be in supreme command of the sick, and his orderlies would see that the patients did not expose themselves to the inclemency of the weather.

I have mentioned as one cause of the deaths of many patients shortly after arrival on board ship, "sheer want of attention"; when I say that, I do not wish to cast any aspersion either on the ship-owner, the doctors of the ships, or the captains and those under them, for I owe my life and presence here to-day to the skilful and unremitting attention of Doctor William Bell, late doctor of the S.S. *Accra* and to the kindness of Captain Hampson, the commander of that ship, who most considerately placed the ladies' deck saloon at my disposal while there were no lady passengers on board; here I must place on record the kindly act of a lady, Mrs. Kitson, wife of a high colonial official, a stranger to me, who, on coming on board and hearing that a very sick male passenger was monopolizing the ladies' deck saloon, refused to exert her right and have me turned out, preferring to put up with the inconvenience of the ladies' between deck cabin, and anyone who knows what the rainy season is in the tropics, can fully appreciate the great sacrifice this lady made for me, a total stranger to her, but every invalid on board ship is not so lucky as I was; nor must my remarks be understood to cast any slur upon the owners of the West African Steamship lines, for one of them, Mr. A. L. Jones, has liberally subscribed towards the school of tropical disease, besides always being prepared to assist any good work started to ameliorate the lot of those whose duty calls them to Western Africa.

Having exonerated every one connected with the steamers, I will now proceed to draw a true picture of what often occurs to an invalid sent down from some up-country station; he generally arrives one or two hours before the steamer is timed to leave the Port, no one is there to receive him officially as an invalid, the doctor of the steamer in many cases is away either in consultation with the doctor of the Port on some serious case, or he is doing the Port doctor's work because the Port doctor is unwell himself, therefore this could not occur if the doctor had a trained nurse under him, who would never leave the ship when the doctor was absent. The question naturally arises, "What has this official reception to do with the patient's chances of life or death?" I will now proceed to tell you. The peculiarity of many tropical diseases is, that the patient, very often to the unprofessional eye, does not seem seriously unwell, though he may be within a few minutes of absolute collapse and death; the mere fact of his being at last on board ship and really on his way home gives the patient a spurious energy and appearance of being better and stronger than he really is. The patient, on arriving on board, finds all the officers and saloon staff busily engaged on their special duties, all is hurry scurry, he finds the only people unemployed are the passengers amongst whom he perchance spies an old friend or acquaintance, everyone is gay, either on his own account or because he is saying good-bye to some one who is homeward bound, the invalid is invited to join in a friendly cocktail or a glass of champagne in which to toast the homeward-bound chum. What with this and the air he breathes down by the sea coast being stronger than what he was accustomed to up in the bush, he drops off to sleep *on deck*. Soon the time comes for the steamer to start, and what was only a nice, gentle, cool sea breeze, becomes a strong, cold wind as the ship steams out against a head wind; ten minutes of this wind is ample to chill the invalid to the very marrow, which means death to him in a very few hours. I say ten minutes of this cold wind is enough to kill an invalid from an up-country station or anywhere, but I have known many cases where the sick person has been allowed to remain on deck where he dropped off to sleep until the small hours of the next morning, when up would come the sailors to wash down the decks; they would awaken him and he would totter down to his berth, and in a few hours he would be in a raging fever, and, oftener than not, dead before any one on board had realized the fact that he was an invalid from up country.

I have no doubt some people will be inclined to say this kind of thing might happen just as well with a doctor and trained nurse on board as with only a doctor. I say "no," because the invalid, knowing there is on board some one specially appointed to look after him, would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, immediately ask for the doctor or the nurse; then, again, being an invalid, the chief steward would direct him to be taken to the hospital.

In conclusion, I should like to refer again to the deep interest the late Miss Mary Kingsley took in this question, and earnestly entreat my audience to read an article written by her, entitled "Nursing in West Africa," published in the June number of *Chambers Journal*. Miss Mary Kingsley was one of the hardest working women I ever met with in any subject she took up. I have been connected with and lived a great portion of the last thirty-eight years in Western Africa, and during that time I carefully studied native manners, customs, and laws in

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