

# Canadian Missionary Link

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Since going to press the sad news has come from India that Dr. Marjorie Cameron has died of heart failure. This is a great blow to our Board and our whole Mission. Our President asks for earnest and constant prayer that some one may soon be found to take up Dr. Cameron's work.

The following word, received by Mr. Stillwell some time ago, will now have a pathetic interest.

—Editor.

**Encouragement**—Like an early March thaw after a hard, cold winter, at last the "break" has come and the village folks have decided to take us at our word and come to the hospital as in-patients for operations. After one and a half years of long parleys, fair promises and no results, I had almost decided that they would never get their courage up to that high standard of taking your life in your hands, and coming into hospital to be at the mercy of the doctor and her instruments. But if we "Be not weary . . . in due time we shall reap." So after last harvest was over, and work in the villages was slack, you can imagine my joy each morning to find at my hospital a line of my dispensary villagers, bag and baggage, applying for admission. Folks I had long ago advised to come and had not heard of since, were there.

**Gratitude for Sight**—The cataract cases led off. I had seen many at the station dispensary from time to time, but although I had explained the uselessness of medicine and the efficiency of operation, each had said "yea, yea," and disappeared. However, there is security in numbers; one day as we carried the third cataract case off the table, the next applicant was being led in through the gate. Needless to say when they went back to their villages they were good advertisements. Nothing else brings so

much gratitude in proportion to the little energy expended as successful cataract cases. The highest fees I have yet received for this operation are a pair of chickens or a handful of eggs, or a string of coconuts, but I have been well repaid in that which money cannot buy. Usually we get more than we deserve in the line of gratitude.

**Pride**—The pride the villagers take in their post-operation scars is most amusing. One old lady said, "When I go back to my village everyone will come to see the place where I was cut, but I am going to tie it up and say you said that I must not undo it for six months." The matter of bathing did not enter her mind!

**Crowded Quarters**—The station dispensary continues to have an average of ninety to one hundred patients, and is becoming better organized and hence more satisfactory all around. The women have the back verandah, the new patients the middle door-way, and the "repeats" the front verandah. The "urgents" climb up the wall and thrust their heads in the side window and the minor operations are invited inside. Sometimes they are a good-natured crowd, and sometimes a jostling mob, each declaring that he or she came earlier and has waited longer than anyone else. Some are full of devices, not always beneficial. For example, a man and his wife appear for medicine with only one bottle between them. When pressed for a second bottle, they withdraw and reappear with the original bottle empty again. The man had gone out and drunk his liniment.

I am very sorry to have to shut up shop this year and go to the hills for vacation during the hot season. I would much rather carry on, but that would not be advisable for my own sake.

Marjorie I. Cameron.

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