

face of the earth; slowly the mountains and hills and valleys unfolded before our eyes, the birds began their mattins, and all living things gradually awakened to greet the new day. Soon King Sol appeared, laughing down on us as we toiled up a steep hill, then came the joyful sight of a small tin-built wayside place, where we knew fresh mules and breakfast awaited us. Otherwise, such a shanty would have been a blot on the landscape.

Ah! it is worth it all! the pains, the bumps, the bruises, the sore stiff body—tired, dusty (as you know not dust) sun-blistered—one learns to think the journey worth it. Such mountains and passes as one goes through, such deep, gloomy cuttings, and great muddy slow-moving rivers, and up and up steep, practically roadless hills, and, worse still, down them sometimes! And the bush—great forests—and oh, the gorgeous flowers! how we longed to stay and picnic in the bush amongst them! I enjoyed it all—tired as one got, and achy and sore—wet or shine, it was all new and “very good.” And as we journeyed the ever cheerful tireless driver who had travelled that road for over a score of years regaled us with past experiences. In the dark of one wet night, as we rumbled along, he halted on the slope of a slippery hill. “It was here a month ago that the other driver went over a stone in the rut, the cart over-turned and two passengers—a nun and a little girl—were killed—necks broken!” Then he went on as cheerfully as ever, until ten p.m. brought us to our halting place for the night. And so we journeyed on for three days and nights until at last we came upon Kokstad! Kokstad, the dear little hill-town which nature has cradled so lovingly amongst soft green treeless hills, with just one rugged giant to guard her on the north.

The streets are wide and irregular, with deep open water furrows on either side, separating them from the side paths, and planted all along are the graceful weeping willows and great blue gums and pepper trees, which hide much that is not beautiful in the way of houses, architecture as yet not being one of South Africa's strong points. Most of the houses stand back in their own gay gardens, and it is also seldom you see one without its wide trellised verandah. Then there were tennis courts and croquet lawns, a town hall and a library, and a medley of shops which seemed to possess all things!

I looked eagerly on all this, to see what the End of Everywhere looked like. Further on, amongst a lot of queer little “wattle and daub” dwellings, with the tiniest windows I ever saw, was a square Norman-looking tower—“Griqua Church,” said the driver, as he followed my eyes. Higher up in its own pretty grounds was a red brick building, with lancet windows and a tall spire—and my heart warmed in me at the sight. “Not so bad,” thought I, “with a church and a library, plus my work I'll live.”

Then we passed a pile of red bricks with a very dilapidated wooden door in a back yard. Later on I learnt this was not a Dutch oven, nor a brick-kiln, but a monument in which the great leader and founder of the Griquas sat in state with his wife, waiting for the end of the world. No English hands dare touch that—the Griquas guard it jealously,

refusing to allow the removal of the bodies to consecrated ground, or to have a more durable monument given them in place of these crumbling bricks and very insecure wooden door.

Outside of the town on a hill, in lonely state, I found my quaint little domain. And uphill work I had there for two years. You who live in the land of electric lights and other modern appliances cannot understand all the difficulties your sister nurses contend with in the wilds. Except for the doctors a nurse stands alone pleading for her needs. Slowly and with great difficulty she gathers the necessary appliances around her. How precious they are! Things of ordinary every-day nursing life in our great bustling wards in the busy towns, we never give them a second thought, they just had to be there! But here, out in the wilds, ah, the difference. The distance, the time, the freight, and “duty” and transport, all have to be considered. (I waited eight months for my boxes. Some of us never got ours, and only 25 lbs. of luggage is allowed for each passenger by the post-cart; after that you pay 6d. extra on every lb., with the probability of some of it being left behind to follow by a later cart, and then it being lost, as has happened to two of my nurses.)

I will not enter into details of our work. We are a small twenty-four bedded hospital, but the place is so badly arranged that I never saw one so well able to give the greatest amount of work with the least possible results. Every nurse will appreciate our difficulties when she learns that we have ten scattered wards, and many small passages. The new addition built two years ago accommodates twelve Europeans—four private and two general wards. This addition has a wide corridor, and a magnificent verandah round the three sides, with bath-room, antiseptising room, linen room, and a theatre, so that here we are able to work happily enough. But we get many acute cases, and with our small staff we find it difficult work at times managing both the native and the European wards.

We get our fair share of cases, having even had in the last three years, three “record” cases; but these our doctors are dealing with, and I must not poach.

There are three doctors, all young men, who visit daily, and the staff passes through the ordinary three years' course. There are the lectures for each year, followed at the end of the first by a hospital examination, and at the end of the third by the Colonial Medical Council Examination.

We get some very puzzling cases amongst the natives, who are beginning to come to us from all parts of the surrounding native territories. Then there is so much to overcome—ignorance covering superstition, witchcraft, and a great multitude of other unwholesome difficulties handicapping us at every turn. Some even yet have barely seen a white man, and certainly have never been in a house before.

One of these Pondos asked the priest, “Who made you white?” “God,” was the reply. Without further ceremony the questioner began pushing up the coat sleeves to see if he had been made “white all over!” An old Pondo chief came to us one day

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