

ten thousand lights. In these *mela* are great opportunities for religious work. There are hundreds of hearts truly seeking for the light. Many come in from the villages whose minds are unprejudiced and they gladly hear the Gospel. Perhaps we missionaries are accustomed to look upon the bright side too much, and give thrilling reports of our work, but all who gaze upon the proceedings of that day know there is a dark side, and that unthinkable, unspeakable conditions prevail. I hope this short sketch may be used in His name to win more prayer, prevailing prayer for India, and for all dark lands.

MY PATIENT IN RAJPUTANA.

BY MARGARET.

I LEFT Bombay for K—a State in Rajputana, by fast passenger train. The journey took 28 hours by rail and a few hours more by carriage. I was the only European lady passenger. On arrival at Baroda I had to change trains. During the journey I went to the different refreshment rooms for my meals. Some of them were fairly decent while others were not nicely served, also I had mostly to wait a very long time before anything was brought for me to eat, the result being I had scarcely finished the first course when the warning bell went for me to return to the train. This was bad management, as the guard always telegraphed ahead that I needed breakfast or dinner as the case might be. I was very annoyed as I had to pay for a meal I had hardly touched. I believe this is a trick for the benefit of waiting room butlers, they delay in bringing food so that they practically get the full amount of money with no expense to themselves. After 28 hours journey I arrived at the wayside station where I was to leave the train. I got out and found the station master. He told me I had a cart drive before me which would take 2½ hours. I informed him I was on my way to nurse the Rani of K—State. He at once became more affable and would insist that I should make use of his bedstead! I thanked him heartily but refused, he insisted and rather than give offence I said “very well.” The bedstead was placed in the waiting room, I put my own bedding upon it and slept until 6 a.m. In the meantime a carriage had arrived from the palace for me, and I found to my surprise it was no larger than a band-box, it rather resembled a rickshaw and was drawn by two strong horses. The station master asked me as a favour to kindly take his son with me to K—. Our Journey began, the country was wild, open and rugged and the one road was terribly in need of repair. The horses could not pull the little “band-box” easily, owing to the ruts and holes on the way, so two buffaloes were harnessed instead, and you can imagine our progress was slow, and the shaking we got can better be fancied than described! The two buffaloes after a while were brought to a standstill by the wheels of the conveyance sticking in the ruts, so four native assistants were employed to push behind when necessary. Many a time our progress was arrested by hundreds of pea-hens and some

pea-cocks, the latter opened out their lovely tails and pranced about just ahead of us, we had to wait their pleasure for being sacred birds we could neither drive them away nor kill them. At last we reached the city and drove through it to the Palace and then on to the guest house. I was glad to get out of the band-box, and make myself comfortable by a wash and change. I was driven to the Palace which seemed to date back to the time of Noah, a large gloomy looking building. Within the rooms were large but so dark and dirty. I was asked to sit in one of the rooms and I felt I was being scrutinized by dozens of eyes. I was told my patient was asleep, but after a short time I was informed I could enter the sacred room. I did so and saw before me a fat, healthy middle-aged woman, and thought within myself, my lady I need more nursing than you do. She was most polite and asked me to take her pulse, which I did and pronounced satisfactory, she laughed and informed me "I am not your patient, come, I will take you to her." I found out after that this lady was the favourite wife of the Rajah; he possessed in all five. Well, I at last reached my patient, the chota Rani or small queen. I soon discovered it was a case of fistula in the anus with sinuses. The favourite wife informed me "I have operated on her with a pen-knife, and it just needs dressing here." I was questioned was an operation necessary and I told them to wait till the next day and allow me time to make a thorough examination. I may mention that there were no doctors in the station, the nearest one being 6 hours off by train with an additional two hours by tonga. On my verdict being that an operation was necessary, of course they expected me to do it, when I declined the honour they were much disappointed and I had some difficulty in making them understand the difference between a surgical nurse and a surgeon. They at last agreed to send for a Lady Doctor. It was a long and tedious case. During my stay they were most kind and I witnessed many queen festivals and got an insight into curious customs.

BOOK REVIEW.

By Miss Webb.

WE have received from the Scientific Press another of their pocket series of small and useful books. Written and compiled by Miss H. M. Edmonds who has been a Sister at Guy's Hospital for some years, in charge of a large medical ward "Diet in Convalescence" proves that its contents are well worth perusing. The recipes will be found most helpful and the interesting way in which the other portion of the book is written also should be its own incentive to popularity. The price of "Diet in Convalescence" is one Shilling net.
