

**BOTSAHELO.**

Lepers in Basutoland are admitted to the Settlement, Botsahelo, instead of being sent to Robbin Island, as in former times. This Settlement, built by the Government near Maseru, is in a most beautiful spot, which commands lovely views, including numerous mountain ranges. Here the afflicted people are segregated, near to their own people, who are permitted to visit them, and where, when very ill, they can be treated in the sick wards. These afflicted ones are encouraged to take interest in all kinds of work and are helped to pass time to the best of their ability—School, Church, needlework, gardening—and the Medical Superintendent, Matron and nursing staff encourage them to keep up their interest in healthy exercise of mind and body.

Miss J. C. Child—so long devoted to the sick in South Africa, now resident in England—writes us that there is always great rejoicing at the Settlement when arrested cases can be sent home, and a particular group evinced great pride when taking their departure dressed in their own handiwork—the jumpers Matron (Miss Willdon) had taught them to knit.

For some time friends of the Settlement have worked hard to raise funds for building the first church, and the ceremony of laying the foundation stone by the Bishop of Bloemfontein, attended by Canon Cotterell, Sir Edward Galloway, and other friends was a red-letter day indeed, worship hitherto having been held in a small structure unfitted for the purpose. Miss Child begs for practical interest in the work of this humanising Settlement. The Matron, devoted to their welfare, teaches the patients to knit, and would be most grateful if anyone has wool to spare, or could contribute funds to purchase supplies, which could either be sent to Miss Child to forward, addressed to 431, Oxford Street, London, W., or direct to Miss Willdon, Matron, Botsahelo, Maseru, Basutoland, South Africa.

Those of us who have never seen a case of leprosy can hardly realise the terrible misery of those called upon to suffer this most heartrending malady. Anything we can give, however little, let it be sent as a thankoffering for exemption from a fate so cruel, and as encouragement to those brave men and women who spend their lives attempting to alleviate and cure this dread disease.

**PROFESSIONAL UNION OF TRAINED NURSES.****EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.**

We have been able to obtain some very good work for our members, but will all please understand that posts must be dealt with strictly in order of membership; those who belong to the Union the longest, having a prior claim.

MAUDE MACCALLUM,  
*Hon. Secretary.*

**WILL-POWER.****AN INCIDENT IN A NURSE'S LIFE.**

When I was a young nurse I had an experience that was quite as thrilling as any fiction. I went as companion attendant to a young girl who had lost the use of her lower limbs owing to a shocking tragedy. There I learned the lesson as to the power of the will that has since influenced me in all my professional career.

The story was this. Miss S., who was shortly to be married, was standing one day with her lover on a piece of jutting rock watching a rough sea off the coast of Cornwall, when a huge wave suddenly swept her lover from her side. The girl, not being so far forward, managed to cling to a bush that grew on the edge of the cliff. The coast-guard found her still clinging to the bush, moaning and sobbing, an hour later.

A serious illness ensued. At first it was thought she would die; after a long, tedious period of uncertainty she recovered, but her power of walking, or even standing alone, was gone. The best advice was obtained but in vain. I had nursed her from the first, and I consented to remain with her permanently.

Miss S. was a gentle, patient creature, unusually gifted. She resolved to take up writing as an object in her shattered life. She soon became wonderfully proficient with her pen. It drew her thoughts from her crushing sorrow, and though physically she was a wreck, her mind was strong and energetic. I used to say to her: "I believe if you exercised your will power you would walk again." But she had lost all interest in any life except that of the intellect, and she did not make the effort.

This went on for two years. Then one day a wonderful thing happened. Tidings came from a distant country that her lover was alive and well. He had struck his head on a piece of rock as the wave carried him down. When he rose to the surface he was partially stunned, but with the instinct of a practised swimmer he had turned on his back and floated. The outgoing tide bore him away from the land; he was picked up by a passing steamer and taken to South America. He could not communicate with his friends as he had completely lost his memory.

It was not till the end of two years that he regained it. His first act was to cable to the girl he loved. The effect of the cable was magical. My patient threw aside the pen; a new impulse moved her. She determined to be able to walk when her lover returned. It was as I had said—when she brought the whole strength of her mind to bear on regaining the use of her limbs, she did so. By the time her lover reached England she was almost her old self. The power of the mind to dominate the body is a factor that is not sufficiently taken into account by doctors and nurses. In many cases it could cure without any treatment.

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