

Canadian Missionary Link

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DR. MARJORIE CAMERON.

By Miss Lida Pratt.

The news of Dr. Marjorie Cameron's death in India on June 11th was a great shock to all who knew her, and filled us with a sense of personal loss. He who doeth all things well knew which would serve His glory best, her ministry here, or, released from the limitations and frailty of body, to serve in joyous freedom "over there." To us is left the privilege of communicating to others somewhat of the fragrance of her noble life that it may be an inspiration to all, and who knows, may be a call to many to take up the work she has thus laid down.

As a child she was interested in missions, due to her mother's influence and teaching in the little white house at the foot of the hill in Leeds, Quebec. She used to say, "If there is still any place left when I grow up I want to go as a missionary." To this purpose was soon added another. When she was about ten years old she broke her arm. One day when her mother was dressing it she said: "I believe doctors can do more good than any other people," and she held firm to that conviction. She graduated in medicine from the University of Illinois in 1913, after which she was connected with the Battle Creek Sanatorium for two years, specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat work. Although tempting offers were made to her to remain at home and practice, these could not hold her. She had heard the Master's call, "Go ye," and she gladly responded. She sailed for India in the fall of 1915.

The first work of every missionary on arrival in India is the study of the vernacular. The love of her profession was so strong in Dr. Cameron that she wondered how she could live if she had to sit all day at Telugu and not have any sick folks to attend. She was then living in Cocanada where the large central Girls'

Boarding School is. Among 140 girls there are always some ailing, so she undertook to care for them, and the verandah by her room became a small dispensary. After hours of Telugu study this was a real rest and relaxation to her. How the girls loved her and admired the wonderful things she was able to do! Many a hearty laugh was heard as they tried to teach her some new word. She passed her first Telugu examination at the end of her first year.

In the following spring Dr. Allyn left on furlough and Dr. Cameron was appointed to take charge of her hospital work in Pithapuram, which then included building operations always so taxing to any missionary.

Her enthusiasm in her profession overran all bounds. It was more to her than her rest or food. There was an utter abandon of herself and an absolute unselfishness. One year she was invited with a party of missionaries to another station to spend Christmas, a time when perhaps more than any other there is a taste of real home life. Naturally she was looking forward with great pleasure to the day. But a little child in a high caste home was very ill at her station, and so she remained at home to stay beside the child. She and the nurse took turns throughout the day at the bedside, and each went alone to the bungalow to eat a solitary dinner without thought of Christmas festivities. When a friend remarked on her self-denial she made light of it saying she was more than repaid by having the child's father say that he now could better understand the Christian religion after seeing her love and sympathy.

In addition to her regular hospital and dispensary work in Pithapuram, she had many calls from the Europeans in the district. This work was particularly heavy at that time owing to the fact that many of the Government medical men

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