

to the Institution, and Mrs. Stretton, who have recently been celebrating their golden wedding, have been the recipients of many interesting gifts. They included a set of gold teaspoons and sugar tongs from the Matron and Staff of the Kidderminster Infirmary, and a gold rose bowl from the subscribers to the Institution.

The new wing of the Glasgow Samaritan Hospital for Women, opened last week by Lady Blythwood, contains four large wards for ten beds each, and four smaller wards for three and two beds each; two large convalescent rooms; two well-equipped operating rooms, with surgeons' rooms attached; two ward sculleries, and ample lavatory accommodation. The extended hospital now contains accommodation for 86 beds, and is the largest women's hospital in the United Kingdom. At the opening ceremony Lord Blythwood announced that the Prince and Princess of Wales have consented to become patrons of the hospital.

The Milk Supply of the London Children's Hospitals.

Some important resolutions were unanimously passed at a meeting of representatives of the lay Boards and medical staffs of the London Children's Hospitals recently held at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C. They were as follows:—

1. The milk shall be pure, genuine, and with all its cream as yielded by the cow, and absolutely free from any and every kind of adulteration, including preservatives. It shall be of such quality as shall produce at least 3.5 per cent. of butter fat.

2. It shall be supplied from a farm, or farms, whose name, or names, and locality are notified to the hospital.

3. It shall be permissible for an authorised representative of the hospital to inspect such farm, or farms, at any reasonable time.

4. The cows supplying the milk shall be in a good state of health, and the veterinary surgeon shall give a certificate at least once a quarter to that effect.

5. The milk shall be strained and refrigerated at the farm, and there canned and sealed.

6. The milk shall be delivered, sealed, at the hospital, within 24 hours of milking.

7. It shall not be "pasteurised" or treated otherwise than as mentioned in Clause 5 without the written sanction of the hospital authorities.

8. It is advisable that the milk as supplied to the hospital should be tested bacteriologically and chemically once a week.

9. That the name of the medical officer of health of the district in which a supplying farm is situated be furnished by the contractor, and that he be informed of the relation between the farm and the hospital, and that he and the clerk of the urban district council be supplied by the hospital for their information with a copy of these recommendations.

Our Foreign Letter.

A NURSE'S HOLIDAY IN KAFFIRLAND.

(Continued from page 334.)



After our morning's work among the out-patients we had dinner and then visited the sick in the kraals a-

round. For dinner we had pumpkins, and what the missionary's wife called mutton. We dare not question the veracity of a missionary, but a disconsolate old goat that kept aloof from his descendants made us wonder if his companion's life had been taken in mistake for a sheep. However, before a month was out we would have been thankful for even ancient goat flesh. A missionary cannot afford to have fresh meat every week, and tinned meat is rather monotonous. At first I liked pumpkins, but when potatoes became scarce and pumpkins our only vegetable, I changed my mind about the wholesome pumpkin. But at that first dinner in Kaffirland, I ate the home-made bread, that was not always a success, and drank the yellow river water with relish. Puddings were reserved for high days and holidays. The Kaffir maid-of-all-work was most willing, but could do little but keep the baby quiet, and boil vegetables. And so the missionary's wife—a lady from a luxurious English home—was her own cook, parlour maid, and laundress. Besides this, she took her full share of the mission work. She held mothers' meetings, girls' classes, children's services, and was kept awake every night with a teething baby. Do not pity the missionary's wife at this time, she was as happy as any woman in Africa. When she needed pity was the time when there was no restless baby to wake her; her arms and her heart ached for the bright, affectionate little one that had given her no rest day or night during his short life. Then there was only a little grave in the garden, another life sacrificed to impure water, another father and mother had given up their son for the sake of Africa. This is a digression, but we nurses, God forgive us, sometimes forget other workers whose lot is harder, and whose lives are fuller.

A message had come asking our host to visit a sick Kaffir, who was a Board member. There is a sort of Home Rule in Kaffirland, and our patient was one of the principal men of the neighbourhood. At one time our friends had hoped he would become a Christian, but of late he had come under the influence of the Ethiopian movement, which is more political than religious. The approach to his kraal was well guarded by dogs, and Kaffir dogs, like Kaffir pigs, are the worst of their kind I have ever known. This man had several huts, one for each of his three wives, one for grain, and a large enclosure for his cattle.

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