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GRENFELL OF LABRADOR



With best wishes &  
affec<sup>d</sup>. remembrances  
Wilfred Graff

# Grenfell of Labrador

By

James Johnston, F.R.H.S.

Author of

"Missionary Landscapes in the Dark Continent," etc.

*WITH PORTRAIT, MAP AND TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS*

London

S. W. Partridge & Co., Ltd.

Old Bailey

## The Man on the Labrador

TO WILFRED T. GRENFELL

Calmly we fare on the charted coasts  
By the buoy and bell and light ;  
But long is his watch on the Labrador,  
And keenly he lists for the breakers' roar  
When the white fog drifts like a troop of ghosts,  
Or he steers through the murky night.  
And this is the gift that he brings the souls  
To whom he steers in the night ;  
Chart for their voyage o'er life's wild sea,  
Knowledge of reefs on the beetling lee,  
News of a Pilot when nearing shoals,  
And the flash of a harbour light.

OZORA S. DAVIS.

**Dedicated**  
**To GRENPELL'S MOTHER**  
**BY**  
**THE AUTHOR**





## Preface

I have much pleasure in acceding to the Author's request that I should write a few lines by way of preface to his Life of Dr. Grenfell.

It is twenty years since Dr. Grenfell was appointed Superintendent of the work being carried on by the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen in the North Sea and elsewhere round the shores of the British Isles, and from the day he gave himself to the cause of the fishermen his life may be said to have been one long, ceaseless effort to uplift and help the men whose lot he has made his own, and whose perils and hardships he has ever since been sharing.

The Labrador Branch of the Society's work now claims Dr. Grenfell's undivided attention, and from June to November he is engaged in cruising about in the little hospital steamer "Strathcona" between the Straits of Belle Isle and Cape Chidley for the purpose of carrying healing and comfort to the dwellers upon those inhospitable, ice-bound shores. In winter he prosecutes the same kind of work with komatik and dog teams. It is the great love he bears these brave men of the North, and his large-hearted sympathy with the stress and hardship of their lives, which leads him to endure for their sake what to most men, reared under similar circumstances, would prove an altogether insupportable existence.

Something of what Dr. Grenfell has achieved is recorded in the pages of this volume, but to fully know the man himself, and to gain a true appreciation of his

courageous and lofty spirit, to understand the difficulties he has overcome, and the victories he has gained over ignorance and prejudice, to realize the brightness and joy he has scattered on the lonely shores of Labrador, one needs to have cruised with him along the eleven hundred miles of coast line comprising his Parish. The story of a life of self-sacrificing labour undertaken for Christ's sake cannot fail to inspire those who read it, and as such this little book is sure of a welcome from those who believe that work of the character of that being carried out by Dr. Grenfell represents the most precious wealth the earth has to offer.

FRANCIS H. WOOD.

*Secretary.*

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## Introductory Note

The age of romance in Missions is by no means passing away. Heroes on the field are as numerous to-day, if not more so, than at any period since the dawn of the missionary enterprise over a century ago. To this company Dr. Grenfell of Labrador belongs, to whose unremitting and unwearying labours is due the marvellous work established in that wild and desolate region under the ægis of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. The narrative of this effort to raise humanity almost reads like a romance taken from the pages of modern fiction. At every point in a remarkable life-story relating to the uplifting of a lost and degraded people, the Doctor makes very strong claim upon the admiration of his fellow men. He is unquestionably the embodiment of a type of heroic manhood at once courageous, resourceful, vigilant, pitying, for the sake of the human wreckage on Labrador's rugged shores. What wonder that he is altogether regarded as the greatest man who has hitherto appeared in Labrador.

His attractive personality has at intervals been outlined by admirers. Here is a picture of the Doctor, finely depicted and characterized by singular veracity from an American pen. "Of Grenfell," the writer observes, "there is a striking difference between the first look and the second. Thick hair streaked with iron-grey just above the temples, no particular shade elsewhere; a ragged moustache also

threaded with grey; skin roughly tanned, though not concealing a delicate underglow of health; a not particularly stylish sack suit of English tweeds; a half reserved manner remotely suggesting shyness; a quiet, almost awkward way of speech—all this is commonplace.

“But there's something more,—eyes especially, which looking through rather narrow windows, hold their own in their place most steadily, bespeaking a soul behind them in full command. And there's poise in the figure of the man—an upstanding straightness which is not in the slightest self-assertive but perfectly independent. There's frankness and wholeness and wholesomeness—you feel them more every minute. The commonplace is there truly enough—and all perfectly genuine, but the uncommon is there too—like a fabric of honest all-wool homespun warp with a woof of purple and fine linen run through it.”

This is the portraiture of Grenfell—an Oxford man, Doctor of Medicine, now a companion of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of exceptional medical mission service, out on that iron-bound and extraordinarily fascinating coast where during the last fifteen years he has spent his life in the teeth of fierce Labrador storms, exploring unvoyaged shores, charting hidden reefs, giving himself strenuously to the cry of perishing humanity building hospitals and opening co-operative stores, for the rescue of fisherman and native from the grasp of unscrupulous harpies crushing the life out of them. On these lines, ministering to a scattered people in the highest things as effectively as on the physical plane. And the Doctor says, with a touch of irrepressible, bubbling humour, he has had “bully good fun” while he has been doing it.

Students of literature tell us that some five hundred years gone, a true Englishman, Langland, by name, wrote in ‘The Vision of Piers Plowman,’ “of whole heart cometh

hope," perceiving that if people were to be hopeful, and live bright, happy lives, they must be enabled to live under whole-hearted conditions. In the same characteristic vein, and with corresponding outlook, Dr. Grenfell has risked everything, labouring for the salvation of Labrador's population. When one thinks of it there is nothing more amazing in the history of the man than the risks he has faced. He is, we must acknowledge, a splendid fellow, if only for that. In the Labrador world, as in all other worlds, we owe everything to "ventures of faith," which the spiritual heroes of the Grenfell stamp courageously take.

A gifted surgeon, a fearless navigator, who runs within a hair's breadth of his life every week, a knight-errant enthused with the passion for his fellowkind throbbing in the greatest souls, Dr. Grenfell ranks among the heroes of his time on Labrador's rocks and shoals, booming with the trumpeting of tempests, and echoing the seamew's weird call.

It would seem that to an admirable degree Grenfell answers Browning's portrait of the chivalrous soul :

" One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break ;  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

In the present volume we propose to let journal, letter, and diary chiefly narrate Grenfell's story, by which the reader may obtain a better view of this modern Missionary's career in the far lands of Labrador, face to face with the rigours of an Arctic world, the haunt of ice floe, and of sudden fog, blinding storm, stark, jagged coast, and nor'easters.





# Grenfell of Labrador

## CHAPTER I

### DR. GRENFELL'S ANCESTRY AND EARLY HISTORY

“Of all the influences which go to make a man what he is, heredity and early environment are probably those which count for most. Education, in the technical sense, at school or college, and the religious or other stimulus given by apparently casual contact with some teacher or preacher in later life, are often accepted as the starting point or the determining factor of a strongly marked career. This is specially the case in autobiographies. On the other hand a detached biographer will be disposed to track the stream that he is studying, not merely back to its apparent source, but rather to the anterior origin of its supply.

“Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, known to men on both sides of the Atlantic as ‘Dr. Grenfell,’ or ‘Grenfell of Labrador,’ was born on February 28th, 1865, at Mostyn House School, Parkgate by Chester, and there he spent all his years until he was fourteen and all his subsequent holidays for three or four years more. He was the second son of the Rev. Algernon Sidney Grenfell and Jane Georgiana Hutchinson.

“His father, after a brilliant career at Rugby School and Balliol College, Oxford, took to school work. At first an assistant master at Repton, he succeeded, when he married,

his uncle, Edward Price, as headmaster of Mostyn House School, where he remained till 1882, when he resigned to become Chaplain of the London Hospital.

“He was a man of much learning, with keen interest in science, a passionate fondness for exploring Swiss glaciers, a remarkable eloquence, and above all a fervent evangelistic faith. He never had parochial work of his own, but acted as a volunteer assistant in his own corner of the large and straggling parish in which he lived. He was always keenly welcomed by the surrounding congregations when he occupied their pulpits on a Sunday, as he frequently did. His fluency in foreign languages was such that in France he was invariably mistaken for a Frenchman, and for a German in Germany.

“Grenfell’s elder brother now runs Mostyn House School, which, nowadays, is a Preparatory School with its hundred boys, its large modern buildings and a name that is known at the Public Schools. But in 1865 it was just one of the old-fashioned Private Schools, with boys of all sorts and all ages—a type of school that is as unknown to-day as Preparatory Schools were then. His father turned out a fair number of fine scholars and successful men, but as a schoolmaster he was chiefly remarkable for the number of pupils whom he inspired with strong and active Christianity, that led more than one to do noble work in foreign mission fields.

“Parents in those days cared more about a headmaster’s personal influence and enthusiasm than about the cubic space in dormitories, the adornment of sitting-rooms, the diversity of diet or victories in the cricket-field. Boys were sent to school for a ‘half year’ not for a ‘term,’ and once there, were seldom visited or interfered with by friends or relations. Travelling was minimised simply because means of locomotion scarcely existed; there were no motor cars and no telephones.

“Material surroundings were treated with the sublime

indifference still exhibited by the average Public School of to-day; the cane was the panacea for all cases of idleness or neglect, and involved no disgrace unless earned by some action in itself disgraceful.

“ Grenfell's paternal grandfather, Algernon, also a clergyman, was the second of three brothers; he was a house-master at Rugby, under the great Arnold, and a fine classical scholar in days when classical scholarship still counted for something. His elder and younger brothers both became Admirals, and left a record behind them of fire-eating deeds at sea which rival those of the ancient buccaneers, including their own glorious ancestor Sir Richard Grenvil, immortalized by Tennyson in his stirring account of 'The Revenge.'

“ Their mother was a Sidney of Penshurst Castle, so they doubtless inherited some of their fighting blood from her side of the family. The eldest brother, John Pascoe Grenfell, 1800-1869, was for years the right hand man of that fine old pirate, Admiral Lord Cochrane, and it was the brace of these worthies that cut out the Spanish Admiral's ship, the 'Esmeralda,' from under the Castle of Callao and from the midst of a squadron of armed vessels and gunboats, fully manned and fully prepared for the attack. Cochrane boarded the 'Esmeralda' from the starboard and Grenfell from the port side, simultaneously. The assailants lost 50 men, killed or wounded, Grenfell getting a severe gash in the thigh for his own share. But they heaved 200 of the enemies' corpses overboard next morning. Space forbids further dwelling upon his exploits, which only ended in 1852, when he was in chief command of the Brazilian fleet and finished off victoriously the short and glorious war with Buenos Ayres.

“ The younger brother, Sidney, won his promotion in much the same way, with a great deal of hand-to-hand fighting in small boats in various parts of the world, and more especially in South America.

“So much for Grenfell’s ancestry on his father’s side; their love of fighting on land and sea is still plentifully distributed amongst the living generation of his cousins, of whom General Lord Francis Grenfell is not the least eminent.

“But a man often owes as much to his mother’s as his father’s blood, and this is obviously true in Grenfell’s case. Four of her brothers, Generals or Colonels Hutchinson, made name and fame for themselves in India. The eldest played a gallant part in the Indian Mutiny and fought with distinction all through the Defence of Lucknow. Another commanded the crack cavalry regiment of the ‘Guides’ at Peshawar, and met his death in one of our almost unconsidered frontier wars in the distant and turbulent North. It is from this strain rather than from his father’s that Grenfell gets his physical toughness, which has stood him in good stead all through his Labrador work. His mother, by the way, is living and working at full pressure to-day: it is she who is still the real head and controlling genius of the school to which she first came forty-six years ago.

“And now for his early environment. Parkgate in his boyhood was a tiny forgotten hamlet on the Cheshire side of the Dee Estuary. Long ago, before Holyhead had been heard of and whilst Liverpool was still of small account, Parkgate was the main port of sail for the Dublin packets. In the *Times* of 130 years ago, or thereabouts, one may see three coaching fares advertised, and no more: London to York: London to Bristol: and London to Parkgate. It was hence that William III. embarked to win the Battle of the Boyne, and that Handel set sail with his MS. in his pocket for the first production of the ‘Messiah’ at Dublin. Handel delayed his departure from Parkgate for three whole weeks, misliking the look of the weather, and passed this time at Mostyn House itself, then (and until it was converted into a school in 1854) the principal hotel of the village.

“Later, about the end of the 18th century, Parkgate flourished as a seaside health resort, and was gay with assembly rooms, pump-house and cock-pit. It was in the Parish Church that the famous and luckless Emma Lyon was baptized—the blacksmith’s daughter who was to become Lady Hamilton, of dazzling beauty, and the star of Nelson’s life. It was to Parkgate that Grenville sent her, before she reached her full glory, with her little baby “to take the sea baths,” and it was hence that she penned to the man whom she loved so devotedly some of the most pathetic (and surely the most marvellously spelled) letters in existence.

“But the silting up of the Estuary, by the time that Grenfell was born there, had already banished the gay throng of summer bathers as it had bidden farewell to the Dublin packets, and had enormously increased the area of those ‘Sands of Dee’ of which Charles Kingsley sang in verse that will never die. Kingsley, by the way, married a Grenfell himself, a cousin of the Labrador doctor’s in the preceding generation, and, when Canon of Chester, used often to visit Parkgate, and take long geological excursions down to the river’s mouth with the Doctor’s father. On one of these occasions he took the then youthful Doctor on his knee and, half in joke, pronounced a phrenological forecast of his life and temperament which time has strangely verified.

“Facing the line of Welsh hills which runs from Chester to Rhyl, and separated from them by the Estuary, which gradually opens from a mere slit, where the river passes the Roodee, to a stretch of sandbanks ten miles wide at Hilbre Island, stands Parkgate. At this point, about half-way down the Estuary, the Welsh coast is five miles distant. The village itself is only a single line of houses, mostly battered and ancient, with smaller and even more decrepit cottages, propped up by the wind that blows in from the open sea. There was once a house on the other

side of the parade on a kind of bastion in the quay wall, but the sea devoured it, and ever since the proverb for miles round has run 'all o' one side—like Parkgate.'

"If you visited Parkgate to-day you would find it looking fairly smart. The big block of new school buildings, with its chapel and water tower in black and white, is a conspicuous object from the railway which now runs at the back of the village down to Hoylake, which the fashion of golf has rendered famous and crowded with costly modern houses. Round and about Parkgate, Liverpool men of business, driven out from their city by electric trams, smuts and rates, have built themselves mansions with rose gardens of wondrous beauty. Some of the picturesque (and horribly insanitary old cottages have been pulled down and replaced by villas. Good sand now stretches from the base of the quay wall right across to Flint, on which children play in summer-time and Volunteer artillerymen fire their big guns. There is a District Council, a water supply, a sewer, and gas lamps on the parade.

"But when Grenfell and his elder brother were boys of ten and eleven, things were very different. The railway had just pushed a timorous tentacle from the main line down to Parkgate: no one travelled on it; the station staff consisted of two men, and it was quite the usual thing for any patron of the line to board the engine and take lessons in driving it from Hooton, the junction five miles away. This was one of the boys' great delights.

"Hoylake was a remote and unexplored wilderness: freehold land was worth barely a tenth of its present value: there was no sewer and no water supply and no gas and no visitors, except an occasional epidemic of smallpox or cholera sent by an outraged Providence to preach reform. The 'banks' were largely composed of rich mud: the tide came up deeply and daily to the wall, and the fleet of fishing-boats and punts with which

the daily quest of shrimps, mussels and cockles was pursued, was moored right in front of the tumble-down old houses."

"Now, these banks of mud and these fishing-boats played a very important part in the boys' lives. The banks attracted legions of seabirds, curlews, mallards, golden plover, whimbrel, ring-plover, sea-larks, and goodness knows how many more. These birds attracted the boys, needless to state on slaughter bent. As soon as the summer or winter holidays came, they, being left largely to their own devices, would borrow openly, or the other way, muzzle-loading guns, and spend long and glorious days therewith, stalking their prey up the deep 'gutters' which intersected the banks, selecting their victims with deliberation and bagging them, for choice, as they stood feeding, or 'browning' a startled flock as it rose hurriedly to the wing on discovering their youthful hunters. The powder was mostly wheedled or commandeered from the coastguard station, which still lingered on, forgotten by a Conservative government, in the village, whither for sixty years or more no smuggling craft had dreamed of venturing its timbers in the shallow water. It was ancient powder, but in liberal doses it produced excellent effects.

"Next came the construction, in the discarded night nursery, of a flat-bottomed canoe, in which fruitful and hazardous voyages were made from end to end of the Estuary. A fishing-boat could always be relied upon for a meal of boiling hot shrimps, or a tow home in the evening. If it was deemed advisable to sleep out all night to be on the spot for ducks at the hungry and mystic hour of dawn, when beasts and birds are easier of approach, a hut on the abandoned 'cop' five miles up river was used for shelter. The River Dee Company had made that 'cop' to reclaim a vast tract of land which has since reclaimed itself. But they were impatiently ahead of nature: the sea broke up their 'cop' and broke the company too. The hut has

long since vanished; the boys, with reckless prodigality, helped somewhat in this process by gradually using the doors and other detachable portions for fuel.

“But from mere love of adventure, of doing forbidden things and of slaughter, Grenfell soon progressed to a scientific interest in his hobby. He began to stuff and set up his birds, helped and taught by a rare old character who dwelt in a wooden shanty right on the hunting grounds. This hardy old enthusiast almost lived in his home-built canoe, in which he had mounted an ancient Chinese ‘stink-pot,’ a kind of long cannon which he fed on a diet of blasting powder and metal débris, and used with terrific effect.

“To this day in the hall of Mostyn House stand cases of those early specimens of the Doctor’s art; his brother made the cases—but it was he who skinned and stuffed the contents. Side by side are his heads of Moose, Caribou, Walrus and Polar Bears; his White Seals and Arctic Foxes; his Labrador Porcupine, and birds of all kinds from the frozen North.

“So the boy was father of the man, and it is not hard to see how Grenfell became what he is to-day. He could not well have become anything else. Inheriting a love of the sea, of fighting against odds, a power of organising, leading and inspiring others, and a simple but fervent Christianity, his boyhood was lived far from cities and conventions, parties and pantomimes, in close and continual intercourse with the wild places of nature, which he grew to study, to know, and to love. Beginning his life with fishermen and boats for daily companions, he has chosen to devote the rest of it to labouring amongst them. The boy, who begins by skinning and stuffing sea-birds, goes on to study anatomy and surgery as a medical student. The gun and the scalpel are weapons that his hand has grown familiar with by daily and continuous use. To laugh at and enjoy the rigours of life in difficult surroundings is natural to the man who, as a



boy, found all his pleasure in neglecting regular meals and orthodox pursuits.

“ And this is why we can accept without reserve his often repeated remark that his life and work in Labrador involve for him far less of sacrifice than people will believe ; that they are a source of pure and constant delight to him, and that to give them up and retire to days of ease at home would be for him a greater sacrifice.” \*

Passing from school-boy days at Parkgate, Dr. Grenfell was at Marlborough College for three years, where he won a scholarship and learned to play and to love the game of Rugby football. Matriculating subsequently at the University of London, he next entered the London Hospital, and there laid a foundation of medical skill and knowledge, meanwhile showing warm interest, if not a ruling passion, on behalf of the waifs and ‘ submerged tenth ’ of the great city. He was one of the founders of the Lads’ Brigades and assisted in the promotion of Lads’ Camps nearly five-and-twenty years ago, the benefits of which he communicated to the Press, a movement which it is scarcely necessary to say has borne considerable fruit in recent times. Amidst these varied activities, professional and philanthropic, he found many opportunities of distinguishing himself in the Blackheath football team, to which he was elected on the strength of his performances to the “ United Hospitals.” This exercise kept him fit. It was supplemented in a fives court, where one of his regular partners or antagonists was Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, who is now Bishop of London.

At a later date he had an undergraduate’s experience for a couple of terms at Queen’s College, Oxford, where he formed a much appreciated friendship with Dr. John Magrath, the Provost of Queen’s. Notwithstanding the

\* For this vivid sketch of the Doctor’s boyish days the author is indebted to A. G. Grenfell, Esq. (the Doctor’s elder brother), of Mostyn House.

varied advantages of residence in "the city of dreaming spires," Dr. Grenfell felt that its easy and luxurious conditions did not make for the strenuous life. At the termination of his Oxford sojourn, after obtaining his "Blue" for Rugby football, at a comparatively early period he entered upon medical mission work, by which the "record" of Grenfell has become associated with the foremost modern influences of the time.

It may be desirable, before proceeding farther with the present narrative, to distinguish Dr. W. T. Grenfell, the intrepid missionary of the Labrador coast, from another hero—the lamented George Grenfell, "the Livingstone of Western Equatorial Africa"; pioneer and explorer of the strange and dangerous waters of the Congo and its tributaries, whose achievements Sir H. H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., in "George Grenfell and the Congo," has given to the world in brilliant style; and, likewise, from Dr. B. P. Grenfell, who, in conjunction with Dr. Hunt, has earned fame by the discoveries of papyri at Oxyrhynchus in the Nile valley, which have thrown welcome light upon certain classical writings and biblical research, notably in relation to the valuable 'find' of the "Sayings of Jesus."

From a delightful 'Bit of Autobiography' we get a clear insight into the circumstances which culminated in Dr. Grenfell's Labrador enterprise. The Doctor remarks: "In 1883, while I was studying medicine at the London Hospital in Whitechapel, I was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent in the slums of Stepney. There was singing going on inside, and curiosity led me in.

"As I left I came to the conclusion that my religious life was a humbug. I vowed in future that I would either give it up or make it real. It was obviously not a thing to be played with. . . .

"Some time later I heard that one of England's famous cricketers, whose athletic distinctions I greatly admired,

Mr. J. E. K. Studd, was going to speak in the neighbourhood, and I went to hear him. Seated in front of me there were two or three rows of boys from a training-ship. At the end of his speech Mr. Studd invited anyone who was not ashamed to confess that Christ was his Master for this life, rather than a kind of insurance ticket for the next world, to stand up. I was both ashamed and surprised to find that I was afraid to stand up. I did not know I was afraid of anything. One boy out of all this large number rose to his feet. I knew pretty well what that meant for him, so I decided to back him up and do the same.

“With this theological outfit, I started on my missionary career. What to do was the next question. I went to the parson of a church where I occasionally attended, and offered myself for a class of boys in his Sunday School. They were downright East Londoners, and their spiritual education needed other capacities than those I had in my mind till then endowed the Sunday School teacher with. I remember being surprised that one boy, whom I carried to the door by the seat of his trousers and heaved into the street, objected by endeavouring to kick, while his ‘pals’ in the school were for joining him in open meeting. He got the last word, however, by climbing up outside the window, and waving a hymn-book which he had stolen.

“The next time I arrived, the boys had got in before me (and out also), and the pictures and furniture were not as I had left them. I started to reform them in the ways that appealed most to myself, and having a house of my own, with four other medical students, we used to clear our dining-room furniture through the window and replace it with a horizontal bar and a couple of pairs of boxing gloves. We were able to lead in these things our noisiest boys, and they learned to control their own tempers and respect our capacities more.”

Upon the Doctor completing his medical course, he began to cast about for some way in which he could satisfy

the aspirations of a young medical man, combining with it the spirit of adventure and definite Christian work. At this juncture, happily, Sir Frederick Treves, subsequently the renowned surgeon, also a daring sailor and master mariner for whom Grenfell had been doing the work of an 'interne' at the London Hospital, suggested his seeing if a doctor could exist at sea among the deep-sea fishermen, on one of the vessels of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, on whose Council Sir Frederick was already a valued member. Balancing these alternatives, yet still inclined to "go into practice and make a lot of money, and leave it to the generation following, about the only idea he had of life," another factor came along, of which Grenfell writes: "But after I met Moody and the Studds, and some more, I came to look at it in a different way. I thought I'd try how much good I could do." So began Grenfell's pioneer crusade, destined to make a deep mark over the north-eastern peninsula of the North American continent lying between Hudson Bay and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the wild shores and desolate mainland, for the most part of Labrador, stormed by ice-laden Arctic gales nine months of the year, the name Labrador, signifying "labourer's land," was realistically verified in the Doctor's subsequent experience.

The Doctor's future course was gradually taking definite shape. He first equipped himself by an "apprenticeship" of several years of cruising among deep-sea fishermen of European waters; in other words, he joined the staff of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, and established the medical mission to the fishermen of the North Sea. "When that work was organized—when the fight was gone out of it—he sought a harder task; he is of that type, then extraordinary but now familiar, which finds no delight where there is no difficulty." In the course of a few years Dr. Grenfell accepted a more arduous form of service.

Encouraged by the results of his North Sea experiences he set sail in the spring of 1892, with a well selected crew, from Great Yarmouth harbour for Labrador, in a ninety-seven ton steamer, to ascertain whether it would be possible to convey like benefits to the English-speaking fishermen and natives around the Labrador seaboard of the North-west Atlantic. "Since that date," to quote Norman Duncan, "in the face of hardship, peril, and prejudice, he has, with a light heart and strong purpose, healed the sick, preached the Word, clothed the naked, fed the starving, given shelter to them that had no roof, championed the wronged—in all, devotedly fought evil, poverty, oppression, and disease; for he is bitterly intolerant of these things."

Taking a retrospective glance in after years the Doctor pithily observes: "When you set out to commend your gospel to men who don't particularly want it, there's only one way to go about it—to do something for them that they'll be sure to understand." Hence the motif of the fitting up of the 'Albert' hospital ship, and launching forth to cruise among the fleets in the fishing ground. A widely differing mission indeed from that of the old Norse Vikings, Eric the Red, and Leif of the Sword, his son, Karlsefne and Snorri, with all their hordes of roving Norsemen who, a thousand years back, harried Labrador's coasts with fire and sword, carrying off Eskimo belles and their hapless lords.

Within the first three months of his sojourn in Labrador, Dr. Grenfell had 900 patients, to whom he felt that he could "commend the Gospel with pills and plasters, without fears of denominational interference," besides, alas, witnessing a condition of poverty to which he had even been a stranger "over on the other side." Spurred by the philanthropic spirit, and unable to help the men on the coast as he would have them do unto himself, under like circumstances, he called on his way home at St. John's, Newfoundland, laid the matter before the merchants,

appealed for assistance to build a hospital on Labrador soil, promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there if it were built.

With the same object in view he erects trading posts in which a square deal is assured to the fishermen, and sets up a sawmill, and a seal boot factory, where men can work through the long winters that have previously been idle; concerning which Dr. Grenfell declares: "If I were hungry and unable to support my family, I don't know any way in which the Gospel could be better commended to me than through a chance to get fair returns for my labour." Along this line Dr. Grenfell's practical mind and unconquerable will have accomplished wonders.

To-day, the record includes four hospitals, each some 200 miles or more apart, on that desolate 1,100 miles of stern and precipitous (1,000 to 4,000 feet high) North Atlantic coast line, terribly destitute of vegetation, deeply indented with narrow fjords, and ringed with links of rocky islands.

The hospitals are not, of course, the palaces of art one sees in great cities, but humble wood buildings, where a qualified doctor and trained nurse reside, and where, besides their own rooms, they have a dozen beds for sick people, with the necessary accommodation. These plain, unpretentious structures are more than hospitals, they are hotels,—refuges to which anyone and everyone is expected to come in sickness or any other kind of trouble whatsoever. Thither, by boat in summer, or by dog-sleigh in winter, the natives travel long distances in quest of the Doctor's skill.

One winter, two boats, manned by seven men, crept along the shore between the Arctic floe and barren rocks, each boat covering 100 miles, to get at the Doctor, or at least his advice and medicine, and occupying four days in rowing. A poor fisherman came 200 miles for an operation. Much harder is the task for them to reach their home again, even

if they recover, inasmuch as between the homes of these convalescents there is no recognised means of communication. They are obliged to travel back around shore from place to place, over 100 miles, the kindly souls of each hamlet making it their duty to carry them free to the next.

As indicated, both Dr. Grenfell and his colleagues are confronted nearly all the year round by nature's sternest elements save when summer lasts—barely for three short months, from the end of June. During the brief summer season they are off cruising in the hospital ship, 'Strathcona'; the long and bitter Labrador winter is passed by him and his colleagues in journeying from point to point, moving practically all the time, except that the hospital, which is kept open by the nurse throughout Arctic rigours, is regarded as the head-quarters, to which return is made if necessity require. In the winter of 1905 Dr. Grenfell travelled 1,500 miles with his dog teams, and in the following summer and winter, twice this distance in the modest Mission boat. Nor, by any means, is it an uncommon occurrence for the doctors to be cut off six months at a spell from civilization and help. The Doctor's unique enterprise in 1907 was the establishment, 200 miles west of Battle Hospital, of a small Mission hospital on a lonely wave-girt Atlantic island, 'mid "sea spray and calling of the gulls," to serve as a little settlement, so long as the sea remains open, for thousands of fishermen, who may carry their sick to and fro as they need assistance.

The young medical missionary had heard Labrador's call, and, for the sake of a far away humanity, "sails through storms that appal the hardiest mariners, sledges across the interminable snows, bends over helpless invalids in squalid huts, builds hospitals and fills them with patients brought from the whole barren lengths of the Labrador coast, judges the unruly from the magistrates' bench, and sets in order the cause of the oppressed wherever he goes," throughout a region exposed to recurring dangers and vicissitudes,

where the fisherman earns his bread upon the sea and gathers in his harvest from the ocean.

Prior to Dr. Grenfell's despatch by the Mission the only medical aid provided for these 30,000 forgotten souls around Labrador was a physician stationed by the Newfoundland Government on the mail-boat. Consequently, when Grenfell appeared with a hospital ship and a nursing staff, curing without fee and labouring without stint, their first thought was that he was crazy and their second that he had some sinister purpose in this seeming kindness. He has now become what an observer describes as an understudy in Providence in the region: "healer, preacher, law-giver, fishery outfitter and charity commissioner," working almost unaided a sociological revolution along Labrador, to whom a host of witnesses—from the humble fisherfolk who have benefited by his ministrations to the specialists and professors who have spent their summers in helping him—bear eloquent and convincing testimony.

In the successive chapters we shall describe with more illustration the land and its people, by the study of which the reader may be inclined to remark that what Grenfell does not know—and do—in relation to Labrador is not to be known and done.



## CHAPTER II

### THE LABRADOR PENINSULA

Forming the north-eastern territory of the North American continent lying between Hudson Bay and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with a sea-board of 1,100 miles and an area of 420,000 square miles, equal in extent to the British Isles, France and Prussia, Labrador—"Dr. Grenfell's Parish"—is a vast region; a world in itself wrapped for the greater part of the year in ice and snow.

Its coast line of frowning cliffs, 1,000 to 4,000 ft. in elevation, against which, at certain periods, Arctic gales dash themselves with unimaginable fury, presents during the brief summer season, when the sun at dawn or the moon at night shines upon them, pictures unearthly for beauty, "a haunting beauty which brings tears to the eyes."

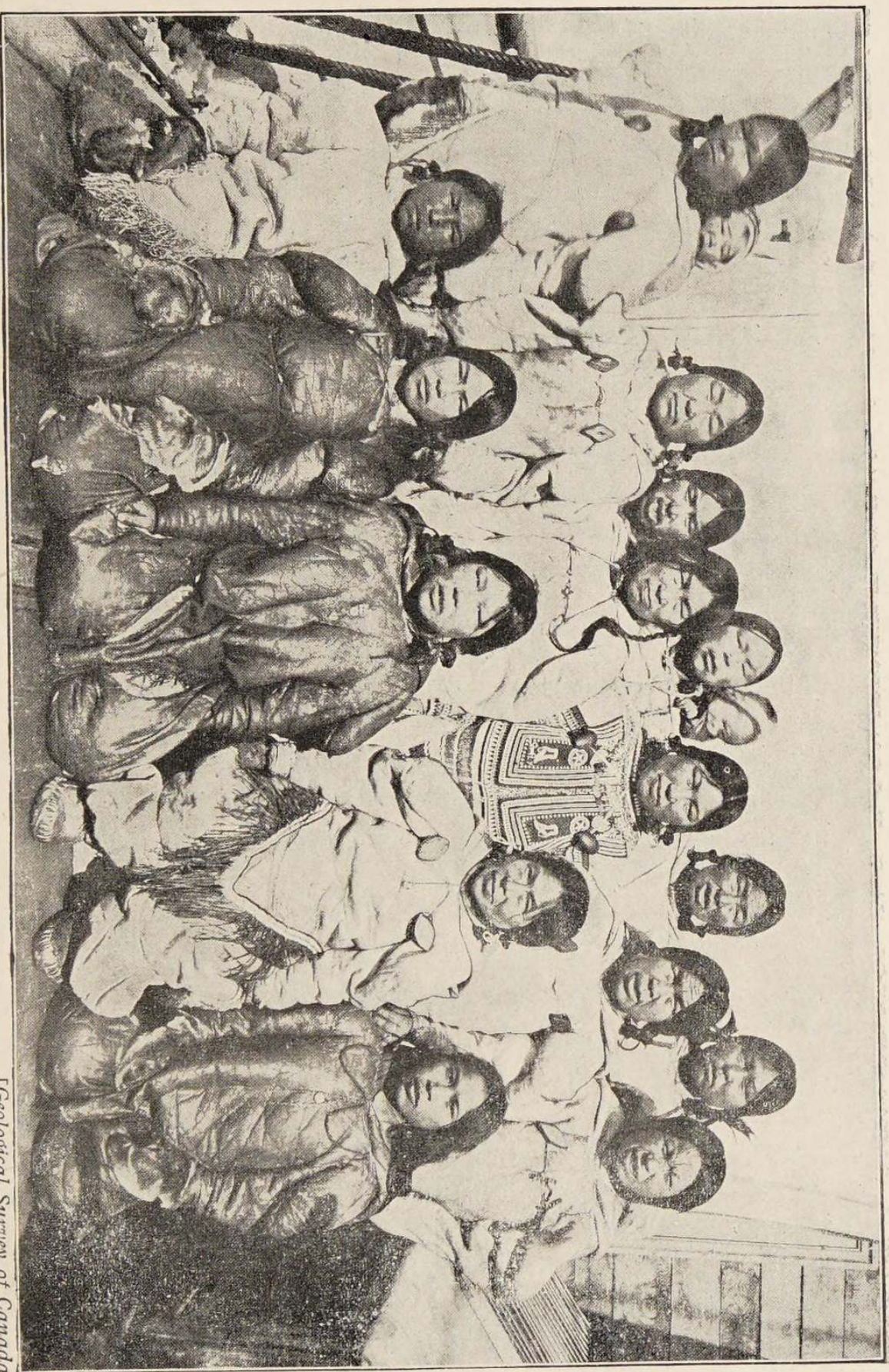
A good part of Labrador, it may be noted, lies in the same latitude as Great Britain, and if the one is fertile and the other is barren and a frozen waste, it is solely because of the difference of temperature in the ocean streams by which their respective shores are washed. The Gulf Stream flows by British Islands; the Arctic Current bathes the coast of Labrador. In Labrador again the winter always brings down immense floating ice-fields from Baffin's Bay and similar outlets, just as in summer the coast is commonly blocked by icebergs, with gaps between, which are so many outlets to food and to civilization.

