

appeared with a note from the Archdeacon, saying that two men had been injured by a lion at Mbweka, and asking me to come and attend to them."

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AFTER a five hours' journey by boat, the doctor arrived at his destination, and heard the following story from the Archdeacon:—

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"SOON after he had gone to bed the night before, he heard a noise and a scream, and on going out discovered that one of the natives had been seized by a lioness as he was leaving his hut. His cries attracted his brother, who pluckily seized the lioness by the neck. The Archdeacon, his boat people, the school-teacher, and others soon arrived on the scene, but no weapon was forthcoming except poles. Of these, however, they made such good use that they prevented the beast getting off with the injured man, and finally killed it. One fellow boldly laid hold of its tail, and so helped to keep it from making rushes at people. About half way through the scene some burning wood was brought on the spot, and thus the lioness was induced to drop the man she had seized. One man did turn up a gun, but he fired wildly, and fortunately did not wound anyone else, though of course he did not hit the lioness. When I arrived everyone was walking about with spears, though in the emergency not one could be found. The only men injured were the poor fellow whom the lioness had taken, and whose neck and back were badly wounded by the teeth and claws, and who was dead when I arrived, and his brother, whose arm had been hurt.

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I ATTENDED to the injuries of Anao (the dead man's brother) as soon as I arrived. He had about about ten deep wounds on the right forearm, which ought to have been thoroughly explored under an anæsthetic. This was quite impracticable, however, in a native hut with no one to help me, and with most of the village looking on, so I washed the arm, and syringed out and drained the wounds, and persuaded him to come to Likoma to be nursed next day. He brought with him a male friend, a wife, and a child—the minimum establishment he thought fit to travel with—and he is now in the native hospital, where I am nursing him daily.

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At first the limb did not appear very badly injured, but as the lioness had evidently not studied even the most elementary principles of aseptic surgery, the result is that there are ten very foul wounds in the arm, a good many of

which meet inside, and there is a great deal of sloughing and suppuration. I have tried to keep it sweet by draining and syringing, and on the 10th the Bishop (Bishop Hine, a qualified medical man) gave an anæsthetic, and I opened it up and drained it. Still, that lioness's germ is virulent, and has not yet been got under. No bones are broken, but to-day I find that the inflammation has spread to the elbow-joint. His arm, if it got better, would probably not be much use, and it ought therefore to be amputated. After consulting with the Bishop, we proposed it to him this afternoon, but, as the idea is absolutely new to a native, we were not surprised when he would not consent, and said that he would sooner go home and die there! I have left him to think it over, but I expect he will persist in his refusal. Where Mohammedan teaching is strong, it would practically be impossible, as they say the one-arm state would be permanent, and that the door-keepers of Paradise don't like one-armed men!"

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HERE is a description of the Japanese nurses on the volunteer hospital ship *Hakuai Maru*, which, according to Mr. T. C. Cowen, of the *Express*, is superior to anything of its kind in the world:—  
"Here are a dozen quaint 'little maidens all unwary, fresh from a ladies' séminary,' as Gilbert and Sullivan had it, but they have put away their pretty museme costumes, kimono and obi, hakama and zori, and disguised themselves in prim, severe, Quaker-like nurses' uniforms, so ugly that it requires a strong effort to remember that it is a beautiful sight after all. These quaint little creatures are a revelation of modernness. They have all been to high-class colleges, learnt English and medicine, and practical nursing up to date. Their ambition is to be of service in case any of the European or American lady residents of Tientsin or Peking are sick or injured. And they bear themselves with a meekness quite unknown in the West, quite Scriptural in its humility. If a man walks past them on the deck of the ship, they all rise and bow respectfully; and if their lady Matron, a graduate of the highest college in Tokyo, has occasion to go and speak to an officer of the ship, perhaps about the X-ray gear going wrong, she begins with a most profound bow, which he acknowledges with a faint nod. Not one of them dared be seasick, because it has been taught them that seasickness is mainly a matter of nerves, and nerves are mainly a matter of will, and if they are sick it counts a day off their service, and if they are very, very good indeed perhaps their names will be sent to the Emperor just as if they were men."

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