

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN UP COUNTRY NURSE.

BY EDMONTON.

(Continued from January issue.)

If the writer was asked what qualities were required of the Nurse who was to work in a jungle district abroad I should suggest that unless she was endued with plenty of common sense and prepared to meet any emergency she would find that she was of no use in such parts. The capability of putting into practical use, when placed in awkward circumstances, the knowledge acquired, and to be ever on the alert and ready to face conditions that are foreign to one's very nature is an absolute necessity.

Perhaps in no place like the mofussil does one meet with the havoc that has been wrought by superstition and fear, not mentioning the errors of ignorance which one daily has to combat.

On one occasion I had brought to me a little child, who was the victim of an ignorant and superstitious mother. Living near the foot of some very unhealthy hills, he was continually prostrated with a very bad type of malarial fever. Constantly the little body was raked with ague until the sensitive nervous system of the little one could stand it no longer. Brain symptoms developed and brought about a form of meningitis that is often produced by constant attacks of malarial fever. Thinking that this new symptom was the work of some evil one and that an evil spirit had entered the little lad, he was branded in no less than eight places on his body and the little frame was submitted to such torture by a well meaning but superstitious mother.

A few days after this, having received no benefit from his vigorous treatment he was brought to the dispensary for medicine and the pitiable sight of the little one I shall never forget. Day by day the fearful burns were treated (its wonderful how soon they heal once regular treatment is given). Quinine was given to attack the malaria and a sedative mixture to induce quietness to the overwrought nervous conditions. The mother was prevailed upon to occupy an empty room that was available and it was with joy we nursed back the little life back to health, at the same time gave words of advice and comfort that would prevent the re-occurrence of such a tragedy in the future. Patience and perseverance brings its own reward and it was a different child and a hopeful mother that one day walked to the room door of the writer and made a thankful salaam saying in the true idiom of her country--I will go and come.