In the minds of most people Labrador is not incorrectly

associated with almost Arctic desolation. According to the narratives of various travellers, the whole face of nature can find nothing to compare with it in the abomination of desolation. Imagination is unable to grasp the bleak remoteness of the region. Beyond the coast line, with its wall of ice in winter, and its detached forts of ice at the other season of the year, lies a vast table-land "pre-eminently sterile." "The whole of the table-land," wrote Professor Hind many years past, "is strewed with an infinite number of boulders, sometimes three and four feet deep. Language," adds the same authority, "fails to paint the awful desolation of the table-land of Labrador."

Occasional explorations of the interior, which is largely yet an unknown land, overwhelmingly impress the traveller with a sense of solitude and of utter remoteness from civilization.

"A journey into the interior of the great Labrador Peninsula," a writer notes, "is fraught with many difficulties and dangers. The Peninsula consists of a vast rocky plateau, cut at intervals by valleys, into which gather the waters of its myriads of lakes and streams for their wild, mad race to the sea. The rivers thus formed are the only highways into the interior, and none but the expert canoe man can successfully navigate them. He must be brought near two thousand miles to the task, for the native of Eastern Labrador is not a canoe man and fears the interior of his country. The game supply, too, is uncertain. Starvation broods over this wilderness, and now and then claims even the Indian, to whom its ways are familiar. Thus inner Labrador lay wrapped in the shadow of mystery, unbroken until the latter half of the last century, and then lifted chiefly by the explorations of Professor A. P. Low, now Director of the Geological Survey of Canada." Such a description, in the main, accords with the facts, notwithstanding that the various parts of the hinterland furnish more or less quantities of game, while the



By the courtesy of the]

AVILLIK WOMEN AT FULLERTON.

[Geological Survey of Canada.



waters around its broken coast yield supplies as rich to-day as when John Cabot and his Bristol crew first saw the shores of Arctic Labrador at the end of the fifteenth century.

Although the country, generally speaking, therefore, may be correctly described by the familiar phrase, "barren and unproductive," embracing lonely and untrodden wilds, Labrador possesses not a few of nature's resources scattered over its wide surface. Numerous rivers, 200 to 300 miles long and from two to three miles broad, flow through forest growth of fir and birch, whose waters contain an abundance of fish, pursued with marvellous agility by the aboriginal Montagnais and Nascaupee Indians, the latter on the "Barren Grounds," the most primitive and least known in Labrador. Three of its largest waters, the Susan, Nascaupee, and the George—the last named notorious for its continuous wild rapids—were for the first time in 1905 successfully traced and mapped out by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Junr., a Canadian lady. Her daring journey through 600 miles of unexplored territory accompanied by only three native Canadian guides and an Eskimo boy, completed the great undertaking which cost her heroic husband his life in 1903, when he unfortunately fell a victim to starvation, "confused by swamp and snow, mountains and deceitful rivers." A graphic description of this ill-fated expedition was subsequently published in a volume, "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," from the pen of Mr. Dillon Wallace, his fellow traveller.

Fur-bearing animals are plentiful in Labrador, including bears, wolves, caribou, foxes, martens, otters, beavers, etc., which are largely hunted by the natives in the winter seasons. The annual migration of the caribou, or wild reindeer, forms a curious sight. Concerning the migratory caribou Mrs. Hubbard relates in her diary "One of the most exciting incidents of the journey was recorded on August 8th, 1905, when we encountered a wonderful herd of something like 3,000 caribou migrating.

As I had a camera with me, I made up my mind to get a photographic record of this splendid spectacle, and crept up to within 250 yards of the herd. Suddenly I saw that they had got wind of us. In a moment the stags came to the front, where they stood looking in one direction. Then they came towards us—and I fled.”

“On another occasion,” the same writer says, “we fell in with bears, and I sent a shot after a magnificent specimen, but there was not time to follow up the chase.”

Labrador does not seem to the uninitiated a very good field for an ornithologist; nevertheless Dr. Townsend of Boston, who visited the Labrador coast in the summer of 1907, reports the discovery of several unexpected specimens. He found the climate, too, not only comfortable but attractive, and was captivated by many other interesting things, among them, the icebergs, flowers, trees, and above all the people. Some idea of the variety and great number of birds in Labrador may be gathered from the statement that in one afternoon this scientist saw twelve big loons, three red throated loons, one hundred and sixty-five black guillemots, four glaucous gulls, one great black-backed gull, six herring gulls, one hundred and two kittiwakes, two Pomeraine jaegers, thirty-two Greenland eiderduck, one King eiderduck and sixty white-winged scoter duck. By no means a poor record for Labrador's dreary and barren seaboard. Judging from Dr. Townsend's allusions to the ravages of “egggers,” who are bringing near to destruction various birds, there is evidently urgent need of an Audubon in the land.

Dr. Grenfell thus describes a summer scene in Labrador. “It is,” he says, “May the 21st, and the southern birds returning remind us that it is summer with you in the south. With us North'ard Ho!

“Everywhere, as the snow goes, little tips of green are springing up, and we are daily expecting the arrival of the first fishing schooners from the south, and among them our

own little Mission hospital ship, 'Strathcona.' It will soon be 'North'ard Ho'! with thousands of fishermen, and as far north at Hudson's Bay brave men will be wresting a living from these reluctant seas. Already we are furbishing up our sea-boots, oilskin frocks, and sou'westers, while we are stowing away our dog sleighs, our deerskin moccasins and our snow racquets. In this country we jump from winter into summer, and from summer into winter again.

"All day long I have heard outside the harbour heads the banging of guns in the fog that is hiding everything from view. The men are taking toll of the ducks and other sea-birds hurrying northward again for the nesting season. Everything is going north.

"The young seals, borne on the south-driving ice floes, are beating against the polar current. Two polar bears have passed north across our harbour, returning from their long hunt for these same young seals. I struck the track of one in the woods the other day, while on a search party hunting for a man who had lost his way."

Such are some of the stirring scenes during the spring and early summer on Labrador shores.

As may be supposed respecting this inhospitable northern coast, the chief fascination centres in the hardships and dangers of the Newfoundland fishermen who frequent its surrounding stormy waters and take from it on an average yearly one million dollars worth of fish. Labrador waters constitute one of the great harvest fields of the hardy fishermen of Newfoundland.

We are told that "of the several branches into which the cod fishery of the Newfoundlanders is divided, that prosecuted along the rockbound coast of Labrador each summer is the most perilous and toilsome. Save for the annual migration of these Newfoundland fisherfolk there, the region would possibly attract considerably less attention. Each of the countless harbours and inlets is

the objective of some daring Newfoundlanders, who establish themselves and their families there, in huts built from the wreckage of fishing craft. Banked high with turf the fishermen settle themselves in these, where they remain from June till October, engaged in a most exhausting occupation and subjected to discomforts and miseries which none could hope to contend with except those whose entire existence is an unceasing battle with the elements," lying off a wilderness of rocks and scrub.

Upon their arrival at Labrador the fisherfolk generally find the houses they are to occupy filled with snow and ice from the previous winter, and have to dig these out and make huge fires of wreck-wood before they can enter them. This done, the household gear is bestowed there and the fishing equipment in the sheds used for this purpose. Then they wait for the cod to 'strike in' or approach the shore, on the appearance of which the season's labours may be said to have begun in earnest, and daily, along the Labrador coast extraordinary scenes are witnessed in the height of the fishing time when cod are abundant and the voyagers busy with their catch.

There are two main classes of fisherfolk—"stationers," or "squatters," who operate from special harbours and occupy establishments ashore; and "floaters," who cruise up and down the coast in their smacks, living on them and following the fish in their migrations. In this fashion from 20,000 to 30,000 Newfoundlanders—men, women and children—in a thousand little schooners, with goods and chattels, fishery gear and curing salt, carry on their annual fishery from June to October. Both the "stationers" and "floaters" use traps, or square pockets of netting many fathoms wide, in which the fish are enclosed and hauled to the surface, the catch being then emptied into the boats and the traps reset. "When the 'stationers' bring the fish to land they wash and pickle them and later expose them to the sun and air daily until



dried hard as leather ; in which condition they are shipped to market and will remain good for months, even in tropical climes." The 'floaters' instead of drying their fish pack them in the vessels' holds, thickly sprinkled with salt, till they return to their Newfoundland homes in the autumn, when they dry and cure them.

"About 350,000 to 400,000 hundredweight of dry fish, weighing fully twice as much when taken from the water, represents the annual take of the cod there, valued at about one million dollars or £200,000 ; the greater portion of this is shipped as it is cured to European countries, chiefly on the Mediterranean, by means of large sailing vessels and small tramp steamers, which visit the central harbours of Labrador in July and August for the purpose of securing sea-harvest cargoes."

Inevitably the cruising of the fleet in quest of cod is attended with great hazard. The coast is absolutely uncharted, has not a solitary lighthouse along the entire front, is washed by variable currents and ravaged by terrible storms, at times causing widespread havoc and monetary losses grievous in the extreme. On this littoral, frequently shrouded in fog, with the water cumbered by floes and bergs, abounding in countless islands, tortuous 'tickles' (channels) and hidden reefs, navigation is hopeless save by these daring voyagers. Fully a thousand vessels ply there every summer, facing these varied and risky conditions, the only wonder being that more disasters are not recorded from season to season. Alas, from the fisherfolks' point of view, they are numerous and ruinous enough, since each year witnesses the loss of many ships and scores of lives, depriving not a few families of their breadwinners and reducing otherwise affluent persons from comfort to beggary, after a single gale, as the hazards of the region make marine insurance prohibitory. The whole sea-board, like a Sahara desert track, is dotted with the bleaching ribs of schooners that have driven ashore there, and at almost

every mile a rude wooden cross tells of some life lost on this pitiless, treacherous coast.

In graphic terms the scenes and risks attending the capture of the cod have been described, which recall Martyn Parker's quaint and stirring lines:—

“ You Gentlemen of England,  
That live at home at ease,  
Full little do you think upon  
The Dangers of the Seas ;  
Give ear unto the Mariners,  
And they will plainly show,  
The cares and the fears  
When the stormy winds do blow.”

“ Along the southern littoral of Labrador,” it has been pointed out, “ are about three thousand whites of Terranovan (Newfoundland) extraction, known as ‘ livyeres,’ or live-heres ”; and, to the north of these, some two thousand Christianised Eskimos who sail northwards in their Terranovan fishing smacks when “ the summer sun and balmy breezes loosen the mighty crystal barriers ” of the icefields. The Eskimos alluded to, “ the last of a race who four centuries ago flourished over the whole region, have been preserved from extinction by the labours among them of the Moravian missionaries for the past one hundred and fifty years.”

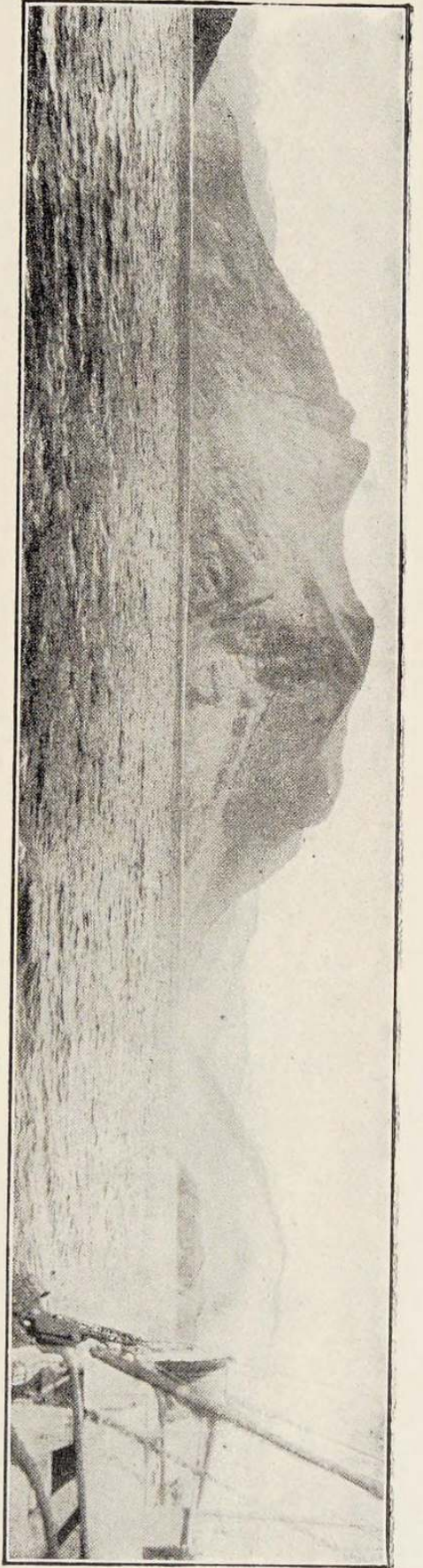
For the purpose of being “ near the fishing ledges all locate on the very fringe of the coast. The well-to-do have frame houses, but the majority dwell in huts made from the planks of vessels and banked with turf, so that when the mossy roofs are green the spectacle of the people apparently emerging from the ground is like seeing an English rabbit-warren. In these wretched hovels squatters and ‘ livyeres ’ spend their summers, and in such a region with such shelters it is not surprising that disease should have full sway. Some of the ‘ livyeres,’ are so poor as to lack boats, nets, hooks, or gear, powder to shoot or traps to catch game, without material comforts or proper diet and

any means of subsistence save the pitiful return in food and apparel they receive for labour given to the wealthier fishermen. Save for rude benches and a rickety stove and table, furniture is unknown." Says Dr. Grenfell, "Clothes are so expensive and so scanty that every man is his own wardrobe, and as he who puts his clothes in a drawer must himself go naked, one piece of furniture is thus obviated." "In such a region," he observes further, "a gospel of more than tracts is needed."

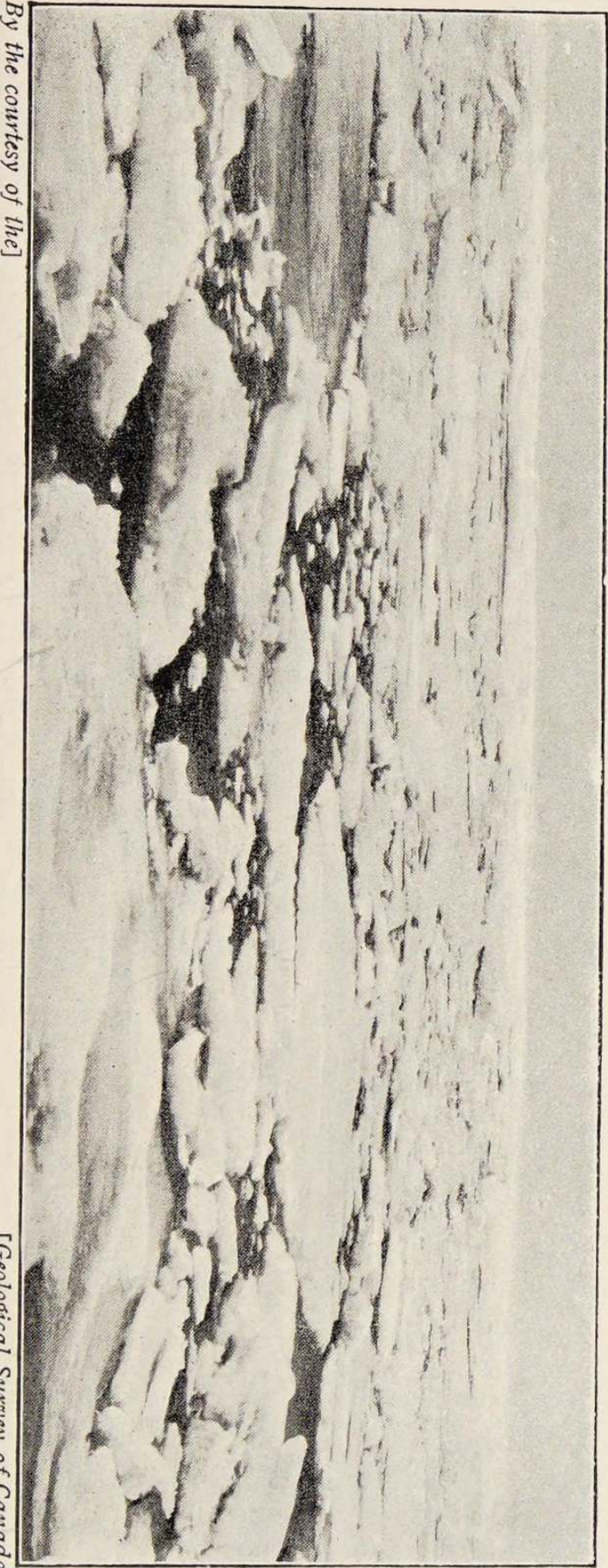
With summer's advent the fishermen "thread their way through the dispersing yet menacing floes, and hurry along the rugged shore, the tiny crafts, packed with humanity and impedimenta, battling against all the hazards of an anxious voyage in waters where storm and tempest assail, rocks and reefs lurk, and fogs and ice imperil. Every season in speeding north—for they are driven as hard as sails and ropes will admit in the rush for the best fishing grounds—some crafts collide with bergs or floes, sinking almost immediately, their humans taking refuge on the ice until rescue comes; or they crash against outlying islands during dense fogs, those on board being lucky if they can reach shore safely to endure even starvation and exposure till taken off again. The wooden hulls go to pieces too quickly for much to be saved. In 'floating' with the schools of fish, when sudden mists envelop all, crafts also strike the rocks and come to wreck, and furious autumn gales often work great disaster, so that the bleaching ribs of hapless vessels sentinel the whole sea-board. At times these storms are of dreadful energy, and eighty schooners have been lost in one, leaving over three thousand fishermen destitute. Again, when homeward bound, with their hard-won fare of fish in their holds, misfortune still dogs them, and hair-breadth escapes are recounted at every winter fireside. In the November of 1906, fifty-six persons were taken from a sinking smack, after being six days and nights at the pumps, hoping against hope for rescue."

“Many of these vessels carry large companies of fisher-folk besides their own crews, landing them at harbours on Labrador for the work, and bringing them back again when it ends. These assemblies are altogether too great for escape if disasters befall, being packed in the vessel’s hold on a flooring of tarpaulins—whole families together—and food cooked ‘in both ends of her.’ In 1904 a craft struck a berg and went to pieces, her ninety-seven persons barely escaping. The crew of another, fifty-five in all, had to row 160 miles south in open boats to catch the mail steamer and get home after their craft was crushed in the floes. In the fall of 1906, a vessel was overdue, with 139 souls, being twenty-seven days out before reporting, when an ordinary voyage occupies only a week. The largest schooners do not exceed eighty or ninety tons, and could not carry boats enough for half that number; so one can picture what must inevitably happen if any misfortune occurred while at sea.”

Cruising in these most hazardous waters the Newfoundland fishermen have only the slightest contact with the outside world. “In winter the mail from St. John’s is sent to Quebec, and from there dispatched along the Gulf Coast to Labrador by dog-teams, a trail of 1,700 miles, the return route being the same one or at most, two mails being received in a season.” Not unexpectedly the spirit of these fishermen, who in their small boats venture seaward in the worst weather, and anchor “out on the grounds” in all weathers, often for a week at a time, is amazing. “The hardships they endure,” Grenfell remarks, “in these open boats—for many of them are virtually undecked—are almost incredible, yet the fact remains; and often in passing these tiny skiffs on their way back with fish from their nets, in the half-gale blowing and the darkness that glooms over all, it makes one proud of the pluck of these modern vikings. Their courage is almost beyond belief. No fog is too thick to stop them, no



THE HEAD OF NACHVAK BAY, LABRADOR.



By the courtesy of the]

ICE IN CUMBERLAND GULF.



gale too fierce to daunt their daring spirit, no danger too great to make them pause.

“One man, who forty years ago was the sole survivor of a sealing crew of forty-seven persons, and had been thirty-six hours exposed on a rock with a broken collar-bone, was rescued last winter from a sinking vessel homeward bound from Labrador, where he and his crew had been facing death for several days.” Undeniably, the perils of the Arctic deep are manifold and terrifying.

Strange stories are told of natives eking out existence by the misfortunes of their fellows. In this respect the ‘liveryes,’ in the straits of Belle Isle, which separate Labrador from Newfoundland, appear to be favoured, owing to the wrecks that constantly occur there to yield them almost everything they need. Their resourcefulness is evidently only exceeded by their venturing souls. “At one spot they recovered some of the big-gun shells lost with the British warship ‘Lily’ several years before, and broke them up on the rocks to extract the powder for use in shooting birds. At another place they salvaged the hull of a large vessel partly laden with explosives, which the crew had set on fire after she went aground. When the bulky freight steamer ‘Mariposa’ went to pieces, and strewed the coast line for miles with sacks of flour, cases of bacon, firkins of cheese, and puncheons of lard, they hastily secured all that was movable and then returned and collected the lard which was strewn all over the coast as the packages broke up, gathering it from beneath boulders and even buried in the sand, melting and straining it two or three times, so that some had a barrellful of excellent fat, enough, as one man said, ‘to fatten our flour for a twelve-month.’” To the Newfoundlanders as well the wrecks are frequently a godsend.

In the quest of cod “it is a proof of Nature’s generous provision for man’s welfare that, though this Labrador fishery has now been conducted for nearly 400 years, the

shoals of finny denizens of the deep are undiminished in quantity or quality, and the Newfoundlanders have been securing virtually the same catches annually for nearly a century, despite the improvement in vessels and engines of capture and the competition from other quarters."

Over against this statement, however, of invariable catches, an unusual exception must be reported for the season of 1907. Though a much larger fleet than usual was down north, hundreds of crafts of all sizes and thousands of men being stowed away in countless nooks and corners of Labrador's uncharted shore, some almost as far as Hudson's Bay Straits, fish, alas! were scarce. This was due to the prevalent easterly winds backing the cold current, and with it, incidentally, innumerable icebergs, into the Labrador coast. A hundred icebergs on the horizon at one time were not an uncommon spectacle; the fragments of which when they foundered filling the bays "like diamond necklaces," as Lord Dufferin once remarked in his delightful volume, "Letters from High Latitudes." But the fish did not appreciate this kind of jewellery, and, in consequence, kept in deeper water, refusing to come near enough inshore to enter the big traps. There were plenty of fish, but "off in deep water," and "hook and linings," the only way to catch them, was too slow work to permit of a good voyage in the short northern season.

Of these hardy "toilers of the sea" Dr. Grenfell speaks in glowing terms. "They are wonderful seamen," he observes, "necessarily the finest in the world, or they couldn't exist, who do their navigation on Labrador's un-beaconed coast by smell and hearing, by sight and by the recollection of old tags, folklore, and rhymes. I think we English don't treasure enough these Newfoundlanders. They are a splendid body of men, and wonderful sailors. Do you know, not one in ten of the men who sail from Gloucester, Mass., is an American citizen? Those famous and splendid schooners of the Banks are manned mainly by



Newfoundlanders, Portuguese, and French. They are my parishioners with the men who have settled permanently in Labrador—a poorer class altogether. Cod fishing, which starts in the spring and lasts till the fall, is a pure gamble. A man may have all his fortune in his schooner, and depend on what he catches to carry him through the winter. He may have no luck. On the other hand I have seen tons of cod hauled in a single draught, so that a fortnight's good luck would serve a man for a year. But it is the greyest and most inhospitable inhabited coast on earth."

For the sake of these sea voyagers scattered over the trackless wastes and forbidding shores of Newfoundland and Labrador, where the sole reward of service is the gratitude of a people who have nothing but gratitude to give, the Doctor, a cultured man, with the consummate knowledge of his work, with vast enterprise and energy, and shrewd business instincts, has chosen to give his talents and strength. But you must not suggest to Dr. Grenfell that he is anything of a martyr. His work is a passion, with a parish which extends from Ungava Bay in the Arctic, south to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; skirting thousands of miles of bleak, barren rock, a coast line where herbage is a wonder and where life holds on to earth by the most insecure tenure. When the Doctor first appeared in a little vessel to found a medical mission for the men of the Grand Banks and Labrador on the plan of his work in aid of the fishermen on the Dogger, he astonished the natives with his impudent manners of treating their turbulent waters. It is told of him that, anxious to get at an urgent case he has been caught in a gale in winter, and while the little craft was buffeted by wind and snow, and the skipper had the wheel, the Doctor has been astride of the bowsprit, soused under at times, but guiding the vessel through the jags by the flash and boom of combers.

Sixteen years since, Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, found the

people in continual poverty and in the bondage of debt to the traders who gave them provisions in exchange for skins and fish. That he made a staunch and victorious fight against this social disorder subsequent pages will indicate. "Formerly," too, says the Doctor, "if you happened to get ill, you just died, unless you happened to get better, which wasn't likely." Not so to-day. In heroic fashion this medical missionary has been preaching concrete Christianity, a gospel in action, equally adapted to the souls and bodies of a humanity, poor, illiterate and isolated; with the aid of floating hospitals which are challenged by tempests when the couplet of Swinburne often rings true:—

" And sword-like was the sound of the iron wind,  
And as a breaking battle was the sea."

## CHAPTER III

### ESKIMO RACE AND CUSTOMS

Roughly stated, the home of the Eskimos includes most of the vast treeless areas of the northern parts of America and Greenland; and not inaptly they have been styled a "circumpolar"—or round about the Pole—race.

The Eskimos constitute the aboriginal inhabitants of the whole northern coast of the American continent down to  $60^{\circ}$  N. lat. on the west, and  $55^{\circ}$  on the east, together with the Arctic Islands, Greenland and about 400 miles of the nearest Asiatic Coast. Only in the southern limits of the American Eskimo region do their abodes touch the northern limit of wooded land, while on the other side their tracks have been met with as far as Arctic discoveries have hitherto advanced towards the Pole. In other words their present southern limit in the Atlantic Coast of Labrador is Hamilton inlet, while they are found at intervals along the entire coast of the continent to Alaska. It is further to be pointed out that, at the time of the European discovery of the Northern parts of America, the Eskimos dwelt on the coasts considerably south of their present limits, and were even met with over the entire Atlantic Coast of Labrador, living far along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"It naturally follows," says Professor A. P. Low, "that scattered over such a wide area of country, with such poor means of connection, the Eskimo race is broken up into a number of tribes, distinguished by difference in 'dialect,'

and by slight difference in manners and customs. But these are so surprisingly few, considering the conditions, that an Eskimo from the Atlantic coast has no difficulty in conversing with the natives of the west coast of Hudson Bay or with those of Greenland. Their religion, beliefs, and ceremonies are also wonderfully alike everywhere, and only minor differences are seen in their sleds, boats, tents, and implements of the chase, these being largely due to the materials used. In fact so close are the essential resemblances that a description of the language, manners, and customs of any tribe requires only slight modifications to suit those of the other tribes."

As regards the divisions of the various sections of the Eskimos, known as the "Central Eskimos," the following approximate estimate has been issued. Northern Atlantic coast of Labrador 900 to 1,000; South shore of Hudson Strait 400 to 450; East coast of Hudson Bay 400 to 450; North shore of Hudson Strait 375 to 400; Davis Strait 470; Northern Baffin Island 180, and North West Coast of Hudson Bay 700 to 750, representing in all 22 tribes.

Of these the Akolingmint tribe who reside in the neighbourhood of Big Island in the central part of the North shore of Hudson Strait are among the oldest known Eskimos, and came in contact with the earliest white explorers of Hudson Bay. Old writers mention their filthy habits, and the present generation fully justify the reputation of their ancestors as being the most degraded of all the tribes.

These scattered tribal communities occupying the eastern half of the continent are of course distinguished from the natives of Greenland, and from those of the Western Arctic coast and Alaska. It will be seen therefore by the above table that the total Eskimo population of the eastern half of Arctic America ranges from between 3,400 to 3,700 individuals.

On the other hand it is pretty well agreed, though

in certain respects Eskimo statistics are little more than a bold guess, that out of a total of 40,000 souls not more than 6,000 are in Canada, and 2,000 of these are in Labrador, under Newfoundland administration.

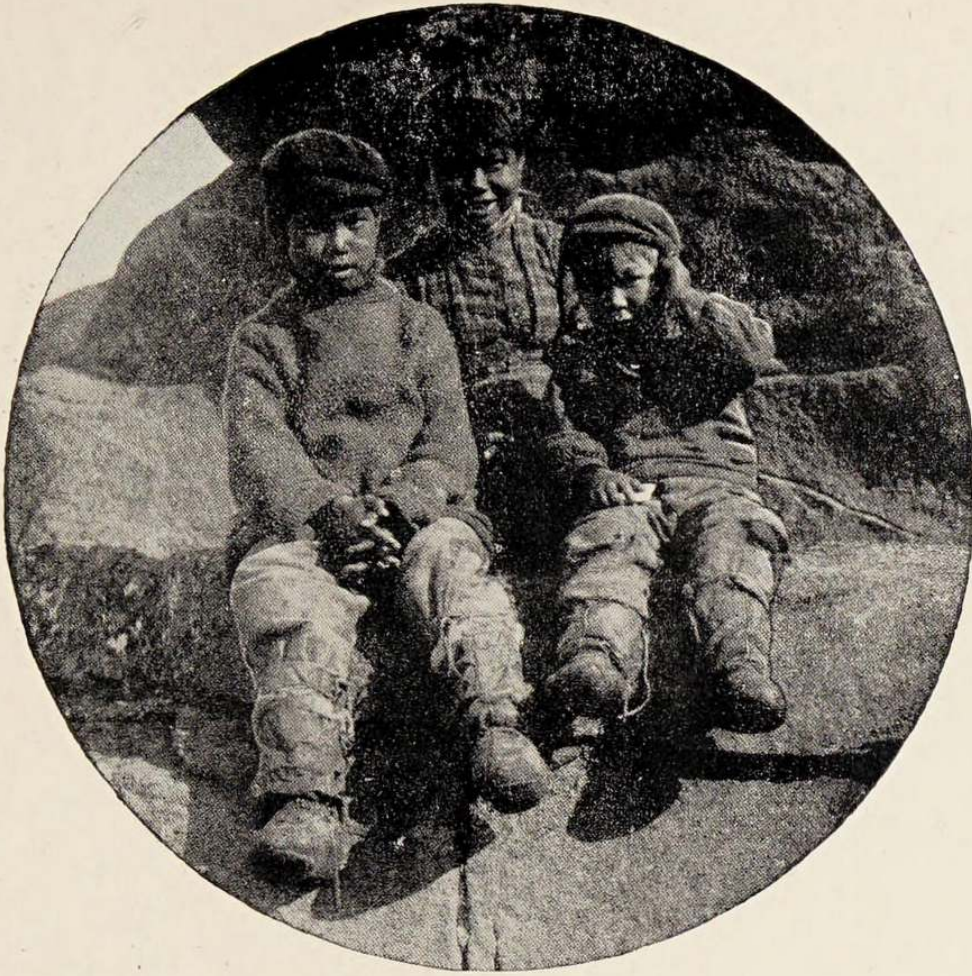
The Labrador Eskimos apparently maintain, if they do not increase, their numbers, while the large colony of 10,000 in Greenland, notwithstanding its gradual impoverishment, is admirably looked after by the Danish authorities, who have done something to civilize its members, and who have the chief credit for the printing and perpetuation of such Eskimo literature as exists.

It is encouraging to note according to Professor Low that: "The Eskimos of the Atlantic coast of Labrador have long been under the direct influence of the Moravian missionaries, and are in consequence much more civilized than the others.

"The Moravians first arrived on the coast in 1770, and since then have established mission stations along the shores from Hamilton inlet northward to Cape Chidley. Their policy has been to collect the natives into bands about these stations. To accomplish this, they have erected each mission at some place where the natural resources are abundant. The missionaries have kept the Eskimos as free as possible from contact with the floating white fishing population, and to do so have obtained exclusive trading rights from the Newfoundland Government. Their scheme is a sort of parenthood, by which they supply the natives with food and clothing, taking the product of their hunt in exchange; this scheme seems to work very satisfactorily, the natives being content, while their welfare is attended to without their being pauperised. There is no premium put on laziness and false piety, as is so often the case where the missionary makes free distribution of food and clothing to the natives. The Moravian Eskimos must provide for themselves by work of one kind or another, and the shiftless ones only receive

sufficient to keep life going, without any of its luxuries. These people have all been taught to read and write, there being a number of books printed in the language; the majority of these are of a religious character, but there are some in geography, history, and other secular subjects, so that all the natives have a fair knowledge of the outside world. From their long contact with the missionaries they are devout Christians, having completely lost many of their ancient beliefs and customs, and now conform to the manners and customs of civilization."

We are not to forget, however, in view of this pleasant picture, to quote again the author of 'The Cruise of the Neptune,' "that beyond this region the Eskimos of Ungava Bay and the south shore of Hudson Strait are still without knowledge of Christianity, save what has been spread by the southern Christian natives. The Eskimos as a rule take kindly to Christianity and follow its precepts in a manner which shames the average white Christian. All are exceedingly anxious to learn the books printed by the English Church Missionary Society. These books are printed in a syllabic shorthand, very easy to read, and are supplied from Cumberland Gulf. A great many Eskimos have never come in contact with the missionaries; notwithstanding this, there are only a few of the Labrador natives who cannot read and write, while the natives of Baffin Island are rapidly reaching the same state. Every native who learns to read, and who possesses a book, becomes the teacher of the uninstructed; in this manner education is spreading rapidly. A good example is found in the natives on the north-west coast of Hudson Bay, several of whom have learnt to read from the Big Island natives in the Scotch Whaler, who were in turn instructed by visiting Eskimos from Cumberland Gulf." It is estimated that the Eskimos of the Atlantic coast east, under the control of the Moravians, number nearly 1,000 persons. Allowing likewise four or five as the size of the average



ESKIMO CHILDREN.



*By the courtesy of the]*

*[Geological Survey of Canada.*

KENIPITU BELLES.





family, the total Eskimo population in the entire Labrador peninsula reaches possibly two thousand persons, divided about equally between the Atlantic coast and the remainder of the peninsula. Few stories are more romantic and stirring than the preservation by the Moravians of the survivors of a tribe who, in the sixteenth century, were found dwelling round the northern continent.

Dr. Grenfell, needless to add, has been a loyal friend to the Moravian missionaries on the coast of Labrador, and has repeatedly expressed his admiration of the marvellous success of their labours. A recent book, "The Fall of Torngak, or, The Moravian Mission on the Coast of Labrador," by Rev. J. W. Davey, vividly describes the triumph of the Cross over the darkest heathenism in defence of Christianity. Few publications in recent times touching the mission field equal it in dramatic incidents, or in illustration of the power of the Gospel over unregenerate nature. The well-known traveller and fair-minded observer, Mr. Hesketh Prichard, declared that the work of the Brethren in Labrador was the finest thing he had ever seen in all his wanderings, in proof of which 'Torngak' is a consecutive story of real historical value.

