

were on military duty. She was glad to do this, as she said it was her "bit" toward the war. If any wished to come as in-patients she had to receive them into her home and be hostess as well as doctor, as she had no separate ward for Europeans. The testimony of one and all was the same, "So clever, so capable, so cheerful and so young."

After two years there she was appointed, on Dr. Allyn's return, to the hospital at Chicacole. There had been no missionary doctor there for some time and things were at a low ebb when Dr. Cameron arrived to take charge. In order to reach a greater number than were coming to the hospital, she opened a dispensary at the railway station nine miles distant. At first only a very small and unsuitable building could be secured—a room 9x12 in a bazaar. People from miles around flocked in until the narrow street in front was blocked and they lined up, waiting their turn to tell of their ailments and get medicine. They said, "No one ever came here to help us before but now you've come." The doctor said she felt like a clerk at a bargain counter, they swarmed about her, and as quickly as she could see one, make a diagnosis and hand out medicine, the next one was starting to make his wants known. On alternate mornings she visited this dispensary, and had from 100 to 140 each day. As the work had grown so rapidly she decided to build a suitable dispensary. Help came from unexpected quarters, and soon there stood a neat, two-roomed building with plenty of light and air—a monument to her zeal and energy.

Except for our missionary, Miss Day, a trained nurse who was studying Telugu, and therefore could only give two hours a week to dispensary work, but who was always "Happy Day" to her, Dr. Cameron was without trained help, but she was undaunted by hard work. Whenever anyone needed her the response was prompt and hearty. Last year she treated more than 14,000 patients.

When she was really worn out, she de-

clined to go for a rest, so anxious was she to see her work well established. Even this year she thought she would rather stay on the plains and "carry on." But with reluctance she consented to leave the scorching plains and go for a time to Kodaikanal, a beautiful health resort on the hills of South India. After five years without a real holiday, we can imagine how she enjoyed the month that followed. Her buoyant nature soon responded to the freedom from the burdens she had carried. She was radiantly happy with her missionary friends during the delightful intimacy of those days. Her mornings were spent in study, but the afternoons in recreation, walks, games, etc. Her ready wit and infectious humor were such that no one could be dull in her company.

On the Thursday she attended prayer-meeting, and on the way home talked with great animation of her plans for the future. Little did anyone think that so soon she would be taken, after only five years of work which appeared to be preparatory to still greater service. Dr. Cameron was only thirty-three years of age at the time of her death. On the Saturday, June 11th, a few friends were invited in for tea. She had been most active in helping to prepare and also in serving. When the guests were leaving she walked part way home with one who owed her much, for help given to a sick child. A sudden heart pain caused Miss Cameron to stop, and the friend led her to a low wall by the side of the road where she might rest. Just then Dr. and Mrs. Smith and Dr. and Mrs. Wölverton came along the road. They carried her into a nearby cottage and did everything possible, but in fifteen minutes she was gone.

It will be a comfort to her dear ones in the homeland to know that within the few minutes after the attack, the missionary doctors were with her, some of her dearest friends were about her at the last, and many of her fellow missionaries were near and did for her as they would for their own sister. And they mourned for her as for their own sister.