

And He has sufficed in all ages for those who have been most of His mind—the spiritual giants of the race. So was it with those who before Him “saw His day”—“though He slay me, yet will I trust Him”—and so has it been ever since. So was it only the other day, when that missionary in Africa, dying with a broken back—broken by a falling beam—from a Church that he was building to the glory of God—left these last words as a legacy to his dismayed converts—“I want to say one thing : *God never makes a mistake.*”

I would suggest that, for the future, each one of us, instead of beating the soul's life out against the prison bars of mystery, lives more in that supreme companionship. In that companionship, and in the confidence which it begets, the “problem of pain,” while it may not cease to be a problem, will cease to crush, to overwhelm. We learn to accept it, when we least understand it ; for as we remember *what Christ was*, His acceptance of it conveys the sure and certain hope that in the purposes of God, when patience shall have had her perfect work and the former things are done away, all that now so perplexes us will stand forth at last fully justified.

PAUL WALDE.

A WET WEATHER EXPERIENCE.

IT was our usual weekly dispensary day and I was busy with patients, when a Gowda or farmer came to ask if I would go across the river and see a girl, his brother's wife, who was very ill. I looked round at the numbers waiting, made a rough calculation, and said I would be ready to go with him by 11 o'clock. I had not calculated, though, that the rain would stop for a little while and so enable several more batches of patients to come. I snatched a hasty breakfast, finished attending the patients who were waiting, and then prepared to start. My friend the Gowda had brought a very good bullock-cart, with a couple of excellent bulls. Let me explain that by bullock-cart you must not understand anything in the nature of a tonga but just an ordinary long narrow cart, such as is used so much in S. India for the transport of grain, grass, wood, etc. This cart was well lined with straw which helped to break the force of some of the jolts, for one need hardly say it was entirely innocent of springs. But one can become used to almost anything, and I find I can ride very comfortably and sleep, too, in a cart of this kind.

In the cart with us was a Hindu woman and three small children, for whose infantile affections I had just prescribed. One of them was evidently suffering from enlarged tonsils. They have a very rough

and ready way of dealing with tonsils in these parts. The child's mouth is opened, and some one with a long forefinger and a well-grown nail, scratches and scarifies the inflamed spot with, until, as they phrase it, the swelling bursts. Nature is marvellously long suffering, for one does not hear of any ill effects from this barbarous and septic proceeding. The wee girl had suffered in this way more than once, so you may imagine the yells when I tried to introduce a spatula into her mouth. I had to give it up and tried to make peace with her by offering her a doll. A town child would have seized it with joy, but this scrap of humanity only looked more terrified still. However, her mother took charge of the doll, and while we were in the cart it sat opposite the child. I never saw the child touch it once. We had to go on the high road a distance of some six miles or so. The rain was coming down in a most persistent manner. At last we arrived at the village from which we were to take ship for the other side. Now, seeing that the journey had been planned since early morning, one would have expected the boat and the boatman to be ready. But no! Much conversation had to take place before we were allowed to start for the river. At last my Gowda friend said "come" and proceeded to show us the way. This was hardly an easy matter as the rain had made some parts simply morasses. At one spot, two of the men made a chair with their clasped hands and so took me over a stream. When we reached the boat, we got on board with all speed but we had to make haste slowly as the least slip on the wet clay bank would have sent us swiftly into the river. The boat was just an ordinary dug-out, flat-bottomed and propelled by short dumpy paddles. We had to keep quite near the embankment until the moment came for striking boldly across the stream at a point where we were not so likely to be caught in the current. At last we got to the other side, and then began a tramp through ploughed fields, standing inches deep in water in some places. Here and there we had to negotiate stiles that reminded one forcibly of country walks in the homeland. It took us about twenty minutes to reach the house. It was large and well built, with a good tiled roof. The verandahs formed three sides of a square and the living rooms, or house proper formed the fourth side. Here the women live chiefly, the men sleeping outside in the wide verandahs. The house had an upper storey.