Out on that terrible coast where Eskimo humanity contends with wintry gales and towering icebergs, and the densest fogs anywhere in the world, "who would ever have thought, for example," a reviewer notes, "that the inhabitants of the frozen coast could be kept from disorder and crime without the aid of a single policeman or justice of the peace! How Leo Tolstoi would rejoice to hear this! Who would have imagined that the Eskimos are a highly musical people, able both to sing and to play those grand old Moravian chorals which many in England profess to find too difficult? Who would think that they regularly remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, that they listen attentively to a twenty minutes' sermon, and that sometimes they even take

notes and discuss the subject afterwards? Who would think that they have ever learned to take a deep and practical interest in foreign mission work in other lands, and that they have their own magazine? And who would think that in the British Empire there is actually a stretch of land, four hundred miles in length, without a single public house?" The contrast between the Eskimos as the first devoted Brethren found them, and the description of the Christian Eskimos of to-day, reads not unlike a tale of the imagination or fairyland. The fruit of the toil on the eastern sea-board of Labrador by the Moravian enforces anew the lesson that the influence of the "old story," together with little pleasures and material comfort, can make the world in the hardest places look bright and joyous to everyone, can change even a desert into an Eden, and that simplicity is worth far more than pomp and riches show.

Very different is the record of the heathen Eskimos across the northern promontory of Labrador, who occupy the western sea-board around Ungava Bay. A grim description of the desperate condition was disclosed to the world in November 1907. Lacking almost entirely beneficent aid in earlier times, they have latterly sunk into most appalling poverty, wretchedness and degradation; absolutely pagan, and without any morals indicative of civilized ideas. The few explorers and others who have voyaged along the Ungava sea-board represent the lot of the natives as indescribable, the filth and poverty amid which they live rendering any other conditions impossible. Their contact with the white man, in the shape of whaling crews, has inoculated them with all the white man's vices and some of his most loathsome diseases, while their gradual utilization of his weapons and implements have caused disuse of their own native accessories in these directions. As a result, the Eskimos have degenerated into mere hangers-on of the whaling or trading stations,

and when these are withdrawn they perish miserably. If the experience of Labrador and Greenland has any value, it indicates that such an impending fate is avoidable among the natives of Western Canada, should the Canadian Government take vigorous measures to safeguard the Eskimos against the greed of fishermen and their own untutored extravagance, under changed conditions. Signs are not wanting that the Dominion, according to latest advices, is applying itself to prevent the extinction of the Eskimos who are under its jurisdiction.

For any adequate idea of the strange customs of the Eskimos the reader will find abundant information in the publications of Prof. A. P. Low and Dr. Franz Boas, the Rev. Mr. Peck at Cumberland and Captain Comer of the whaling schooner 'Era,' the two last named being regarded as the greatest living authorities upon the manners and customs of the Eskimos. Fascinating descriptions have been chronicled of Eskimos round houses or igloos, sledges, seal hunting and trapping, kyaks, the Eskimo boat and umiak or woman's boat, summer occupations, caribou hunting, dress, amusements, social habits, government, taboos or laws, angekok or medicine man, superstitions and beliefs, and moral characteristics of which only a mere outline is possible in the following pages.

Originally, the Cree Indians called the Eskimo people "Ashkimai," which means "raw meat eaters," from which appellation our word "Eskimo" is derived. The Eskimos style themselves "Innuit," signifying people—humans, their white visitors being "Koblunak" or outlanders. As regards the origin of the Eskimos considerable difference of opinion exists, some claiming them as Mongolians, and others, of a different race. The natives, in appearance, are of a strongly Mongolian type, and although in the old picture books they are represented as sturdily built little fellows, they nevertheless compare well in real life with the white man of the temperate zone. Seldom do the Eskimos

of Ungava average less than five feet eight inches in height with occasional six footers. Interesting to notice, the Eskimo is the superior of the Indian in capacity for physical endurance, showing, in this respect, wonderful resource.

In point of facial characteristics the Eskimos have wide cheek bones and round, full faces, with a flat, broad nose. Their complexions are not so dark hued as the Indians, the truth being that many of them are no darker than the average white man under similar conditions of exposure to wind, storm and sun. The hair of the men is straight black, coarse and abundant, and worn hanging below their ears; that of the women braided and looped up on the sides of the head. "What constitutes beauty," says an eye witness, "is, of course, largely a question of individual taste. My own judgment of the Eskimos is that they are very ugly, although I have seen young women among them whom I have thought actually handsome. This was when they first arrived at the 'Post' with dogs and komatik, and they were dressed in their native costume and deerskin trousers and koolutuk, their cheeks red and glowing with the exercise of trail, and the keen, frosty atmosphere. A half hour later I have seen the same women when stringy, dirty skirts had replaced the neat fitting trousers, and Dr. Grenfell's description of them when thus clad invariably came to my mind: 'A bedraggled kind of mop, soaked in oil and filth.' When they are away at their camps and igloos their own costume is almost exclusively worn and is the best possible costume for the climate and the country."

Cleanliness is not one of the Eskimos' virtues. For many months of the year the only water they have is obtained by melting snow and ice. In sections where there is no wood for fuel this must be done over stone lamps in which seal oil is burned, and it is so slow a process that the water thus obtained is held too precious to

be wasted in cleaning body or clothing. One of the missionaries remarked that "the children must be very clean little creatures, for the parents never find it necessary to wash them." The natives treat their children with the greatest kindness and consideration, not only their own, but all children, generally. Children are seldom punished or spoken harshly to, and yet they rank as the most obedient youngsters in the world.

Love, it is said, is essential to a happy marriage among the Eskimos. When a man wants a woman he takes her, the belief holding good that an Eskimo's bride makes a good wife. If the wife for example does not like her husband after a fair trial she leaves him, and vice-versa. When a wife does not realize the husband's expectations he sends her home and tries another. No marriage ceremony exists; if a man wants two he has them, if there are women enough.

The chief pastimes among the Eskimos are dancing and football; the men entering into the dance with zest, whereas the women seem as though they were performing some awful penance. Both sexes play football. They have learned too well the use of cards and are reckless gamblers, occasionally staking even the garments on their backs in play.

If in bargaining the Eskimo in some things is innocent, in others he is keen, and even after he has agreed to do a service for a consideration, will probably change his mind at the last moment and leave the visitor in the lurch.

With respect to Eskimo dwellings, these are of three kinds: The tupek—skin tent; igloowink—snow house; and permanent igloo, built of driftwood, stones and turf—the larger ones are igloosoaks. On the Atlantic coast where the snow houses are not used and the Eskimos live more generally during the winter in the close, vile igloos, there is more or less tubercular trouble. Where the natives have gone farther south and have learned cleanliness,

and live in comfortable log cabins that are fairly well aired, this is the prevailing disease. Among the Eskimos who leave Ramah and travel southwards and also adopt civilized customs, food and habits of life, there is an increased death rate. Below Ramah the deaths exceed the births, whereas in the remote Ungava district, practically untouched by civilization, the births exceed the deaths. Death comes early to the Eskimos, however, owing to the life of constant hardships and exposure.

In bygone days they were accustomed to encase their dead in skins, and lay them out upon the rocks, with the clothing and things they had used in life. Now rough wooden boxes are provided by the traders. The dogs however break the coffins open and pick the bones, which lie uncared for, to be bleached by the frosts of winter and suns of summer. That zealous missionary, Mr. Stewart, has collected and buried many of these bones, and is now endeavouring to have all bodies buried.

Touching dietary matters, flesh and fish, as is the case with the Indians, form the principal food, but while the Indians cook everything the Eskimos as often eat their meat and fish raw, and are not too particular as to its age or state of decay. They are exceedingly fond of venison and seal meat, and for variety's sake welcome dog meat.

Like that of the Indian the Eskimo's religion is largely one of fear. Numerous are the spirits that people the land and depths of the sea, but the chief of them all is Torngak, the spirit of Death, who from his cavern dwelling in the heights of the mighty Torngaeks (the mountains north of the George River toward Cape Chidley), watches them always and rules their fortunes with an iron hand, dealing out misfortune, or withholding it, at his will. It is only through the medium of the angekok, or conjurer, that the people can learn what to do to keep Torngak and the lesser spirits of evil, with their varying moods, in good humour. Mr. Stewart has led some of the Eskimos to

at least outwardly renounce their heathenism and profess Christianity, and should he remain on the field there is little doubt this strenuous pioneer will lead them all into Christianity during the next few years.

Wonderfully skilful are the Eskimos with their kyaks or their umiaks. Quite commonly the women row the umiaks, the men meanwhile sitting idle, my lord Eskimo considering it beneath his dignity to handle the oars when the womenkind are present to do it. The celebrated Eskimo dogs are usually big wolfish creatures resembling wolves, so closely in fact that when the dogs and wolves are together the one can scarcely be told from the other, a circumstance which readers of the "Call of the Wild" will recall. It even happens that a stray wolf will hobnob with the dogs, and litters of half wolf, half dog have been born at the posts. The sturdy dogs of Ungava are splendid animals, unsurpassed anywhere in the far north, and wonderful are the tales narrated of long distances covered by them in a single day, a record trip some years past being one hundred and twelve miles. This occurred in the spring, when the days were long, and the snow hard and firm. When, on the other hand, the snow is loose and the days are short, twenty to thirty miles constitutes a day's work. It seems that from five to twelve dogs are usually driven in one team, though sometimes a man is seen plodding along with a two-dog team, and occasionally as many as sixteen or eighteen are harnessed to a komatik or sledge, but these very large teams are unwieldy. In the Ungava district the komatiks vary from ten to eighteen feet in length, constructed with much ingenuity, especially the bottoms of the komatiks, called the 'runners.' The harness of the dogs is generally made of polar bear or seal skin, but strange to add there are no reins. The driver controls his team by shouting directions and with a walrus hide whip, some twenty-five to thirty-five feet in length, which he wields with amazing dexterity and telling effect.

With respect to moral characteristics the Eskimos as a rule are strictly honest, and the occasional thief is looked down upon by the wild native as well as by the partly civilized one. Not quite as truthful as they are honest, they still compare favourably in that matter with the white man. Of course there are black sheep in every flock, and the Eskimos have their share of them.

Judged by the standards of sexual morals of civilization, the Eskimos are a minus quantity. In temperament, again, they are phlegmatic and slow to anger, being good-natured rather than otherwise; but, like all savages, liable to ungovernable bursts of rage when roused. As a rule they are proud and independent, with a greater sense of gratitude for favours received than their Indian neighbours. Hospitable and kind on the whole, though probably like other savages they would soon tire of continuous efforts to support helpless whites cast upon them, especially where the guests assumed a superiority over their hosts.

Undoubtedly the two main features which have made the Eskimos perennially interesting to civilised nations are, respectively, their stubborn combat with Nature's stern forces and their uncanny modes of life. Nor again can it be questioned that the colonization of the frozen North by the Eskimos is as great a victory of human energy and ingenuity as history perhaps can show.

In the barren portion of the upper peninsula of Labrador comprising the south coast of Hudson Strait, something akin to heroic endeavours have been made by a temporary Moravian missionary and the Rev. S. M. Stewart to rescue this hitherto neglected remnant of Indian 'brave.' Cordial appreciation has recently been expressed of Mr. Stewart's exertions on behalf of the natives during recent years, both at Chidley and across country at Fort Chimo, Ungava Bay, in his activities as a missionary from the diocese of Newfoundland.

Mr. Dillon Wallace in his work, "The Long Labrador



By the courtesy of the]



THE INTERIOR OF A SNOW HOUSE.

[Geological Survey of Canada.



Trail," eulogistically writes: "Of all the missionaries that I met in this bleak northern land, devoted as every one of them is to his life work, none was more devoted and none was doing a more self-sacrificing work than the Rev. Samuel Miliken Stewart of Fort Chimo. His novitiate as a missionary was begun in one of the little out-port fishing villages of Newfoundland. Finally he was transferred to that fearfully barren stretch among the heathen Eskimos north of Nachvak. Here he and his Eskimo servant gathered together such loose driftwood as they could find, and with this and stones and turf erected a single-roomed igloo. It was a small affair, not over ten by twelve or fourteen feet in size, and an imaginary line separated the missionary's quarters from his servant's. On his knees, in an old resting place for the dead, with the bleaching bones of heathen Eskimos strewn over the rocks about him, he consecrated his life efforts to the conversion of his people to Christianity. Then he went to work to accomplish this purpose in a business-like way. He set himself the infinite task of mastering the difficult language. He lived their life with them, visiting and sleeping with them in their filthy igloos—so filthy and so filled with stench from the putrid meat and fish scraps that they permit to lie about and decay that frequently at first, until he became accustomed to it, he was forced to seek the open air and relieve the resulting nausea. But Stewart is a man of iron will, and he never wavered. He studied his people, administered medicines to the sick, and taught the doctrines of Christianity, Love, Faith, and Charity, at every opportunity.

"That first winter was a trying one. All his little stock of fuel was exhausted early. The few articles of furniture that he had brought with him he burned to help keep out the frost demon, and before spring suffered greatly with the cold. The winter before our arrival he transferred his efforts to the Fort Chimo district, where his fuel would be

larger and he could reach a greater number of the heathens. During the journey to Fort Chimo, which was across the upper peninsula, with dogs, he was lost in storms that prevailed at the time, his provisions were exhausted, and one dog had been killed to feed the others, before he finally met Eskimos, who guided him in safety to George River. At Fort Chimo the Hudson's Bay Company set aside two small buildings to his use, one for a chapel, the other a little cabin in which he lives. Here we found him one day with a pot of high-smelling seal meat cooking for his dogs, and a pan of dough cakes frying for himself. With Stewart in this cabin I spent many delightful hours. His constant flow of well-told stories, flavoured with native Irish wit, was a sure panacea for despondency. I believe Stewart, with his sunny temperament, is really enjoying his life amongst the heathen, and he has made an obvious impression upon them, for every one of them turns out to his chapel meetings, where the services are conducted in Eskimo, and takes part with a will."

In addition to what the Moravians have done by way of adapting the English alphabet to the speech of the Ungava Eskimos, and teaching them to read and write, Mr. Stewart in his work has also adapted the Cree syllabic characters to the Eskimos, and is likewise schooling the Ungava people to write by this method, which is largely phonetic. Both the Moravians and Mr. Stewart are instructing them in the mystery of counting in German.

The Indians of the Ungava district are chiefly Nascaupees, with occasionally a few Crees from the West. "Nenenot" they name themselves, which means perfect truemen. Both the Nascaupees of the north and the Mountaineers, another Indian tribe in the south, belong to the great Algonquin family and speak a similar language. In personal appearance they are the typical Indian who figures in the pages of Catlin and Fenimore Cooper. "Taller and more angular than their southern brothers they

have the same high cheek bones, colour and general features, and are capable of enduring the severest cold." Singular to notice, the Indians and Eskimos carry on no social intercourse, the Indians rather despising the Eskimos.

In summer, cloth clothing obtained in barter at the Posts is worn, but in winter deer-skin garments are usual. The coat has the hair inside, and the outside of the finely dressed, chamois-like skin is decorated with various designs in colour, in startling combinations of blue, red, and yellow, painted on with dyes obtained at the Post or manufactured by themselves from fish roe and mineral products. When the garment has a hood it is sometimes the skin of a wolf's head, with the ears standing and hair outside, giving the wearer a startling and ferocious appearance. Tight-fitting deer-skin or red cloth leggings decorated with beads, and deer-skin moccasins, complete the costume.

Some bead-work trimming is made by the women, but they do little in the way of needlework embroidery, and the results of their attempts in this direction are very indifferent. This applies to the full-blooded Nascaupees. Occasionally are seen fairly good specimens of moccasin embroidery done by the half-breed women at the Post and by the Mountaineer women in the south.

The Nascaupees are not nearly so clean nor so prosperous as the Mountaineers, and, coming very little in contact with the whites, live now practically as their forefathers lived, in fact, before the white men came. Probably they are the most primitive Indians on the North American Continent to-day.

About the year 1877 or 1878 Father Père Lacasse crossed overland from North-west River, apparently by the Grand River route to Fort Chimo, in an attempt to carry the work of the Mission among the heathen Nascaupee Indians. The Nascaupees, however, did not take kindly to the new religion, and, unfortunately, during the priest's stay

among them, which was brief, the hunting was bad. This was attributed to the missionary's presence, and the sachems were kept busy for a time dispelling the evil charm. No one was converted. Let us hope that Mr. Stewart, who is there to stay, and is an earnest, persistent worker, will reach the savage confidence and conscience, though his opportunity with the Indians is small, for these Nascaupes tarry but a very brief time each year within his reach. With open water in the summer they come to the Fort with the pelts of their winter catch. These are exchanged chiefly for arms, ammunition, knives, clothing, tea and tobacco. Then, after a short rest they disappear again into the fastnesses of the wilderness above, to fish the interior lakes and hunt the forests, and no more is seen of them until the following summer, excepting only a few of the younger men, who usually emerge from the silent, snow-bound land during Christmas week to barter skins for such necessaries as they are in urgent need of, and to get drunk on a sort of beer, a concoction of hops, molasses and unknown ingredients that the Post dwellers make and the "Queen" dispenses during the holiday festival.

The Indian religion, like that of the Eskimo, is not one of worship, but one of fear and superstition. They are constantly in dread of imaginary spirits that haunt the wilderness and drive away the game or bring sickness and other disasters upon them. The conjurer is employed to work his charms to keep off the evil ones. They evidently have some sort of indefinite belief in a future existence, as hunting implements and other offerings are left with the dead, who, where the conditions will permit, are buried in the ground.

Invariably the marriage relation is held very lightly, and continence and chastity are not in their sight virtues. "There is no ceremony, gifts are made to the girl's father or nearest male relative, and she is turned over, whether she will or no, to the would-be husband." A husband has

as many wives as he is physically able to control and take care of—one, two or even three.

“The men are the hunters, the women the slaves. No one finds fault with this, not even the woman, for it is an Indian custom, immemorial, for the woman to do all the hard physical work. The snowshoe frames are made by the men, the babiche is cut and netted by the women, who display wonderful skill in this work.”

“One good and crowning characteristic these children of the Ungava wilderness possess—that of honesty. They will not steal. You may have absolute confidence in them in this respect. And I may say, too, that they are most hospitable to the traveller, as our own experience with them exemplified. For their faults they must not be condemned. They live according to their lights, and their lights are those of the untutored savage who has never heard the gospel of Christianity and knows nothing of the civilization of the great world outside. Their life is one of constant struggle for bare existence, and it is truly wonderful how they survive at all in the bleak wastes which they inhabit.”

Historically it is to be noted that during the 18th century more especially, the Indians often committed bloody massacres against the Eskimos, the Eskimos and Indians having always been open enemies. The cruelty of the Indians was further intensified with the advent of the whites, through whom the Indians soon became possessed of firearms, a source of enormous advantage over their Northern defenceless foes, who were compelled to retreat beyond the tree limit in the northern regions for safety.

This warfare appears to have continued until the Eskimos obtained firearms, when, the conditions becoming equal, the Indians speedily found that the pleasure of the Eskimo chase did not compensate for the danger incurred, and for many years past active hostilities have ceased, though the two races are still unfriendly, and rarely, or never, intermarry.

## CHAPTER IV

### PIONEERING ENTERPRISE

As an outcome of their first three years of humane campaigning, during which much was learned of the extraordinary poverty and isolation of the people, Dr. Grenfell and his co-workers found that fresh lines of amelioration were imperative. Hitherto, lack of experience made them satisfied to cope with the question of hunger and nakedness by collecting and distributing warm clothing and assisting the natives in various ways to get food. Not until 1896 was the futility realised of giving financial help to men who had to pay about 30s. or 8\$. for a barrel of flour worth 16s. or 4\$; and 12s. or 3\$. for a hogshead of salt which could be bought at St. John's for 4s. or 1\$.

Concerning this practice of fleecing Dr. Grenfell writes: "We set to work to find a new sermon to preach on this subject, vigorously stirred by the fact that many of the most piteous cases of tuberculosis of glands and bones were the direct consequence of chronic semi-starvation, notably amongst the children." He further discovered that a universal system of 'truck' business prevailed; the 'catch' of to-morrow was mortgaged for the food of to-day; the natives seldom or never seeing cash, with the inevitable results of poverty, thriftlessness and eventually hopelessness, not to say moral bankruptcy. The old time argument of the trader was always that the men's beggarliness was because they did not catch enough to support



themselves. Grenfell answered that they got enough to support at least thirty traders. A new programme was henceforth to be drafted.

With his usual courage and practical dexterity Dr. Grenfell notes: "We started a sermon with a co-operative store as a text. The people round it were all heavily in debt; most winters they received so much government relief to keep them from actual starvation that the place was known as 'The Sink.' The people were mostly illiterate and knew nothing about business, and the little store went through varying fortunes. They had very, very little money to put in, and even that they were afraid to put in under their own names, for fear the traders should find out and punish them. Needless to say," Dr. Grenfell observes, "we had now to regret gaps in the prayer-meetings once filled so fervently by our friends the enemy;" the traders becoming the sworn foes of this resolute pioneer of new times, who was building better than he knew.

Some seven years later Dr. Grenfell saw hundreds of the natives clothed, fed, independent, and possessed of a new comfortable church building, children far and away better clad and educated. In the subsequent five years the coast had as many co-operative stores, where the necessaries of life might be obtained at a reasonable charge and fish sold direct to the merchants at cash prices, in addition to the purchase of a schooner called the "Co-operator," which carries the harvests of the sea speedily to the markets. Dr. Grenfell had many difficulties and disappointments, owing to our poor fisheries and ignorance of methods of business, and isolation. Gradually order was evolved out of chaos by his success in getting storekeepers and crews of Christian people, who are fully aware that "the best Gospel they can preach is to keep the store for Christ."

"One of our chief troubles with our people," writes the

Doctor, "was the long enforced idleness of the winter and the consequent necessity of living largely on the summer 'catch.' This necessitated their remaining scattered, on the chance of catching fur-bearing animals (such as foxes, martens, beavers, etc.), in the winter, even if the actual 'catch,' as was often the case, didn't amount to a barrel of flour for the whole time. This again prevented their children being reached for educational purposes. It was long a problem to us what ought to be done to meet the difficulty. Eventually we took up a grant of timberland on account of which the Newfoundland government permitted me special conditions, and we started to aggregate the people in winter by affording them remunerative work about the Mill. To this we have added a small schooner building yard, and hope shortly to add a cooperage, as we use many barrels in the fish industry. We have gathered together about this small effort this winter (1903) some two hundred and fifty people. A small school-house has been erected, and those who are managing the Mill know that this effort is their text from which they preach their sermon."

In other directions the Doctor put in operation the doctrines of applied Christianity. "There can be no question," he points out, "that the Christ would to-day support all manly and innocent pastimes. So, to meet the needs of the long wintry evenings, we have commandeered the two small jails in our district and converted them into clubs, with a library and games, which have been supplemented by the importation of footballs made of rubber for service on the snow. This has become so popular that our Eskimo women join the game with their babies in their hoods, and seal-skin footballs stuffed with dry grass have sprung into existence all along the coast.

"The toys that we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the north had hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Anyhow, the

birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthdays of our Lord, have never been characterized by the joyful celebrations which formed oases in our own child life. We have turned the current of toys back to the north again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah's arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas tree no less a message of the love of God on the birthday of the Saviour to these many birthdayless children who thus keep their own on that day.

“ We have become residuary legatees for all the real estate in the orphan children line. Some years ago I buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sandspit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, I advertised two in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on I visited the farm; it was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: ‘I cannot teach in the Sunday School, or attend prayer-meetings, Doctor, they are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children. I was glad she could not speak at the prayer-meetings. Perhaps after all we grade our Christians by a wrong standard.

“ In what relation would the Christ stand to-day to wrongdoing? On our wild and almost uncharted coast, where the visits of strangers are very rare, many wrecks occurred that, to say the least, suggested to the underwriters that no special efforts had been made to save them. We were asked by Lloyds' underwriting agency to act as agents for them and furnish reports in case of losses occurring. At first we declined, fearing that the kind of espionage which would be necessary would be likely to interfere with

our 'spiritual' work. Later we began to think it was not necessary to knock all the spirit out of men to make them 'spiritual,' so we accepted the post of magistrate for the coast, and also Lloyds' agency.

"Steaming down a long fjord late in October we picked up the crew of a small steamer wrecked on the north shore. After landing the men for the last boat south to take them home, we returned and raised the steamer—hailed her keel out of the water at low tide—and found the only damage was a hole driven with a crowbar in her bottom! In endeavouring to tow her some six hundred miles south to St. John's, Newfoundland, we lost her in a gale of wind at sea, and with her our evidence of the crime.

"It did not take us long to find out that this blow at unrighteousness had made us more enemies than many sermons. We have a saying that 'it is only when you really tread on the devil's tail that he will wag it'—perhaps a modern synonym for 'no cross, no crown.' So long as the battle with sin is fought with kid gloves on, there will never be any need of the 'fellowship of suffering.' Last season, after everyone had left the coast, a report that a large vessel loaded with fish and fully insured had been lost on the rocks six hundred miles north, reached St. John's. Owing to the rapidly-forming ice we were doubtful if it was possible to get at the ship. But fortune favoured us: we were able to get her, raise her, and almost to our own surprise we were able to tow her, in spite of December gales, safely to St. John's Harbour. The consignee (the same man who had owned the steamer we lost, and who had 'suffered other losses') was found guilty of barratry and sent down to penal servitude. It is said that the world consists of two kinds of people, those who go out and try to do something, 'and those who stay at home and wonder why they don't do it in some other way.' How would the critics look at this? Was it 'missionary'? Is not the real problem of Christianity how best to commend it to the

world? Can it most be advocated by word or deed? Can we afford to divorce the 'secular' from the 'religious' any more than the 'religious' from the 'secular'? It seems to me there is only one way to reach the soul—that is, through the body. For when the soul has cast off the body we cannot reach it at all."

Years have rolled away since Dr. Grenfell's first ship the "Albert," opening a new era in the story of missions, set sail on what was destined to be her memorable Labrador voyage. At that date finding a sailer unsuitable he procured a steam launch of eight foot beam and five foot draft, and with himself as navigator, a man as engineer, and a boy as cook, braved the hazards of a coast voyage along that rock-ribbed shore. She could carry four patients at a pinch, and a kindly St. John's merchant gave him an unoccupied house at Battle Harbour, "the capital of Labrador," to use as a hospital. With these assets and in this simple fashion for the redemption of Labrador's fishermen Dr. Grenfell began his long weary march towards the goals of civilization, the chief of which are cited in the following outline record.

1892. The hospital vessel "Albert" sailed from England with Dr. Grenfell in charge as the only Mission doctor. He spent three months on the coast, holding services and treating 900 sick folk.

1893. Battle Harbour Hospital was presented by friends in St. John's, Newfoundland, and opened during the summer by a qualified nurse and doctor. The launch "Princess May" was added to enable the ship to do more work.

1894. Indian Harbour Hospital was opened for the summer, and for the first time Battle Harbour Hospital was kept open in winter. Friends in Canada began to help the Mission

1895. The sailing hospital was replaced by the steamer "Sir Donald," the gift of Sir Donald A. Smith, who has

lived many years in Labrador; 1,900 sick folk received treatment. Dr. Roddick, of Montreal, presented the sailing boat "Urelia McKinnon" to the Mission.

1896. A small co-operative store was started at Red Bay, in the straits of Belle Isle, to help the settlers to escape the "truck system" of trade and the consequent loss of independence and thrift. This has since spread to a series of five, with many beneficial results to the very poorest. The "Sir Donald" was carried out from her harbour by the winter ice, and found far at sea, still frozen in, by the seal hunters. She had to be sold.

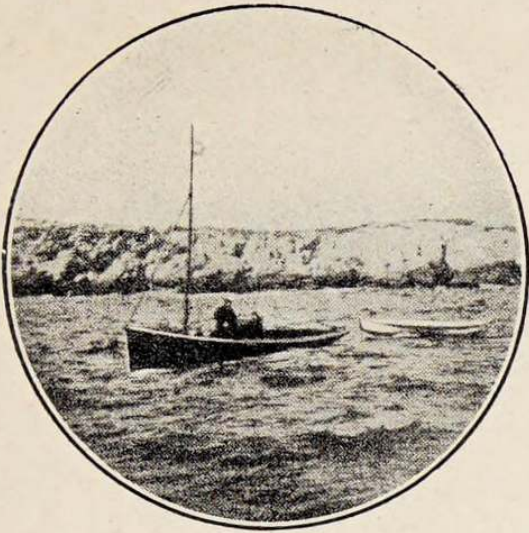
1897. The steam launch "Julian Sheridan," given by a Toronto lady, replaced the "Sir Donald." A large Mission hall was attached to Indian Harbour Hospital for the use of the fishermen; 2,000 patients were treated.

1899. Largely through the munificence of the High Commissioner the steel steam hospital ship "Strathcona" was built at Dartmouth, England, and fitted with every available modern appliance. At the request of the settlers, a doctor wintered in North Newfoundland.

1900. The "Strathcona" steamed out to Labrador. The settlers on the Newfoundland shore of the Straits of Belle Isle commenced a hospital at St. Anthony, and the Mission decided to adopt that place as a third station.

1901. The Newfoundland Government granted £300 to stimulate the erection of St. Anthony Hospital. A small co-operative lumber mill was started to help the settlers of the poorest district, who often faced semi-starvation, to get remunerative work in winter. The schooner "Co-operator" was purchased and rebuilt by the people to assist the co-operative store efforts.

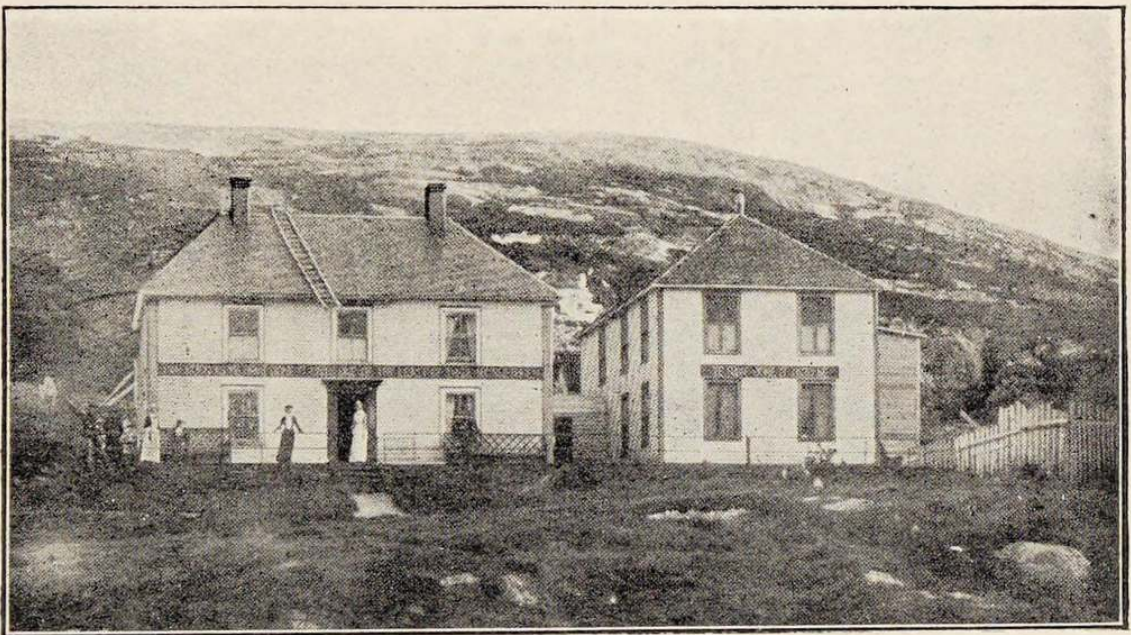
1902. A new wing was added to Battle Harbour Hospital with a fine convalescent room and a new operating room. Indian Harbour Hospital was also considerably enlarged; 2,774 patients received treatment—110 of these being in-patients in the little hospitals. The launch "Julian



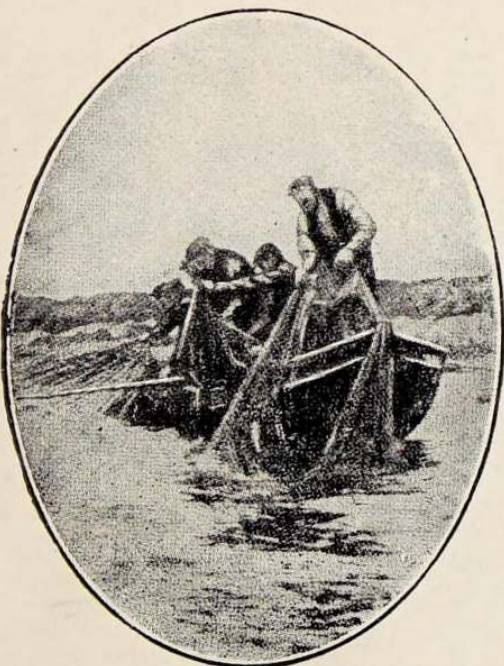
MOTOR LAUNCH *JULIA SHERIDAN II.*



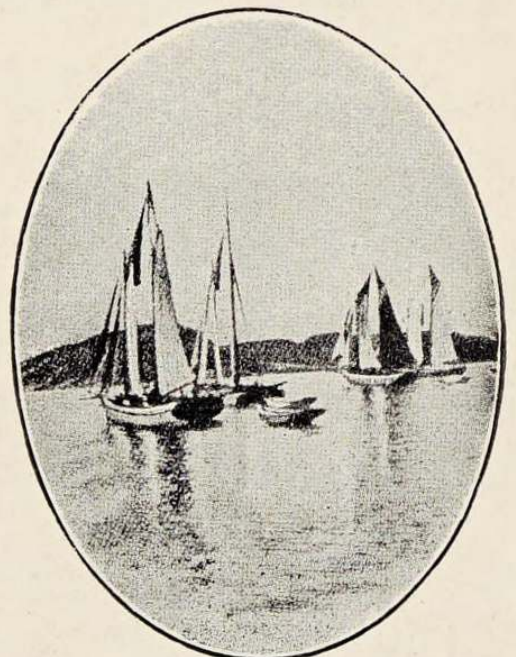
OFF FOR THE DOCTOR.



BATTLE HARBOUR HOSPITAL.



TRAP-BOAT FISHERMEN.



A FISHER FLEET.





Sheridan" was chartered by the government, with one of the medical officers, to suppress an outbreak of smallpox.

1903. Some new outbuildings were added to the Indian Harbour Hospital, and a mortuary and store were built at Battle Harbour Hospital. The third and fourth co-operative stores were started at West St. Modiste and at Flowers Cove to encourage cash dealing and thrift. The "Princess May" went out of commission and was sold.

