal sisters, without whom I could not carry out all these things for which the Lord has strengthened me."

Alas, in her absence, there had arisen a relapse in the condition of the children. The day after the above-quoted letter was penned the nine-year old Simonette "went home." There were no telephones in those days, no railway ran to Kaiserswerth and communications were long in reaching their destinations. The good pastor set out, with a heavy heart, to meet his wife and hurry back with her so quickly as they might to the burial. Frau Dr. Fliedner received the news "with silent submission" and, as soon as she arrived, stepped with quiet composure to the cot of little Hannah, looked for a moment on the small suffering face and said, with quiet conviction, "She is going home also." Then she took her eldest daughter out to the garden among the leafless rosebushes and drew comparisons between fading and blossoming, and between our death and resurrection.

Throughout her life the daughter remembered that walk in the parsonage garden as one of the most holy and impressive memories of her mother. Friederike was too broken and faint to follow the coffin of the little Hannah, and from her window she could just catch a glimpse of the burying ground. "I have home sickness," she said in answer to the anxious questionings of Dr. Fliedner and the children. At Christmas she wrote to her father, "I am at peace, although I often weep. I like my children to have all their happiness. . . . The Master will not ask more than I can give." Then from the loss of the little Hannah there grew the plan of the orphanage—this was her last work of organisation, and 50 years after, at its jubilee celebrations, her daughter told the story of its foundation, but we cannot here give particulars of this important piece of nineteenth century child welfare work. On April 22nd Friederike Fliedner passed to her rest. She died the first of all the deaconesses. "As mother of her spiritual daughters," says Fliedner, "she led them in life. So was she in death their leader, too." He handed to his youngest daughter her mother's book of the Psalms of David, wherein he had written a noble tribute to the first deaconess-mother, and signed it "Your sorrowing father—Theodore Fliedner."

Such is the story of the great Protestant deaconess, curtailed of necessity, but showing to us mortals a shining example, a rich personality as a living symbol of the Spirit of Nursing. And so "Let us praise famous nurses" by keeping alive that spirit.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Kaiserswerth Institution for permission to reproduce our illustrations.

A GLIMPSE OF PALESTINE.

After Abyssinia, Palestine; and Ladislaus Farago, who wrote "Abyssinia on the Eve," just previous to the conflict, has now written "Palestine on the Eve." (Putnam, 10s. 6d.)

The book enables the European to understand something of the trouble which has broken out in the Holy Land between the Jews and the Arabs, and much that is of interest to the nursing profession is revealed.

In Palestine the labour organisation, the Histadruth Haovdim, founded in 1921, has tremendous power, and has its own schools, libraries, and hospitals. The staffs of the hospitals are almost exclusively doctors from Germany, and for a sum of about 2s. 6d. weekly, the members of the Histadruth Workmen's Sick Fund receive the best medical aid of all kinds, including convalescence and maintenance for the patients' families, and attempts are in progress to discover methods of cure especially suited to the country.

Farago saw in Tel Aviv an electrical apparatus for healing wounds in forty-eight hours.

On the maternal side every care is taken of the mother until the child is born. The mother is taken to a maternity home and she has a beautiful care-free life, the whole colony in which she happens to reside takes care of her, and as soon as the baby is born, it is taken from her and placed in the baby house. The baby house is furnished with an extravagance in strong contrast to the primitive conditions in which the parents live, and until the age of fourteen the baby is surrounded with every requisite for a happy childhood. At first the baby lives in a nursery, and then goes to school and all the time is under medical supervision. Farago was told that from the time a child was born until it reached fourteen it cost the colony £700.

This high cost on a poor community and the hard life of the adults tends to keep down the birth-rate among the Jews, the birth-rate in the colonies being 0.7 per family, while among the Arabs the birth-rate per family is not less than 4 and in some cases rises to 15.

So far as the investigator could see, these children are spoiled, and although they are beautiful and strong, they are likely to create a new problem in Palestine when they grow up.

Farago had the good fortune, for a journalist, to be present at the battle of Tel Yoseph, and he paints a lovely word picture of the nurse at the baby house singing a lullaby to the children during the battle. The children unconcernedly counted the shots which thudded against the walls, until the young German nurse sang them to sleep.



AN OLD DEACONESS IN THE EMBROIDERY ROOM.

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