

mission station. Everyone else we meet has something to do with one or both of these men, and most interesting are their careers.

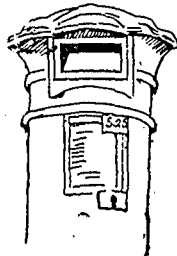
Bulalie in his primitive state kills his father in self-defence, and runs away to escape justice as meted out by the Government. It is a detail to him that his cousin, Sebaas, is caught and imprisoned for the crime. For a time things go very well with Bulalie, but always ambitious and very intelligent, he desires to do more than serve a white master as horse-boy for a very small wage. Bulalie's ambition is to amass sufficient to buy himself so many head of cattle, and settle down with a kraal and a wife of his own. His fortune leads him to Maritzburg, and into the service of a woman who keeps a boarding-house. Bulalie proves himself a good servant, and all goes well till his mistress discovers that he carries with him some hidden treasure, the property of a fellow native then in prison. Among other things he has a diamond of which the woman gets possession by a low trick. As an immediate result Bulalie is imprisoned—the word of a native against a white woman goes for nothing—he is found guilty of the alleged assault, cruelly sjamboked, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. This last he shortens by six months, making his escape, and eventually he finds a haven in the household of David Hyslop, who has very great hopes of him as a convert. But to harbour a convict is a dangerous experiment, so Hyslop has reluctantly to let the man move on, and Bulalie, arriving at Johannesburg and the mines, starts on his down grade career. It is in vain that Hyslop follows him and tries a counter-influence; the lust of gain, coupled with the Kaffir's extraordinary adaptability to his new surroundings, prove too much for the earnest young "skypilot" to cope with. Instead, Hyslop succeeds in getting himself into exceedingly bad odour in several quarters, and has his eyes opened to facts that fairly stagger him. He came out to his work so full of enthusiastic assurance, the glamour of encouraging missionary statistics colouring his expectations, certain that he had been called to the work, and must inevitably succeed. He has to go through a hard school of disillusionment regarding his fellow-Christians, and his own abilities before he can voice again the true courage that sustains him throughout: "My failure has been apparent, not real. The leaven has not leavened the whole, but its potentialities for good will be greater than ever."

It must not be imagined for a moment that the book is in any sense "preachy"; its main value lies in the extraordinarily vivid way in which it deals with one of the stirring problems of the day, not suggesting any Utopian remedies, but setting before us facts in the attractive form of an all too possible story, more impressive and probably more balanced than newspaper accounts of such events usually are. E. L. H.

COMING EVENTS.

August 20th.—The Matron's and Nurses' At-Home, the Infirmary, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Tennis, 3.30 to 7.30 p.m.

Letters to the Editor.



Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

OUR HOLIDAY PRIZE.

DEAR MADAM,—I am delighted to find that I am the fortunate winner of the Three Guinea Holiday Prize. It is the first prize I have ever won, and will, I am sure, greatly add to my pleasure during the remainder of my holiday. Heartily thanking you,

Believe me, Madam,
Yours faithfully,

J. CALLAWAY.

5, Leigh Terrace, Eastern Road,
Havant, Hants.

NURSES' HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—In case any of your readers have not decided where to spend their holidays, I would like to recommend them to try Miss Gardiner, Villa Nova, The Mountain, Holyhead.

"Villa Nova" is about half an hour's walk from Holyhead Station; it has glorious views of the harbour, Anglesey, and Carnarvon Bay. The mountain, though small, is very beautiful and easy to climb. It is an ideal place for a rest. No niggers! no bands! no dress parade! There is a glass-covered verandah for sitting out on wet days. Board and residence, 23s. per week; gentlemen, 25s. per week.

Miss Gardiner has also a furnished cottage to let, containing one sitting room and pantry downstairs, two bedrooms, one leading out of the other, one with double bed, the other with single bed and a camp bedstead. This is let for 10s. per week without bed and table linen, 15s. per week all found. If two or three friends wish to play at housekeeping they could do it very nicely in this cottage.

There is an excellent train service to Holyhead, and traps meet all the trains.

Yours sincerely,
MARY HARVEY, R.N.S.

PARROT PROBATIONERS.

To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."

DEAR MADAM,—I have recently been appointed Matron of a hospital in a rising town, and was interested to note that a well-known Matron has been pointing out the difficulty of teaching nurses the principles of aseptic surgery, owing to the want of uniformity in the details of preparation required by different surgeons. If this is a difficulty in large hospitals, the irregularity in teaching makes thorough nursing almost impossible in the country. Here

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