1904. A new doctor's house was built at Battle Harbour. The steam launch "Julia Sheridan" had to be sold. She was replaced by a 10 H.P. kerosene launch called by the same name. An orphanage was built at St. Anthony's Hospital to accommodate fifteen children. A building was also added for teaching loom work and general carpentering and lathe work.

1905. A doctor was appointed at the request of the people on the Canadian Labrador, with headquarters at Harrington, near Cape Whittle, on the north side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The first schooners were built at the lumber mills, which are now flourishing and helping to maintain some one hundred families. Two consulting surgeons from Boston Universities visited the Mission during the summer to help in the work. Through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, between thirty and forty small portable libraries were distributed along the coast, containing from 50 to 100 books in each.

1906. Through the help of friends in Montreal and Toronto a new hospital and doctor's house were built in Harrington, and a second kerosene launch called the "Northern Messenger" was given for the work there. New dog sledges and teams were also give by the "Montreal Weekly Witness." Some new buildings were erected at St. Anthony, including some farm outbuildings, and some land taken up from the Newfoundland government with a view to trying to introduce cattle.

Even in far off Labrador the Doctor's work suffered from

ungenerous and bitter onslaughts; but the misrepresentations, due to prejudice or envy, which assailed him at the outset, he has lived down, and his triumph has been all the greater because of this. Nowadays he regards these as "amusing attacks," yet with the observation, "They did not amuse me at the time they were published."

Dr. Grenfell pays warm tribute to the hospitality of the people towards himself, both in Newfoundland and Labrador. He says that, although visiting the island all these years, he has never had to spend a night in an hotel, and on Labrador he or any other traveller is given the best that any settler has, though it be his last crust, without stint and without charge. The schooners carry his stores to the coast free, the big fish exporters at St. John's send down his coal free on their steamers, the dock cleans his ship free, and generous friends help him otherwise in every possible way.

## CHAPTER V

### THE FISHER FOLK OF LABRADOR

Of Dr. Grenfell's seafaring experiences volumes might be written relative to hazardous passages and adventures. When he first appeared on the coast the folk thought him a madman of some strange creation. He knew nothing of the reefs, the tides, the currents; cared nothing, apparently, for the winds, and sailed with the confidence and reckless courage of a Labrador skipper. Fearing at times to trust his schooner in unknown waters, he went about in a whale-boat. Once the gallant craft was capsized with all hands, on another occasion driven out to sea, many times nearly swamped, and again blown on the rocks; and at the end of it she was wrecked beyond repair.

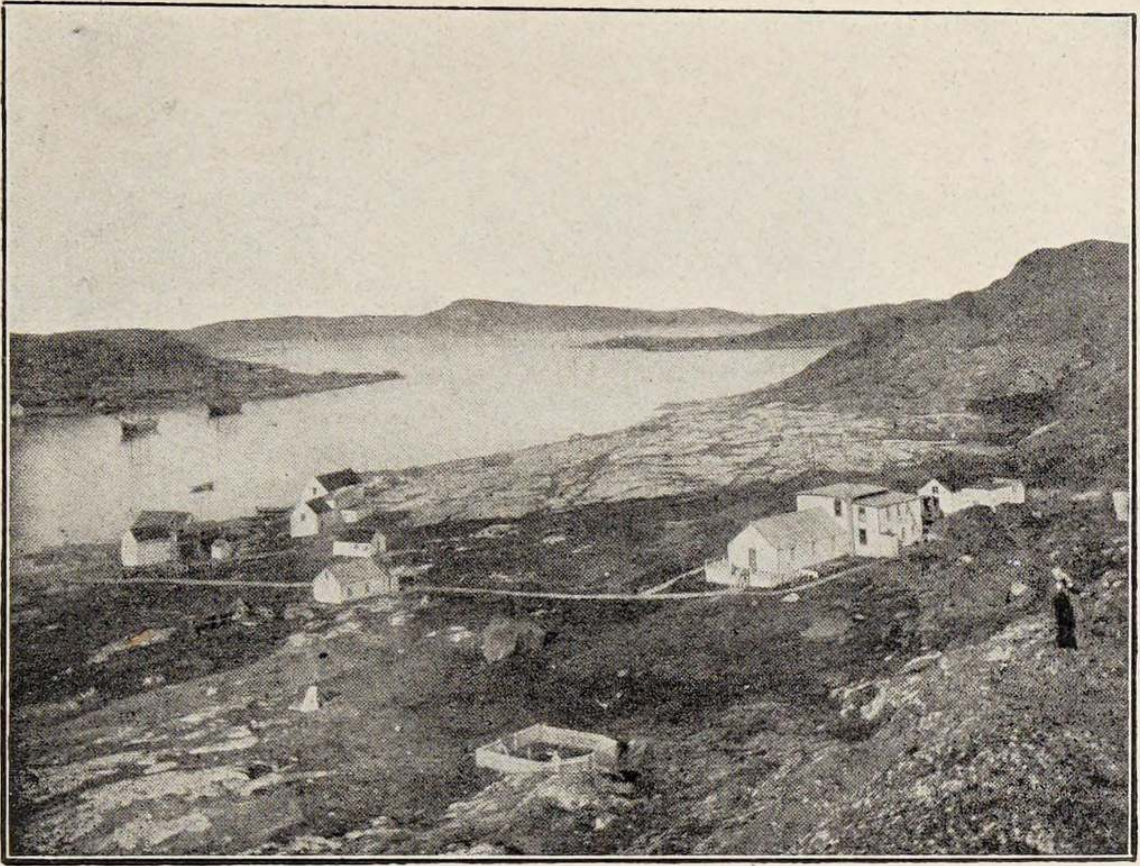
The next season he came out with a little steam-launch, the "Princess May" (her beam was eight feet!) in which he not only voyaged from St. John's to Labrador over leagues of tempestuous ocean—to the astonishment of the whole colony—but sailed the length of that dreaded coast, passing into the gulf, and safely out again, and pushing to the very farthest settlements in the north. "Late in the fall, upon the return journey to St. John's in stormy weather, the craft was reported lost, and many a skipper wondered indeed that she had lived so long; yet she weathered a gale that bothered the mail-boat and triumphantly made for St. John's, after as adventurous a voyage as ever a boat of her measure survived."

"Sure," said a skipper, "I don't know how she done it. "The Lord," he added quaintly, "must kape an eye on that man."

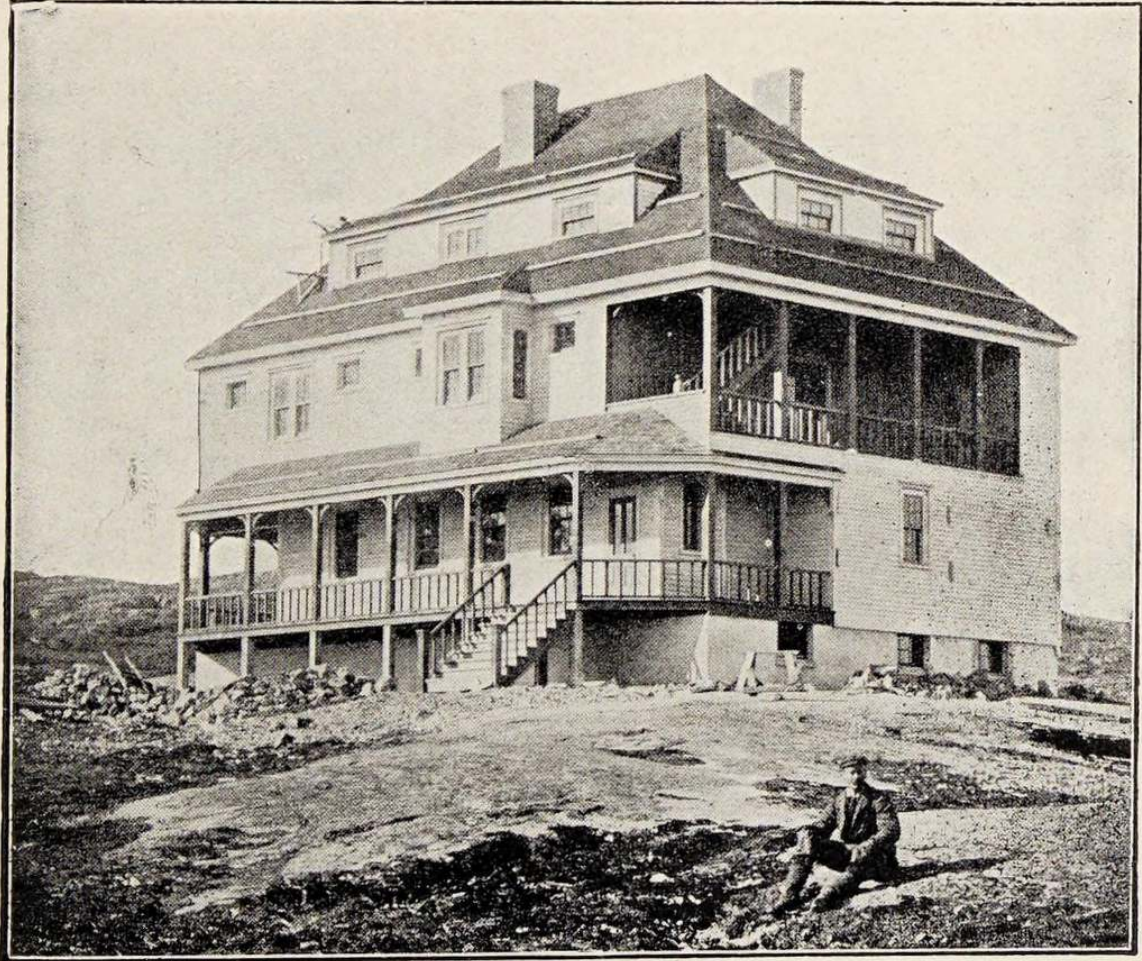
There is a new proverb on the coast. The folk say when a great wind blows, "This'll bring Grenfell."

It is not surprising that he adds, "Nothing is regular in our campaign except the exceptional. Every day brings its share of the exceptional and unexpected. We look for nothing else, and expect nothing else; and if we were asked what the moral benefits attaching to this work may be, apart, of course, from its religious teaching, we would say that the people of these rugged shores are the kindest and most neighbourly in the world. If our days are spent in responding to emergency calls, these people are themselves no less ready to respond to such calls coming from their fellows. I could give scores of instances of deeds of charity, of self-sacrifice, of heroic Samaritanism from simple rough folk whose deeds are worthy of a place among the records of deeds that won the Empire, earned the Victoria Cross, or canonization. Our folks are strenuous in the work, in their faith, in their good deeds. I wish one could make them as thorough and faithful in their observation of certain rudimentary hygienic laws, the breaking or non-observance of which makes for the spread of pulmonary plague."

In appreciative words Dr. Grenfell speaks of this sea-going population, who would give the Empire a great reserve of seamen of just the right kind, and of hardy trappers and hunters, which might be of infinite value at some later date; and from which could be drawn a much larger annual detachment for training in the Royal Naval Reserve. "There are no finer sailormen in the world," he boldly claims, "as is well known by people like Commander Peary, United States Navy, who mans his Arctic exploring ship entirely from Newfoundland and Labrador." On this latter circumstance the Doctor told



INDIAN HARBOUR HOSPITAL.



HARRINGTON HOSPITAL.



an Exeter Hall audience of the National Mission to Deep-Sea Fisherman in May, 1907: "I was speaking the other day to Lieutenant Peary, who is making a dash again for the North Pole, and he was saying a good deal about America putting the flag there, but I was able to point out to him that his skipper and all his crew were British, every one of them," playfully adding: "He may plant the flag there—and I have no doubt he will, he is a brave man, a splendid man, and if any man can put it there he will do it; he never spares himself, and his men have told me that there is no fear in Lieutenant Peary, but I say if he does not look sharp, when he reaches the Polar Ocean he will find a Hull trawler fishing there."

Dr. Grenfell is proud of the Englishman's love for the sea; at the same time he wishes them to love it "a great deal more," chiefly for this reason, that out of the sterner conditions of life the best things are bred. "It is not on the peaceful islands," he asserts, "where men can lie on their backs with their mouths open, and yams or bread-fruit fall into them, that you are going to get heroes. You are going to get them out of the very same circumstances that produced a Drake, a Frobisher, a Hawkins, and the great men who made the history of the sixteenth century, and who gave this great country of ours its open Bible and its maritime supremacy, and that which makes nations great."

What seafaring life means, where

"The shores far thundering in a turmoil chafe,"

Dr. Grenfell has vividly depicted:—

"Last September (1906) he was coming south to their Southern Hospital, and the weather became so thick they did not know where they were. The barometer was down to nearly 28, and when they sounded there was but 9 fathoms of water. So they anchored. Then it commenced to blow a gale, and they had to take up their anchor and try to get into deeper water. They could hear the roar of the

breakers to leeward. Just before midnight the skipper had to warn all the hands that they might have to jump for it. They had three or four sick on board. These were dressed and got ready. They all spent a very anxious night, not knowing whether their anchors were going to hold. When the light came they found a big vessel ashore alongside of them, and was smashing up. As it got lighter they could see another big vessel ashore. She had parted both her chains. As she came on shore she just turned upside down. They could see the crew struggling in the water, and clinging to her sides, and nothing could be done to save them as they drifted with the waves. Now, there were some people who could stand and watch others drifting to eternal loss and not stretch out a hand to save. He could not describe how they felt as they stood on deck and watched that crew drifting, and were not able to do anything to help. By and by a little boat came out from another vessel which was under the shelter of the land and saved that crew. It was worth more than a fifty dollar bill to have a hand in such work as that. The vessel drifted on, and presently they saw her foul another boat, which also began to drift. It was the same with men: when one began to drift he often caused others to do the same. Presently they saw a big vessel drifting helplessly by. A couple of men were standing on deck with the ends of the broken cables in their hands, and they cried out, 'Good-bye, Doctor, it's all gone.' They had lost their anchors. He was glad to say, however, he met those men a week after. In the storm they had had nothing to hold on to. It was an awful position in the storm of life to have nothing to hold on to. It was not till four o'clock in the afternoon that they were able to get ashore. Twenty-one vessels were lost that night."

Although Dr. Grenfell does not work so much alone as in the early days when there was no other doctor to minister to the widely scattered fishermen found on a



thousand miles of sea-line, he still serves the whole field, sailing swiftly up and down the coast, through the short summer, in his trimly equipped hospital ship, the "Strathcona," furnished with every available up-to-date appliance by the munificence of the High Commissioner.

When the iron grip of winter is relaxed, and earth and sea in those regions prepare to welcome a brief, fruitful spring and summer, the staff of St. Anthony's Hospital embark aboard the "Strathcona" and set sail for Battle Harbour, that rocky island lying out from the Labrador coast near the Straits of Belle Isle, taking with them servants and much impedimenta connected with the work of the "open season." As a typical part of the year's work its character may be worth describing in some detail from the "Strathcona" log of 1907. With regard to occasional references to European life the reader is informed that the Doctor had just made a flying visit to Europe.

"Once more we are afloat off our familiar coast, and the ice-pans on every side make it seem quite homely. The characteristic brown look of the land, and the absolutely naked rocks and cliffs, would make one suspicious of the locality if one woke up even in Pall Mall and saw it out of the window.

"Shortly after midnight last night the watch challenged 'ice ahead,' and for an hour we were carefully picking our way through loose pack ice. It did not in the least disturb the equanimity of two ladies from England who were on their way out to help at the southern hospital. For it kept the water as still as a duck-pond, and their comments were limited to its exceeding beauty under the moonlight. The contrariness of the sex was shown by the somewhat different kind of criticism they passed when we were once more clear of it, and in the open water, for a smart fishing breeze had raised a rather nasty lop, and our little craft herself was in one of her liveliest moods as we bowled along 'Northward, Ho!' The satisfaction of leaving behind the

numerous fishing schooners that were beating to windward did not appeal to them as more than a counter-balance of all other disadvantages.

“At last we began to ‘rise’ the high barren cliffs of the north Treaty Shore, and a little later ran in under a high wooded bluff above a small fishing hamlet. There we dropped anchor. The usual salvo of guns had greeted our appearance in the offing as noisy discord. Before we had time to land we had gone through the British salute of the honest handshake, which, in this particular colony, always offers a sporting chance of a fractured metacarpal bone as an additional attraction. Up to the present few fish had come home to the rocks, though innumerable corks bobbing up and down in the water marked out a veritable labyrinth of network. A strange vessel, much less the simple cod-fish, approaching the land, finds it often hard enough to avoid entanglement. If Canada is the cereal producer of the Empire, Newfoundland is certainly its fish garden. The people themselves, even, always speak of the fishing ‘ground,’ and for centuries this invaluable source of food supply, not to speak of this nursery for sailors, has been the envy of all the great European nations.

“A group of broad-chested, blue-jerseyed men soon gathered round one after landing, and the usual questions were passed to and fro. ‘What have you been doing this winter, John?’ ‘In the woods, Doctor, all the while.’ ‘How was the hauling?’ ‘A drefle hard winter, not a single thaw till April, hard enough to bind the snow. It were like dust right along, wi’ ne’er a surface to it. Drifts? well, they were deep enough to bury everything, weren’t ‘em, Joe?’ The evidence of these witnesses was established by the abundant remains of snow still around the harbour, reaching right down to the high-water level. Indeed it was June 20th, and after returning from picking strawberries in the Riviera, and sitting under the trees in the Boulevards of Washington, even I had felt a queer

sensation as the snow on the ice we had walked ashore crunched beneath my European boots. 'And how about you, Albert?' 'Well, sir, us stayed on the outside this year, to tend our "Swile" nets. Us be a big crowd to face the bay in an open boat late in the Fall.' 'I hope seals were plentiful?' 'Us can't complain, Doctor. The dogs did not want for a carcass anyhow. But it b'aint like it were before them sealing steamers come along a-cuttin' of 'em up.' They extended their warmest congratulations on my having weathered so great a peril in that wilderness called Europe, and they were loud in their expressions of unstinted satisfaction that I had returned quite safely.

"As I looked at their active well-knit figures, and their honest, open, bronzed faces, I found no room in my mind to doubt that they were absolutely right. For there arose before my eye anæmic faces, and the frail figures of many that I had met with everything at their command in the centres of so-called civilization. Scanning these splendid specimens of manhood, clad in the homely, serviceable, and therefore to me all the more artistic, garb, there arose to my mind frilled and furbelowed clothes-pegs I had seen moving in the streets of Paris. My mind came to the decided conclusion, though rapidly arrived at, that the entertainment of homo-bimana in the year of grace 1907, considered so absolutely essential in those regions, was not so indispensable as they estimate it, or even so devoid of danger as its devotees suppose. I felt sorry for this deduction, and remembered somewhat gladly that Charles Wagner had flung down his book on the 'Simple Life' amongst them for their better education."

With mingled pathos and a touch of the heroic note the Doctor parenthetically observes, "As the years roll by, and one's visits to the old folks at home get fewer and further between, we find our philosophy fails us sadly as we stand, even on the deck of a modern over-ocean palace, and mark the loved faces and familiar figures waving 'good-bye' on

the gradually disappearing landing-stage till they are but specks all alike in the distance. The unhinged mind is sorely perplexed for a while as to the wisdom of setting out for such a new world as this. For here circumstances are apparently harder, and we have yet to rend from a reluctant environment the wherewithal to fill our money-bags. But there the truth was forced upon me once again. A truth which the genius of our race has owned as its special prize during the centuries that are gone. Blundering along, these humble folk have been led true every time. For not under palm trees, and under sunny skies, amidst the islands of the South Pacific, where the bread-fruit requires nothing but an open mouth to fall into, are vikings bred and races renewed. Out of the north and its hardships come many good things unsought for. These barren rocks, these stormy seas, these icebound hills, are evolving for the Empire a race the influence of whose mental balance and physical development, it seems to me, our national existence will one day stand in much sorer need of than of that kind of 'much learning' which sometimes makes races mad."

The Doctor thus humorously notes reforms at Treaty Shore fishing hamlet: "A religious revival, under the guidance of a Methodist preacher, had, so they told me, broken out here during the winter, and that its good results were being evidenced by the changes in the lives of some of our old acquaintances. In the very first house, I was inspecting the baby that had arrived since our last meeting, a process that is always expected with a view to getting it hall-marked as A1 at Lloyds. My eyes happened to fall on a new notice over the mantelpiece. It read, 'No smoking Aloud Hear,' and it testified eloquently to a very radical change indeed, judging by the last visit I paid this house. In spite of the crudity of the literary effort, it bespoke increased cleanliness if not godliness."

"Another two days, and we had unloaded at our southern-

most hospital, our first contribution of workers, patients and other impedimenta. As we came to the wharf we could see a group of convalescents in some of our new wheel chairs, outside on the hospital balcony. These welcome gifts had evidently arrived before us by one of our own schooners. We had bought her at Gloucester in the winter, and the crew of our Mission steamer had gone up while their own boat was in the ice, to sail her down to Newfoundland. Nor had she come empty handed. For she brought a full load of kerosene, pork, beef, beans, oats and other general necessities of life. Most of these were lying out in long rows along the wharf, forming a fine rampart from one end to the other. For we have been short-handed as well as lacking in storage capacity this spring. The schooner herself had gone up the Bay, fetching out a load of several thousand sticks of firewood cut for us in the winter, and she was expected back hourly.

“It had been a busy winter with the Doctor there. He had been travelling the whole time and had seen nearly a thousand cases of sickness and accident. They had made one very exceptional run of nearly seventy miles. Considering the nature of the country they had to traverse, it spoke well for our dogs, and for the accomplishment of long distance running.

“There had been many additions made to the buildings, though owing to the phenomenally late winter not half the usual outside work had been possible. Less than a foot below the surface everything was still hard frozen. The brown grass seemed utterly devoid of life. The leafless trees had not burst a single bud. It was a sunny hot day. But not a solitary mosquito larva wriggled in the pools to even suggest the approach of hot times. The unusual heat caused scarcely a puff of smoke to issue from any of the chimneys, and a general harmony of lifelessness on the land was maintained. But afloat everything was full of bustle and action. A busy fleet of schooners kept adding

to their numbers every few minutes till the fairway near the entrance was almost blocked, a sure sign that there was on-shore wind with ice and fog outside. Chains were constantly rattling out noisily through iron hawse-pipes, as anchors were being dropped. Halyards running over blocks whose joints were squeaking after the disuse of winter, as the big sails came tumbling down. Men's voices were shouting orders in picturesque language, rather from custom than to hurry willing hands. The clash of oars against rowlocks beat a regular time as crews were rowing out their lines, the throb of winches bespoke the fact that chains even had all to be opened up before the sound of many voices, both of women and children, informed us that hatches were being taken off, and streams of freighters permitted on deck. To us it seemed as if spring had rushed into the harbour as we ourselves entered, and that we could almost see her forcing back the death-grip of winter. There could be no doubt in anyone's mind that the people of this colony are a people who do their business on great waters.

“Amongst other additions to the harbour since we left was an Orange Lodge, which had safely come to its birth. It had become exceedingly popular, and was so patronised all winter that our preaching student had almost begun to look upon it as a dangerous counter attraction. For the Orangemen had midnight séances at least twice every week, a custom that did not lend itself to punctuality at the mid-week services. The Orangemen themselves could almost be said to have lent some colour to this impeachment. For on the occasion of their turning out in the pride of their full strength for their annual walk, they had chosen for their marching tune the stirring strains of hymn No 1 in the Sankey hymn-book, and had lustily proclaimed in the second verse to the whole village,

‘ See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on.’

“In company with many other craft we made an early

start next morning for Labrador and dropped anchor in Battle Harbour soon after dinner. The doctor and nurse of the hospital there had left for Indian Harbour a few days earlier, and the hospital was in charge of a young doctor from Cambridge, England, who is spending a hard-working holiday with us. No sooner had we landed our passengers and their effects than a much needed salt vessel was sighted in the offing, and we at once ran to tow her in. We had just picked up a couple of students from a Pennsylvania university, who have elected to spend part of the summer with us, helping in many ways in the physical work, of which there is much to be done.

“On the day of our start for the western trip in the Straits, some 50 vessels were anchored in Henley Harbour. They were lying so close together that it was almost impossible even for a steamer to pick her way among them. It was a wonderful thing how they could all manage to crowd into so small a harbour without colliding with one another, and getting out again would be a regular puzzle. The fishery on the east coast here is good, and though this fleet was only wind-bound on its way farther north, several of the vessels had their bright kerosene lamps burning on deck till eleven o'clock at night, showing that they were splitting the fish that they had snapped up with their hand-lines during the day's delay.

“Red Bay was our next port of call, and here I had the sad duty of visiting the widow and family of my friend the trapper, who had died in Battle Harbour Hospital. It so happened that there were only two men belonging to this house, the five children being all girls. The trapper's brother, who lived with him, had for some time been suffering with consumption, and died the same morning the body of his brother was returned from the hospital by the mail steamer. It had been a terrible shock to them all, and one from which they had not recovered. As the family were situated about half a mile away from most of the houses,

kindly neighbours at once lent them an empty house in their own midst, and had moved them and all their belongings, so that they might feel the shock and all their loneliness less. This thoughtfulness that they display for one another in many ways helps to mitigate the hardness of the isolated life in Labrador. It is the best expression of the religion of our folk.

“The same night we ran to Blanc Sablon, as we had to get water for our boiler. Some pipes here run back up the hill to a waterfall on the surface, and these are pulled down before winter. However, the harbour is a poor one, and the watering of the vessel can only be done in fine weather. As it took a whole day to blow down, get water and steam again, we had a morning's fishing on the Blanc Sablon River. This little river seems inexhaustible for trout. There were several others besides ourselves fishing, and our two rods carried off seven dozen trout before dinner, the largest being  $1\frac{1}{4}$  pounds and the average about  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound. This is an example of what can be done on little more than a brook here.

“As it is now the eve of Sunday, and we do not travel on that day, we ran into Bonne Esperance, as there we could gather together a goodly company for Sunday service. During the day the Canadian Fishery vessel was in, and the captain called on us aboard the ‘Strathcona.’ It seems his objection to government help being granted towards the hospital here is that if the government made a grant it would be called upon to make a grant ‘in a thousand other places.’ But I cannot conceive that there are very many places in Canada where there is no possibility from the cradle to the grave of getting any medical help in time of need, except chance visits of the fishery officer twice in the summer. Moreover, some years even the fishing-boat has no doctor on board. I tried to point out that it is



not a question of the shore having no hospital, for the Gaspé shore has no hospital; it is a question of skilled aid or no skilled aid.

“On Monday at daylight we left for the westward and soon after midday arrived at Harrington. In the evening, after seeing many sick folk, a gathering was called in the church building by the Rev. Mr. Ward, who was supported by the Rev. Mr. Grierson, the Presbyterian minister. The latter has been in Korea, and has done much mission work, and is just taking this mission for the summer in the interests of the Presbyterian Church. The meeting was attended by the head of every family, and some of the men in fisherman fashion made the most practical speeches possible by narrating cases of the most harrowing kind where they and their loved ones had been the sufferers just for the want of an opportunity of getting to a doctor. Here is a very typical one:—John Anderson said, ‘I had a poisoned finger. It rose up and got very bad. I did not know what to do, so I took a passage on a schooner and went to Halifax. It was nine months before I was able to get back, as there was no boat going back before the winter. It cost me 75 dols., and my hand was the same as useless, as it was so long before it was treated.’

“Another told a similar story. It was nine days after his hand had been shot before he reached a doctor in Halifax. Even then his journey was reckoned remarkably quick and favourable. He was fortunate in saving his life, but he lost his hand. What can a fisherman do without a hand?

“At noon next day, after having seen over 20 different cases, we left for the east again, as we were now expected on that coast of Labrador. We shall probably not see these folks again for twelve months. It is two years since I was last there. It seemed to me almost futile to leave the

few bottles of medicine behind us that we did leave. Still, even in this flying visit there can be no doubt that some unnecessary suffering was saved. Life is hard enough on this coast, and to see unnecessary suffering, especially in women and children, is a sore thing to those who love the deep-sea fishermen.

“We had been asked by telegram to call in at Whale Head, as the daughter of the mail-carrier was ill. Any man on this coast would go a long way to do a kindness to Joe Hebert the mail-carrier. There can scarcely be a more remarkable man living. For 35 years he has been carrying about the hardest mail in the world. He makes nine trips in the year all alone, and each trip is 600 miles, 300 miles each way in open boat and over the ice and snow. Summer and winter this man has gone by our calculation with his mail-bags 90,000 miles. There is scarcely any situation in which the man has not slept, from the barren rocks on the lee of which he has sheltered his tiny craft, to the open snow, in which he has slept for three nights without food and without shelter and only his dogs around him to keep him warm. He came to me once as a patient for some trouble with his face. All he said was, ‘It’s been frozen so often, it will break out.’

“As we neared Whale Head we saw Hebert in his little boat, hove to about a mile from the land, waiting to catch us as we passed by. This had been his occupation for the best part of the previous week, for he loved his only daughter and spared no efforts to catch us. He fairly danced about in his boat as soon as I climbed over the side and got into it.

“He is a Frenchman, though he speaks English very well; but he kept saying, ‘I’ve got you now; I’d rather have you than all the mails from now to Christmas. Indeed,’ he added, ‘I would have carried no more mails if my waiting would be helping me to catch you.’ He is a short square man, with a laughing face, a long beard, and

scarcely a grey hair. He is everybody's friend. His little house sticks on a barren rock of wave-worn granite like a limpet shell. When I examined the woman and found she must go to hospital the seven children who were stowed in various parts of the room commenced to weep simultaneously, and when at last she was clothed and we were carrying her out, the scene was a truly pathetic one. The enormous tumour from which she was suffering did, however, suggest that she might never come back alive, so we took her husband with her. This woman had been nineteen months with this tumour. It should have been diagnosed and removed at least twelve months before. The awful suffering entailed by her never seeing a doctor can be imagined when I say that the tumour on removal proved the largest that the Boston surgeon who was with me and performed the operation had ever seen, though he has been continuously operating in that line for fifteen years. The woman is now nearly well, and we shall try to get her back to her home with her delighted husband. She told me it will be an enormous surprise to them to see her, not only because she looks another creature altogether, but because they never expected to see her alive again.

“Close to here two unfortunate schooners had gone ashore, and become total wrecks a few days ago. In their anxiety to get fish, they had anchored on the fishing ground, and in a gale of easterly wind one had broken her cable, drifted across the other one, and driven both ashore. It seemed to me a parable from life. On our return east we fell in with heavy fog and had to make a blind landfall after running our distance by night. Having been out twelve hours, the influence of the tides had counteracted themselves, and our only log acted so correctly that we made exactly the very opening that we wished for, as if it had been visible as we approached it.

“A number of schooners lay in Bonne Esperance, and among these one, a topsail schooner, that some years

previously created, I should think, a record. The schooner came out with salt from Cadiz. The captain was a Welshman from Portmadoc, named Evans. On arrival it was found that the crew consisted of skipper, mate, one sick man, and a boy. The sick man had to be left behind, and the boy ran away. So when the vessel was loaded with 3,000 quintals of fish, and ready to start in late September, at the time of the equinoctial gales, to cross the North Atlantic, there were only two men. There were no more to be shipped in Labrador, so the captain, against all advice, decided to take her home with the mate. For he argued that the sick man could not help him, and the boy was no good anyhow. So they sailed away, and after a long voyage arrived safely at Queenstown. I do not think they will care to repeat their experience.

“We were obliged to borrow the ‘Princess May’ and steam up Salmon River to see the telegraph operator, who was entirely unable to stand or walk. Next day we lay in Blanc Sablon amongst a large number of fishermen. Here all the schooners were flying flags at half-mast, for a young fisherman had suddenly died on one of the bankers and had been brought in to be buried. It is our custom for the pall-bearers at a funeral to wear a sash of white around their hats, and the chief mourners do the same. Mr. Grant, the manager of the big fishery here, sent out his launch to bring in the body. It was a most picturesque sight as she steamed close past our quarter, the crowd of mourners standing on her poop, with the body in their midst, while the bell tolled ashore, and so many flags drooped. The great crowd of bronzed fishermen, in jerseys and high boots, that stood around the little grave on this barren shore where they were leaving one of their number, made a most impressive picture.

“At Blanc Sablon I purchased from a fisherman three miserable little foxes which he had on board in a blubber cask. They were little better than three animated blubber

sponges, but since we have had them on board they have developed into the most engaging little creatures. Very friendly, like puppies, and much more lively and winsome. They are to form the basis of our new fox farm. I shall rue the day, I am sure, if it ever arrives, when I have to kill them for the sake of their skins. They play with our puppies, drinking out of the same dish, but they are much more greedy, and prefer to jump into the dish, if by doing so they can prevent the puppies getting anything. The food is generally all gone before the puppies have quite made up their mind what course to adopt.

“The steamship ‘Home,’ bearing our mails, was steaming into Red Bay behind us as we left, and we had to call at Henley on our way, but we managed to reach Battle first, the steamer not coming in until next morning. As the fog closes in like a bank the larger steamers do not dare to poke in among the shoals and rocks.

“Having finished our operations, and our patients being left in the care of Dr. Simpson, we sailed at midday on Tuesday for one more visit to the French shore before our northern trip. The steamship ‘Portia’ had included Cape Charles in this trip. We are eagerly looking forward to the time when she will come regularly, every other trip at least, and so enable the French shore people to avail themselves of Battle Hospital during the summer. As it was, she had brought over with her two women patients, whom we brought back to Battle from Cape Charles before sailing.

