

equally interesting case was that of a stalwart Pathan with a gun shot wound of the spine, he had complete paraplegia and went gradually down hill ; thanks to our water beds and air cushions, which have proved such a boon in all our spinal cases, his sufferings were much lessened.

Mention, too, must be made of the value of the hand and foot baths, especially in the very septic wounds, usually those caused by bombs.

Finally a few remarks with reference to diets and cooking may not be out of place. There are various standard diets in the hospital.

- a. Field rations for patients on full diet consisting of meat, vegetables, rice, dhal, ata and dried fruits.
- b. Hospital diet of milk and rice boiled together, a very convenient food for patients unable to digest the full diet and not sufficiently ill to be on milk alone.
- c. Milk diet.

Patients not on diets *a*, *b*, or *c*, are distinguished by a special colour of clothing to prevent their surreptitiously stealing out and getting food at the dining hall. Patients on milk diet are a difficult proposition very often for they are not partial to tinned milk and the Indian palate has not been educated to farinaceous foods, coffee, jellies, custards, etc., and a great deal of patience and tact is needed in feeding them. The sepoys not having been previously nursed by sisters cause expectations of difficulty and opposition on account of caste prejudices which are both numerous and powerful but, when their confidence is once gained, they are willing to listen to reason and take nourishment in the light of medicine, so in this way it is possible to vary their diets and give them nourishing food. In a very short time anything prepared by sister is eaten by the men and no objection of any sort raised ; this it has generally been admitted has been a great boon in the nursing of sepoys.

THE SHADOW ON THE TANK.

BY MISS YOUNG.

THE road to the tank was long and dusty. The lumbering cart wheels sank in deep ruts of dust ; goats and goatherds moved in a cloud of dust ; the cactus bushes at the side of the road were grey with dust. The heavens were drab, the sun a pale ineffectual ball ; the horizon, a vague wall of dust. By the side of the road sat a child, dirty, unkempt, with sore eyes and a withered arm. A pariah dog staggered down the road with mutilated ears twitching a feeble protest against tormenting flies. There were but few patches of hair on its mangy skin, and its legs were shaking and trembling with paralysis. The wind had whirled rags, paper, sticks and straws against the thorny leaves of the cactus bushes ; here and there a dirty ragged garment had been flung away into the hedge.

One walked along the dusty road and all these sordid details weighed down on his spirit, clouding it as the dust clouded all the view, near and far, around him.

The tank was large and at some seasons in some years it might have been a broad expanse of water. But now the water had shrunk away from one end, and on both sides there were more steps above the water than below. The steps were dirty, in some places covered with green and yellow slime, in others brown and laden with dust and dirt. At the far end of the tank was an old and crumbling temple. Inside, a stone daubed with red marked the recent visit of a chance worshipper; otherwise there was nothing to suggest worship. The plaster had mostly fallen away, the bricks were many of them loose and crumbling. Bats and pigeons were in evident possession.

On the south side of the tank was a tree, a poor, little, mean tamarisk tree. The dust had left nothing green about it; the wind had blown it hither and thither till it had lost all symmetry. Other worshippers had tied bits of coloured rag to its crooked branches in token perhaps of some desire fulfilled. The water of the tank was brown, thick and muddy. The edge was crowded with refuse, bits of broken earthenware pots, and half submerged bushes festooned with slime.

The dog tormented with flies and disease stumbled to the water's edge and drank. Then it lay down under one of the bushes.

A woman came down the steps to the water and began to wash a filthy garment beating it in the water with her fists. Across the thick muddy water spread a still muddier wave. The one who had passed along the road came and sat down on the edge of the tank. He looked at the dog and the woman, and all the dust and dirt around him. Life after all was very sordid and mean, and the muddy brown water of the tank and the dust which blotted out all view and all colour were very representative of life.

Then his eyes wandered across the water to the shadow cast by the poor, mean tree. It was a beautiful shadow, blue and deep and still. The contrast between the beautiful shadow and the ugly, brown water held his eyes. Yet—what had happened? Surely the water was changed! "Ugly brown water"?—The tank was nothing less than a dazzling mosaic of blue and gold with flashes of *water* in its ripples. Filth and sordidness? There was none; it was all gold and glory.

A question, you see, of focus.

Ah, if only there were a focus from which one might look at life, the life of pain and sorrow and meanness and sin, and see it changed into gold and glory.

Across the waters there steals a shadow cast by a poor mean sordid tree, once set upon a hill called Calvary, and eyes that gaze into that shadow find the brown muddy water changed into blue and gold with flashes of silver.