The missionaries who live in the midst of the Kaffir kraals rank first perhaps. In spite of all one hears to the contrary, they are doing a good work, and the future will prove it.

There are native stores scattered throughout the country, owned by white men; here the native exchanges his superfluous corn, dried animals' skins, etc., for blankets, red ochre, tobacco, coffee, etc., and the trading station is often a rendezvous where the young men and girls meet on Saturday evenings, and where they dance (sexes apart) and make merry in a very noisy, primitive style. The trading stations I knew were also the post offices, and the traders and their families were the missionaries' best friends. Unfortunately, there are exceptions, and the trader often fosters the failing of the civilised Kaffir, who is a very different person from the Christian Kaffir. On the borders of the land reserved by the Government for the natives there are European farms. Their homesteads seem rather lonely and out of place in this black man's country. Doctors, except they be medical missionaries, do not live among the natives, although every locality is visited periodically by a district surgeon.

Our host's medical adviser lived in the nearest town, which was forty miles away, and quite a centre of civilisation. I have travelled with some of the people from there who felt that Naples, Rome, and London could teach them little. We in this tight little island are not the only people who are country proud. One evening in this important town we went for a walk after dinner (about 8.30 or 9 o'clock), and during an hour's tramp we met two people, one of whom was a policeman.

Our destination, a mission station, was only a few hundred miles from Cape Town, but we were from Monday morning until Wednesday at noon reaching it. We drove the latter part of the journey, but it is usual to ride here, and there are several stories current of town bred men and women arriving at the wayside station 15 miles from the mission, and being provided with a big raw-boned cart horse and a saddle.

The roads through Kaffirland served as danger signals, and, when possible, were avoided. It was July, which is late autumn, when we arrived, and the harvest had all been gathered in, so we were able to drive through the so-called fields. At several places we got out of the trap, scrambled over or round the high boulders, and across the dry creeks that showed where water had once flowed in torrents, although the country was in the midst of its dry season, and looked barren, drab and cheerless; we crossed one shallow river on our way. The horse descended the steep bank at a trot, splashed through the water that reached to the shafts of the trap, and bounded up the bank at the other side like a true son of the soil. We did not see much beauty in the land during our first drive, but when we returned a month later we could understand a little how people come to love the big, colourless, flat country. The sun cast shadows, and the wind blew clouds over the face of the landscape that gave to morning, noon, and night beauties of their own. The Kaffir kraals were a disappointment, they stood in clusters like great beehives, and there was no pretence of garden, nor a single shrub or tree to be seen. Near the mission station there were some hardy cacti and one big tree, and in the garden a solitary cauliflower. The great want of the country was water. What we used had been brought on women's heads from a stream where the cattle wandered at will, boys bathed, and native women did their scant family wash. As the missionary remarked, "Water rates are high." Baths for the babies were out of the question, and the water we used for photographic purposes afterwards served for our ablutions. Even now when I hear a tap trickling in a patient's house I turn it off, thinking it a sinful waste of precious water.

We passed through our friend's "parish" on our way from the station, and were shown some of his congregation, and introduced to some of the sick ones. He kindly allowed me to assist him with these.

My first patient was an imbecile youth. We entered his mother's kraal on our hands and knees, and in so doing nearly crept into the fire, which burnt, as usual in a hole in the middle of the floor. There was no outlet for the smoke except the low doorway, and it hung about the hut in clouds. The patient was huddled on the floor enveloped in a ragged blanket. He was a big fellow, chocolate coloured, and dirty. His feet had been burnt some days before, and our attention was drawn to their state. There were no basins in this hut, not even a condensed milk tin, and the burns were dressed with strips of old rags dipped in Carron oil, the missionary having this simple remedy in his bag. A little language and a great many gestures were used to explain to the boy's mother that he must not walk about for a few days.

The next patient was seen under more favourable circumstances. He came with a crowd of others to the mission station, and explained at great length that he had a pain in his chest, and that a scorpion was wandering about his inside. The missionary applied his stethoscope to various parts of his shining black skin, and the man said "ninety-nine" and "nine hundred and ninety-nine" in the most approved style. I tried to take his temperature, but he objected, and thought the clinical thermometer would bewitch him. We had a consultation, when one suggested mag. sulph. and another menth. pip., then we decided to give him both. As bottles were scarce, and he had not brought a receptacle for medicine, we tried to persuade him to have the dose at once. The morning was half gone before we understood that his chief wife in a kraal six miles away was the patient, and that he had been describing her symptoms. Then we amateur medicos looked at each other and laughed.

The next patients were children. A mother had brought three with sore eyes. Her own eyes were weak and inflamed, and she looked weary

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