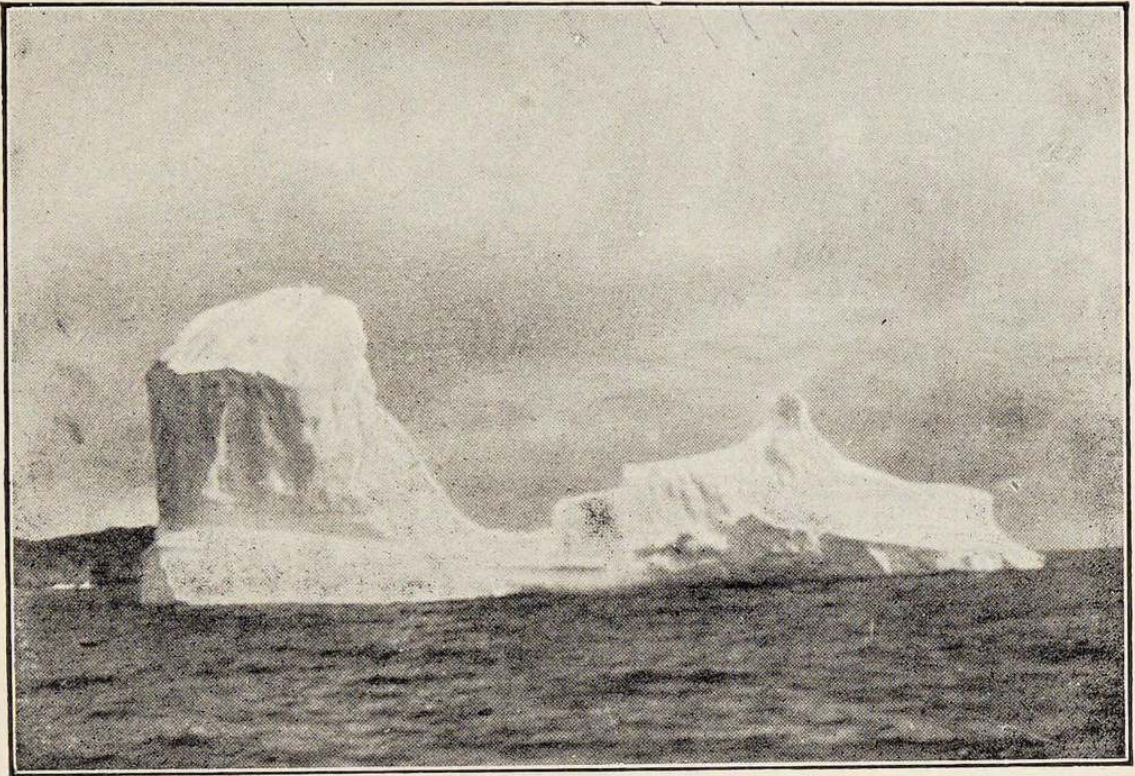
“The last words our little French patient said to me before I left were, ‘I shall not die, then, after all?’ She seemed quite surprised. It might almost be that when a person falls ill in Canadian Labrador the natural outcome is to seek for a decent burial-ground.”

Leaving more southerly waters the Doctor’s northern Labrador cruise now commenced in good earnest.

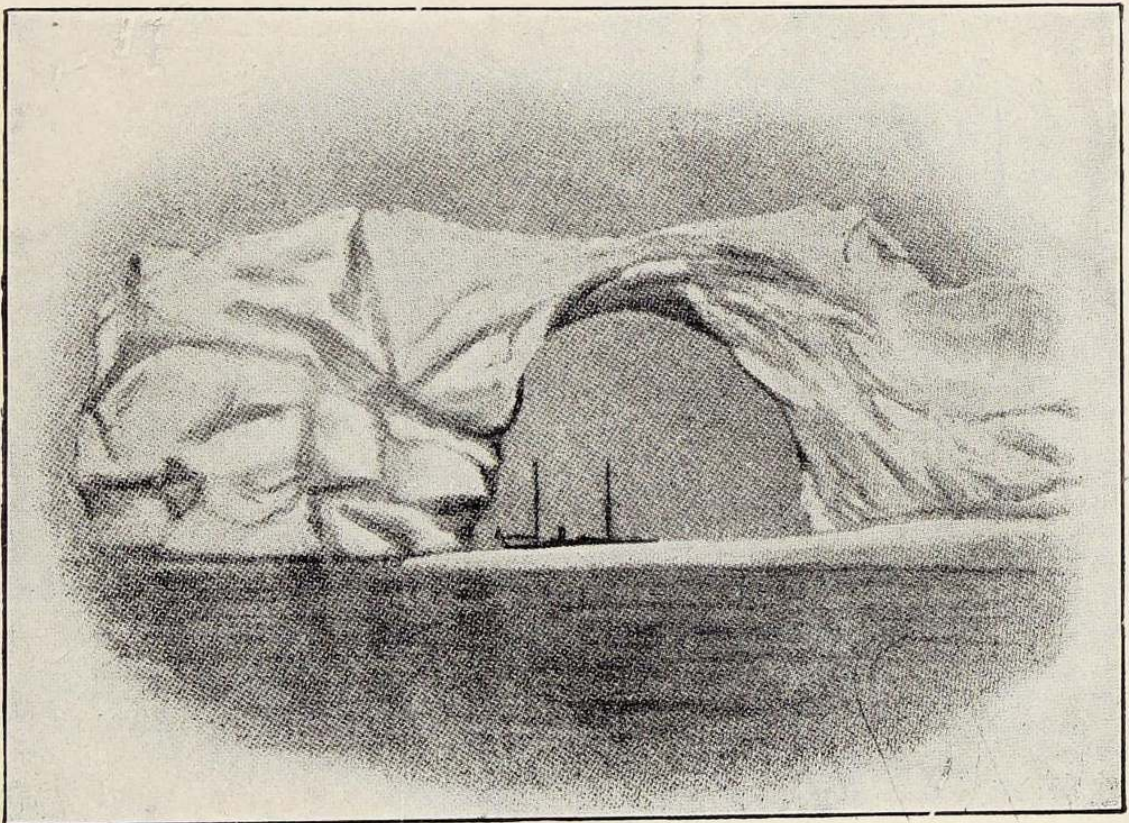
“For nearly a month,” he writes, “we have had easterly

winds, and an immovable wet blanket, in actual fact. We were running along at full speed in very thick fog, framing a course to just clear some nasty shoals on our port side before we could change our course round a certain cape. There was nothing outside of us, and we had seen no ice of late, having just emerged from the Gulf, so we went below to dinner, telling our reliable man, 'Bill,' to report land as soon as he saw anything, and instructing the man at the wheel, if he heard a shout, to 'port' his helm hard. The soup was still on the table, when a loud shouting made us leap on deck to see the ship going at full tilt into an enormous iceberg, which seemed right at the end of the bowsprit. This unexpected monster was on our starboard bow, and the order left to avoid the shoal was pulling us head first into it. Our only chance was full speed and a starboard helm, and as we actually grazed along the side of the berg we felt we did not know everything about navigation down here yet.

"The business we had in hand next was an absolute antithesis to this experience. It seemed almost ludicrous a few hours later to pick up a large island and run into a harbour with grassy sloping sides, out of which the fog bank was shut like a wall, and then to go ashore and bargain over the buying of a couple of cows which were being sold, as the settler there was moving to the mainland. Cows are poor shipmates in small row-boats such as we had to row them off in, and even though we made belly-bands out of canvas, and tried to haul them over the rail by the main throat halyard, we found them the awkwardest things imaginable, and all hands stood from under till each cow was far enough to fall inboard if any of the improvised tackle gave way. There were the usual sick to see, a question of how to go about getting a school to settle, and then our cows began to enjoy a sensation, new to them, of rolling along under the same old dark blanket of fog.



THE S.S. *STRATHCONA* IN COMPANY WITH ICEBERGS.







“ While we were taking wharf sticks aboard at our next port of call, a large iceberg which had drifted into the cove collapsed with the roar of a cannon, scattering the ice into morsels all around our ship. There are only three families living here, all unmistakably Irish in name, vivacity, and hospitality. One had nine children, and one six. A steamer had called at this place early in the season and had dropped a family for the fishing, who were carrying the infection of scarlet fever. The result had been disastrous, and we had a peck of trouble before leaving. Moreover, I had to carry off the father of the nine with commencing spinal curvature and inability to walk. I noticed on the end of a spare crutch he had been using a large, flat board, which puzzled me at first. ‘ Begorra, that’s its snow-shoe, Dochter; it keeps herself from sinking in.’

“ ‘ How on earth have you fed that lot, Pat, all winter?’

“ ‘ Well, it’s been hard work, indeed, this spring, to stand up, with often enough only flour and a drop of water inside; and, sure, we wouldn’t ’a had that but for the mission doctor from t’ hospital. ’Tis the hunger what’s the worst.’ As my eyes ranged over the blue-eyed, light curly headed children—a *mêlée* of true little Celts, apparently absolutely happy, and certainly supremely naked—sentiment swayed in my mind enough to impel me to venture on a ‘ few old clothes,’ though of course some would say that was pauperising them. Perhaps it was. I should, however, plead ‘ not guilty,’ for I know the hard life of this iron coast. I now moved down to the next house, where there were only six little ones, and, having finished swabbing out throats and dressing swollen necks, and lecturing on future disinfection, I offered the suggestion: ‘ Would you like to be helped out of here to America?’

“ ‘ Why,’ replied the father at once, ‘ it’s only two years we’ve been here, and we like it better than Boston any-

how.' He added, 'Please God, we shall be well off in a year or two.'

"Support to this contention was afforded us yesterday at another group of islands 150 miles north of the Straits of Belle Isle, well out in the Polar Atlantic. We had been holding evening service in a settler's house. He was the father of twelve children, ten alive and well; eight big boys. Some years ago he moved to Nova Scotia and tried all sorts of work, but could make no headway; and having a little money left, after eighteen months came back to Labrador. He has now a fine winter house in the bay; a good schooner, two large fish traps, and two fine American built fishing boats. He 'tails,' with his son, over four hundred traps in the winter; and at his summer house his grand-children sit on his knee. His ever-smiling, well-tanned face, his broad, deep chest and his powerful build speak volumes for what Labrador can do when taken rightly. This man's brother, with seven grown girls and two sons, is a 'great neighbour' in these lonely parts.

"A couple of days later we were to leave the last place where coal could be available till we should return from our long northern trip. We shall have to cover 1,500 miles, and we can only carry a little over thirty tons in our bunkers, so we had according to custom to load her decks all along to the rails with coal, in spite of the fact that this meant filling our cabin and hospital with coal dust every time folks went below. The steady easterly breeze was heaving the sea in great steep green mountains home to the cliff, and after clearing the first bunch of islands, the sea being abeam, we ran such risk of losing valuable deck cargo that we decided to run back into shelter, and wait for a side wind to steady us, or for the sea to abate a little.

"Fortune in weather favoured us further, and we were astir and off by daylight, making our destination with

ne'er a bit of coal burnt. Here, moreover, we added 1,400 billets of cloven wood to our fuel supply, and now two weeks later, and 300 miles north, we still 'haven't started a coal' from the bunkers.

"As we have cruised along, the great uncertainty as to whether fish will come in or not has been a marked feature. Here are men on one side of a bay doing all they want and on the other side with 'ne'er a one to eat.' Here a net which a crew 'can't keep clear of fish' and a few hundred yards away an unfortunate planter who has 'not seen a fish in twine the year.' The new Marconi messages would, we supposed, have greatly helped to keep the fleets informed of the arrival and movements of fish. But to get in touch with civilization we are yet dependent on the station on Belle Isle belonging to the Canadian Government. The Straits route not being needed by vessels until well into July, this station only opened late, and our line of communication up to August has been all interrupted. Now we have just 'gotten through,' and it seemed almost awful to hear a ship passing out of the Straits suddenly chip into the middle of a conversation as she started talking to an island lighthouse over 200 miles from where we were sitting. The Marconi telegraphy system is working to Labrador fairly well."

## CHAPTER VI

### ROMANTIC SEA VOYAGES

The Doctor, writing from S.S. "Strathcona," lat.  $60^{\circ}$  N., long.  $60^{\circ}$  W., as the summer of 1907 advances, says: "For a month now we have been north of all mail opportunities, for the most part of our fishermen are north of  $57^{\circ}$ , at which latitude our northern mail-boat turns south again.

"A monstrous berg last week came largely into the cliffs where half a dozen schooners were sheltering, and then calmly proceeded to fire thousands of tons of ice from its top among the craft. The result might have been very disastrous, but only one fishing-punt was smashed beyond repair. It reminded one somewhat of certain recent naval engagements. In this cove the southern head runs farther to the eastward than the northern, and so forms a sort of trap for the southern going polar current and for the ice it sweeps with it along the bases of precipitous cliffs. One, carrying with it a huge ice battering-ram, itself as heavy as a modern warship, seemed as if it were alive. The schooners, owing to the great depth of the harbour, were moored fore and aft from the cliffs, and the berg seemed aware of this, and paid each one a visit in turn, forcing them to get out of the way. It seemed, after going down the row in pure mischief, to come back again; and the whole tedious performance had to be repeated. It was easy to attribute malice to it, though an eddy tide no doubt really accounted for this. We saw one man with a trouble-

some small piece with a 'line round her waist to a kedge anchor' to save it, if possible, from making him move his great trap net. Yet this place has been a perfect mine of wealth in days gone by. 'There's shoal water away off; you can jig anywhere. It's green fields for fish, I calls it,' said one man the other day. To which a poor fellow, so far north for the first time, who, as the men say, had 'made a jink of it,' replied: 'Oh, you fellows can feed on the eyebrows of the world.'

"To our intense surprise, on running into a Moravian station last week, we descried a huge second class cruiser anchored off the port, which we soon saw was flying German colours. The Brethren being Germans were having a most excellent three days, and their superintendent or bishop, who is also 'German Consul,' for the first time in his life received an official call and a salute of seven guns. The cruiser had been in the West Indies, and was on a 'bracing-up trip.' They visited the islands around the port, and shot three black bears one morning as they steamed along the shore, much to their satisfaction, no doubt, though one poor bear got such a dreadful volley at a short range that his skin could have made but poor boot-legs, I fear; a point of view from which we sometimes appraise pelts. The officers were exceedingly kind and hospitable, however, and we had a civilized meal on board. We begged them to report to other naval commanders that, if they did not care for missionaries, they might at least find plenty of sport on the Labrador coast. The Eskimos, who number 300 at this station, were so awe-inspired by the cruiser's size, and so delighted with the band, and hospitality, that I fear they will never again believe our King has any such boats to send to see them. As we were very short of coal, they most generously offered to present us with a few tons, but, as we knew they had just painted their snow-white sides preparatory to visiting Montreal, we would not permit it; so we loaded some

humble firewood instead, and went on our way north. A hard gale of easterly wind fell very suddenly on the coast that week, and must have caught some of the vessels unprepared; for we sighted a capsized boat as we steamed along, and on picking her up, found she had handlines inside and round and round the bottom as if she had been capsized when the men were fishing. She sends a strange feeling through one even now, as one looks at her on our deck, and wishes she could speak.

“Passing the foot of Great Kiglapeit mountain range, we saw a boat signalling us violently, and turned in to see what the matter was. It proved to be a man in another boat about a mile off. We hove to, and ‘put him to sleep’ before performing a trifling but painful operation that was necessary to prevent his simple trouble becoming a calamity. An hour later through the glass we again descried the Red Ensign at half mast, and this time we took aboard a young fisherman half dead with pneumonia. Before dusk the process was repeated again and the Red Ensign called us to a young man lying in agony in the dark bunk of a schooner’s cabin. He had ‘fired off seven fingers of gunpowder and four of shot’ at one time, in his zeal to secure a meal of fresh birds. The heavy recoil had somehow caught him in the eye and ruptured the globe. It was a question if the other eye could now be saved. So he also joined our ship, and we passed to Okak, where the Moravian Brethren have their little hospital.

“Hospital work among Eskimos single-handed is not altogether simple. Some will loudly upbraid the doctor because they have ‘been taking the medicine for three days’ and are ‘not well.’ The faith element that works such wonders in Christian Science circles is all present in the Eskimos; but, alas! without many beneficial results. Thus one man came saying he ‘knew the doctor must have better medicine, because he was actually better after a week.’ The disease, contracted originally in the civilized

precincts of Buffalo, had by no means disappeared as he undoubtedly believed it would. So he came with money in his hand, saying, 'Doctor, why will you not give me the good medicine? See, here is money; I will pay for good medicine.' Alas, the disease is one that yields slowly even to the most efficacious of systems.

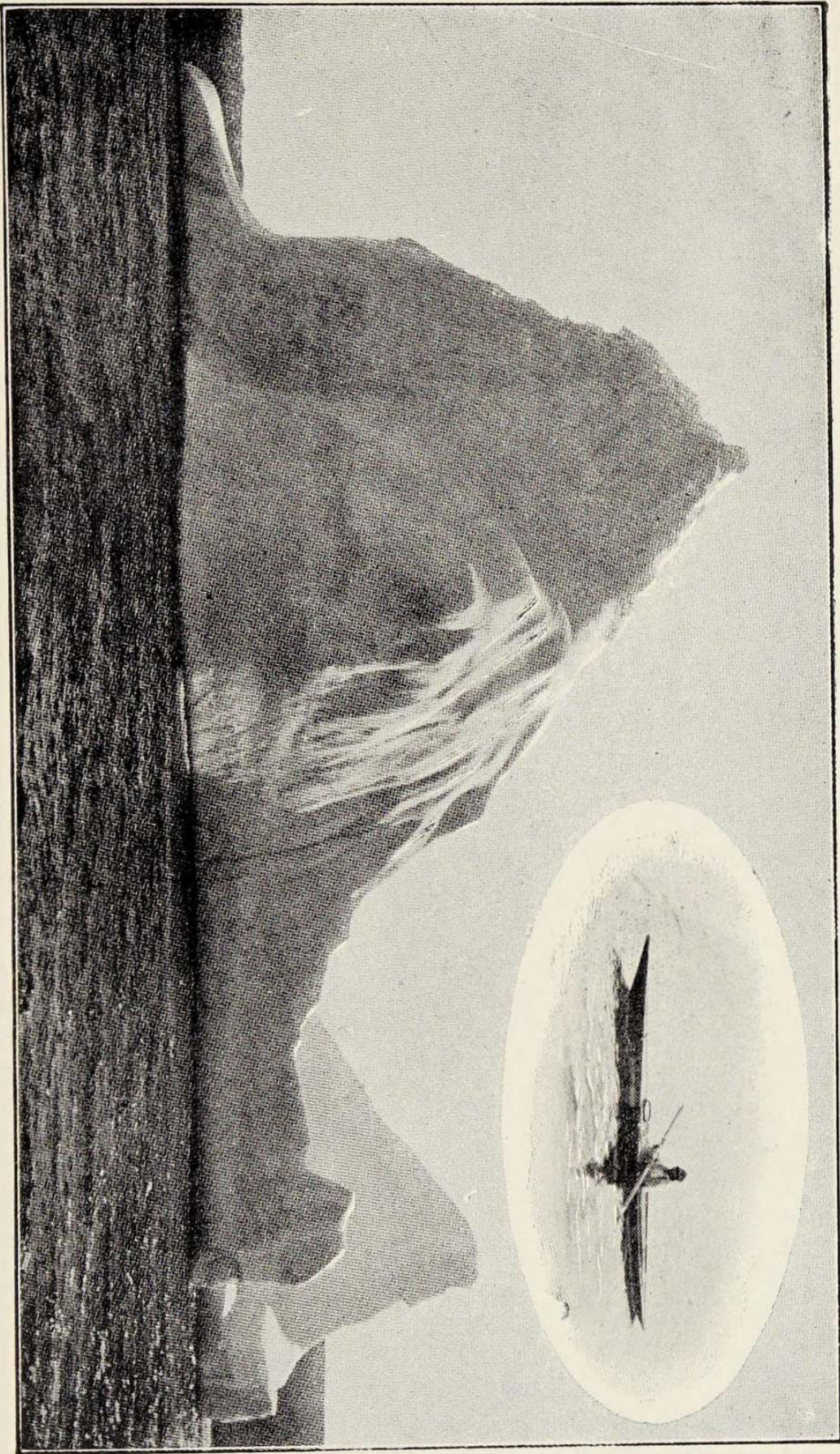
"Then the cooking is a trouble. Seal meat fried in cod-liver oil, as a necessary staple, needs almost a separate kitchen for its care. Moreover, Eskimos will not remain in bed, and you have to watch them swallow the medicine if you wish it taken regularly. Four years ago we had a bad epidemic of la grippe here. Forty-seven Eskimos died. The doctor had to go round three times a day to each house in person to pour the stimulants and so forth into their mouths. Again, directions on bottles are tedious to write when a teaspoon must be called 'Allupsautangiuk,' and other words to match. Yet, here last winter the doctor, single-handed, to save a woman's life, performed the most drastic operation known to gynecological surgery, and his patient is now 'away fishing.'

"The North Cape of Labrador is really on a large island. It appears as if the boiling tide of Hudson's Bay Straits has, by the help of the ice, carved the channel though the land to the south of it (this is about half a mile wide and quite straight), just as a plain piece of iron cuts marble by rubbing sand against it. The action of heat has, however, really played the greatest part in its formation, and probably an earth contortion lent a hand also. It certainly seems as if there cannot be any portion of British territory that has experienced harder times than Cape Chidley, for it is absolutely barren. Continually battered and pounded by ice at the water level, the clefts and cracks made by heat are now, as if in irony, everlastingly filled with ice and snow. The contorted strata themselves suggest the sensation of a fractured spine. We raced through on the top of a boiling tide, the moon being full that night,

The rushing whirlpools at the side of the main current, with the sudden upheavals here and there, as if by boiling, of the whole surface in places, kept our friends, who were new to its vagaries, quite interested till we were safely through. We had with us the annual mail for this most northern of the Moravian stations, and wished naturally to anchor close in. But though it was the end of summer, the bay was a solid jam of ice, and we had to land through some and over the rest as best we could. The great rise and fall of tide, about thirty feet, that night afforded us a most delightful spectacle; for the ice drove in on the high tide and grounded. At low water, masses that seemed quite insignificant when afloat assumed most lordly proportions; while the cutting out that always takes place below the water-line afforded us beautiful examples of mushrooms, caves, tents, arches, and every variety of weird ice architecture. We were the first white men the Brethren had seen since last October, and they made us proportionately welcome, more especially as we brought their letters. They had just had visits from two families of Eskimos from Fort Chimo, a couple of hundred miles away across Ungava Bay. One man, a well-known roving Eskimo named Anarnak, had his two wives and both families with him. They had their skin tents, kyaks, and all their worldly possessions. The mode of travel is simple, and free from many of those dangers incurred in modern express travelling. You simply row off to a large pan of ice with all your 'stuff,' haul it up on to the top, spread your tent and sail away. True, you drift here and there, and occasionally go backward for a day. But in the end the ice has to pass out of the Straits, and so then you walk ashore. The pan of ice may split up and turn over. Then you find another one. On the way you hunt seals, birds, and bears. Collisions are not dangerous; running off the track is impossible; nerves are not even known; and there is no expense. These families had half a dozen



AN ESKIMO KYAK.



ONE OF THE ENEMIES OF FISHERMEN AND NAVIGATORS OF THE LABRADOR COAST.



fresh seal carcasses when they arrived and all looked as fresh as butter. They are off on the Button Islands now hunting 'ice bears.'

"At the Mission station the seal fishing had been very good, and the rocks were so greasy from the recent oil blubber chopping that the sea could scarcely be rough if it wanted. They had 750 old seals and sixty white whales from the Fall fishing alone. There was little illness, indeed this northern settlement is healthier far than all the rest. We were delighted to find the general harmony of Cape Chidley desolation maintained also in respect to the tubercle bacillus. We purchased a good supply of 'oguik,' or square flipper, seal-skins, and fifty lbs. weight of harp seal-skin lines or traces for our dogs in winter. These last far better than the best rope line. To prevent the dogs eating them, we have them well soaked in tar and kerosene before using them. The 'oguik' is our largest seal, nearly hairless, and with a wondrous tough hide. The Fall skins, stretched on frames through the winter with no preservatives, are the very best for water-tight boot bottoms. For the fat remains ingrafted in the dried skins. The spring skins are thinner. As for the salted ones—a process only used when the workers cannot keep pace with the work—they are too hard for even our women to drive a needle through. The women, of course, do all the boot-making, chewing the skins along the edges to thicken and soften them, so that the needle not only easily pierces them, but only perforates half the thickness each time. Thus there is no hole for leakage. A further safeguard is that thread is never used to sew with; only the tendons from the back of reindeer, and these swell up when wet. No other sinew seems so good as the deer sinew; many have been tried but none has stood the test. The association of deer and seal seem to be complimentary in many ways.

"We purchased here also a supply of winter reindeer skins. The hair is then thickest and warmest; but it

comes off too freely for the making of rugs for civilization. They serve, however, admirably to make mattresses which neutralize the severe cold even in snowhouses, and are used in spring by our men who go into the woods for timber. The Brethren export them to Germany, where they are sold. With true Teutonic frugality they are first used as mats in stations and places where many feet tread. This makes a great show, and at the same time takes all the hair off the skins at no cost. The 'velum' or parchment is then used to make white skin gloves for his Imperial Majesty's magnificent officers.

"With the approach of winter came the break up of my volunteer party, and the various doctors and nurses left me for their work in the States. Meanwhile the constant stream of southern going schooners—many of them empty—have been wending their way homewards. The catch of these 'freighters' is 100,000 quintals short. It is well for Newfoundland that she has now many other employments, open to all who are willing to work. One of the men described the season's fishing to me in the apt expression that it was a summer of 'Oh my's!' meaning that every man's heart was echoing that expression of anxiety.

"As we steamed North we expected to find many wrecks, but we only heard of two. One of these, a schooner, was broken up for the timber out of her in the place where we nearly lost our own craft a year before, and the second had sunk with a load of fish, and the crew had been picked up, and gone south in another vessel.

"We have been greatly helped this trip by the sudden arrival of a fine searchlight. This was presented to us through the kindly efforts of a friend in Ottawa, at the instigation of Professor Daly, of Boston, who has visited our work. It had been two years and three months between Sydney and Labrador, and all the searching had been done up to the present 'for it' instead of by it. But now it is repaying the trouble, and has guided us into a

good anchorage on more than one occasion. On the mail-boat that passed North while we were getting the anchor, was a stray constable sent down all the way from St. John's, 600 miles south, to show the uniform and help us in the administration of the law in the few cases that had occurred during the summer. There is no liquor on the coast now; and practically no crime; and it would puzzle a lawyer to make a living unless he took to fishing. Still the policeman was a valuable acquisition, for some of us had begun to think that Labrador could not afford a constable.

“At Indian Harbour we took aboard some Greenland dogs, and a walrus skin left for us by a kindly American yachtsman, who at very considerable cost had outfitted his yacht for large game hunting in Davis Straits and Melville Sound. By the time we reached Battle Hospital again we had a full complement, for we had picked up a boy with abdominal abscess from appendicitis, yet another orphan girl, and a man whom we needed at the Hospital. As there were several cases to be watched after operation day it was necessary to leave my Boston surgeon colleague while we hurried on South. This time we loaded with winter supplies and shipped fifty barrels of whale meat for the southern dog team, to say nothing of seven dogs who kept things lively until we once more were at St. Anthony's Wharf.

“The visit of this boat is always a great occasion, and all the notables come down to greet her. Thus, as there is considerable time, one can see all one's friends and relatives as one comes along the coast, and not infrequently have time to go ashore and take a cup of tea with them. It is the old style of travelling, and has its advantages even for one who is familiar with the American west-bound express. The echoes of the steam-whistle from the cliffs surrounding our harbour gave ample notice that soon we should be putting into the standing ice. We had hardly brought up

fast into it before a dozen dog-teams and sledges were round the steamer, my own among them, resplendent in bobbins of bright wool and new white swanskin harnesses. With us, every dog has a separate trace, only two having the same length, except for the leading dog, who runs in a long trace a couple of fathoms ahead of all the rest. It is very odd how the individuality of the dogs comes out in driving, how one will learn to turn instantly to the right or left at the word, and will run best on a long trace; and how another will never make anything but a left side or perhaps a right side 'wheeler.' Even of our draft dogs some are born hunters and will wheel out after even the bait on some fox traps a couple of hundreds to one side of the path. Another all his life will be for play, and these are always quarrelsome dogs, for they bite the young dogs one is breaking in, will not allow them to go ahead if they happen to get behind, and often will so terrify them that one has to give up driving them altogether.

"To our mind no sport in the world beats winter driving with a good team of a dozen dogs, though there is no harder work when driving over a rough country, yet the bracing cold, the exhilarating brightness of the reflected light from the snow, the difficulty of getting badly hurt, however sharply one shoots a mountain side, or even tumbles over a cliff, the absence of damp or moisture, the fact that one can travel anywhere in soft light moccasins and in such clothing as is most conducive to agility without any reference to conventionality, all help to vanquish any realisation of labour on a long trip. There is infinite scope for skill in choosing, tending and training your dogs, also for both pluck and physical strength in driving; while all the craft of the woodsman is called for in crossing miles of virgin country, where at any time one wrong turn or one missing of a blazed tree—the blaze being, perhaps, inches deep in 'glitter' or ice—will surely mean a night in the open and perhaps a temperature of 40 degrees of



DR. GRENFELL ON HIS ROUNDS. THE SLEDGE IS DRAWN BY KOMATIK DOGS.





frost. All one's toughness and endurance and good-humour are then likely to be called for. But with these things it is even possible to enjoy digging a hole with one's axe for the sleeping bag in front of a log fire in the spruce woods; only the actual turning out for one's watch at the fire being a few minutes one never learns to yearn after. Dog-driving also teaches us what boxing is said to do at home—self-control; for of all the trials of temper one can be called on to endure, the worst is—given a glorious day for travelling and when one is in a hurry—to have one's dogs run wild, listening to nothing, not watching anything, but tangling with every tree and stump and biting at everything that comes in the way. As one man told me when I asked him what kind of a team he had, 'I've had to give 'em up, sir, though I loved they well enough. Good dogs be that wild it is too hard for to be a-handlin' of 'em, and be a Christian, too, sir.' Another time, when I was buying a new leading dog from a man, I asked him what its name was. 'Damson, sir,' he replied; 'you see, it's a great name to be shouting when you is angry.'

"A great mound of boxes, barrels, puncheons, crates, sacks, tubs and general cargo was soon deposited on the ice, and loaded sleighs were gliding off in every direction trying to stow it away before nightfall, and at last, for the one and only time, I was myself trying to balance behind my galloping team, in a conventional hard hat and 'store clothes,' clutching at, of all things in the country, a leather handbag—as out of place on our ice as a bonnet-box would be. Indeed, one of the great charms of life down here is that the poorest man can be his own master all his life as well as the richest, and can take a holiday or 'spell' when he likes. And seeing that the fishery of three or four months often gives him sufficient for the whole twelve, he very frequently does like to, and goes off for two or three days, hunting deer, or grouse shooting, or duck shooting—pleasures that every man enjoys, but few men get a

chance of in the Home Country. As a fisherman here told me the other day, being a handy man he left for a time for New York, where he earned four dollars a day as a carpenter; but 'it seemed as if you was working always for some other life, when you could enjoy your money, and all the while life was running away and you never got a spell.'

"Close by was a party of fishermen sawing a channel through the ice, to move ahead their schooner, which had become frozen in too near the broken and grinding ice that rises up in weird masses everywhere at the water's edge. There again was a projecting stick marking where five barrels of whale meat were sunk beneath the ice, in old sacks, to soak out the salt from it before it should be thrown on the scaffold for dog food."

Penned in language of almost idyllic beauty Dr. Grenfell thus reflects on "The Close of Open Water," after cruising on its surface as a messenger and healer for the sake of lonely dwellers around distant coast stations in the north.

"Once more we are landmen. Once more our six months afloat is over and the little 'Strathcona' is once again safely tied alongside the wharf, the planking of which is already covered with the snow of approaching winter. As we passed into this, our last harbour between the two great towering cliffs overhanging the narrow entrance, we seemed suddenly shut off as it were by closed gates from the restless life beyond, from the field of activities which till a moment ago had been absorbing all our interests. We seemed to have suddenly reached the horizon, and passed directly into a new life, for into this fair harbour no rough seas can reach. There are no rocks to fear, no shoals to shun, the anchor once down in this harbour we no longer fear that our little vessel will drift from her moorings in the hours of darkness and sleep. Once lowered it will hold where you left it, till you weigh

it again yourself on the way to some new field of labour. But the iron mooring chains are fast to the great gump heads of the wharf, the sails are already reefed, the ship dismantled, the very funnel covered in. The last milestone is passed, the last chapter closed. What now is the live issue?

“In truth, there was no denying that she looked as though she had just come out of battle. The topmasts had been struck for the late gale, and the dainty rigging we sailed out with had been stripped off and stowed. Our ragged remnant of a flag fluttered now from an impromptu staff, which, lashed into the large top-gallant iron, looked lost and forlorn. The masts were grimy with smoke, and weathered and salted with the sea spray, for the continuance of heavy easterly weather had given the men no chance to scrape down during the voyage home. As for her deck houses, the varnish, where there was any left, had assumed the colour of skimmed milk from the continued driving sleet and spume. Up to two feet above the level of the rails most of it had been scraped off bodily by the heavy deck loads of pine wood which we had been carrying out of the bays to the hospitals, as our last contribution towards their winter comfort. The paint on her sides and bulwarks had paid such tribute to the sterns of countless fishing boats alongside, that the once shiny black surface was mottled like a pane of frosted glass—while below the water line—well, even there we would like to go over her in dock ourselves before others saw her. For we had struck twice on a nasty day in the late fall when we tried to navigate a part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the way to the new Canadian Hospital, a piece of coast that was new to all of us. She had, in fact, entered her last port like a man cut off without a moment’s warning; thus she certainly was not, as some would say, ready for inspection. But as I stood on the wharf, running my eye over her familiar lines, to me endeared by so many happy days

together, there was a sort of feeling that I would not have it otherwise. For she looked like a workman right from his fields of labour. Her very toilworn features spoke of things accomplished, and afforded some scant solace for the regrets that opportunities had gone by.

“I could see again as I looked at her the thousands of miles of coast she had carried us along—the record of over a thousand folk that had sought and found help aboard her this summer—the score of poor souls for whom we could do nothing but carry them, sheltered in her snug cabin, to the larger hospitals where they could be better attended than by us at sea. I remembered visitors and helpers whom she had faithfully carried, and who were now scattered where they could tell of the needs of our folk, and bring them better help in years to come. I remembered the ministers and travellers that had been lent a hand as they pushed their way up and down our coast—the women and children and aged persons that she had carried up the long bays to their winter home, and to whom she had saved the suffering of the long exposure in small and open boats. One remembered the libraries she had distributed all along this bookless coast line, the children picked up and carried to the shelter of the Orphanage, the casks of the food and drugs for men and dogs, placed at known rendezvous along the line of water travel, making the long dog journeys possible. How often had her now boarded up windows lighted up her cabin for a floating Court of Justice in lonely places where, even if the judgments arrived at had been rather equitable than legal, yet disputes had been ended, wrongdoing punished, and the weak had been time and again helped to get right done them.

“One remembered how she had been a terror to certain evildoers and more especially to the wretches whose greed for sordid gain leads them to defy the laws of God and man, as they sell illicitly the poisonous drinks with which

they lure brave men and true to their ruin. On a truck on the wharf beside me, even now, on its way to the police station lay a consignment that our little ship on one of her raiding expeditions had saved from doing the damage it was capable of. How like a confiscated bomb-shell it looked. And one remembered pleasantly the comment of a fisherman friend on this, one of the most vital of her missionary effects, at one specially troublesome settlement: 'Bedad, if the mission ship goes on like this long we won't be able to kape an ould bottle in the house to put a drop of ile in.'

"Again I could see her saving from destruction a helpless schooner abandoned by her crew and fast heeling to pieces on a lee shore. I could see her cabin loaded with sacks of warm clothing for use in districts where dire poverty from failure in the fishing, or possible accident in their perilous work, had left defenceless women and children to face the coming cold of winter unprotected, and among those who had benefited in this way were the crews of half a dozen unfortunate schooners wrecked in the heavy equinoctial gale of last September.

