

Bolobo itself was a small commercial centre with shops and it was a big ivory centre. All the river steamers up and down called in and brought us great variety. Church attendance was really wonderful and at Christmas there were over 70 baptisms.

"To-day has been a great day here, for at our leper camp was held a 'grateful samaritan' service, at which 40 lepers were pronounced 'clean' and allowed out on parole. This is the third such service and now 87 folk have returned to their villages, some after 10 and 15 years. It is all due to the new drugs recently discovered, and also to the State financial aid given to the camp, where there are 800 lepers being treated. We have this term over 60 boys in training in first, second and third years. After three years they go out on stage for two years and return for a final six months' course when they take their diploma examination. After this they are called upon by the State and sent to a State dispensary, which is usually situated in the 'bush' and has several 'injection centres' to be visited and run. A great work for these boys and a great opportunity for a Christian lad to help in his own land the spreading of the Gospel by healing and teaching. The usual and tropical cases come along daily, but we have an odd rare one. From one nearby village recently came three cases of tetanus (cause unknown). One recovered, but it was a miracle, for I cannot imagine worse conditions in a ward of some 50 patients (each with one or two or more 'helpers' and all their children). You cannot help but imagine the noise, but it is impossible (as yet) to instil in these people's minds that rest and quiet are really as good 'medicine' as their injections, for which they all clamour.

"Another interesting case medically—of gas-gangrene of the foot. The man is cured and walks without a suspicion of a limp, and has lost nothing. Unfortunately, morally he is a different man. While in hospital he recognised the love and help he was receiving and learnt of Our Saviour, and as he left he dedicated his life to Him and the service of others. Now, regretfully, he is demanding money, money, money, for the 'inconvenience' it caused him and the pain he suffered! Alas! the love of money (I might add he has been receiving very good compensation money right until he was discharged fit for work)."

We look forward to seeing Dr. and Mrs. Moore and Baby Ruth when they arrive in the near future, on furlough in this country.

## Book Reviews

### Aids to Gynaecological Nursing\*

(Fifth Edition).

By Hilda M. Gratton, S.R.N., S.C.M., D.N. (London),  
Dorothy L. Holland, S.R.N., S.C.M., D.N. (London).

MOST OF US ARE FAMILIAR with the Nurses' Aid Series, and this fifth edition of "Aids to Gynaecological Nursing" has all that the modern Nurse needs to know on this subject.

It is concise, clear and simple, with excellent illustrations, and instruments required for operations at a glance.

Treatment, in the light of new drugs and research, makes it necessary for the Nurse to keep up to date, for the surgical outlook has made rapid changes, and the treatment of venereal diseases has been revised.

There are brief descriptions of various conditions, but adequate instruction for nursing aspects and needs for dealing with gynaecological cases. In the section on infertility, there is a new ground for Student Nurses.

\* Baillière, Tindall and Cox, Ltd., 7-8, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2. Price 5s. net.

### Thrice Your Own.\*

By Margaret Morrison.

IT HAS RECENTLY BEEN established that the frequent cause of a childless marriage is due to incapability of certain blood groups known as the "Rheusus problem."

Perish the thought, that the day approaches when we choose our mates from a Laboratory Register!

However, many such marriages have ended disastrously.

The story is written around this problem and Miss Morrison handles a delicate subject with great understanding and purity of style. There are a number of "impossible coincidences," but truth can be stranger than fiction.

Pearl Fitz-Hugh, the heroine, faces up to her husband's one and only lapse with courage, and finds a happy solution, ending in the complete happiness of the four chief characters, not to mention the adopted child.

Mrs. Grundy will say, "To excuse is to condone." This maybe, in one case in ten, but is it not worth the risk for the other nine?

Who, better than the nurse, understands the problems of Life?

The author's contact, during her nursing career, has doubtless, given her material for her literary talent. The scientific interest is merely touched upon and the book makes enjoyable light reading for "off duty" relaxation.

\*Hutchinson, Stratford Place, London, W.1. Price 10/6 net.

### Nurse Kathleen.\*

By Margaret Locherbie-Cameron.

A BOOK FOR young readers, which may possibly encourage recruits to a nursing career.

Its witty slang and facetious humour is perhaps a little boring to the older reader, but how often one finds the making of an excellent nurse beneath this exterior.

The staffing of our hospitals is a matter of national importance, so let us welcome literature which may invite young people to a hospital career and leave the appointments authorities to sort them out.

\*Ward, Lock & Co. Ltd., 6, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Price 9/6 net.

D. B.

## September.

Then came the autumn all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyéd in his plenteous store.  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly oft him pinchéd sore!  
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
With ears of corne of every sort he bore;  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reap the refined fruits which the earth yold.

SPENSER.

Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun!  
Conspiring with him now to load and bless  
With fruit, the vines that round the thatch-eyes run;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottages trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, the plump and hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel—to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

KEATS.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)