The master of the house came forward to welcome us and provided us with hot coffee for which we were more than grateful. Then the patient was sent for, and with the help of one of the men, she came outside and I had a look at her, and was soon able to do a little towards relieving her trouble. Then a few more sick folk were incidentally

produced, for whom I did my best. By this time it was getting dark and I proceeded to take my leave. One of the sons came with us to ferry us across again, but both he and his companions were much against our trying to cross that night. However, I felt we must make the attempt and we started. If possible the fields were wetter than ever, and in the semi-darkness we lost our way. Finally we did reach the river. For one awful minute I thought the boat had drifted away. But I had misunderstood the men, and in the course of ten minutes or so we were in the boat, and once more afloat. But a minute or so sufficed to convince me that I had been wrong in insisting on crossing or rather trying to cross.

There was not a glint of moonlight. The rain still came down steadily and our two little hurricane lanterns only seemed to make the darkness darker. It was no good. We had to turn back and for the third time to tramp over those wet, wet fields.

When we arrived at the house the doors were shut, lights out, it was about 8-30 P.M., and those who had had their evening meal were settling down to sleep. But with innate courtesy, the master of the house and the sons came forward to greet us and proceeded at once to see to our creature comforts. I was taken upstairs with as little delay as possible and requested to lie down and rest while my curry and rice was being prepared. My bed was made up with new blankets (country ones, of course) and perfectly new lengths of cotton materials brought from their store-rooms, in place of sheets. About 10 o'clock nurse arrived with dinner which she had cooked for me. The rice was served steaming hot on one plantain leaf and the curry on another. Forks and spoons were of course conspicuous by their absence, but that did not trouble me for I had frequently practised eating as a Hindu would, and I most thoroughly enjoyed my dinner and the long night's sleep that followed.

Drying our clothes was a problem, but we were allowed to have a charcoal fire upstairs and did succeed in getting our things something like dry.

The next morning hot water was provided for our ablutions. I had fortunately brought soap and towel, as one never knows what the nature of the case may be that one is called to see.

By 7 A.M. the rain had lessened just a little, and once more we sallied forth, carrying with us very pleasant memories of the kindness and courtesy of the Gowda and his family, or rather his men-folk, for the women took no part at all in offering us hospitality. In the morning light the river reminded me very much of parts of the Thames round about Richmond.

The return journey was uneventful, for we had grown accustomed to plunging through the marshes ankle deep in water. But the prospect of dry clothes and hot tea at the end of our journey kept us cheerful. I was very agreeably surprised to see how bravely my Indian Christian nurse faced all the difficulties and unpleasantnesses. So ended my first visit to a Gowda's house, made during the rains, which are always renowned in my part of the country.

FRANCES E. CAMPBELL.

"A DAY OUT OF MANY."

THE day dawns! The nurse awakes but knows not what the day has in store for her of rest or hard labour!

To a born nurse who loves nursing, a busy day, in which she works hard over a very ill patient, or a day in which several operations take place is far more appreciated than a day of slack work; for a monotonous life is far more wearying and the mind as well as the body soon become stunted.

A nurse working in the district has many things to contend with which the nurse in the city has not, but having to work under disadvantages and coming out victorious adds much to her knowledge, and in that way she really has the advantage over her sister in the city. She has to devise plans by which she can give her patients the necessary care on a small scale; she perhaps is single handed, so needs to be calm in going about to work; the doctor perhaps has been called out into a neighbouring village and the nurse then is forced to take charge of the regular clinic; about 70 to 100 patients crowd around wanting each one to be first, and it is hard to be patient and just in dealing with them.

While in the midst of a full clinic a maternity case comes in needing immediate attention, then perhaps an accident case, and in that way the nurse knows not what is before her but has to take things in the order they come, and it requires a great deal of patience and long suffering. It is only a "born nurse" who can go on cheerfully overcoming these little trials.—*Contributed.*

Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you; which ye have from God and ye are not your own?—*1 Corinthians vi. 19.*

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*