"And beyond all the physical aid that had been rendered, one remembered the many sorrowful hearts to which she had carried messages of comfort and cheer. To some dying she had brought the joyful view of the realities of life beyond, and to some stricken hearts, bereft of the hand they looked to for protection, she had brought with material help the ray of hope which God permits the hand of a brother to carry as possibly its most precious burden.

"The skipper who had come to the rail to insert a fender between the streak of the wharf shores, noticed that I was still examining the ship, and interrupted my reverie.

"Doesn't look exactly like a pleasure yacht, Doctor, does she?'

"Indeed she doesn't, skipper,' and I almost added,

'Thank God.' For it is some years since I have had time to seek pleasure in that way. Somehow the idea of the mission steamer being a 'pleasure yacht' grated on one's nerves. A 'mere pleasure yacht,' was in my mind, and rose on my lips too. For though some might not think of it, the true following of the Master makes men utilitarian. His servants must 'hustle' in this busy world, as do the servants of His enemy, a truth the Middle Ages did not appear to know. The Master's followers must have strong reasons to give themselves when they can afford to seek their pleasure as others do.

"Out of this very port she had sailed just six months ago, not knowing what she might be called upon to do or to face before she could hope to get back to her haven of rest again. She had started with a high purpose, anxious to serve God by serving His brethren, seeking the joy that can only be won in one way. The same joy which the Lord has promised that his faithful children shall share with Him hereafter. The joy of toil here, and toilworn rest hereafter. 'The blessing of Heaven is perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.'

"Our ship had stood forth a tiny speck in the great ocean, a thing that man's mind might well despise as ill calculated to achieve service of any value to the King of kings. Presumptuous it had often seemed even to us, as we thought of the great work to be done—of the uncharted shore, the countless delays, the thousands of scattered craft, the short season, the strong passions, and the great temptations of the men that we purposed to try and win.

"Moreover now, as the incidents of the summer flitted in review before my mind, I could not but remember that twice we had struck rocks, once had been all but overwhelmed in a storm, several times had been astray in fogs, twice had broken down, and for want of power

had been ourselves forced to seek help and to lose time undergoing repairs. It seemed a poor record.

“Just at this moment the wake of a ferry tug rocked the ‘Strathcona,’ and the bump she gave the wharf called me back to the world of realities abruptly. After all she still lay there. A stout little steamer full of capabilities, ready and waiting for fresh responsibilities. The very bump called to remembrance the familiar saying of an old friend:

‘Look up, not down,  
Look forward, not back,  
Look out, not in.  
Lend hand.’

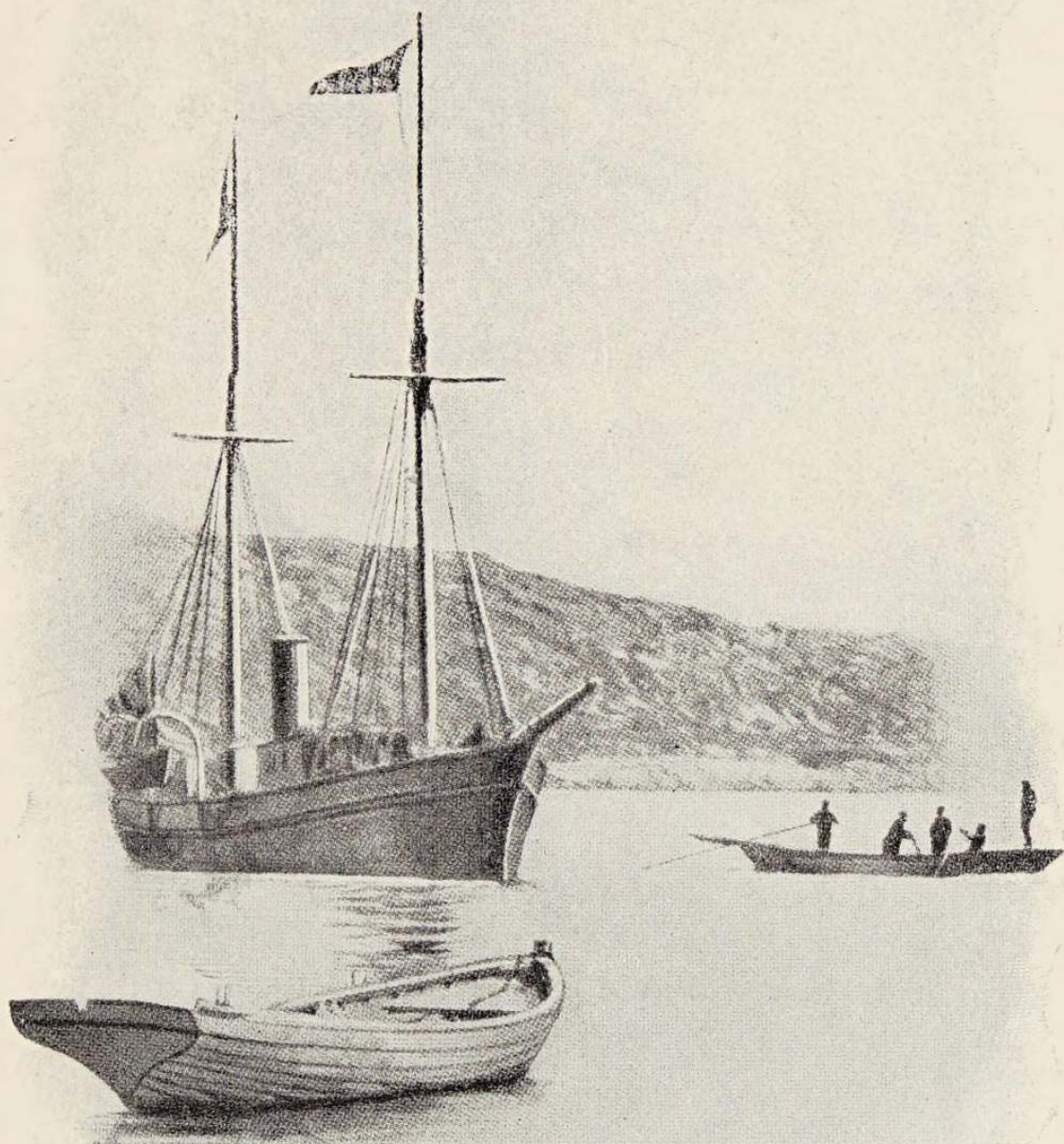
“God grant that when I come up for inspection, when my voyage is over, I may not fear the verdict. God grant He who inspects may see in me the evidences of work done, of cargoes carried home. May the log-book record many a brother helped. Yes, and saved. For though He will see—as see He will—the dints in the planking and the scratches on the paint and spars—yes, even if they speak to Him while they remind us of the sorry contact with rock and shoal—still we have confidence to believe that there will be nothing to dread from Him. “Yes, yes, skipper: God bless the old ship. Let her be inspected I say, just as she is.’”

To the Doctor and his toil-weary crew the long, dark and dreary winter months of Labrador would be unbearable were it not for the snow. The white mantle of “Old Boreas” retains and diffuses the scanty light given by the low-rising sun, which, as a rule, during a large part of the day is out of sight, intercepted as it is by the thick roof of heavy clouds. The snow is the poetry of Labrador winters and some day may have its poets. Dr. Grenfell has assuredly been one of the best interpreters—a word artist—of the beauties of winter landscape in Labrador, performing in that capacity what Victor Westerholm, the

Finnish painter of snow scenes in Finland, has accomplished in such realistic form on canvas.

Before the advent of Grenfell, few, if any, voyagers or explorers had penetrated the soul of winter and unveiled the little known and appreciated secret charms of his adopted country, Labrador. On this point the Doctor says, "It is almost another of the unique distinctions for Labrador, that it has escaped its Baedeker," though he assures visitors of a hearty welcome to a country the superior of which they might seek long and find less worth visiting.





THE HOSPITAL SHIP S.S. *STRATHCONA*.



## CHAPTER VII

### SIMPLE LIFE STORIES AND TRAGEDIES

True to his chosen vocation as a medical missionary in an extraordinary degree it needs no gift of prediction to anticipate that for generations to come Dr. Grenfell will be remembered in the annals of the moral and material development of Labrador. In this rôle he has exhibited almost every qualification of the pioneer and practitioner. Patience, resource, compassion, exertion and endurance, united with the possession of growingly wide experience and up to date medical and surgical knowledge have enabled him to perform feats of healing which seem to belong to the realms of magic and romance. Only in a very inadequate measure is it possible to bring before the reader some of the pathetic and thrilling episodes in this marvellous story.

The following fragment of a diary chronicled in the summer of 1906 indicates the scope and character of the medical labours of the Mission.

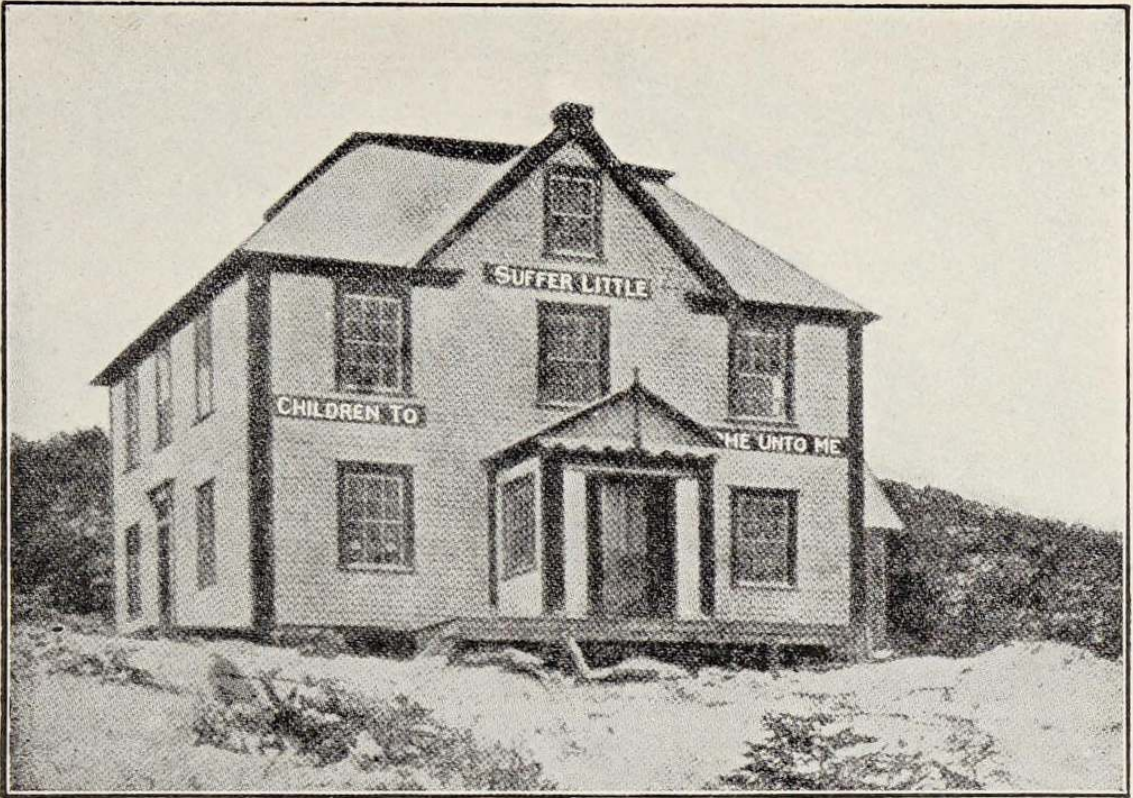
“ This little hospital of St. Anthony's, the base of our operations, is as full as it can hold, and one doctor finds considerably more than he can do, though this winter I have a voluntary assistant from America, who has just come back from a sick call, 120 miles in our little motor launch. Scarcely an hour ago two men arrived from fifteen miles to the north for a man whose life is in danger, and whom I am just bound away to visit. It is some trouble coming for a doctor in this country.

“One fisherman I operated on last week had come 200 miles, and I have two in the hospital who have come over seventy besides. From one of these poor fellows a cancer was removed. The other has a diseased spine, which we have been able to straighten partially, and now he is going home to try and earn a living for a wife and three children, handicapped as he is, with the arduous task of fishing with a hook and line in these frigid waters.”

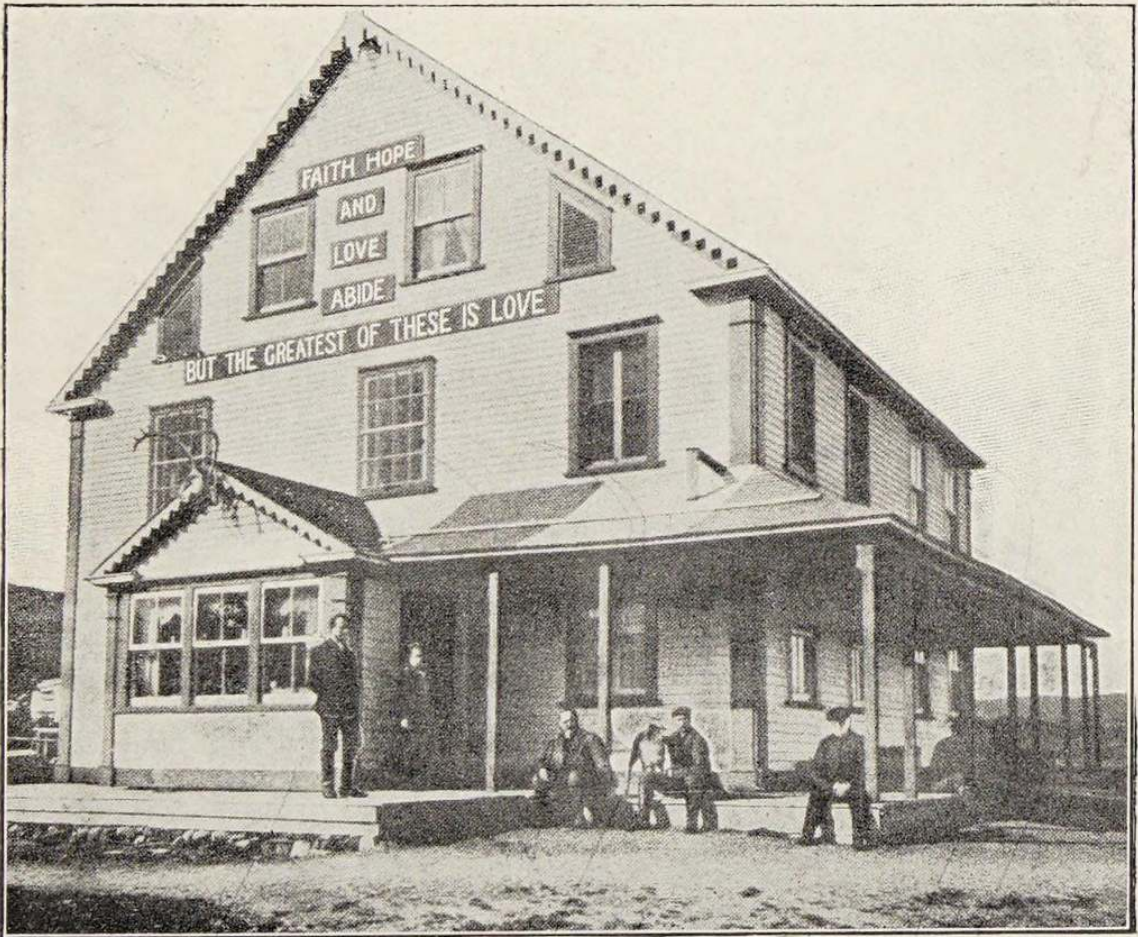
Exploits in travel are of common occurrence. The Doctor continued: “I am bound as far north as Cumberland Inlet, if it is in any way possible for me to reach so far north. Early next month I expect to cross the Straits and meet my colleague, the doctor in charge of the Mission hospital at Battle Harbour. He has been frozen in there since the end of last November, when he last saw the face of a Southerner. I expect he has travelled farther still with his dogs, for his people are more scattered than ours. It is always rather an anxious moment when, after these long absences, we anchor off the hospital until we have heard the news of the winter. Some two hundred miles to the westward a new colleague has been stationed this winter, and there is being built a fourth hospital, a centre for 200 miles on each side of him.

“We went north to attend the meeting of one of our co-operative enterprises and straighten up the accounts. Our fisherman manager, in his own words, ‘is no scholar,’ but he is transparently honest, except that we often catch him handsomely robbing himself of his dues. We had scarcely got the meeting under way when a six-oared boat came in. They had rowed fifty miles from the southward, found me away from hospital, and chased me eight miles further north. Even had I not known the man’s face, directly he spoke I should have known the little settlement he came from.

“Paddy McCarty’s wife is real sick, Doctor. It would please you to come with us, we think sure you might



ST. ANTHONY ORPHANAGE.



ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL.



save her life.' We settle on this coast by denominations.

"'How long has she been bad, Mick?'

"'Tis about a week, sorr.'

"'Then you can start home at once, and I'll follow you in the little motor boat.'

"'All right, sorr.' And they made to go away without even a cup of tea, as if they had been two minutes instead of two days and nights on their journey. She was dead before we got there—just dead. There could be no reasonable doubt that a telegraphic message would have saved her.

"We have no communication over a strip of coast seventy miles north of us, summer or winter, except such as we make ourselves. We have been hoping against hope for a fortnightly mail steamer, or a monthly one. After a long wait for that which never came, two of my patients started to try and get back this entire distance. The mental picture of these two men (one an old man from whom we removed a cancer and the other the father of a family whose spine is heavily crooked from tubercular disease) as they try to creep back over the hills and rocks, and crawl around the bottoms of the indraughts of the sea, suggests to one's mind the scene when the news got out that Admiral Anson was about to impress the Greenwich Hospital Pensioners on a voyage to the Spanish Main. We are told that the fields were full of splints and crutches and the ditches with the old cripples, who sought to save their lives. A more worthy motive has impelled my two friends; the desire to save the lives of others. For well they know that the wage-earning period of the year for them is brief. It arrives with the first codfish, and leaves again with the advent of the winter equinoctials. By this time enough flour must be in prospect for the next eight months, or the small birds in the nest will have often to go hungry.

"Visiting an old friend here, we found him in bed, one half paralysed. To my query as to how he was, his reply was, 'Praise the Lord, I'm half alive still,' a view of the

matter that one would scarcely expect, perhaps from so young a man. He had gone into the woods in the morning with his dogs, to cut firewood, and shortly after leaving the path he fell down and for a while lay unconscious on the snow. He soon rallied enough, however, to realise his danger. But all his efforts to crawl to the komatik were in vain. He could only turn around where he was, one leg and arm being quite useless. Even his power of whistling was gone, and his altered voice only lured one of his dogs within his reach. As he was rapidly freezing, he managed to drag this one under his body, and the warmth he derived from it probably saved his life. It managed, however, to get away; his one sound arm being at last unable to hold it. Long after dark a relief party tracked him to where he was lying unconscious on the snow, and brought him home. 'Only one foot and hand frostbitten, thank God.'

"The visit of a doctor meant no small thing in a case like this, and we chanced to be in a position to leave with him temporarily even an air bed, which, in the case of a paralysed man of considerable weight, and with no trained nurse, is something more than a mere luxury."

As an example of true nobility of character, of utter forgetfulness of self—as one who has achieved almost unsurpassed triumphs in acts of charity and love to his fellow creatures, always relying upon the guidance of a Divine Providence, the following illustrations of Dr. Grenfell's absorbing devotion by a well-informed correspondent are of strong human interest:

"The records of the Doctor's work in every direction abound with incidents of a most touching character. One poor man accidentally shot his brother while duck-hunting, the charge lodging in the victim's lungs, who lived only four hours, leaving a destitute widow and six small children. Yet such is the strength of human sympathy that two of the children were at once adopted by kindly neighbours, though one of the foster-mothers had seven alive of her



own nine children as well. Two huts close together sheltered the three families—forty souls, almost without a scrap of food or money. Another man, whose gun exploded and shattered his own right hand, was treated in the hospital, where Grenfell and his assistants grafted flesh from their own arms to help in healing the patient's hand. Another, while running with his dog-team on the rotting snow of early spring, sank through the crust on a sharp stump, which, catching him between the legs, ripped up the whole inside of his thigh. He crawled along until picked up by a comrade, who tied the torn flaps tightly in place and so saved his life, conveying him to the hospital later, where his recovery, though slow, was sure. The husband and brother of a woman being ill of fever, she could not care for both, so left the brother to die, that she might preserve the life of the breadwinner for her and her five children. The schoolmaster and lay-reader in a northern hamlet having had his salary reduced, took to fishing to make up the shortage, but was caught in a gale, and drowned, leaving a helpless family.

“A woman with cancer of the breast was conveyed seventy miles in an open boat to the hospital for operation, by a volunteer crew, who sacrificed the best fishing time to bring her there. Another old woman was drawn ninety miles through the winter's drifts and cold, in a box on a dog-sled, to have her foot amputated. A man whose worn-out gun had exploded and shattered his right hand was kept with the injured member in an antiseptic bath for two days and nights to, if possible, save it for him, his friends procuring a large iron pot for barking nets and improvising it for this purpose, taking turns to watch him so that the doctor and nurses might care for other patients. A woman, ill for two years with an abscess of the kidneys, and operated upon at Battle Harbour, did not rally; so Grenfell sent the launch for her husband, a run of forty miles each way across the Strait, in very severe weather. The round trip was made

in twenty-three hours, but she died meanwhile, and he begged that the body be sent back with him, offering anything he possessed to meet the cost (a serious matter for Grenfell, coal being scarce and expensive), pleading that he 'could not bury his wife in a strange land,' and that to wait twelve days for the mail-boat would mean losing his best fishery, in which plight Grenfell did not let him be.

"Appalling were the tales of starvation that marked the Doctor's earlier days. One 'livyere' in a lonely inlet, finding himself without a winter's diet, sent his wife and eldest boy and girl up the river to trap and fish, and then killed the three younger children with an axe and shot himself. Another man and his family died of starvation after eating the last of their dogs and having no other sustenance. One season in a northern harbour the first to board the 'Strathcona' was a village patriarch, a stalwart old fisherman of eighty years, who had not tasted flour for three weeks. The forty families, 250 souls, had picked the beach clean of mussels and winkles to subsist on, till a ship should arrive. In another cove was a poor widow with seven children, who were starving even in summer. She and her brood ate the few fish she and her eldest girl could catch, and drank water only—no flour, no tea, no meat. One winter she and the girl sawed up 3,000 feet of plank to get enough food to keep them alive. The girl fished, managed the boat in summer, drove the dogs and komatik in winter, and did the little shooting of 'fur' they could afford powder for. Another year Grenfell saved more than a hundred families from perishing by supplying them with sacks of flour from a wrecked ocean liner in the Straits of Belle Isle!

"Dr. Grenfell has helped hundreds, by judicious advances of food and fishing-gear, to make an independent livelihood, and last November, 1905, he was able to announce, for the first time on record, that nobody along Labrador

would be in danger of starvation during the winter then at hand."

Here is a typical sketch of Dr. Grenfell's wonderful strength of purpose and daring from the pen of Norman Duncan; a picture indeed of one who makes friends with all hero-loving hearts.

"'I'm in a hurry,' the Doctor said, with an impatient sigh. 'The season's late. We must get along.'

"We fell in with him at Red Bay in the Straits, in the thick of a heavy gale from the north-east. The wind had blown for two days; the sea was running high, and still fast rising; the schooners were huddled in the harbours, with all anchors out, many of them hanging on for dear life, though they lay in shelter. The sturdy little coastal boat, with four times the strength of the 'Strathcona,' had made hard work of it that day—there was a time when she but held her own off a lee shore in the teeth of the big wind.

"It was drawing on toward night when the Doctor came aboard for a surgeon from Boston, for whom he had been waiting.

"'I see you've steam up,' said the captain of the coastal boat. 'I hope you're not going out in *this*, Doctor!'

"'I have some patients at the Battle Harbour Hospital, waiting for our good friend from Boston,' said the Doctor briskly. 'I'm in a hurry. Oh yes, I'm going out!'

"'For God's sake, don't!' said the captain, earnestly.

"The Doctor's eye chanced to fall on the gentleman from Boston, who was bending over his bag—a fine, fearless fellow, whom the prospect of putting out in that chip of a steamer would not have perturbed, though the Doctor may then not have known it. At any rate, as though bethinking himself of something half forgotten, he changed his mind of a sudden.

"'Oh, very well,' he said. 'I'll wait until the gale blows out.'

"He managed to wait a day—no longer; and the wind

was still wild, the sea higher than ever; there was ice in the road, and the fog was dense. Then out he went into the thick of it. He bumped an iceberg, scraped a rock, fairly smothered the steamer with broken water; and at midnight—the most marvellous feat of all—he crept into Battle Harbour through a narrow, difficult passage, and dropped anchor off the Mission Wharf.

“Doubtless he enjoyed the experience while it lasted—and promptly forgot it, as being commonplace. I have heard of him, caught in the night in a winter’s gale of wind and snow, threading a tumultuous, reef-strewn sea, his skipper at the wheel, himself on the bowsprit, guiding the ship by the flash and roar of breakers, while the sea tumbled over him. If the chance passenger who told me the story is to be believed, upon that trying occasion the Doctor had the ‘time of his life.’

“Fear of the sea is quite incomprehensible to this man. The passenger was very much frightened; he vowed never to sail with the Doctor again. But the Doctor is very far from being reckless; though he is, to be sure, a man altogether unafraid. It seems to me that his heart can never have known the throb of fear. Perhaps that is in part because he has a blessed lack of imagination, in part, perhaps, because he has a body as sound as ever God gave to a man, and has used it as a man should; but it is chiefly because of his simple and splendid faith that he is an instrument in God’s hands—God’s to do with as He will, as he would say. His faith is exceptional, I am sure—childlike, steady, overmastering, and withal, if I may so characterize it, healthy. It takes something such as the faith he has to move a man to run a little steamer at full speed in a fog, when there is ice on every hand. It is hardly credible, but quite true, and short of the truth: neither wind, nor ice, nor fog, nor all combined can keep the ‘Strathcona’ in harbour when there comes a call for help from beyond. The Doctor clambers cheerfully out on the bowsprit and keeps both eyes open. ‘As the Lord wills,’

says he, 'whether for wreck or service. I am about His business.'

"It is a sublime expression of the old faith.

"Thus and all the time, in storm and sunshine, summer and winter weather, Grenfell of the Deep-sea Mission goes about doing good; if it's not in a boat, it's in a dog-sled. He is what he likes to call a 'Christian man.' But he is also a hero—at once the bravest and the most beneficently useful man I know. If he regrets his isolation, if the hardship of the life sometimes oppresses him, no man knows it. He does much, but there is much more to do. If the good people of the world would but give a little more of what they have so abundantly—and if they could but know the need, they would surely do that—joy might be multiplied on that coast; nor would any man be wronged by misguided charity.

"'What a man does for the love of God,' the Doctor once said, 'he does differently.'"

"Had Dr. Grenfell been a weakling, he would long ago have died on the coast; had he been a coward, a multitude of terrors would long ago have driven him to a life ashore; had he been anything but a true man and tender, indeed, he would long ago have retreated under the suspicion and laughter of the folk. But he has outsailed the Labrador skippers—out-dared them—done deeds of courage under their very eyes that they would shiver to contemplate—never in a foolhardy spirit; always with the object of kindly service. So he has the heart and willing hand of every honest man on the Labrador—and of none more than of the men of his crew, who take the chances with him; they are wholly devoted."

The growth of the Mission enables a correspondent to chronicle successive stages of progress summarised as follows:—"In place of his first small launch, he, in course of time obtained a larger ship, a second hospital farther north, a launch to work at each; then he wintered at Battle Hospital and travelled up and down the whole coast, covering 2,000 miles and visiting 400 patients, since then

keeping the hospital open all the year round, with a doctor and nurse in residence. In its turn came his present ship, the 'Strathcona,' built expressly for the work; after that a third hospital on the north shore of Newfoundland, a region scarcely is as desolate than Labrador, and now Canada is commissioning him to erect a hospital on her territory, where the residents for lack of such, are even worse off than the Newfoundlanders, where the children can never go out for the whole winter from lack of clothing and footwear, and where he found an insane girl in a hut last summer tied up with a dog-harness."

Referring to his medical experiences in Labrador Dr. Grenfell says: "Would that in England every church throughout the whole country had its 'health class,' even if it had not a class entirely devoted to one disease like tuberculosis. Such classes would animate, I firmly believe, a larger percentage with the missionary spirit than any other kind of class does. It also gives people opportunities to do kind things. It has not been difficult in connection with this class to find friends with enough religion to put up such a rough shack, as we have just been building on these barren rocks, on their farms and estates in the country around Boston. Nor is there the slightest doubt that the good derived from one such act is infinitely more beneficial to the man himself who performs it than if he wrote to double all his subscriptions for religious purposes, often enough, without increasing his individual interest in his neighbours one iota. Such work might to many be an avenue of escape from the degeneracy bred of uninterrupted self-seeking."

Scarcely is it necessary to add that the numbers of patients who seek the help of the good Doctor and his friends are only limited by the accommodation and distance, while the benefit resulting is as practical and as Christian as if the sufferers "had all been picked up naked and wounded by the side of the road to Jericho."

## CHAPTER VIII

### DR. GRENFELL AND LITTLE CHILDREN

The children of Labrador have a great place in Dr. Grenfell's heart. He is the children's friend indeed, especially of the sick, the outcast, and the orphan. Readily does the Doctor suggest comparison with the devotion of a Barnardo on those hundreds of miles of the Atlantic Coast, swept by an Arctic current and icy gales, relieving by deeds of sheer daring and unflagging industry the physical and mental suffering of helpless waifs. What he has done for their sakes would fill some of the noblest pages in the records of modern philanthropy. Never have the children been forgotten throughout the lengthening years the famous missionary surgeon has spent among the rude fisher folk of the Labrador coast. In most of the Doctor's diaries touching incidents are related of the misfortunes of Labrador's waifs and the means employed for their succour.

Not a few of the cases of ailing or injured children in Labrador are terribly tragic, affording gruesome examples of the misery entailed by want of prompt and effective surgical aid. "A girl of seven years, with club-foot, was so bad that she had to crawl on her hands and knees, and having no brother or sister and no other children to associate with, while her parents were too busy in keeping the wolf from the door to exercise her in this respect, was hardly able to speak. She was taken to hospital, and ultimately

cured. A boy, aged three, with the same disease, calmly told the doctor that he had a right foot and a wrong one, and the wrong one was no good; though in hospital later, after adequate treatment, he confessed that it was now 'gooder' than the other. At another point the father of the little boy whose eye had been blinded by a snow-ball, arranged to send him to hospital later, as he could not spare him then because he was needed for fishing. In another hut there lay what seemed to be a bundle of rags, but was really a child, for the fair hair of a blue-eyed boy of ten disclosed itself. When moved he moaned pitifully, and it was found that he had disease of the spine, with open sores in three places. He was stark naked and starved to the skeleton, and this in the depth of winter! A youth of twenty was found dying of consumption in a smack, having caught cold from wet feet whilst at the herring fishery the previous winter, as he sent his earnings home to his sick sister instead of buying new boots. A boy of thirteen, delirious from pneumonia, kept constantly crying, 'Where's the tiller?' He had been from daylight to dark helping in the fish boat without any boots to keep his feet dry."

Congratulating Canadian Labrador upon the great advantage in having a telegraph wire all along that wild coast, Dr. Grenfell cites this mournful illustration of the need for a telegraph on his own shores: "Late one night a boat worked in along the coast with the news of a sick child fourteen miles to the northward. We had just got our little motor boat running, and soon after day we were at the bedside. The child had been unconscious four days already. His only chance was an immediate operation. The mother had the courage even so late to venture the journey to hospital with the child. The wind trimming ahead, and only a little of the land, made a nasty head sea, and we were over three hours before we made the heads. All that time she sat with the child in her arms, though terribly seasick, and having to cling alternately to



one side and the other as we rolled. Twice the strain of the heavy child forced from her lips, 'Are we near yet?' But she would not trust her precious burden to our hands. The child failed to rally after the operation and after four days' waiting the brave woman went back, carrying her dead with her. Am I right in calling our tragedies hereabouts elemental? A message by telegraph would have saved this one."

Another case is thus reported: "We have just sent to our North Hospital a quaint little couple we picked up last week. Two little girls of three years old, twins, and exactly alike, with black hair and brown faces. Alas! but they were both born blind in both eyes. It was pathetically quaint to see these children, in a nearly dark little room, trying to see my pet spaniel, who had followed me in. They somehow knew his whereabouts, and unerringly ran over to find him. Afraid to touch him, they stood with their hands behind their backs, stooping close over him, and twisting their heads sideways and every other way to try and make out his shape. Their father died last winter, and their mother is lending out her other little girl, and coming to see if we can cure these two of the 'double cataracts.' Blind folk in Labrador are not common, but we are now trying to gain admission for two hopelessly blind young men into the splendid Home for the Blind at Halifax, though there seems at present little hope of our success. Only last week I was called to an old fellow living with his wife and little girl on the steep craggy side of an island harbour. His two sons had died and he himself had gone blind 'teetotally.' How he managed to avoid falling off the perch on which his house stood, every time he stirred out, and rolling off over the cliff into the sea I cannot imagine. This man also we could not cure, and I know of no blind asylum that would welcome an aged fisherman. A clean tidy house spoke volumes as to what 'might have been.' However, life

is full of these lessons, and Bartimeus's prayer must often go unanswered in its literal sense, in spite of the fact that many say we have made great advance since his day."

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the Doctor's concern for Labrador's bairns is the Orphanage at St. Anthony, completed 1906, bearing the sympathetic words: "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me." This structure adjoins the Hospital, School House and Industrial Building at St. Anthony, North-eastern Newfoundland. The texts on these buildings, we are informed, were all carved by Sunday School classes.

The fisherman's is a precarious life, and many a family comes to want through the perils of the calling that their breadwinner must encounter. For this reason derelict children drift to the Orphanage, where they are fed, taught and saved from falling victims to the scrofula and scurvy which are too common in Labrador's shores among the poorer families. In view of these recurring calamities at sea there is peculiar pleasure in learning that it is the generous custom of these people frequently to take charge of children that are left destitute, instances of which have already been mentioned.

Speaking in Boston, January 1907, Dr. Grenfell said: "We have been able, since I was last in this country, to put up an Orphanage, capable of accommodating twenty children. We had no one to manage it, but last summer a lady of social rank in England (Miss Eleanor Storr), at her own expense came to us because she thought she could work better miracles in a Labrador orphanage than she could in her London house, and she came to the conclusion that God could use her life better if she was living in Labrador instead of in England. There she has now ten orphans, picked up in various parts of Labrador, trying to do what she can for Christ's sake. She does not go there for health, or enjoyment, or remuneration, but devotes her life for Christ's work. It is bad enough to

put an orphan in an asylum here in America, but there we had none, and I used to bring these children to this country and to Newfoundland and to Canada, and some were sent to England, or wherever I happened to be going."

