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"SALADA"

B543

Society in Toronto where, as a delegate from the Belleville and Bay of Quinte Historical Society I had the pleasure of seeing them, besides many other interesting and valuable historical relics.

These notes were collected from various sources, more especially from the valuable notes of the late Thomas W. Casey, and the late Dr. Canniff, both valuable recorders of the history of this district.

The first Presbyterian clergyman in 1811 was Rev. Wm. Smart, of Elizabethtown (afterwards named Brockville, by General Brock himself). He was married in 1816 by Rev. John Bethune, the first settled clergyman of St. Peter's Church. He organized the first Sunday School in Upper Canada in the old Court House at Brockville. Sheriff Sherwood was the first Sunday School teacher. The first Presbyterian church was opened in 1819.

Rev. R. MacDowall was the first Presbyterian missionary in Upper Canada. He came to Kingston in 1798, and like the Anglican missionaries, he travelled miles and miles on horseback, even as far as London, Ont. The first doctor in this district was Dr. Solomon Jones, located about seven miles below Brockville. The first lawyer in Johnstown District was Samuel Sherwood.

THE GIRL OF THE REMAKE.

(Continued from page 86.)

Then again, you kept your counsel in a hospital, answered your patients judiciously, and prided yourself upon keeping them in the dark. But now you are lonely and inclined to make yourself amusing by gossiping, either to the patient inside the house, or to your friends outside the house. But remember this latter gossip is most unfair of all, because the patient is rarely normal, and makes confidences which he bitterly regrets, and which you still more bitterly regret if, in place of padlocking your lips, those confidences slip past you.

But hardest of all is the question of purity. You and your class-mates determined when you were set free on your own resources that "things of night at your glance should take fright," but what are you to do if your patient is idle, and whenever you are off your guard, flatters you or says low, common things, better left unsaid. Must you give offence? Must you be true? But remember you can only

"Lean over the golden bar, with open arm and heart of love,"
 so long as you are
 "strong as a lion, pure as a dove."

So far for the discouraging side; now for the encouraging! Think of the benefit your nursing is to the country. Think of the lessons of wholesomeness and cleanliness which you are giving in district nursing, especially out West. Think of the effect of your work upon foreigners, and still more upon Indian women, as you nurse them in up-to-date hospitals with their new-born babes in moss bags hanging beside them. Think of your influence upon your patient. That influence, it is true, largely turns upon your attitude towards him. You know that there is a front window with sunshine and trees in every house and a back window looking out on a rubbish heap. So just as surely there is a charm and a drawback in every character. You gain your influence over your patient as you are on the lookout for his charm, his front window, and as you avoid poking about with a stick in the dust of his backyard. You will need every bit of your influence as his illness increases and as the consciousness of his sinfulness and of the great Beyond draw nearer and nearer to him. They are realities which he cannot shake off. How can you help him? Only by living so near Christ yourself that like a patient in a hospital in India he will say: "Now that I have seen you and seen your ways, I want to know your God."

But you will say that is easier said than done. You are right. It is a miracle which comes straight from Christ alone, and is granted only to a life given in to His hand. The little lad who found himself with his school boy lunch of two barley loaves and three small fishes had his chance. He could hide those loaves in the rock and make sure of his meal, or he could sell them at a premium and make money, or he could win popularity by distributing among his friends. But he did neither the one nor the other. He saw his Master's need and the need of the multitude, and he placed those loaves and fishes in his Master's hand.

You in your nursing, like the boy on the outskirts of the multitude, take your choice. You drift along the line of self-seeking, money and popularity, or, denying self, you multiply your power by placing yourself in Christ's hand. You need every bit of your strength, for you know, and your patient knows, that death is whistling stealthily down the road. As that whistle echoes and re-echoes you long to pass the hand, so pathetically clinging to you, into the hand of Christ, so that your patient may never loose that clasp till "with the brotherhood on high, he is at home with God."

The epic of Canadian medicine and nursing is still unsung, but the first keynote is resounding in the traditions of the past, and that keynote tells a tale of daring and devotion. Think of the daring of amputating a poor fellow's thigh in a log cabin with knife hastily formed from a sickle, and without anaesthetics and antiseptics, and with only the aid of light from two home-made tallow candles. Or if you want devotion, think of the following record: "He laid aside all self and devoted his time to caring for the afflicted exiles, day and night, and often with no one to lend a helping hand to nurse and care for the strangers. Quietly and unostentatiously he passed through life, beloved by all, till at length, without fame and as if gently touched by the hand of a spirit saying, 'come up higher,' he yielded his spirit into the hands of his Creator."

But you say, that is the daring and devotion of the doctors, what of the nurses? True, but how far could doctors get nowadays but for the quiet step behind them, the quiet skill and daring of nurses? But in very deed the first echoes of the epic of that skill and daring are already ringing across the sea as the spirit

THE MODERN PAGE

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of Edith Cavell hovers over the Peace Conference.

"Did a white moth flutter against the window pane?"

Did a light wind whisper through the council hall?

The great men looked up, to see if it would come again,

And a listening silence fell upon them all.

Then they seemed to see her, coming with her bandaged eyes;

There was blood upon her dress where her wounds were bare;

So they placed a chair for her, without question or surprise,

For they knew the mighty dead had chosen to send her there.

They chose her, for she knew them all, soldier and little child—

The girls who in an hour grew old had sent a word by her;

Within her quiet hands she held their wrongs unreconciled—

She led a long procession, like a white-robed crucifer."

If you are fired by a like daring and devotion, if service is "the stuff of which your visions are made," you are on the brink of giving in your name "your swift, unerring choice," for teaching, nursing, or for your chosen profession. You only pray: "God give me hills to climb and strength for climbing."

(To be continued.)

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TODE Bryan the street, kets, as not selling paper a lively tune, but out for anything might happen. stand kept by a snatched a hand he ate as he w out his papers usual, for it w evening, and th business-men o homes.

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