

The two porters. The head porter is leaving us, after many years' service ---a leper, and his disease steadily advancing, he is becoming unable to do the work we require from him. We are giving him a sum of money to start a shop, and trust he will prosper in trade. You could not follow, I fear, our little Chinese service, so we will pass on, and at 7.30 you must come down with me to the wards, leaving Mrs. Maxwell to overlook the hospital kitchen accounts and arrangements for the day- i.e., for the hundred and fifty patients, employees, etc.

## THE WARDS.

We look into the dispensary on our way in order to send to their respective wards the students who are waiting our coming, and pass on ourselves at once with the house surgeon to one of the large male wards. This ward contains thirty-four beds and a small room for a "ward boy," whose duties are to see that the place is kept clean and to help to look after the patients. I fear that you would think the ward a dreary place indeed. Paved with red tiles, with whitewashed walls, it is conspicuous for the absence of furniture of all kinds, except the beds and the shelves between the beds. The beds are nothing but iron frames with painted boards fitted into the frames; the shelves have to serve the purpose of a hanging wardrobe and a place for keeping medicine bottles and eating

bowls. The bedding, the patient's own. Consists of a straw mat thrown over the boards, and, in the winter, of a thick wool quilt in a cotton cover ---sometimes without the cover, and usually filthily dirty. In the summer only the cotton cover is brought, and often nothing at all. The China-Man, unlike ourselves, does not change his clothing at night.

The numbers are over the beds in enamel figures, and we hasten to begin our round. While we have been speaking, the prescription boards have been all taken from their nails and placed conveniently at the foot of the beds. Our first case is one of a type very common in all tropical countries---a man whose spleen has attained enormous dimensions, weighing many pounds instead of a few ounces. This is due to chronic malarial fever or other poison of a like nature. This man should spend many weeks in hospital if he is to be greatly benefited, but probably after a week or two he will think that progress is not very rapid, and will get tired and go off. No. 2 shows the dangers of civilization—a man who came in one night with a very serious injury to his foot calling

far amputation. He had been run over while shunting railway cars at ten station near by.

No.3 is a case of dysentery, one of the most difficult diseases we have To treat owing to the impossibility of dieting the Chinaman; he will get Well soon, but probably be back on our hands again before very long