Again, the Doctor relates:—"I was addressing recently the Twentieth Century Club, when a lady came up afterward and said, 'I am glad to meet you, for I live near a place where one of your Labrador children is living; she is grown up and is now eighteen years of age. She is a servant and can read and write, etc., is a good girl, and has improved vastly since you brought her here a little child. But you know that life is capable of more than is being gotten out of it as merely a village servant girl in the country.' This lady proposed to endeavour to fit the girl as a trained nurse, as she wishes to return and be of practical assistance to the country from which she came.

"If you and I are looking out for the use of our talents, we shall find opportunities.

"Coming into the Straits, October, 1906, we picked up two additions to the Orphanage. Their father died last winter, leaving nothing. Since then the mother and her five children have been sleeping and eating in one little room, eight by fourteen, in the corner of a neighbour's house. It was there we found our new orphans, a boy and a girl, five and seven years old respectively. What a satisfaction to know that two, at least, of these little ones have been removed from such miserable surroundings.

"Every day adds new opportunities to our work. Every day shows to us plainer the need of the people we came to aid. And as we go from place to place we are continually finding testimonies of the great good that has been accomplished by the help of all those in the far homelands who, for His sake, are sending a share of their pleasure to the poor of Labrador."

Invalid children receive a loving welcome to St. Anthony's Hospital. Sister Williams in the summer of

1907 wrote, "We have had three boys in all the winter. One, a bright little fellow in the 'Caro' Cot, who suffered from hemorrhage from the lungs several times last winter, and was considered too ill to be removed to the hospital then. He has been kept out of doors a great deal, and has reluctantly gone home apparently quite well.

"The second boy had tubercular peritonitis; at one time it was feared he would not recover; however, he got quite well, and the last we heard of him was that he was away in the woods, getting wood and shooting birds. The third is a lame boy, with dislocation of the hip. He has got quite fat and has been learning carpentry and attending night school. He will go home when the boat comes, a better and a more useful member of his family. Many others have come and gone, all benefited by their stay with us.

"In the 'Cot of the Good Shepherd' is a little girl suffering from scurvy, and in the next cot, 'in memory of Mrs. Alexander Ross,' lies her mother suffering from the same poverty and disease. The child has a beautiful dressed doll, sent by some wealthy friends, the price of which would have bought them more than one barrel of flour. This poor woman amused me very much one day by saying, 'Dr. Grenfell is a wonderful man, he mended—arm for him. We here'd he was made "The Ruler of the Sea."' 'Oh no, not that,' I said. 'Well, that's what we here'd, and we here'd he was made next to the King.' I explained to her what was the honour conferred on him, but she seemed disappointed and thought it far from being as good as 'Ruler of the Sea.'"

The Doctor wrote from the same institution: "Here upstairs at the present moment is a boy of ten badly shot in the thigh and the knee-cap blown to pieces by a gun accident. We were the instruments to stand between him and a miserable death. There was no better doctor 'round the corner.' He goes home well to-morrow. Such is the type of ministry for 'the least of these.'"

A glimpse of Labrador and the Doctor through the eyes of a New England school teacher who spent her vacation in Labrador in 1907, makes quite a realistic sketch. On this her second visit to Labrador, having unique experiences, Miss Ellen P. Huling went as far north as Okak, and writes from Hopedale, July 28, as follows:—

“When I was at Battle Harbour I heard a little girl on the hill call, ‘Grenfell’s coming!’ and in came the ‘Strathcona’ at full speed through the tickle with a big deck load of wood and Dr. Grenfell on the forward end of it. The next day being Sunday I went to two services with the hospital people. At both Dr. Grenfell preached. I never in my life heard any sermon so picturesquely practical. He spoke of the seamen in the story of Jonah as if they were Newfoundland fishermen in oilskins and sea boots: and trap-skiffs, boats log-loaded and ‘a full load’ figured in the story. The application was equally practical. His audience, mostly stolid old fisherfolk, never moved their eyes from his face. In the evening no lamps were lighted. To sit there among the fishermen in the bare, clean little church, dimly lit by the long blue Northern twilight, and hear the Bible story applied directly to the Labrador was a scene I shall never forget.

“After service we went to the hospital for ‘a sing.’ Little ‘Noah’ sang for us in his sweet voice—he was so shy that he wouldn’t sing unless Dr. Grenfell held him on his knee, and started the hymn with him. Then we all sang, Dr. Little the bass, Dr. Grenfell tenor, Miss Richardson and the sisters soprano, and I the alto. Sister Williams played the organ. Of course we sang Sankey’s, as they are called here. We had a very quiet little hour. . . .

“I gave your bear to Noah and he was delighted with it. He didn’t seem to know quite what it was and seemed to think it a kind of dog, for I saw him showing it to the collie Jack, and saying ‘Kingnub,’ which is Eskimo for dog.

“Writing letters in Labrador is somewhat difficult, for

your hands are so cold, and the ink gets into such a queer state, knocking round, to say nothing of the moisture getting into your blotter so you can't blot."

The little 'Noah' mentioned is a crippled Eskimo boy who occupies the "Pomiuk Memorial Cot" in Dr. Grenfell's hospital. In a pleasant letter dated September, 1907, from Battle Harbour Hospital, written by Noah to Miss White, the efficient secretary to the New England Grenfell Association, Boston, he says:—

"DEAR MISS WHITE,

"How kind of you to write to me. Sister has put up your picture in a frame for me. I have just had my side dressed and Sister has taken a picture for you to see. I do not know very much about geography yet; if I go to Forteau with Sister Bailey this winter I shall learn a little about it. Dr. Grenfell is expected any day. I am longing for the time to see him again, he is so good to me. My little Teddy bear is a great favourite. Yesterday we had sports on the grass where about sixty little girls and boys had tea. I did enjoy the races; I won one prize for getting through a barrel first. (Pretty good for a boy with one of his staves—no, I mean ribs—removed! P. P.) Thanking you again for your picture,

"Believe me,

"Your little Eskimo friend,

"NOAH KARLE."

Allusion to the name "Pomiuk," in the previous paragraph recalls a deeply interesting figure romantically linked with the Labrador Mission. The story, which follows, was related by the Doctor in Exeter Hall, May, 1907.

"One day in Labrador he was told that some Eskimos were going to desert a little child who was dying. Notwithstanding that they (themselves), were 600 miles from their base, and wanted all the coal which was in their bunkers, they set off to find this little child. After a time, by the aid of the glass, they saw this little boy. They

picked him up. He was as naked as when he was born ; and had three or four open sores on him, and a diseased hip joint. He was lying on the stones of Labrador with nothing but a miserable death before him. They asked the woman (not his mother), who had charge of him what she was going to do with him. She said, 'You can do as you like with him. Take him or leave him.' We took him away, and he got a good deal better. And when we got back to the Hudson Bay settlement a letter was found waiting for this boy. There was a picture of an old man in it, and it just told the boy of the love of Christ for the soul of an Eskimo child. It appeared this man had seen the child when he was on show in Chicago at the World's Fair in 1893. When the boy was asked if he knew the man whose picture was with the letter, he said, 'Why me love him.' This little lad remained with us three years, and became a true Christian boy. He was a very great help and comfort to us. Eventually we had to let him go because the call came which would come to all at last. Meanwhile, the old man, who had never heard of the mission, wanted to hear more about it, so he (Dr. Grenfell) went in 1896 to North America. So the life of that little boy was the cause of the commencement of the work there."

Further, it may be added by way of explanation that Pomiuk, who had contracted spinal weakness, found himself homeless on returning from the Chicago Fair, his father having been treacherously murdered during his absence, while his mother had married again and was away across the mountains. In much pain when he was taken up from the beach at the feet of frowning, stupendous cliffs Dr. Grenfell and his friend Mr. George Ford, agent of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, placed the helpless lad eventually in one of the little mission hospitals, out in the Atlantic, on an island two hundred miles north of the Straits of Belle Isle. The boy, it appears, so fully learned

the story of the Saviour's love that he was baptized; and as a sign of his new life in Christ Jesus he received the name of Gabriel, the angel of comfort. Bright and happy in spite of suffering and increasing weakness "Pomiuk," who was subsequently conveyed to Battle Harbour Hospital, became an object of widespread interest among friends in America; a band of children, known, as the "Corner" of the Boston "Congregationalist" forming themselves into his guardians. They said, "He belongs to us. We will take care of him;" and faithfully was the promise kept.

The Doctor threw his great heart around the little fellow, afterwards writing:—"It was a lovely thing to see this stray child of the North land blossom out into the simple Christian graces. He had many gifts sent him from American boys and girls. These he loved for their own sakes at first, and treasured closely. But soon he learned to love better the sharing of them with other cripple friends that from time to time found their way into the hospital. His busy fingers, too, put into models the dog sleighs and kyaks (canoes), the affection in his heart for all those who were kind to him."

At a later date suffering intensely, yet bright, cheerful, and singing he quietly went home, lamented by hosts of young friends in the United States. "A little child shall lead them."

Doctor Grenfell penned a simple but heartfelt tribute to his memory, part of which we quote.

"His unselfishness and amiable disposition made everyone love him, and his memory will be fresh in many hearts for years to come. We must not be sorry for him. He has exchanged a life of feebleness for that full life beyond. The Lord Jesus was very real to him. Pomiuk loved to hear of Him as the Good Shepherd. Now he has taken him to Himself.

"In a sheltered hollow in our tiny graveyard where others weary and worn had also been laid, rests the little body of





THE LABRADOR DOLLS.



LITTLE PRINCE POMIUK.



this true Prince, and on the resting-place his new name, by which he shall be known in heaven, Gabriel, which means God's man.

"That night the mysterious aurora made bright the vault of heaven, its banners gleaming like the festal illuminations of some royal city. These simple children of the Northland call it 'the spirits of the dead at play.' But to the sad yet faithful Christian eyes that looked upon it, it was the shining symbol of the joy in the city of God that yet another young soldier of Jesus Christ had won his way home to the palace of the King."

Dr. Grenfell's volume, "Off the Rocks," vividly portrays among other stories of Labrador fisherfolk that of "Little Prince Pomiuk," a beautiful monograph of the Eskimo mountain boy, crippled by misfortune, that carries appeal to the hearts of all who read it.

Besides his varied functions Dr. Grenfell steadfastly discharges that of the hygiene and sanitary educator and reformer. Early in 1907 he compiled a "Catechism of Simple Rules of Health for use in Newfoundland and Labrador Schools," consisting of simple questions and answers. Scattering it broadcast he had the pleasure of finding the children in the schools well acquainted with its contents. Going also from house to house in one of the villages, he was encouraged to notice the reflex influence which it had exercised. He found windows open, doors wide open, dry floors, sunshine streaming in, and all the symptoms of the prophylactic measures having taken root.

As specimens of the Catechism we append three series of Questions and Answers.

#### THE AIR.

Is fresh air good for me? I cannot live without it.

Is air ever bad? Yes, it gets very poisonous.

What makes it poisonous? Every time any one breathes he throws poison into the air.

What are these poisons like? Some are poisonous gases, some like tiny seeds.

Will they hurt me? Yes, they will kill me in time.

How can I avoid these poisons? By always keeping in fresh air.

### THE SUNSHINE.

Must I let in the sunshine? Yes—every bit I can let in.

Why must I let in the sunshine? Because nothing else cleans the room so well.

How does sunshine clean a room? It kills all the poison germs it falls upon.

Ought I to sit in the sunshine? Yes. I must always keep in it when I can.

Why must I do this? Because it will kill all the poison germs in my blood.

### THE WINDOW.

Must I open the window? Yes.

When must I open the window? All day and all night.

Will not the cold hurt me? Cold does not hurt anybody.

Why must I open the window? Because I cannot grow strong unless I do.

Will not the draught hurt me? I must try to avoid draughts as far as possible.

What good is it to open the window? It lets in the pure air to clean my blood.

The remaining sections, in similar style of treatment, include Washing, Spitting, and Wounds.

Quite romantic is the tale of the Labrador dolls and the part they have begun to play in brightening the lives of Labrador child life. We might say that the dusty archives of the various boards of foreign missions would be searched in vain, probably, to find a record of a more

effective and charming group of foreign missionaries than the Labrador dolls. In the best sense of the word they are admirable foreign missionaries. We have the authority of one of the greatest of modern missionaries for so defining them, the authority of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell. The Doctor once said that he and his associates 'preach the Gospel' to the children of the bleak Labrador coast by means of libraries, games, football, and dolls.

In a certain office in the city of New York, in which Dr. Grenfell has many warm personal friends, there is held at every Christmas season a Christmas celebration which is attended by every worker in the establishment, from the oldest director to the youngest office boy. During the Christmastide of 1906, Dr. Grenfell, quite by accident, happened to go into that office when this annual celebration was in progress. "He was at once captured as one of the impromptu speakers of the occasion that centred about a Christmas tree, from which were distributed souvenirs appropriate to the holidays. He referred again to the part that such friendly gatherings might play in the work that he is trying to do to bring comfort of body and happiness of spirit into the barren and often cheerless regions of Labrador, and he intimated that the children of that distant island sometimes need dolls quite as much as they need tracts. Whereupon the ladies of the office very quietly formed the delightful plan of sending a family of dolls to Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, to act as his assistant missionaries among the children.

"The dolls were carefully bought, dressed, shod, curled, and bonneted, and when the group was completed the officers of the corporation were surprised with an invitation to an exhibition, which possessed many charms. Each of the little figures represented the faithful, loving, personal labour of a donor who is herself a daily worker in the bustle and turmoil of a great city."

Pleasant to note, these dolls were dressed, too, at a time

of the year "when not only every hour that can be had in the fresh air and among the green and flowering things of spring is eagerly desired, but when hundreds of stitches have to be taken in hats, shirt-waists, and other necessary and charming accessories of summer life. These doll missionaries will carry with baggage, too, toys of various descriptions, and mufflers, and other things that children like which have come from fellow-workers of that sex in whose hands a needle is a dangerous weapon. It is an old saying, sometimes thought to be worn out, sometimes suspected of being impractical and sentimental, that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' but the makers of these Labrador dolls and their associates know that in one instance at least it is very true. For the more happiness the dolls take to the children in Labrador the more happiness they will leave behind them in the busy office where they first saw the light."

The Doctor has instituted Christmas Tree parties wherever possible, on a small scale, for Labrador's juvenile population; and effectively remarks, "The great joys of life are its opportunities for service," high on the list of which shines kindness to the little ones, after the pattern of Him who gave them His royal welcome and blessing.

## CHAPTER IX

### SALVATION BY REINDEER

For many years Dr. Grenfell was desirous of introducing reindeer into Labrador, on the benefits of which both in writing and speech he has eloquently discoursed. The project and its possibilities have continually appeared in the Doctor's later letters.

"We need for Labrador," quoting his own words, "just what our American cousins have done for Alaska. Our country is more fertile, by far, and is covered over its immense area with just that kind of food, especially the reindeer moss (*cladonia rangiferina*), best calculated to support the domestic reindeer. We could not afford to devote the summer months to agriculture and to miss the fish harvest. We could never hope to grow cereals or vegetables beyond just what we might need for our own consumption, so that keeping any quantity of cattle is not worth while. The reindeer feed themselves summer and winter. One square mile of moss is said to be able to nourish in perpetuity 30 reindeer, the annual growth being sufficient for that purpose. By this counting, South Labrador could become quite easily as important as Lapland, or Finland, or Siberia, or even Alaska. For the deer alone could maintain a population of a quarter of a million, while the fisheries can do almost as much again. There still remain the seals, the whales, the valuable fur-bearing animals, the lumber industry, and the yet to be

discovered mineral resources. The kind of man these northern countries breed is too well known to need description. The Norseman and the Viking race would have their place in the Empire, even in the twentieth century.

“To be losing a population of men who have the foresight and the pluck to remove from the homes in which they have been brought up and face the new world, just because they cannot see anything to fall back on during a temporary failure of the cod fishery, is a pitiable thing. It seems to us all the more sorrowful when we feel it is only necessary for those who are able to move in the matter to repeat the efforts of the United States Government in Alaska, which have been so great a success there that the Blue Book of the War Department refers to it as the most important step in the development of that great dependency after the discovery of gold. There is no reason why Labrador should not be of as great importance to Great Britain as Finland appears to be in the mind of Russia.

“The dogs on which we are now dependent for transport are noble creatures, of marvellous endurance, and of almost incredible strength. The sport of dog-driving with our light komatiks in winter makes ‘luge-ing’ and ‘ski-ing’ tame. But they have their drawbacks. The storing of dog food is one, and their ferocity is another. It prevents us from being able very often to keep any cattle, and does not always stop even there. A friend living close to our hospital was killed and partly eaten by his own dogs this spring, in spite of his being a strong and able young man; while further north another friend, his wife and child, who left home with their dog team, have never returned, though after many days the team returned, fatter, it is said, than when it left. We have had many cases of severe injuries from these dogs. Had we reindeer we could reverse the process and eat them. I can conceive of no greater boon to the people of this coast than if in some way



someone would invest in breeding these animals in the country. The food for them is inexhaustible, the land unappropriated!"

In the quarterly issue, "Among the Deep Sea Fishers," April, 1907, Dr. Grenfell makes this direct and informing appeal: "We have longed to do something that might supply the lack of milk for our people. This lack works havoc among our children. A child under six months cannot live on starchy foods, the only supply for many of them. Painfully I have seen a poor mother digesting in her own mouth the bread pap, that in this way she might keep life in her babe. Rickets, scrofula, marasmus, and tuberculosis have been the sure sequels of many such cases. No wonder we have racked our brains to find some solution of this problem. Standing and looking over the trackless barrens of Labrador, there seemed to me no prospect of converting the mosses of the vast area into the milk and cream that we have so longed for, for our children.

"Scurvy and anæmia seemed the inevitable lot of many of our poor folk until we learned of the splendid success of the missionaries of Alaska, who, under Dr. Sheldon Jackson, have been quickly converting the moss-covered barrens to the very purposes that we had so long desired. We learned for the first time there was capacity in Labrador for millions of animals of a kind that could carry our burdens, give us meat, could maintain a milk supply to fatten our babes and provide us with skins for winter clothing and while doing this could find their own food all the year round."

It became apparent that in Labrador and Newfoundland great quantities of reindeer moss exist, similar in character to that of Northern Europe, and while the coast, rendered barren and unfertile by the Polar current which sweeps its shores, is perhaps incapable of supporting the ordinary domesticated animals, it yet possesses the means of sup-

porting an unlimited number of reindeer. In fact, wild reindeer or caribou are found in almost countless numbers in the interior of Labrador, one explorer having seen a herd migrating which he estimated as numbering 250,000 deer. A supply of fresh meat and other articles of diet, such as milk, butter, and cheese, has been a great want in Labrador, which the reindeer are capable of providing. The absence of vegetables, and the salt food on which the people are compelled to live, produce a frequent list of scurvy cases for treatment at the hospital centres, while many of the little ones are naturally constant sufferers, and grow up weakly, or die for want of proper nourishment.

Circumstances of this nature gave Dr. Grenfell the idea of carrying out a scheme along the lines pursued by Dr. Jackson with such complete benefit to Alaska. As indicated, the deer in Labrador will be valuable for transport, and the babies, at any rate, whose ill-nourished mothers are often incapable of feeding them, will be supplied with milk. For transport work the reindeer are excellent animals, a single reindeer being capable of covering a hundred miles in a day while drawing a load of 300 lbs.

Dr. Grenfell thus expresses his hopes for the future in an article he afterwards wrote: "We have also started to try and make the breeding of animals pay, and have now a small fox farm, hare farm, and pigeon loft. A great drawback to the introduction of cattle is the absolute necessity of keeping large numbers of dogs for the winter driving. If Labrador is ever to become a populous and flourishing country like Finland and Alaska, these must be done away with, and the domestic reindeer introduced in their stead. Their introduction, after the work of the Alaska Board of Education, is no longer an experiment. We have failed as yet to move the Newfoundland Government to take any practical interest in the matter, but the Canadian Government has advanced 5,000 dollars, and we have raised an additional sum to start us at once importing a herd from

Norway. If successful, this will be the best thing that ever happened to Labrador."

At the twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen the Doctor in a speech of mingled pathos and humour remarked, "The Labrador diseases, when they are analysed, are rickets, scrofula, and tubercle, and they all come from bad and poor feeding, and want of milk and so on. When you go to a mother and find her in bed trying to feed her two months' old baby by pounding dry, hard bread, and chewing it to predigest it for the baby, you want to stand up and preach the Gospel with a cup of milk. I remember once having to send seventy miles to fetch half a dozen tins of milk. They say it does not lose its reward. Nor does it. Some time after I saw that baby, and it was fatter than ever it had been before. But we wanted to do better than that, so we started to try and produce the milk ourselves. We wanted to have goats, but our dogs ate the goats and also our sheep and hens as well. I saw five of my hens swallowed in about two minutes last year. They flew over the place I had the dogs in, and before I had time to run round they were nothing but lumps inside our dogs—and we could not get them out again. We want to imitate Mr. Sheldon Jackson. He is an American missionary who has worked on the same lines in Alaska. He said, when the miners came to Alaska, 'We are not going to have anybody to preach to, soon, because all our natives are going to aggregate round our mining centres, and the vice and the liquor is enough to kill them off, so we must try and get something to keep them away.' And he asked the Government to give him a grant towards getting some reindeer to do the work they do in Lapland. They would not, so he said he would do it without them. He went and bought some reindeer, and the Government have backed him up and he has now no less than 13,000 deer of his own. He is helping me in this sort of work. I

had the opportunity of speaking in Canada the other day to a distinguished statesman, whom I see on the platform—the Hon. L. P. Brodeur—the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fishery, and the Canadian Government rose much better to my request than the Government of America rose to Mr. Sheldon Jackson's request, and they made me a grant of 5,000 dollars towards starting the herd on their own part of Labrador.”

Once more the generous American public (who have largely acted the part of the sponsor to Dr. Grenfell's Labrador Mission), responded to his plea for help, and provided a handsome sum for the experiment he desired to make. Of the monies collected in America, nearly £1,200 or 6,000 dollars of the £1,700 or 8,500 dollars raised was collected by that warm-hearted and enthusiastic helper, Mr. William Howell Reed, of Boston, backed up by the energetic worker and secretary, Miss White. At the end of a few weeks, there were sufficient funds in hand to purchase a goodly herd of deer. Indeed America and Canada have given most liberal support towards the general maintenance of the Labrador work, and in many ways have rendered kindly and ready aid, on behalf of its various and many-sided undertakings.

Some one says that “when man acts as a kind of minor Providence, and fills new countries with game, and fish, the experiment is watched with great interest by naturalists and philanthropists all over the world.” Several of these ventures certainly have been very successful. New Zealand's barren rivers were turned into an angler's paradise by the importation of a few boxes of English trout spawn; and again, Newfoundland fishermen were provided with abundance of food by the introduction of the American hare. For similar objects Dr. Grenfell stands.

After securing by unceasing exertion the whole amount required for the purchase of the reindeer, and spurred on by Jackson's success in the introduction of the domesticated

Siberian reindeer into Alaska, he wrote to Mr. F. H. Wood, secretary of the Deep Sea Mission on the eve of sailing in June, 1907, for Labrador: "I leave everything connected with the reindeer scheme in your hands." That gentleman immediately paid a flying visit to northern Norway, and in the course of a short time negotiated what is likely to prove an excellent contract for the shipment of a herd of 300 domesticated Lapland reindeer, together with Lapp herdsmen, their families, dogs, etc.

This strange freight, safely embarked in the steamer "Anita" from Altenfjord on December 14th, 1907, proved more difficult to control than expected. The so-called tame reindeer of Lapland were really only half domesticated, and retained many features of their original wild condition. It was found that they neither feed nor drink like ordinary domesticated animals, and on board ship an imitation waterfall had to be devised in order to induce them to drink. To the relief of all concerned the "Anita" made a good North Atlantic midwinter voyage, arriving early in January, 1908, at Cremelière, near St. Anthony's, with her deer in splendid condition.

Great rejoicing prevailed in St. Anthony's, Newfoundland, over the safe arrival of the three hundred deer which the Doctor had imported from Norway. Strange to say, the only misfortune occurred after the steamer was nearly in port. The broken ice surrounded the ship and froze her in after driving her on the rocks. Fortunately, however, the reindeer were safely landed on the ice, whence they made their way to the shore and calmly commenced browsing on the spruce shrubs appearing above the snow. Their horns were taken off for convenience in shipping them, but these will grow again, and the reindeer, once more, look as they were expected to.

The Lapland families who came to take care of the deer created a good deal of interest from their odd and picturesque dress and strange language. Not only Dr.

Grenfell's people in Labrador will be relieved and jubilant over the success of the initial part of the attempt to provide food, transportation, and clothing for those who need it so much, but his friends who have made the experiment possible will also rejoice.

Dr. Grenfell had previously arranged to remain at St. Anthony most of the winter of 1908, studying the problems of domesticating and caring for the reindeer in their new home, looking out for suitable moors on which the animals can find the moss that is their food, and utilizing them for draught purposes, instead of the savage Eskimo dogs that have to be employed under present circumstances.

If the domestication of these animals should in time furnish food, clothing, transportation, in place of dog teams, material for manufacture, consequently new opportunities for industrial development for all the people, and also, what is perhaps more important than all, a supply of milk for the poor little half-starved babies born in that bleak wilderness, no one more than the Doctor himself will gratefully thank his numerous friends who have provided the funds by which to succour helpless infants and their mothers in the struggle for nourishment and existence. "To a starving child the gospel comes best in the form of a cup of milk."

A few years hence, not improbably, a correspondent may write of the Labrador scheme what was communicated at the close of 1907 respecting Dr. Sheldon Jackson's enterprise: "The future of the Alaskan natives seems to be provided against want by the forethought of the missionary who, in the face of ridicule, had the courage of his convictions so strongly developed that he kept everlastingly at his work until the end was crowned with success. It seems probable that the Eskimo, because of the reindeer, will be saved from the fate of other aboriginal people whose land has been invaded and industries interrupted by the all-conquering Caucasians."

Heartiest good wishes go out to Dr. Grenfell's new hope on the Labrador horizon.

## CHAPTER X

### ACHIEVEMENT AND EXPANSION

The statement that the civilizing agencies under Christian influence have made a deep mark on Labrador is readily confirmed by anyone familiar with Labrador annals during the past fifteen years. Ample proofs are available of the widespread improved social and industrial conditions, of the benefits of education, and notably of Christian teaching.

In something like exultant tones Dr. Grenfell writes that the scope of the work has largely increased of late years, owing to the number of volunteers who have come from Canada and the States at their own expense to help, actuated solely by a desire to do something. "I am writing now, swinging at anchor among fifty schooners. A volunteer from Harvard (Mass.) and a volunteer from Montreal are ashore building yet another open-air shelter for a lad with tuberculosis and incidentally driving home the conditions necessary to give him a fighting chance for his life. The lad was lying in a half house six feet by twelve, six feet high, with one closed window, two feet by two, facing north. A large stove was burning, and the porch door, which was only five feet six inches high, was closed. The patient was on a feather bed. The one idea was to keep him hot, out of draughts, and in the gloaming.

"It used once to puzzle me where to find people who, while quite able to maintain themselves, would be willing

to give more than a certain proportion of their material wealth to social work, much less to mission work of this kind. But matters are otherwise nowadays, blessedly so. It has just dawned on me for the first time that I have two doctors, two nurses, one mechanical and electrical engineer, two undergraduates from American universities, doing mechanical work for the summer, one lady in charge of an orphanage, and one lady from Chicago, the head of an arts and crafts school, teaching weaving from our own wools; all of these and more are volunteers on Labrador at the present moment. Religion is expressing itself in these days not so much in sentiment and the sentimental giving of dollars, as in sincere effort to do something, and so make life, as our American cousins say 'worth while.' There will be less sneering at religion when it takes this form everywhere."

As a master mariner the Doctor is justly proud of his ever increasing flotilla of sea-craft. In addition to the previously named the launch 'Daryl' built in Lynn, Mass., and given to Dr. Grenfell by the Dutch Reformed Union of New York, was launched at Boston on July 24th, 1907, in charge of Harvard men. After an excellent voyage, continued day and night, they entered Battle Harbour safely, early in August, under the management of Mr. Harrison B. Webster, who had the assistance of a Gloucester fisherman. This boat will be of immense service on the Labrador, as she carries sails as well as the motor power, and will visit the little settlements, taking a doctor and thus keeping in touch with the patients after Dr. Grenfell has gone further north.

Industrial aims in every form have the Doctor's warmest sympathies. "Here at St. Anthony (1906) we have an industrial building with four weaver's looms and a teacher, and a knitting machine upstairs, and a large carpenter's shop with sloyd benches for a class of eight below.

"Fifty miles south I have a lumber mill, where we send



any poor men in want of food to earn it logging ; and here also I have a dispensary and a boat-building yard."

Miss Jessie Luther, who gave three months during the summer of 1906 to the teaching of weaving and other industrial efforts at St. Anthony, returned again in October 1907, for eight months.

Already she has several pupils ready to take up the work again on the looms. This promises to be a great help to the Labrador people, and an industrial fund was started in the spring to which many contributions have been sent. The looms will furnish work for the women during the winter.

It is planned to use native material as far as possible, and a market for the product is already found in connection with the Canadian Handicraft Guild of Montreal, and in certain Arts and Crafts centres in the United States and in Canada ; one firm in Toronto offering to buy all the home-spun produced.

The addition of a fourth hospital in 1906 in Canadian Labrador, 200 miles from the next nearest hospital, gave Dr. Grenfell extreme pleasure ; the Victorian Order of Nurses founded by Lady Aberdeen furnishing the hospital with a nurse and matron. Writing at the time, the Doctor adds, "A Montreal newspaper has contributed a motor launch and some beautiful hickory dog sleighs. Halifax has contributed a medical missionary officer, and Montreal and Toronto have furnished not only a number of cots, but have guaranteed part of the running expenses. For the first time in their lives the people of this large section of Canadian Labrador have enjoyed the presence of a doctor on the coast all winter. The long telegraph line which the energy of the Canadian Government has carried to the Atlantic coast, affords opportunities for professional calls, which took the doctor last winter as many as eighty miles in a day.

"Harvard University has furnished one hospital with a

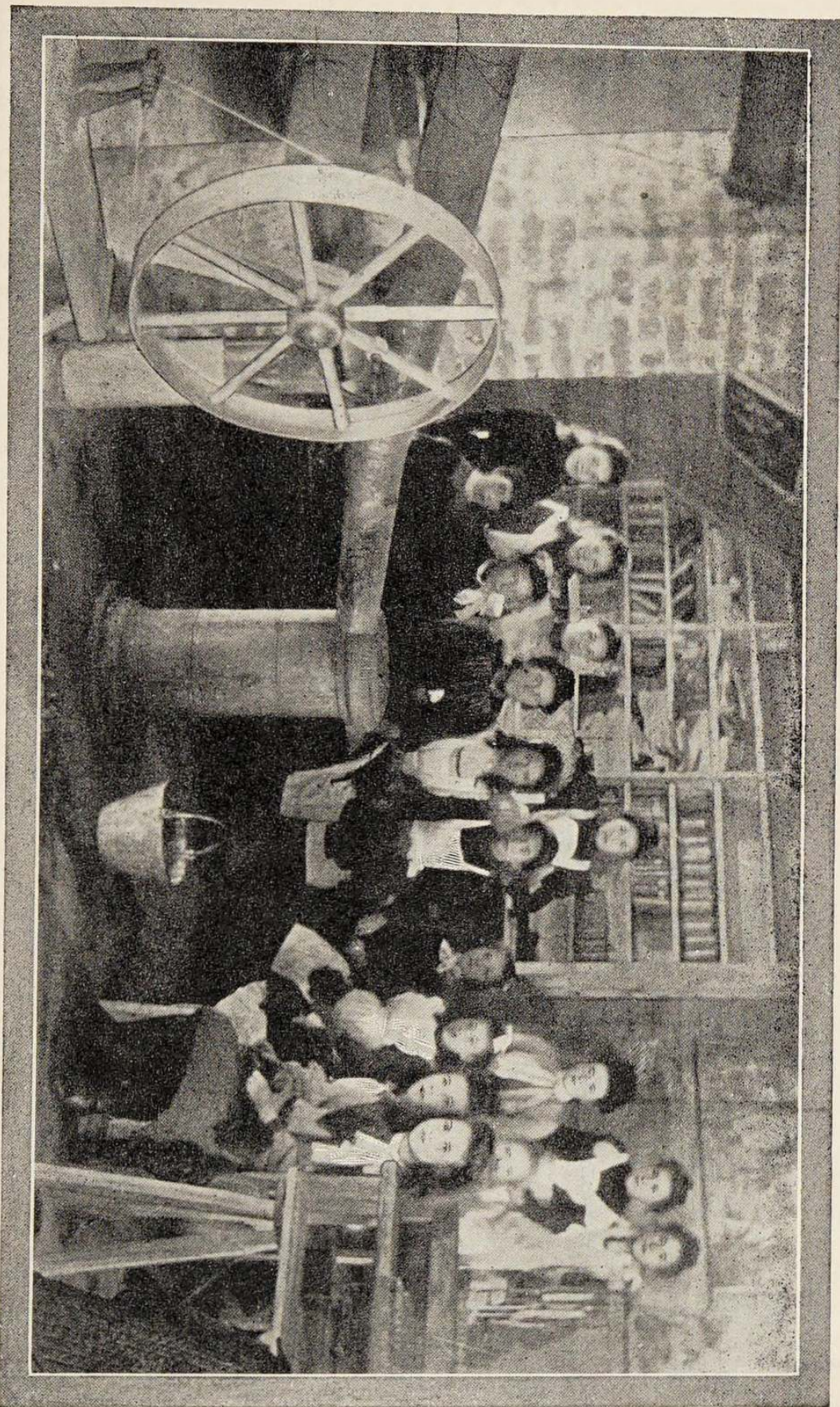
volunteer medical officer this summer, one all last winter, and another assistant with us on the hospital ship also. Bowdoin University is sending us two men to help with running the motor launches, both volunteers. Princeton University sent us two similar men last year, and many others of the workers on our staff every year have been volunteers, both British and American coming out for 'work' at their own charges. The medical staff proper includes the names of Drs. Cluny McPherson (Battle), Norman B. Stewart (St. Anthony), H. Mather Hare (Harrington), and George H. Simpson (Indian Harbour).

"It seems to us in this out-of-the-world place that you, in civilization, are not so absorbed in the quest of the almighty dollar as many would have us believe,—that you hold that idleness, whether associated with poverty or wealth, is equally to be despised, and that the teaching of the universities must evidently be more and more, and very definite, that the best part in life is, 'to go and do something.'"

