

as it influences the probable number of patients applying for treatment, is one of these. But far more important in this respect is the density of the population, for this goes hand in hand with the tuberculosis incidence that is the determining factor. Besides these three points, the total population, the density (population area) of the population, and the tuberculosis incidence all of which determine the number of patients likely to require attention, there is a fourth which must be taken into consideration. The total area to be dealt with determines the amount of travelling that domiciliary visits will necessitate and therefore has the potentiality of an important item. I should have liked to reduce these general principles to something more definite and to have been able to state that a certain unit of staff was necessary for a certain unit area-mass but in the present state of our knowledge this is impossible. The movement is still in its infancy and no attempt has as yet been made to grapple with the problem as a whole. The system adopted is to start a dispensary with a minimum staff and then to increase this as circumstances demand and as funds permit. This object may be attained by multiplying the number of officers employed in a single institution as was done at the Paddington-Kensington dispensary which has four doctors, or by increasing the number of dispensaries as has been done in Stepney which possesses the Arbour Square, St. Georges-in-the-East, and Whitechapel dispensaries. The suitability of one or other of these methods to any individual district is determined by its size and by the accommodation available.

(To be continued.)

NERVES—A MUSING AND A PLEA.

By B. X.

IT began soon after midnight with a tornado of shells on our front and support line trenches, and continued consistently until dawn. We were well "dug in," and the damage done was comparatively slight. Our nights rest, however, was not improved. Soon our guns began to reply and we watched the momentary glow of the shells, as they passed overhead. Then away to the left just before daybreak, a mine went up with a terrific detonation. This was followed by a sharp outburst of rifle and machine gunfire, and immediately the enemys bombardment lifted to our reserve trenches. This was a danger signal and we waited anxiously; stumbling along the trench the Writer met his senior subaltern who remarked "I think Fritz must be coming over this morning. Let us hope he does, he will get a warm welcome." His confidence was cheering. At 3-30 a.m. vitality seems at a low ebb, and we had been unpleasantly conscious of a feeling of weakness about the knees. We waited on, welcoming the increasing light and in the end the bombardment died away, and all was quiet. Brother Bosch had only wished to worry us in return for some of our previous little pleasantries. The sun rose, slightly

veiled in mist and overhead a lark, happy bird, began to sing. After the usual morning rounds, and the order to "break off" we retired to rest.

In spite of our weariness sleep did not come and we lay awake thinking of past experiences, perhaps a little ashamed of our feelings of the early morning. We began to think out this question of nerves. To adopt a well-known saying, it seems true to us that "some men are born brave, some acquire bravery, and some have bravery thrust upon them." For our own part the necessity of increasing our small stock of pluck seemed urgent. We felt that the heights where heroes dwell were far away and unattainable. But reason assured us that pluck, like other qualities of the heart or mind, might be increased, and we saw a glimmer of hope. We remembered that we had recently seen, as we sat under cover, a nervous highly strung man standing in the open and directing, under continued shell fire, the operations of his working party. His face was no index to his mind. He was setting a necessary example, and we realised that he was brave. His bravery was mental or moral rather, than physical. It had nothing in common with that courage which comes from ignorance and back of imagination. It was worth striving after. What mental or dynamic would produce it? Would determination be sufficient? We endeavoured to consider the matter. It came to mind that the great General Sir John Ardayl once said, in answer to a query, that the way to behave in action is to "forget our wretched selves, and do our duty." Excitement, anger, determination and the necessity for action, all have their part in helping us to forget ourselves, but our views on life are perhaps the most potent influence in determining our attitude towards danger. We have heard much of the value amongst certain races of a belief in "Kismet." From our own observation we think this value is very small. But a settled and intelligent trust in a Higher Power does produce results of real worth "The peace of God" we believe can be a "garrison to keep our hearts and minds."

The history of Christian experience shows, believe it or not as we will, that when the Christ of the New Testament is honestly sought and His teaching followed. This spirit works a moral revolution.

"Even drunkards, as in many proved cases, have entirely lost the desire for alcohol by coming to a definite belief in Christ."* From personal knowledge we could give instances of this. These moral miracles come through Christ and Christ alone. None other of the world's great teachers can lay claim to them. The result of this revolution shows itself in mental calmness and strength when passing through the darker waters of stress and strain. We might instance the experiences of many lives such as "Stonewell" Jackson, President Lincoln and General Gordon in support of our contention. But to give an example from experiences in the present war. Some months ago an officer who is temperamentally highly strung went home on leave after a long and trying period of fighting and trench-work. It was particularly noticed that he had no trace in his eyes of the strained look so often seen in such cases. We know him intimately and we believe this result to be due to that calm, mental peace which comes from, a sane and simple faith in Christ. Such results of the Christians creed are not unique. They are far more often

met with than many suppose. Dr. A. T. Schofield in his "Christian Society" ably shows that Christianity rightly understood is a safeguard against many mental ills, and a prevention of nervous breakdown. Any who are interested in nervous ailments should read this book, and other works† by the same author.

We have perhaps wandered to deeper themes than we had intended. We are reminded that in those circles where the normal "club tone" obtained an ideal it often has to be introduced with an apology.

But the Christian creed surely needs no apology. With Dr. Schofield, we believe that "there is a life which is acceptable with God and in favour with wise and thoughtful men."

The poet Coleridge has expressed himself to the effect that in the history of the world there has not been a man who has said. "I have taken my stand on the teaching of Christ. I have sought to order my life according to this teaching and to follow it wherever it would lead and I repent of my actions. I have found the promises of the New Testament a delusion and a fraud."

This surely arrests our thoughts and on the other side there is the evidence of numberless lives that Christ becomes to those who seek Him a great Reality.

We plead that His case repays investigation.

* Varieties of Religion. Professor James.

† Nerves in Order, Christian Society, Dr. A. T. Schofield.

POEM.

THE PEACE OF ENGLAND.

The blue sky still bends tenderly,
The green still sleeps below,
The throstle's song is sweet and high,
And England's fields a dreaming lie,
While her sons to battle go.

Oh, far white cloud, have you no thought
Of the winds that sweep and rush?
Of the winds that battle in the sky
For love of you that fight and die
To a long trembling hush?

Say, you winding woodside lanes,
Oh rose-briers starred with dew,
Oh, fair green fields that dreaming lie,
Have you no thought of the men that die
Of the men that die for you?