

Dispensary doors. The leper sits at a little distance, and waits till the others have gone. On passing out of the Dispensary one notices him, and only then does he venture forward.

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His hands and feet are covered with sores, his elbows also and his knees. Shallow, ragged sores they are, not by any means so objectionable as many that come. The fingers are small and stumpy, and there are hardly even stumps left to represent the toes. These extremities have not fallen off. They have diminished, partly on account of simple wasting away, and partly by reason of ulceration at their tips. As he has not a proper sense of feeling in the fingers, they are also apt to get into too hot places while sorting the sticks and embers of native fires. A native's fingers are his tongs and shovel, if not quite his poker.

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ONE sees scars here and there on his limbs where old sores have been, also areas over his body which are slightly paler and drier than the healthy skin. He is able to walk about and enjoy his food. Sometimes he has bad turns, when he feels ill and has bleedings from his nose and other places. He has been ill about ten years. He will live probably another ten.

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HE is put into a room as much isolated as possible, and he has his own plate and eats by himself. Every day his sores are dressed, and this, along with the good food he gets, produces a great change in his appearance. After a period of four or five weeks his sores have all healed, and he is perceptibly fatter than when he came. It "comes upon him to arise," and he betakes himself to his home.

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THERE are other forms of leprosy which differ widely from this. There is the "lion-face" leper, the skin of whose face has become so much thickened, and the eyebrows so prominent, that his former features are no longer recognisable and his face has somewhat the appearance of a lion's. There is the man who is strong and well except that a gradual paralysis has been creeping on him. It is leprosy affecting a nerve. Many lepers have a nasal intonation—due to the disease affecting their nose; others have only a wheezy whisper for a voice, in whom the larynx is affected.

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THOUGH there is general dislike and fear of the disease, lepers are not usually compelled to live apart. In most cases their friends live with them and attend to them.

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To return to our "type," the finger-and-toe man, it sometimes seems as if the disease had a

softening effect upon the person's character. The native is generally undemonstrative of his gratitude, though when opportunity arises he shows it by unstinted help and service. It is a practical people. But the leper looks his gratitude. He brightens up so unmistakably when he finds himself being kindly treated that we miss him when he goes.

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The patients in the Kimberley Hospital are evidently "vara weel suit," to judge from the following versés which have reached us.

MY TENDER NURSE.

Who bade me welcome to the ward,
And led me of her own accord
To cosy bed with comforts stored?
My tender nurse.

Who banished every thought of dread,
And smoothed the pillow 'neath my head,
And sweetest words of comfort said?
My tender nurse.

Who, when my frame was racked with pain,
And nature fought against the strain,
Would buoy me up with hope again?
My tender nurse.

Who, when I felt heartsick and sore,
And thought that I could bear no more,
Would cheer me up as oft before?
My tender nurse.

Who with her sweet and modest grace,
Was ever bright'ning up the place?
Why who? but beaming "Sunny Face,"
My tender nurse.

Who, when I dozed, saw her in view,
And, waking, found that it was true?
Who greeted me with "How d'ye do"?
My tender nurse.

Who through the weary hours of night
Walked like a seraph bathed in light,
And held me spellbound at the sight?
My tender nurse.

Who when I called myself a bore
For waking others with my snore,
Said t'was a sigh and nothing more?
My tender nurse.

Who, when I rose and could not stand,
Would lead me gently by the hand,
Just like a child at her command?
My tender nurse.

Who shall I ever think upon
For all the kindness she has done?
There's one amongst all others—one—
My tender nurse.

Who, now the time has come to part,
Makes teardrops from my eyelids start?
Who holds a warm place in my heart?
My tender nurse.

May God in mercy and in grace
Keep evil times and every trace
Of sorrow from my "Sunny Face."
My tender nurse.

Kimberley Hospital. C. H. CAPERN.

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