

We found him in the chief wife's hut, squatting over the fire. I sat down on the floor quite naturally, and so got the purest air below the smoke zone. Then I looked at our patient; he was an old man; his skin was wrinkled and dirty; he was very emaciated, and seemed ill. He was clothed in a horse blanket of many colours; around his neck were several strings of beads. A man, ornamented with animals' teeth, dried bones, and various other things, sat beside the Board member, and from his expression did not approve of the missionary. It was an awkward situation. The visitor was a witch doctor; it was just as embarrassing as if a man with fads had two doctors, a homeopathic for ordinary times, and an allopathic for extraordinary, and they were to meet on his door step. While my friend was having a bad time, I enjoyed myself talking without words to the women and children. The wives all gathered in, and sat in a row before me, and I told them what I thought of their fine fat children, and complimented them on the strength of their necks by pointing to the small barrels of water they had brought from the stream, then to my own neck and badly hung head. They enjoyed it, laughed, stroked the fat stomachs of their offspring, and showed me how easily they balanced weight on their heads. Our visit was short, the Board member condescended to shake my hand, and accept an orange. But the witch doctor ignored me; women are below contempt in Kaffirland. I should think there will be a lively time in another century or two when Kaffir women ask for the suffrage.

Most of the patients lived at a distance, and we drove to their kraals. I can only give a few examples of our work, but will endeavour to make them typical.

One was a woman with an ulcerated leg, that had baffled domestic treatment and Kaffir doctors before she came under the care of the missionary. Her husband was a member of the Church, although this wife was still a heathen. The leg was healing when I first saw it. The treatment cleanliness, calomel, and starch powder. We reduced the former after a while, and the woman is now quite recovered, has joined the Church, and, most wonderful of all, mothers the younger wife and her children—she has none of her own.

When at this house, which the missionary uses as a sort of out-station, a man asked him to come and see his wife who was ill at a kraal some distance away. This was new ground for the missionary. All the people belonging to the kraal were *Reds*, which just means that they never came to school or Church, and followed in the way of their forefathers. *Red* in Kaffirland has come to signify a heathen, because he wears a blanket that has been dyed with red ochre, also rubs red ochre into his hair. The Christian, and also the school Kaffir, leaves off this habit when he embraces Christianity or civilisation.

The hut we entered had a pot of cooked mealies in the middle of the floor, and a number of men and women were sitting around smoking, occa-

sionally taking a handful of grain from the pot. The patient was lying on a mat, and tried to rise on her knees as we entered. She had a baby three weeks old, and had not been well since its birth. Her temperature was 104 degrees, and her pulse almost too small and rapid to count. Besides, she had three abscesses that very much wanted attention. It was a case far beyond our few simple remedies, and to bring a doctor two score miles to treat a septic patient lying on the floor of a dirty and crowded hut seemed also impracticable. The only chance the girl appeared to have for her life was to put her in an ox wagon on a bed of straw, and to take her to the town forty miles away, where there was a hospital for such as she. While my companion was explaining this, I noticed the quick breathing of a child behind me. He was without clothing, and when I touched him his skin burnt. I found his temperature registered 106 degrees. This child belonged to another kraal it seemed. The men looked amused, and the women indifferent when we suggested he might have a blanket, and be allowed to lie down. There had just been a beer drink at their kraal, which is how they generally commemorate the unspeakable customs of the country. As the people sat around the filthy hut, eating out of their unsteady hands, and smoking reeking tobacco that mingled with the smoke from the fire of cow dung in the hut I felt a sudden revulsion and loathing for them and their habits. The men's eyes were bloodshot and evil; the older people looked crafty and unclean. The women were as much degraded as the men, and even the boys and girls showed the instincts and passions of young animals. Perhaps this was my longest peep at the real native, the man who does not want Church or school, who never holds out beseeching hands saying, "Come over and help us"; the native who lives without responsibility, and who dies in indifference.

In another kraal we found a woman who had got erysipelas from wearing native bracelets. These are often put on before a girl grows up, and if she tends to plumpness they cause inexpressible pain. They cannot be removed except by being severed.

But I must conclude with a glance at a brighter side of life in Kaffirland, or my readers will think we had a sad holiday. The children are the hope of the country, they can all attend school, and they need never know the customs and practices of the land, which makes it almost impossible for any adult Kaffir to be pure-minded.

We visited the school at our friend's mission station, where there is a native teacher, whose name is Shadrack Meshack. The children sang, "Mary had a little lamb" and several hymns, a favourite being "Blessed *bundle* of angels coming to carry me home." The one we liked best was, "We shall stand before the King."

There was a wedding in another district. The dusky bride was attired in white, and had orthodox bridesmaids, who all wore white gloves and carried parasols. After the ceremony, and while the register was being signed, the choir sang in

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