

true, Christian, scientific nurse. She told me that on my leaving the night before she immediately prepared to give them all antitoxin. On Mead asking her what she was going to do she told him, and he objected right off the bat. The wife from her bed joined in the objections. But on Miss Christie assuring them that everybody always used antitoxin in diphtheria nowadays, when she said *we* always use it, with the accent on the *we*, they made no further objections.

"You see, Mead thought I had said I had a good Christian Science nurse with me, when I had said a good Christian, scientific nurse—and so she was.

"About one in the morning the eldest child had died; and almost immediately after the mother was taken ill and about six the stork paid another visit to that little household in the northland. Miss Christie had followed out my directions explicitly and had kept her mouth closed as much as possible.

"On entering the house that morning, as health officer I explained, I saw the nurse had not been idle for a single moment. She had screened off the little bedroom, had her uniform on, and had moved the children's bed as far away from the new brother as possible. The dead child she had laid out on a small table in the children's bedroom, now unoccupied on account of the sickness and the cold. She had, in fact, done everything possible to do under the trying and very exceptional circumstances.

"I took Mead a little to one side, told him I was sorry for his trouble, and that I would do anything I could for him in his helplessness and misfortune. I was very careful not to make any mention of doctoring or of leaving any medicines, or of even going near the children at all. I left that all to the nurse. I got a chance to tell her to give them all another shot and double-up on the next child, a boy, who, I could hear without looking at, was also becoming croupy.

"'Now, Mead,' I said, 'Newton has a family; the undertaker in the village has a family, and he himself is down with pneumonia; and the minister, too, has a family of small children—if you agree, I'll drive in and get the little casket, instruct the sexton to open a grave—it will be pretty hard work with so much frost—and then I'll come out again to-morrow morning and act as undertaker, and you can bring your own horse and cutter or sleigh, with which to return.'

"The poor fellow could only squeeze my hand and say nothing. I saw he was suffering badly, and apparently that some sort of a struggle was going on within him.