

imagine," she says, "the differences between medical work in this land and at home. A *gharri* (a sort of covered cart) arrives at night, containing a native woman and one or two men, and you are told that far, far, at the other side of the city, a woman is lying very ill, that native skill is of no avail, and you are asked, 'Will you come?' Of course you will, was there any question of it? Chance may be, that your horse is tired and you use the *gharri*. Down the rambling narrow streets you go, turning sharp corners, making what seems to be almost miraculous escapes from running down goats, dogs, children, men and women, with whom the streets are thronged. You hope that your driver's lungs may prove equal to the need, and that he may long be spared to clear the way by those loud threatening cries he utters.

"How strange and weird the scene is, the darkness of the streets relieved only by the flickering lights that burn on the platform in front of the houses. Here, in front of this house, a crowd is seated, whistles are blowing, and drums are beating, the noise is deafening. It is a wedding, and the bedecked figure in the chair of state is the bridegroom. We turn down another street, and pass another group, the wails of grief make your soul shudder; hired as the mourners may be, there is an awfulness in their wail. Another soul has taken its flight to the unknown land. On we go. Now, we are nearing the Rajah's palace. I know it by the lights, for even in this land we have the electric light. Now we are beyond the city, and see the beautiful eastern sky, with the Southern Cross, the young moon, and its splendour of stars.

"You stop at last before a group of hovels with thatched roofs, and in front of one of them is a company of watchers. You ask: 'Is she alive, still?' 'Yes, Mem Sahib,' and you follow the speaker into a long low passage lying parallel with the house, then into a little room, on the floor of which the sick woman lies. You have to gather up your skirts to step around, the place is so small. On every side, up to the ceiling, cakes of dung are piled for future use as fuel; as the cow is a sacred animal, anything cooked with this will have a special sanctity. The room is full of smoke and smell, so we have our patient taken out to the passage-way and getting down on the floor of earth beside her we seek to relieve and, if possible, to save life."