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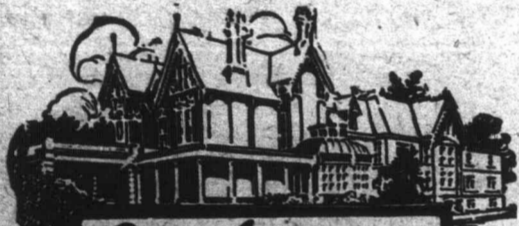
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learned to love that big, quiet boy prayed, and in that hope the devoted ward staff worked. Wilson was only nineteen, and the lad's reserved nature was inclined to get still farther back into its shell when he found himself among a band of strange ladies who enveloped his broad chest in a pneumonia jacket, fed him, washed him, and held an oxygen funnel to his lips when the crisis days drew on. Hitherto he had known nothing but a mother's loving care when he had fallen sick, and did we not notice just a shade of surprise in the big grey eyes when on his first morning the gramophone was suddenly cut off in the middle of "Down Texas Way," and the convalescent boys in blue stood to attention by their beds as the doctor began her round of the ward? Many times when on active service had Wilson seen the M.O. of his battalion riding his horse at the rear of the column to look after those for whom the long miles of a heavy march had proved too much.

But a lady M.O.!

This was something new, and at first Wilson was a little startled. Soon, however, he began to feel assured as he heard the sisters being carefully questioned as to his condition, and a course of treatment prescribed by one who very evidently knew her job. Later on the boys began to tell their experiences of army doctors.

"Look here, chums," said a cheery Lancashire lad, recovering from a recent operation, "this is what happened to me. Seven months ago I got a bullet which landed near my spine, and this is my sixth hospital. Twenty surgeons had run me over and each one said the same thing. He could do nothing. It was too ticklish a job. So I was a bit fed up when I landed here and found the hospital was run by women. A lady surgeon overhauled me and said she thought she could do something useful. So I let her carry on. It was a big job, but all went 18 carat and here (diving into his Dorothy bag and producing something carefully wrapped in lint) is my friend the enemy."

The bullet was passed around for inspection, and Gunner Wilcox rounded off his experience of lady doctors with a fervent, "And now, you bet, I shall always vote for women."

The boy in the corner bed grew cheerier.

"These women doctors are going to do me good," he said to himself. But for seven days and nights it was touch and go, and one of the sisters said that for all that week she never climbed the sixty steps that led up to F. ward when going on day duty, without a half expectation to find that bed in the corner tenantless.

There was a Mons ribbon on the charge sister's uniform, and with all the skill that four and a half years of war nursing had taught, brain and hands united in the beautiful ministry of winning the boys back to health.

Under sister H. the whole ward staff took their share in willing and splendid service, and Wilson was watched night and day.

One evening the night sister stood by the patient's side when all the lights were down and "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," had claimed for herself the lads in the three long rows of beds. Quick, laboured breathing from the bed in the far corner told that the crisis was not yet passed.

"How do you feel to-night?" asks sister. There was only the faintest smile in response. Wilson had no strength for speech. But it was a smile, and the quick eye of the sister had noticed it and she was glad.

"See here, old boy, I'm going to roll up my sleeves and work all I know how to get you better."

Sister suited the action to the words.

"And will you roll up your sleeves and do your very best, too?"

There was a little nod of ready response.

"Well, perhaps you can't quite manage to do it for yourself, but never mind, I'll roll them up for you. There you are! That will remind you of your promise."

What wonderful ways the sisters have!

A day or two more and the danger zone had been passed, and the good news spread around the hospital that Wilson was going to get well.

Slowly, very slowly, with improvement which at first only a trained eye could detect, our Ontario boy crept back, inch by inch, to health. On the eighth day the padre was let in behind the rampart of screens which surrounded the bed. "But you must only stay one minute," were his orders. He took the hint and made it a bare thirty seconds.

The days went by, and there were general ward rejoicings when Wilson was wheeled up to the fire.

One day the padre suggested a photo, "just to let mother see how splendid you're looking." So a group was arranged round the corner bed, and the little Vest Pocket Tenax camera—which in past years of active service in France and Italy the padre would have given a great deal to have been able to use in recording many a scene of interest—was perched on a bed table, a plate was exposed, the X-Ray sister lent her dark room for developing purposes, and a quite passable negative resulted.

Another week or two and a glad day came when our boy from Canada found himself in the lift going down to the courtyard to breathe God's fresh air once more. There are no flower beds or lawns of vivid green in this heart-of-London hospital of ours. Just a plain rectangular yard, paved with asphalt, on which the beds and the wheel chairs are dotted about. But it is "outdoors," and that is a magic word to our sick and wounded boys after they have been wardered for long weeks.

So Wilson won through. A hospital does not do much trumpet blowing, but it was generally voted that Wilson's was one of the most splendid recoveries that the unit had known in three and a half years of pretty strenuous war service.

There were two happy men by that corner bed when the padre and the big Canadian had their last chat together.

"Shall I tell you, old son, what the Chaplain-General once said in my hearing? It was one of those sentences that stick."

"What was that, padre?"

"Just these five words: 'Let your thanksgiving be thanksgiving!'"

ON A HOT SUNDAY.

Scots Minister (visiting invalid deacon): "I'm sorry ye missed my sairmon on predestination last Sabbath, deacon. I spoke wi' great freedom twa hours and feefy meenutes."

Deacon (sympathetically): "Eh, mon, but ye must hae been tired?"

Scots Minister: "Na, na, I was as fresh as a rose—but ye should hae seen the congregation!"

BIBLICAL NOTE.

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterward he met the curate who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how do you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah!" was the instant reply. "I only found it in Exodus."