South Africa, the haunt of many beasts of prey, not to mention the snakes. When we emerged from this we came out on to a high, rolling country, and after a few miles more we came to one of those large farmhouses such as nearly all the Boers live in. The patient was attended to with much difficulty, and after much delay. I leave out medical details, as I know that you dislike them, and by this time it was almost evening. The good people of the house would not hear of my going back that evening; at least, I would wait till after supper. But I was determined not to miss my steamer, and wished to get through the jungle before it was dark, as its reputation after dark was not very good. So, resisting all offers, I set out. My former guide was to accompany me as far as a farm on the hill side of the jungle, and from there I was to proceed alone. The way I knew well enough— if the light would only hold out. As we neared the farm where my young friend was to leave me the sun was fast setting, and I saw that I would have scant light for my dreary ride. We arrived at the farm in the gray of the twilight, and stopped to exchange a few words with the proprietor, who begged me to stay all night, and warned me against the dangers of the jungle; still I persisted on proceeding. I was armed with a hunting-knife and a revolver, and the good man insisted upon my strapping his gun across my saddle. On plunging into the jungle, what had been gray twilight outside, became pitch darkness. I had not proceeded far when I heard a swirling noise, accompanied by a hissing, and something cold struck me. My horse started, frightened; I was caught up in the air, while the coils of a large boa-constrictor wound themselves around my body. A sense of indefinite horror, which was immediately followed by intense agony! The serpent had begun his deadly work, and was drawing the coils tighter. In a minute or so more I had collected my senses enough to think what I could do to save myself. I felt for my revolver, my knife, with my one arm which was free (it was my right arm). Alas! I could not get at them. The agony became more intense; shriek after shriek of pain escaped me. I seemed to see two eyes of flame in front of me. I grasped at where I thought the neck of the reptile must be. I gripped his throat, I would choke him. And thus was I locked in a death-struggle in intense agony, would the boa never give up. I felt my strength failing, and then all consciousness left me.

A pleasing sense as of a genial warmth came over me. I looked around me. I was lying on a long settee, which ran like a shelf almost all around the room, which was large and square, with a high, pointed roof, from the rafters of which depended strings of dried onions, salt pork, and other such things; on one side was a large hearth of blue and white tiles, while on shelves along the walls were plates of Delf ware and brightly shining kitchen utensils. The whole effect was eminently Dutch,— but not the Dutch of Holland, but of South Africa. I was in the living-room of the farmhouse on the edge of the jungle. My cries had been heard, and the good man and his son, with the young fellow who had come with me, came to my assistance. I had killed the snake, but it was found almost impossible to loosen his coils from my body, so that they ended by cutting him off in pieces, and then they carried me to the house. The doctor, he who came to take my place, came to see me as his first patient. He says that there are two ribs broken, and my left arm is broken in two places, beside which he is afraid of internal injuries.' I have the best of care, for with him came up Sister Agnes, who is always at the beck and call of every sufferer. How right she has proved in regard to her vocation, surely such a life of sacrifice as hers has been is something worth contemplating. She, who both of us wished to make our wife, has pursued her gentle course in her higher vocation, so that for miles around she is known as the helper and comforter of all pain and distress. Under such care how can I say that I suffer? Gladly would I keep her to nurse me, but she steadfastly refuses; her vocation is to the poor, so we rich people must have rougher hands and less kindly