

Reflections.

FROM A BOARD ROOM MIRROR.



HON. SURGEON TO THE KING.—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Roe Hooper, K.C.S.I., retired, Indian Medical Service, has been appointed honorary surgeon to the King, vice Deputy Surgeon-General H. Cayley, C.M.G., deceased.

A GRUESOME THANKOFFERING.—The Bishop of London, it is understood, has stated that a subscription of £5 has been sent to his fund by an undertaker, who sent the thankoffering because trade has "been so brisk."

A NEW CHAIRMAN AT THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL.—The Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, has received a donation of £25 from the Earl of Sandwich, who has recently accepted the position of Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Hospital.

THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.—At a meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund, held this week at the Mansion House, at which the Lord Mayor, Sir James Ritchie, presided, the Secretary read the report of the Committee of Distribution, which recommends the distribution of £56,371 to 157 hospitals and fifty-eight dispensaries.

THE MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—The lady doctors practising in Scotland recently held a Conference at Edinburgh, when the future medical education of women and the possibility of obtaining admission to the membership and fellowship of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons were discussed. Women medical students are not allowed to attend the University classes in Edinburgh and Glasgow, as they are at Aberdeen and St. Andrews, nor will the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons admit women to membership. We are glad to learn that a special committee was appointed to promote the reforms needed.

BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.—At the last quarterly court of Governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, it was stated that the Convalescent Home, opened at Heatherside by the Prince and Princess of Wales in June, would not be ready for patients for some little time to come. After Christmas the private nursing staff of the hospital will be discontinued.

NOT AS PRESCRIBED.—The accurate prescription of drugs is a matter of primary importance to both doctor and patient, and the judgment of the magistrates at Birmingham in a case where a chemist was fined for not serving a compound drug according to prescription is sound in principle. The defendant supplied 140 instead of 241 minims of diluted sulphuric acid, excusing his action on the ground that he thought the dose excessive, and had used his discretion. The Bench held that he should have made up the mixture according to prescription, or refused to dispense it.

Our Foreign Letter.

A VISIT TO BENARES, THE HOLY CITY OF THE HINDUS.

BY A SISTER ON PLAGUE DUTY.

"They stretch lame hands of Faith  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what they feel is Lord of all."



We arrived in the evening and drove out to see a Buddhist pillar, situated about five miles from Benares, at a place called Sarnath. The

pillar is said to be about 2,000 years old; it is built of dark-red bricks, with an outer covering of stone. The carving on the stone-work is beautiful and wonderfully preserved; it looks almost like Tudor carving. Those strange people who lived in the far-off times knew how to work, and work faithfully, too.

The legend is that Buddha first preached his gospel from Benares, and that wherever he rested for any length of time, there a pillar was raised. It stands on a slightly rising bit of ground, and all around it are the ruins of the ancient Benares. How peaceful and still it looked, silhouetted against the intense blue of the Indian sky. How the reverence of it all struck one! Here, on this quiet spot, stands a testimony of one of the world's best and greatest men. As we looked, the moon came out over the rugged top of the pillar, and the air was full of the sounds that go to make a great silence. One seemed to be quite away from the modern world, to be wrapped in a mysterious mantle; We drove back to our hotel a silent party.

At seven next morning we were on our way to the Ganges. We drove in wonderful, though dilapidated carriages, kindly lent us by the Maharajah of Benares, who was most considerate to us during our stay, one of our party, Colonel ———, having been stationed at Benares for some years.

On our way to the Ganges the thoughts that possessed me as we drove through the city! Each house, however humble, had its sacred symbol painted on the outside. Benares breathes holiness—and dirt. The people one meets in the streets are all more or less wrapped in contemplation, and have a haughty, stand-off look. We drove for about an hour before we sighted the river, then the full glory burst on us. We descended a flight of steps, and before us lay a panorama, the like of which I shall never see again, for, truly, there is only one Benares.

Picture a wide, almost a noble river, with miles of ancient temples and palaces coming out of the morning mist, the sun struggling to break through, every moment making the scene before us more beautiful and fair—nothing, as far as the eye could reach, but beautiful buildings. The colouring was gorgeous. Some of the domes were gilded, some were blue, the peculiar blue with which one gets so familiar in India, and before each temple and palace a long flight of steps, with a never-ceasing crowd of gaily-dressed natives passing up and down. Some going up from their sacred ablutions to do homage in the temples; others going down to be purified in the river.

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