

water, and then carbolic lotion. They wanted to know what it was all done for, when it would only get dirty with blood when I attended to it. I begged of them to leave me with the child, and go out in the garden while it was being done. No, not they. They must witness what I did. There was no help for it, so I injected cocain into one finger, and bound up the child's eyes, made one little snick with the tip of a lancet, and with my finger gently broke down the skin between the little and next finger. There was not much trouble, so when I had dressed that with iodoform gauze, and bandaged it up, I had courage and did each of the others. The thumb was the most difficult to attend to. It was so much more firmly attached. When that was finished I put on a hand splint and a sling. The child assured me she felt nothing, and thought that I was only playing, and was most astonished when she was told it was done. The third day I dressed the hand it looked healthy, and in ten days she left with the use of all her fingers. I need not say that all the blessings of heaven were invoked for me, and that I might have long life and strong legs, and that I should soon get a husband and have many children, and then I should be blessed indeed!!

I feel sure many will blame me and say that I ought not to have done it. Neither should I if a doctor had been at hand, but our nearest lady doctor was 14 days' journey away and could not get back until the snows began to melt.

Many small things our lady doctor often made me do in her presence, as she was single-handed and could not always attend to all cases. She said what was true, that a time might come when she might be ill, or away, and she might be glad if I could do small things for her; and so it proved. I have worked under three lady doctors, and my experience is that I am only sorry there are not a great number more to go out into the wilder places of the earth and attend to our poor sisters, who would rather die than be attended to by a man.

Women can enter where no man can go, and it is by getting at the mothers that one can hope to raise the people. The great thing for a nurse working among Kashmiris and Lehdarkies is to gain their confidence, listen to their joys and sorrows, and let them see that she loves them, and then she can do almost anything with them, for they are really only grown up children.

The great trial of working among them is their extreme dirt and poverty. They are so poor that when you send them out with a nice clean dressing, as soon as they get home off it comes, and the dirtiest bit of old rag is put on. The cotton wool they make wicks of to burn in the oil vessels. The bandages they will save and sew together for a loin cloth.

Insects of all kinds are on their bodies from dirt, and as it is a most deadly sin to kill anything that God creates, often and often did the women go on their knees to me and beg me not to cut off the children's hair and kill what was therein, as God would give me such a punishment when I died, and although I was a follower of Jesus Christ they did not want the devil (Shatan) to whip me.

Trusting this little account may be interesting to some readers of the *NURSING RECORD*, I am sending you a little picture of our hospital to see, with one of the nurses on the verandah. The boat waiting to take my little patient away. The tower-like building is a

Mahomedan's shrine. The one with the spire near our building is a great holy place, where childless Hindu women go on pilgrimage for children. From there they often came into the hospital to see the lady doctor, and would ask for medicine to give them children; some would stop for proper treatment, others would not stop but be advised. If a child was given it had to be taken to the shrine and a thank-offering given to the Temple.

Several times we also had the pleasure of seeing the little one. Oh! the fuss we made of it and the mother, and agreed with her that God had heard her prayer. We would crown the pleasure by giving the little child something, such as a string of beads for its neck, or what they liked best was a little pair of socks. The mother, a reel of cotton, a bit of tape, or a few pins. But the greatest treasure was a little penny mirror, so we always had some sent out to us when we were ordering things from home. Once I had nothing but a few dressed dolls. I offered one to a little child as I had nothing else, forgetting that it was a Musselman's child. What a curse came on me from the parents offering an *idol* to their child! The thing was thrown on to my lap.

I most humbly begged their pardon for making such a mistake, and begged their forgiveness as a stranger in a strange land. They quite understood, and said that they hoped I should have no displeasure at their not accepting it. The mother was most interested in a safety-pin that was on my table, and when I made her a present of it she kissed my hands and feet with joy as though it was something most valuable, and when I gave her another she was wild with delight. About three months after we received a present of a live chicken from the patient who received the safety-pins. She lived ten days' journey off. So it will tell you that it was no light gift to send by a fellow-villager who was coming in for treatment. When we said we were so sorry that they had had trouble in bringing it, they said it was no trouble, but a very great pleasure.

Yours very truly,
ELIZABETH NEWMAN.

[We regret we cannot reproduce the water-colour sketch, as the lake on the shores of which the picturesque little hospital stands, is the lake referred to in Lalla Rookh, and is, indeed, charmingly presented.—ED.]

The Medical Exhibition.

WE propose to comment at greater length next week upon the Medical Exhibition at Queen's Hall, Langham Place. This Exhibition is now an annual institution, and the large sprinkling of nursing uniforms usually to be seen there seems to prove that its popularity with the nursing profession is assured. It is certainly a boon to those who have only a limited time at their disposal to find, collected under one roof, all the latest novelties of professional interest to them. It is certainly wise to acquaint oneself with all that makes for perfection in connection with one's calling, and nurses do well to visit this and kindred exhibitions. The Exhibition Committee are to be congratulated upon securing the Queen's Hall, for it would be impossible to obtain a more central building for the purpose.

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