

Diplococcus gonorrhœæ of Neisser producing gonorrhœa.

Diplococcus pneumoniae or lanceolatus of Fränkel producing croupous pneumonia and occurring also in meningitis and various other inflammatory conditions.

Bacillus tuberculosis of Koch producing tuberculosis.

Micrococcus melitensis producing Malta fever.

Bacillus anthracis producing anthrax disease common in animals.

Bacillus leprae producing leprosy.

Bacillus mallei producing glanders disease common in horses.

Bacillus diphtheriæ, of diphtheria, disease common in children.

Bacillus influenzae of influenza.

Bacillus pestis of bubonic plague.

Bacillus oedematis maligni (of malignant oedema).

Bacillus Tetani (of tetanus.)

Bacillus Typhosus of Eberth (typhoid fever.)

Spirillum Obermeieri (relapsing fever.)

Cladothrix Actinomyces (or actinomyces bovis.)

Micrococcus Intracellularis Meningitidis (Meningococcus) of Weichselbaum (cerebro-spinal fever.)

Bacillus Coli Communis (various inflammations).

Bacillus Enteritidis, bacillus enteritidis sporogenes and bacillus Botulinus (food poisoning.)

Spirillum cholerae (cholera.)

Cladothrix Maduræ (mycetoma.)

Plasmodium malariae (malarial fever.)

Amoeba Coli (variety of dysentery.)

Leishman—Donovan bodies (Kala Azar disease.)

(to be continued.)

RAMBLES.

"EVEN THE RED SEA ALSO."

By ECHO.

THE nurse opened her letters carelessly but when she came to the third or fourth she gave a shout of joy and tossed it over to me.

"What's the matter?"

"A booking for July."

"You are not so hard up surely? You know you hate this sort of case. Why do you go? Why this excitement?"

"Everyone hates them. It's the getting up at night. But this—this is splendid. Of course I'll go!"

"Tell me about it in the tum-tum then. It's at the door? Rufus is pawing a hole in the drive."

We went out, climbed into the trap, I took up the reins, and we swung into the Mall.

"It's a board ship story—one about an August awful trip. A crowded trooper with numbers of women and children stuck in everywhere, and the most terrific heat. On board ship there is always one man, one woman, and one child. Leo was the child. He was adorable. You know the sort of little boy just beginning to speak and afraid of no one; not a bit spoilt, but ought to have been, if ever child ought. An only precocious one, heir to something or another—just a lovely thing with short wee curls sprouting like duckling's feathers round his adorable head, a tiny nose, enormous eyes, and a rose-bud mouth showing those jewels God gives children for teeth when he smiled. Best of all was his neck at the back under the downy curls where it ran down to meet his dimpled shoulders. It was the most delicious, kissable, subtly white thing you ever saw.

Leo had a mother as nice as himself who had everything in the world she wished for like a fairy princess, even a baby boy you see. She was lovely, and calm, and maternal but light hearted and sweet and young too, yet there was something not there. It was God. She had never wanted Him she said, and hoped she never would. Then she showed her beautiful white teeth as she smiled, which was what Leo did and if you were not attracted to her for her own sake you would have been then for Leo's.

Everyone loved Leo, but Leo loved best of all Jimmie Daw. Jimmie aged nine was tiresome, freckled and sturdy. He was one of those boys who are always covered with grease and tar on board ship, and whose stockings fall down at the ankles and come through at the knees. This is not surprising for he was generally—if not stuffing plum pudding or jammy bread—climbing the rigging, or crawling on all fours on the deck for Leo's edification. His mother scolded him continually, but she did not really mind this latter peccadillo, for it kept him away from the soldiers, and off the rigging.

Leo was not strong. He was pale and very wobbly on his pins. He too was constantly on all fours through falling down, so that—not having stockings over them he gradually developed little scars on his knees from the contact with the hard deck. Presently, with each new blow these bled, which affliction he bore very manfully for some time. Then one day he burst into tears and his sobbing was inconsolable.

"What is it darling, darling?" his mother said taking him on her knee. "It can't hurt so much more than usual and you never cry!"

He stopped suddenly by and by as babies do, and gazed at her, the tears brimming in his wide clear eyes.

"I'se not c'ying 'cos it hurts"; he said "I'se c'ying cos they might wear frew!"

Then we remembered Jimmie's stockings. Poor Jimmie who was always getting scolded for wearing them through at the knees, while the baby sat along side and listened to the harangue he was so unused to.

Leo got ill directly it grew hot. He simply could not stand the heat and turned into a limp wistful little creature sitting on his mother's lap immediately the sun began to make itself felt, but he was perfectly patient and good so long as he had his mother near him. I can see now his dry ruby lips parting to show the pearly teeth in that adorable way he had when she nodded to him, or his eyes filling into love and happiness when she leant over him. And she! How she worshipped him. Her eyes were deep dark wells of light and love for Leo, her face all smiles and tenderness, her hands ever ready to hold him up; her whole self was Leo's.

Do you think God minded? I do. As children will, Leo appeared to get quite well when it was cooler, and at Port Said he came on shore with us and rode a donkey, and he was quite jolly going through the wonderful Canal. He wore funny little knickers which always seemed too big for him and jerseys which seemed too small, and the backs of his legs were white like snow with blue veins showing through. He tumbled about the deck in a perfect ecstasy of life and happiness, and rode Jimmie, till Jimmie's knees grew hard through the holes in his stockings and Jimmie's mother smacked him because she could not get the dirt out.

They talked to each other much these two when Leo was tired, sitting on a coil of rope; saying things which only one child will say to another and never to any one grown up. I overheard this early in the voyage, "Wats Gord, 'imkie?"

"God's the wind whistling up there, Leo. He's the stars which shines in the sky when we goes to bed, and He's in the sea too. So you must be careful not to fall in and get drown-deaded, Leo."

"Why?"

"'Cause he sends big angels blowing up out of it with wet wings all brown and blue and shiny to take hold of us, and drag us down under the neath of it, and when we are drowned he whips us up again so that we turn into wind and fly about, and then we are angels too."

Leo's thumb was in his mouth and his big eyes fixed wonderingly on Jimmie's round face during this lucid explanation. Now he took the thumb out and said.

"We won't let the angels take us will we, 'imkie, 'cos mammy wouldn't like it. But I'd like to see vem. I'd like to see vem very much

"immie." "If you come over to the railings" said Jimmie sturdily, "I'll show them to you Leo, will you?"

"Iss" said Leo in his gentle way, and they went across and looked over. It was windy and the spray splashed up in the sun as we cut our way through the sea making sparkling rainbows, and I saw Leo pointing and laughing at this and showing his teeth with great joy and much gurgling. He must have seen the angels which Jimmie pointed out coming up out of the wonderful sea in the sunshine out there off the Spanish coast. You would not have thought Jimmie was that sort of little boy, because of the grease and the rigging, the stockings and the pudding, but you never know.

At last we came to Suez and stood by in the blazing sun for six or eight hours and when it was dark we went into the Red Sea, "even the Red Sea also," and it was hot. Leo went down that night before the awful stillness of it like corn before a sickle. His mother came for me, and I sat up with her, and the next day the Captain took us all up to his quarters on the bridge, and it grew hotter and hotter, and Leo worse and worse.

"Mammy" he breathed brokenly, continually, "Mammy, Mammy."

Such a brave little mouth quivering, and then breaking into the beautiful smile! The golden halo grew dark with wet dusky curls clinging round the sweet face, and the little body lost its curves and dimples as it straightened out in the awful struggle to live.

"Can't b'weve"; he said. "Mammy make Leo b'weve."

I thought those weak cries to her would break her heart. They wrung mine unspeakably and I was no one.

"My darling," was all she could say "My darling, darling!"

The night brought a breeze, but a stifling one from the hot land, and it did Leo no good. He fevered and slept and clung to his mother, until the dawn broke with richest redness over the now restless sea, and made it unbearable for Leo. He sank into unconsciousness waking only with sad little cries for drinks and "Mammy" when the burning head would toss this way and that until into his eyes remembrance and satisfaction dawned as they found the beloved face. Then came always the smile. So the day wore on, and night came with the wind again.

We battled hard enough God knows, but the Angel of Death would not be gainsaid. He came in the moonlight when "his wet wings were all blue and shiny, up out of the sea" and took Leo, and Leo's mammy was left all alone, "with the wind and the stars which are God."

Who knows what He said to her then. He must break some hearts before they will let Him in. Poor Leo's mammy.

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We buried Leo there in the Red Sea which claims so dreadfully many of

our "pearls of great price" our little Anglo-Indian brothers and sisters. In his little white shell he was carried in the waves "under the 'neath of it." But Leo was not there, he was "whipped up into the wind" and became an angel too. Jimmie and I were sure of it for he came and whistled gently round us when we sat on the deck in the twilight listening for him: for Jimmie told me to listen and I heard.

Poor Jimmie, no one thought of him, but he crept to me for a night or two after Leo went when the light faded and before he was called to bed, and crawled into my arms to sob noiselessly. We said nothing. It's no use speaking to children unless they ask questions for their thoughts are far more beautiful than ours. So I stroked his bullet head, and wiped his streaky face with my clean white handkerchief, and we listened to the wind sighing round us, and thought of Leo. His hands were sticky, and he smelt of tar but it felt good to have him there, for he was sturdy and brave, and pure of heart, and a little child had loved him.

After that he took to the rigging, and the winches, and too much plum pudding, for such is the way of a boy. Would we could all lose our grief like that.

Leo's mother? Poor soul she stayed on the bridge away from us all, and perhaps—who knows—she learnt to know God whom she did not want, for He comes to us in a strange mysterious way, and will not let us do without Him, if we are good as she was.

Now you know why the letter made me glad! Leo's mother is going to have another baby sent her "out of the everywhere into here."

The Editor of another women's magazine in India said the other day that she often had original poems sent in for publication. No budding poets have yet arisen among the nurses in India, but the instinct for story telling is not entirely absent as this story shows—the first original one which the Editor has received.

A word as to what the school nurse should be. The first and greatest requisite is a missionary spirit. She should be one who loves mankind and is willing to sacrifice her own comfort for a poor child—not for the living, but for love. A careful education is necessary, and this along general as well as special lines. She must be able to advise mothers how better to conduct their homes, cook their meals to get the most from the material at hand, and how and what to buy, to get the most value for their money. She must know what hygienic and sanitary advice to give, and she must know when and how to give advice and give it with tact, lest she offend. And lastly, she must have robust health herself. Such a woman going into the homes of the poor and needy is a mighty uplift to the moral and physical well being of the people.