A year later follows a supplementary note of congratulation. "To our great delight we heard at Harrington that the Canadian Government have arranged for a fortnightly mail steamer in future to visit the place. This of course means paying an increased subsidy for the boat to go 200 miles further west. But it means too the opening up of this lower part of Quebec, and is a step on which the government is to be congratulated—a step which ought to have been taken many years ago. However, we believe it is the beginning of better things in store, and we are profoundly grateful to the Department."

If you would find out what the Doctor hates, ask him about the traders who cheat the Labrador fishermen out of the true value of their catch, or else about the liquor traffic.

Had Dr. Grenfell done no more than banish the grog and the 'truck' system, he would have deserved well of



THE INTERIOR OF THE INDUSTRIAL ROOM AT ST. ANTHONY.



humanity, inasmuch as these two evils have been the chief causes of poverty and disease and death among the fisher population of the Labrador coast.

Against the liquor traffic he has waged relentless war; to what extent the following extract from an American interview will indicate. "‘How do you manage about the whisky business?’ I asked him. ‘Well, you know,’ he answered most equably, ‘we have licence law in Labrador, and I am the magistrate; so there aren’t any licences. Whenever we hear of a stock of liquor we raid it.’ Then after a moment, ‘You know there isn’t any reason why a fisherman needs whisky.’

“Rather queer kind of a temperance lecture—not much fire in it. Maybe he isn’t so very strong on that line. But listen: ‘It’s bad enough to sell liquor on land. But a man who will sell liquor to a seaman, who is likely to lose his life if he gets drunk, is a devil. If you had seen as much of this kind of thing as I have, you’d hate the whole business just as fiercely as I do.’

“Still very calm and collected about it—most men, trying to be emphatic, would have hissed out that word ‘fiercely,’—but they couldn’t have made it mean more than this quiet man makes it mean without a quaver in his voice.”

The Government has wisely prohibited altogether the gift to natives of intoxicating drinks, and there is not a single licence from one end of Labrador to the other. In spite of this the Doctor has recurring trouble all along the coast over the illicit sale of liquor. Where this occurs the poorer people, and especially the women with large families of children, are loudest in their expression of their fears of the results. They know only too well the dangers their lads are being exposed to by it, and “there are dangers enough in his life on this wild, treacherous coast, without the tragedies that saloons inevitably lead to.”

Occasionally the Eskimos are supplied with drink and, says Dr. Grenfell, “if it cannot be stopped the result is as

certain as if we supplied them with arsenic. It takes very little to make an Eskimo drunk, and they tell us themselves that it is with the object of getting drunk they take it."

Referring, at the close of the year 1907, to a raid that he had set on foot against certain "Shebeens" or illicit liquor saloons, the Doctor declares, "They are an unmixed curse wherever they appear, and among a people not aware of the danger, the effects of their arrival are as apparent and more disastrous than an epidemic coming with the summer visitors to the virgin soil of our healthy little communities."

In the hearing of the present writer Dr. Grenfell once remarked "that more fishermen had been destroyed by drink than Arctic storms had sent to the bottom of the deep." Again and again he relates the irremediable havoc wrought by alcohol. Here is one of many pathetic stories he has chronicled: "I buried in a lonely grave on a projecting promontory, far down the coast of Labrador, a young girl of eighteen. She was someone's daughter and someone's sister. I had taken her aboard our little hospital ship for the last week of her life. She should have been alive to-day, but she had no desire to live. All that could possibly make her life worth living for her had been robbed from her through the means of alcohol, and she could not face the home-going again."

Upon the question of personal abstinence the Doctor's pronouncement is emphatic. "During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter, an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places, I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary for myself;" declaring in the same strain, "If I ever have the opportunity given to me to say a word at any time or in any place which will help to inhibit the use of alcohol as a beverage, so long as I can stand upon my feet I shall be proud to get up and speak it."

With regard to another grave question, viz., tuberculosis, affecting the vital statistics and interests of the Labrador-

ians the Doctor speaks in equally uncompromising terms. "When one considers in one's own experience how many deaths are caused by tuberculosis affecting the other organs besides the lungs, numbers of which are no doubt classified under those heads, one becomes appalled at the proportion of death in this country due to tubercular bacilli. That there is any inherent reason for it in a country like this, where the population is so scattered, where the air is so perfect, and the pine woods so universal, is scarcely credible. When will people learn that tuberculosis is communicable and is therefore preventable?"

"Much as I dread and detest the influences of alcoholic liquors, I am free to confess that I see more damage done ignorantly, but persistently and universally, by the heedlessness of simple laws of health in relation to tuberculosis. I consider Newfoundland and Labrador fishermen to be an exceedingly sober set of men, but I cannot help considering them a most extraordinary tubercular one. It would be a matter of great satisfaction to many besides myself who are almost wearied out with the continued repetition of the precautions and the methods of treatment of tuberculosis in every part of the human body, if the attention of the Legislature and of the religious conferences were turned at least temporarily to this subject."

Of Labrador as a desirable country Dr. Grenfell writes most encouragingly.

"It is as well able to maintain its children as other countries. So often have I seen these jolly little fishers, their rosy faces tingling with the bracing air, and heard their merry voices ringing over the crisp, hard snow, as they have come in from long drives with their dogs, getting logs for the fire, or returning with their fathers from the fur paths, that I picture with dread any attempt to relegate them to where the sky is only visible in square yards, between man-made bricks and mortar, obscured through a haze of coal smoke and human exhalations.

“This country of snow and ice at least has its boundless forests and its magnificent rivers, and affords all its children an environment which tends to evolve those traits of character and physique which only a close contact with nature can afford. At least we have no brothels, no gin saloons, low music halls, or other sordid temptations of the great cities. Moreover the sea-loving instinct is indeed in all our people. Returning to Labrador one spring, I was surprised to meet a man for whom I had, only six months before, obtained a remunerative position in the Grand Trunk Railway works at Montreal.

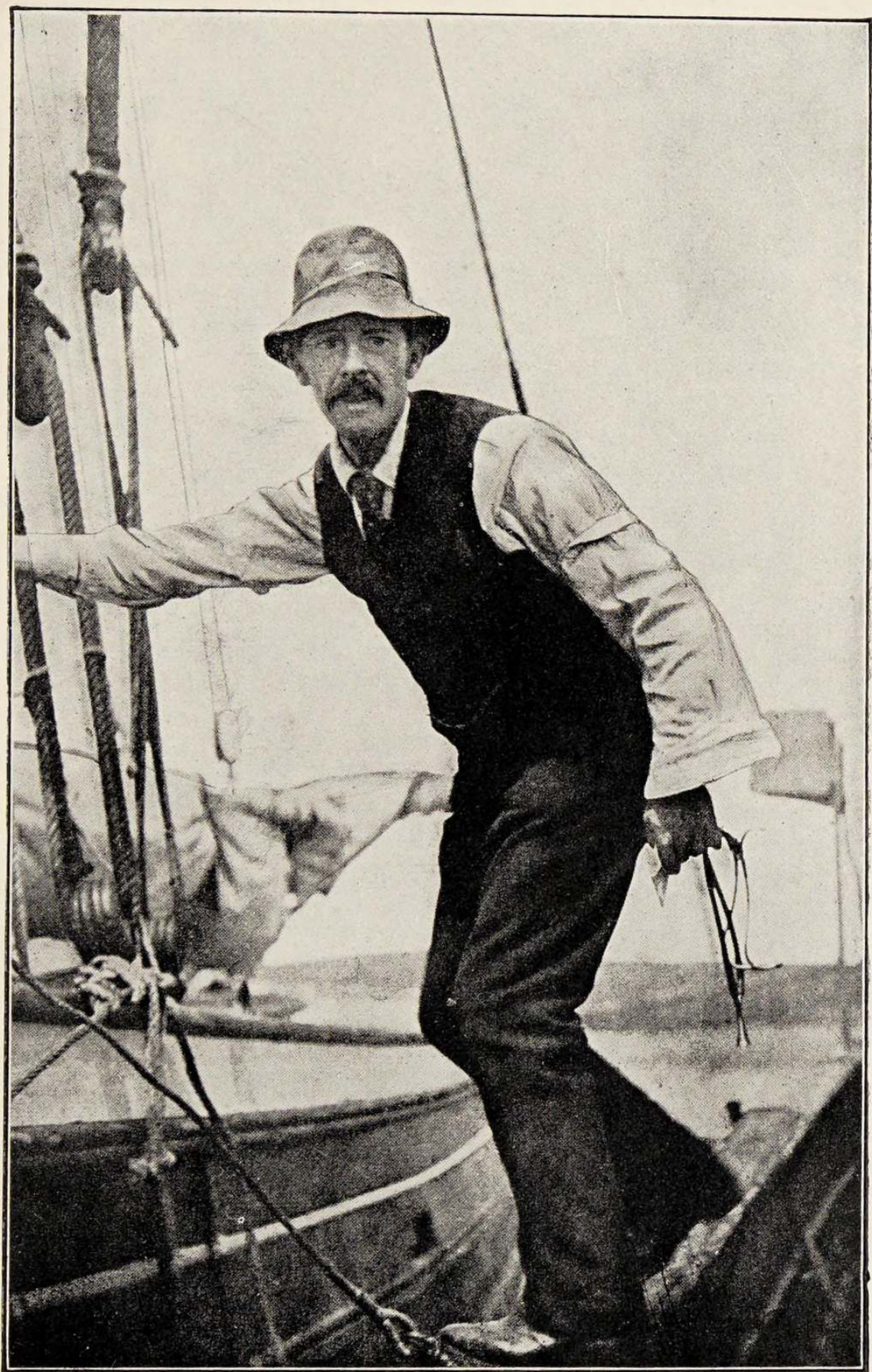
“‘Isaac,’ I said, ‘how is it I see you back again here, after all the trouble of taking your family to Canada?’

“‘I would rather live here on one meal a day, Doctor,’ he said. ‘Here one is at least one’s own master, and there is not room in Montreal to swing a cat.’”

Cheery in reviewing the past and thoroughly optimistic respecting the conditions by which the new Labrador may be realised, the Doctor’s words spoken in London, May, 1907, deserve to be treasured.

“Now, as to Labrador, I do not want you to think we lose sight of the object of our work in the means we use. I began with a sailing boat, and some of the crew are on the platform. The rocks and shoals of Labrador are not very good for navigating rapidly with a sailing vessel. The fogs are frequent, the cliffs are very high, and the fjords deep. We wanted to be able to go straight ahead. So we had to build a steamer. This we did at Dartmouth, and we were largely helped by Lord Strathcona. That vessel—she is a little hospital ship too—has been used ever since. Her bottom is not quite the shape it was, because she has done a little surveying on her own account, but the Government are going to give us a little surveying this year. We had one lighthouse last year put on the coast, and an American gentleman has given me the money to





DR. SIMPSON, ONE OF DR. GRENFELL'S ASSISTANTS IN HIS GOOD WORK.



put up two small ones on our own account. Then we took to building hospitals, because we could not reach our people like we can in the North Sea. Now we have our hospitals about 200 miles apart. One of them is in Canadian Labrador. But I shall not have time to say any more about them now. There are two doctors who have been with me on the platform—Dr. Willway, and Dr. Simpson—and both of them are well able to say what these hospitals have been doing.

“ We inaugurated co-operative stores because we found that though we were playing the part of the Good Samaritan, it was as well to try and prevent men from falling into the hands of robbers as to help them after they had done so. So we started the co-operative stores to reduce the price of things, and give the people a cash basis of dealing, in order that they might be able to get those necessaries the lack of which was causing the diseases which were giving so much trouble. I would like to say one word more. Nearly everything that one was doing twenty years ago when one started has changed. I think to-day if we did the surgery to our people the way it was done twenty years ago we should find ourselves in a penitentiary. Methods of treatment have been changed, and the methods that people are using to preach the Gospel have changed also. But one thing has not changed one iota, and that is my faith. You may give a man medicine, and you may make a man of what was before a physical animal; you may give him books, and we thank God we have a number of movable libraries and also of volunteers. I see a man sitting in this meeting who has given me his daughter, who is out there working at her own expense—a lady working among the children. I have, too, an electrical engineer, who came to me some years ago and said, ‘ Five years ago I gave my heart to God, and when I can get free I am going to give my life as an electrical engineer to preaching the Gospel.’ He is a voluntary electrical engineer on Labrador now.

And we have teachers. I have a voluntary teacher from Toronto holding a school there on the coast. All these things are good, but at the end of it you have only got a man subject to temptation—quite likely to be not only an animal, but a bad animal. And we have all seen what a man with a fine physique and great learning and the image of God may fall into—so I say one thing has not changed. The best thing you can give to the deep-sea fishermen and deep-sea landmen, and every other kind of man, is the faith that Jesus Christ in his heart is the very best thing he can have.”

Of this type of missionary pioneer what higher tribute can be uttered than this:

True patriot, lover of a Fatherland,  
Not of this Empire or this earth alone.

## CHAPTER XI

### GRENFELL AND MOODY

The share which Dwight L. Moody had in moulding spiritually the character of Grenfell may not have been sufficiently indicated in the second chapter of the present work. It is therefore desirable to show from Dr. Grenfell's own words the measure of the famous evangelist's influence during the formative period of the missionary's earlier manhood; in support of which we reproduce some valuable "Notes" from an address delivered by the Doctor at Mount Hermon, New England, an institution identified with the memory of the world's most widely known evangelist in modern times. Powerful, indeed, must have been the magnetism of Moody to have attracted and carried with him such contrasted personalities as the late Professor Henry Drummond and Grenfell of to-day.

In his "Recollections of D. L. Moody," Dr. Grenfell says: "The first time that I came to realize that there was anything in life beyond eating and drinking, or the theatre, the football field and athletic track, was in 1883, when I was on out-door charity work from the London Hospital.

"It happened to be one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and there were on the platform some men who were athletic, and who therefore had more or less of my confidence. When Mr. Moody began to speak I was convinced that he had something to say, and I went away impressed. Before then I had associated religion in my mind with effeminacy,

with impractical people who did not do things. I went away thinking that my life was impractical and useless, and that men like Mr. Moody had got something that was really good. I was in hard physical training at the time, and knew what it was to be giving up ten-course dinners, smoking, and late hours at night. I wanted to keep my body fit, as I wanted to rank well on the team. I had that feeling about Mr. Moody and those with him, that life was a bigger thing than getting medals and athletic distinctions, and even the distinctions which we get in our educational work. They had something broader and bigger, and were making life a big thing and a reality. I went away with the perfect conviction that my religion was all humbug.

"I occasionally went to church more or less to please my parents, never for my own pleasure. I now felt that there was something in religion which is a foundation on which can be built a life that is worth living. I came away with this impression, that it was worth having, and that a man could have it by faith. It seemed to me that it was just a simple question of faith.

"If there was any foundation in the life of the founder of this institution, it was just his simple faith. I do not remember that he argued about the correspondence between science and religion. I had seen those large volumes written to make Moses and Darwin agree, but they did not interest me the least bit. Such questions made no difference to me. Here was a man who had faith in something, and believed in a living Christ. That is the foundation for all good superstructures in God's kingdom, the simple question of faith. I have been asked whether I could make some chapter in Corinthians agree with some verse in the minor prophets. The life we live is too busy to give time for solving such questions; I leave those things for other people. If I cannot solve them, it is due to my inability. God Almighty can solve them if I cannot. I leave all problems alone unless they come in the direct way of my life work.

“Twenty-three years ago I found that if a man takes Jesus Christ as a Saviour and follows the rule that Christ gives him, he will do a whole lot of good. That is all that is essential as a foundation to raise other men up.

“There is nothing like the joy of helping others upwards if we have faith in Jesus Christ ourselves. As soon as we begin to fall into doubt and lose our premises, and give up our faith, we are sure to be useless to other people. I do not see how this institution could have been raised and be doing the work it is doing in every part of the world without it had a firm foundation, and that foundation seems to be faith in Jesus Christ, and other foundation can no man lay that will stand the test of time.

“Crush out faith in Jesus Christ in America, take out faith in Jesus Christ in England, and the English-speaking races, and where are the nations of the earth going to be? I believe this to be the real source of strength in any people, institution, or nation. The men in the world whom I think great are such men as Lawrence, Havelock, Livingstone, Gordon, and others, who are great because they have faith in Jesus Christ, and who, like Mr. Moody, have inspired that faith in their people.

“We are thinking to-day of Mr. Moody, not so much of his earthly body but of the relationship of the spirit of D. L. Moody to Jesus Christ, and what that worked out. I think of the superstructure to-day as it is, not only in this building we are in; it is not only at Mount Hermon or in the Northfield Seminary, it is in you and me and in the lives of men who are out in the world, the old alumni of this place, as they have had the spirit of Christ brought into their lives through the life of Mr. Moody.

“I am a brick in the superstructure which has grown up through Mr. Moody on the foundation of Jesus Christ, and I am out in Labrador working. I am trying to build hospitals for the sick, and ministering to their bodily needs; in fact, everything that I believe Jesus Christ would have me do for Him there.

“Some people do not like me to interfere in business evils. They agree that we should give pills and splints and bandages for Jesus Christ, because that is being like the Good Samaritan who looked after sick folk, but you must not be a policeman catching the robber who made it necessary for you to be a Samaritan.

“One of the things which I used to think about missionaries was that they were always trying to avoid conflict with the world, like some ministers who always like to avoid conflict with the congregation which they serve. I know to-day a minister in whose district drink is being sold, which is just demoralizing the souls and bodies of the people. Yet he dare not tell the big people who are doing this, as Christ would have done, that they are hypocrites, and that nothing is going to save them from the damnation of hell. He says that it is not a part of a minister's duty to have anything to do with business.

“It is the pusillanimous nature of looking at the religion of Jesus Christ as being divorced from any business relationship which gives the man who retains the common sense God has endowed him with contempt for the so-called religious life.

“After my conversion my first efforts were in teaching a Sunday-school class. I had never been to one myself and found it hard to teach some of those boys. They were a rough lot from the Ratcliffe Highway and used to break the furniture. In fact we had first of all to give them a licking before we could teach them Christianity. A great many of these boys are now servants of Jesus Christ. Some of them turn up every time I go to London. In this and other ways I have tried to do something for the Master.

“When I went among the fishermen, the first great trouble I found was the liquor which demoralized the bodies and souls of our fishermen, both on land and on sea. There were fifty saloons and one coffee-shop in our port. The saloons were brightly lighted and made warm



and attractive, where a man could have his first drink for nothing. The coffee-shop was generally a poor looking place. It did not have the luxuries of the saloon. They had temperance meetings occasionally which the men did not want, and so the men went to the other places. We bought a fishing smack and sent it to sea, to seek the fishermen, whom at last we reached by supplying to them the little luxuries the grog shop afforded without the liquor.

“From my work among deep sea fishermen in the North Sea I went to Labrador. There was very much the same thing to be done. We found that sickness was largely due to poverty and the poverty largely due to ignorance. So we started co-operative stores and hospitals and tried to preach the gospel to them as we would like it preached to us.

“There are plenty in this hall who are not from rich families, and have known what it is to want food. If you have been in a family and seen brothers and sisters hungry, how would you like to have the gospel commended to you in theology? You would want it in bread and butter and clothing. I am sure that Jesus Christ stood for these things: for honesty and for giving a fair chance; for caring for and for cleansing the body. It appealed to these men. Some may criticise, but we can only say, ‘Let them try, and do it better some better way.’

“Withal we have nothing to do with anything derogatory to the preaching of the gospel. Mr. W. R. Moody will tell you that when he saw us down there we played our football, had our concerts or some other entertainment, and finished up with a prayer-meeting. It is just as natural to ask God’s blessing on those things which we like as for other things. It was fourteen years before I heard Mr. Moody again, the last time at the Tremont Temple in Boston. I knew something about him then, and I hunted him up after the meeting and told him I thought he would be interested to know one man had had his life changed through his speaking. He seemed in a great hurry. ‘I

want to tell you,' I said to Mr. Moody, 'that fourteen years ago I heard and received an inspiration from you which was an inspiration to try and serve Jesus Christ myself.' All he said was, 'What have you been doing since?' A good deal better than asking if I was a premillennialist. 'Well,' I said, 'I have been trying to preach the Gospel on the Labrador coast.' And I told him what I have told you. 'Well,' he said, 'I am busy. Do you regret that you are not now practising in London, eating delicate dinners, and wearing a silk beaver hat and driving a carriage and pair?' 'No,' I replied, 'I am very glad.' 'Well,' he said, 'come and tell them so this afternoon at Tremont Temple if you can.' I put off an engagement and went. When I got to the door, there was a tremendous crowd and I could not get in. I told them that I had got to speak, but they said that was what everyone else was saying, and they would not let me through. Eventually, with the help of one there whom I knew, I managed to get in. This was the last time I saw Mr. Moody.

"I am grateful for Mr. Moody's life; whatever I have had which I consider worth having, has been due to the founder of this institution.

"When you and I come to the end of life, supposing that we had had the wealth of a Cræsus and that we could look upon our life as having been spent in filling bags of gold, would the retrospect be satisfying? Can you measure success in that way? If there is a poor child in Labrador dying because it has no food, or a young fellow here in Hermon going down to hell because he has no one to love him, would not service for such better fit a man's life than hoarding wealth?

"Looking back on the little things in life I had rather have them than all the gold. When we come before the judgment seat at the day of reckoning we shall measure our success in no other way than by what the Gospel of Jesus Christ has enabled us to do. What have we been

doing with it? What kind of a superstructure is being built up upon the foundation laid by Mr. Moody? The foundation that Mount Hermon stands on and that Northfield Seminary stands on is that which D. L. Moody built his life upon, faith in Jesus Christ. This is the dynamic which is to raise the world, give your honest faithful trust to Him. I commend Him to you in the name of the founder of this institution, whose name is always honoured, blessed and revered when I think of him, because he gave me that indestructible faith in Jesus Christ."

Through his spiritual self disclosure in this characteristic address Dr. Grenfell indicates plainly that when it is fully realised that life is given for the purpose of development, the earning of superfluous money will become the degraded toil of wasted effort, and the paths of service for the love of service will be crowded with men and women, joyful, enthusiastic, and consecrated for the redemption of humanity at large. To the foregoing may be added a further autobiographical passage which the Doctor once gave to an interviewer. With a thrill of manly joy in his tones, he said: "I've never been sorry a moment for the choice I made. There's a reward in it. I used to have a different idea of Christian reward—this kind of reward with a halo in it and a pair of wings. That didn't appeal to me. But I am getting a reward that is worth while, getting it every day—the reward of the satisfaction there is in doing things that help people, and the reward of knowing that this is something that the Master approves. That is what He did when He was here—helped people, and if we want to follow Him, that's what we have to do too."

Along these lines and born of this spirit, Dr. Grenfell has found himself possessed of a gospel to convey and a message of good cheer for Labrador dwellers. Independent for the most part of church buildings, organs, and forms of service, he has not deprived his scattered parishioners of the benefit of Divine blessings.

It has been his custom for many years past to make use of the store on Sunday, which serves admirably as a gathering place for the fishermen. They sit about on boxes, sacks of flour and coils of rope, while the hymns are given out, the prayers said, and the old, ever new story told in homely phrases suited to their understandings. This in winter, but in summer there is a grander temple more available than this. "There are no services more sweet to remember," says Dr. Grenfell, "there those which we hold in open air on the cliffs above the sea. There's nothing but the infinite vault of heaven over us,"—here the Doctor for once drew near to being eloquent—"and the everlasting foundation rocks of the earth are under our feet, and the earth seems so vast and mighty and bare, and we are but tiny specks of creatures crawling over its surface. I tell you it is a great comfort then to look up into the sky and remember that, small as we are, our Creator is looking down on us and cares when we try to please Him."

A picture, veritably, of the Master nineteen centuries ago, speaking to the multitude from the hillsides overlooking Galilee's blue waters.

With this kind of leadership, the capacity for seeing ordinary human life in its possibilities, one is not surprised that a similar spirit has been reflected in the lives of the people who have made bold and even affectionate response to their "Sky Pilot."

A writer pays this tribute to the fishermen: "Many of these people are truly religious, the more so when one reflects how rarely they see a clergyman, for there are none on the coast, save in summer, and visitations are necessarily hurried with such an area to cover. The people will voyage twenty miles to attend Grenfell's services, often travelling over night to do so. Sectarianism is unknown; priests and parsons travel with him, co-operate with him, and trust their people to his compassionate care. On the

north-east coast of Newfoundland where he spent a recent winter and erected a third hospital, there was no other doctor within hundreds of miles, and he travelled weary leagues through snow and frost to attend a dying priest stricken through his own journeys among his scattered flock, while the settlers in every harbour, no matter what their creed, went ahead in gangs to break a path for him through the untrodden drifts and to help him with his baggage over the rough places, that he might make better speed on his errand of mercy.

“So sincere is their faith that men in whose nets great shoals of fish have been seen on Sunday will not desecrate the Sabbath by securing these catches, any one of which would leave them independent for a year, while on proceeding to their nets next morning they would find these broken and the fish gone. Other men have allowed ice floes or storms to destroy their nets rather than remove them on Sundays, and the Colonial laws forbid setting or hauling nets or hunting seals on the Lord’s Day.”

Excellent is their social creed: “No man regards his food as his own while his neighbour is in want, and countless cases could be cited of the most touching sacrifices in this respect. Nor is their consideration less noteworthy. If there are sick to be visited a volunteer boat’s crew can always be got, or a ship to pilot the ‘Strathcona,’ even in fishing time, and generosity on Labrador can go no further than that. Where patients are too ill-clad to come to the hospitals neighbours will lend them their own clothing, and the famous American specialists who now cruise with him every summer enjoy the novel experience of having their surgical fees paid in billets of wood to feed the ship’s fires, for Grenfell aims to uplift, not pauperise the people, and all who can pay do so.

“Other incidents attest the same remarkable spirit of communal interest which animates them. In a much frequented harbour on Northern Labrador, where hundreds

of schooners put in when voyaging south in the stormy autumn months, a fisherman maintains a light nightly in his house as a beacon, since none other exists there. A worthy old couple on the upper shore, living absolutely alone on an isolated headland, were visited by some other fisherfolk from the nearest hamlet, miles away, who said :

“‘Here, granny, are a few dollars for you.’

“‘For me,’ she said ; ‘who is it from?’

“‘Oh, it’s the old man’s share of the government road money.’

“‘But he wasn’t able to work on the roads,’ she answered.

“‘No; we know he’s past his labour, but some of the boys worked his time for him.’

“‘God bless you!’ was all she had time to say before the delegation was beyond the reach of words.”

Grenfell’s own description of Christian life “farthest North” is here worth narrating. “I can only say for myself and my fellow workers that we would change places with no one. The opportunities for service for the Master are so obvious and so numerous that every day brings the sweetest of all joys—the opportunity of doing something for others.

“We have learnt many lessons from our seafaring friends on this coast—unselfishness, simplicity, and loyal devotion to Christ—that have often made us wonder whether our orthodox Christianity has anything to teach them. Nay; I have known them more than once do that which the Master Himself says is the test of the greatest love a man can show—I have known them more than once to lay down their life for a friend.”

In the light of such affection for the souls of men fresh beauty is thrown around Whittier’s lines :—

“ To do Thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds,  
And simple trust can find Thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.”

## CHAPTER XII

### LITERARY ACTIVITIES AND DEPUTATION VISITS

Amidst incessant travelling to and fro on every conceivable kind of errand in Labrador, Dr. Grenfell's literary contributions and deputation work have been phenomenal, no less in range than in quality. In the craft of the *littérateur* he has exhibited a gifted pen, his range taking the form of articles, descriptions, sketches and stories, and books. His writings are invariably marked by language Saxon and terse, direct and natural style, not without much unconscious originality, high descriptive qualities and at all times of poetic charm; respectively portraying "the undying love for the sea, and all that pertains to it, that is inbred in us, a heritage we derive from the little island that we all of us still call Home."

Numerous magazines and newspapers severally issued in Great Britain, America and Canada, have been enriched by the Doctor, touching Labrador life and scenes, or in relation to social, religious and scientific questions. One of the most informing and admirable of his articles deals with "Creative Americans: Two Leaders in Surgery;" describing the remarkable work of William and Charles Mayo of Rochester Hospital, U.S.A. In glowing words Dr. Grenfell pays deserved tribute to these two distinguished American citizens. Of various books the latest, "Off the Rocks," contains stories, vividly portrayed, of the deep sea fisherfolk of Labrador. The quiet manner in which these

tales are told cannot wholly obscure the thrilling circumstances surrounding the author's heroic missionary efforts and self-sacrifice. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in his introduction, says of the life and work of Dr. Grenfell: "This is the real thing," setting before the world the comedy and tragedy of that rough and brave people on and around the Labrador seaboard.

Indefatigable as the doctor has shown himself with the pen he seems to be on the move continually and swiftly throughout the United States, particularly, in Canada and at intervals in England, advocating the needs of Labrador's race. The only vacation Dr. Grenfell allows himself is a fraction of the latter part of winter every alternate year, when he visits the United States to plead the claims of the mission, plus something in the shape of a flying trip to the old country.

At a London meeting of the Deep Sea Fishermen, Mr. G. A. Hutchinson said: "I can never think of him or a letter from him without remembering what I fancy it was Sidney Smith said of Daniel Webster, 'O, you know he is not so much a man as a steam engine in trousers.' Well, Dr. Grenfell is pretty much the same. He comes as near to perpetual motion as any man ever did come. He is always at it, always thinking and working for the fishermen. The poet Cowper's lines not inaptly describe him:—

' He holds no parley with unmanly fears,  
Where duty bids he confidently steers,  
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.' "

Of his appearances on the platform, "Allen Chesterfield," in the columns of the Boston "Congregationalist," April 27th, 1907, gives this interesting sketch.

"Busy as Dr. Grenfell is when fulfilling his duties as master-mariner, magistrate, medical missionary, evangelist, to mention none of his other proper titles, on and off the coast of Labrador during the major part of the



year he can't be any busier there from season to season than he has been the last three months making known to audiences great and small in various parts of the United States the nature and purpose of his work. Up to the very moment of his sailing for Europe, his daylight hours and a good portion of his nights were taken up with appointments. Even when in this country he has to carry the brunt of the responsibility for the on-going of his work, while planning for the future necessitates many personal interviews, and an immense correspondence. Sometimes he has dictated as many as 60 letters in a morning, all bearing upon his work. He has spoken daily, and occasionally several times a day. And as a result the work will have a far better equipment in the coming summer than ever before. Besides his own ship the 'Strathcona,' another ship provided by the Canadian Government will be put into commission and several new auxiliary boats, one of these to be called the "Harvard" and to be manned by Harvard students.

"But what he gets for his own mission—and he deserves more—is far from being the only outcome of his present visit to the United States. He, not less than Gipsy Smith, or Dawson, or Chapman, is a born evangelist. He makes his hearers, whether they be the members of the fashionable set on Upper Fifth Avenue, or attendants at a seaman's Bethel, feel that there is something tremendously real in the religion of Jesus Christ, and that the simplest and best and most natural thing is to follow Christ in the ways of discipleship and service.

"I was interested in hearing him say at his final lecture in Boston that he had no sympathy with pessimistic views of the future of the Church. Wherever he went he found people ready to respond to human need, and if he took back to Labrador all the young men and young women ready to volunteer, he would have to have a flotilla of boats. Of course the naïvete with which Dr. Grenfell referred to the

fact that the people he met are ready for work, reminded me of a famous remark of Phillips Brooks, that he couldn't understand the current talk about people not going to church, for wherever he went he found large congregations. It sometimes takes a Grenfell to arouse the latent possibilities of service in the society man, and the agnostic, and the average Christian as well."

We quote a suggestive estimate of the Doctor as "A Modern Missionary" from the "Outlook" of New York.

The writer says: "Those who fear that the nerve of missions has been cut by the new theology, and that the age is becoming less altruistic as it is becoming less theological, might have found some abatement of their fears had they attended the Grenfell meeting at Carnegie Hall, where an enormous audience filled one of the largest auditoriums in New York City to hear a missionary story. They were told that if they did not get there early they could not get in, so they got there early and sat patiently in their seats until Dr. Grenfell's lecture should begin. There was no orchestra, no flowers, no array of distinguished speakers, nothing but an empty stage, two chairs, and a large white screen upon which some lantern pictures illustrating the lecture were to be thrown. No such audience would have gathered to see the same pictures accompanied by a description, no matter how eloquent, of a journey of exploration and adventure. They came because they wanted to hear the man, genuine, simple, vigorous, and masterful, tell what he was doing in Labrador to carry out Christ's mission, as Christ Himself defined it, preach glad tidings to the poor, heal the broken-hearted, and set at liberty them that are bruised, to make men more healthy, more intelligent, more hopeful, and therefore happier, more useful, and more vigorous. Dr. Grenfell is so genuine a man himself, so modest, so absolutely unconscious of any of the arts of the emotional religious orator, that his hearers, while they listen to

him with the keenest interest and with an awakened desire to become his helpers and co-workers, are not likely to appreciate how great a man he is.

“Dr. Grenfell is the master and navigator of a small steamer which cruises about that rock-bound unlighted coast in a way that astonishes even the Labrador fishermen themselves, and they are among the most fearless sailors in the world; he can amputate a leg, contract the walls of a pleuritic lung by shortening the ribs, or cure, by the use of modern methods but with the home-made appliances, a man suffering from a certain sort of paralysis of the lower limbs; a hundred and fifty miles from a shipyard he can raise the stern of his little iron steamer out of the water by the rough application of the principles of hydraulics, and repair her propeller; he can handle dynamite, and blast out an excavation under one of his simple hospital buildings in which to place a heating apparatus; he can start a lumber-mill, and teach the starving inhabitants of lonely Labrador not only how to handle a saw, but how to sell the product for a living wage; he can establish co-operative stores, and, what is better, make them pay, so that those fishermen who have practically been slaves to unscrupulous traders, never seeing the smallest piece of silver from one year's end to another, can accumulate their little savings in cash; and he has a “muscular Christianity” that enables him to knock down and drag out the human beast that comes into Labrador to add the illicit whisky-bottle to the other sources of suffering which the inhabitants have to endure.

“Sailor, surgeon, engineer, industrial leader, manufacturer, explorer, and policeman, as well as teacher and preacher, he combines in one person, all, or nearly all, the activities that make the best modern missions a centre of civilization and a bringer of life wherever they are established. And one has but to talk to him and live with him to know

that all his activities spring from the most simple and unostentatious religious spirit."

In the summer of 1907, Dr. Grenfell took a brief furlough on the English side of the Atlantic—if that could be called a furlough which included much business and public speaking. After visiting his mother in Cheshire he spent ten days as the guest of an American physician on a motor trip in Southern France. Returning to England he addressed a large public meeting in London, over which Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon to King Edward VII., presided; and was specially gratified when it was decided by the Council of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, to take over for the mission the Fishermen's Institute, or Home in St. John's, to furnish a headquarters and place of refuge for the men who would otherwise have no place of resort, while in port, but the saloon or the street corner. With reference to this work, Dr. Grenfell writes: "We do want money, and we shall soon want a great many fittings for it. Think of having hundreds of schooners, with the men of the same type you have seen, and of helping them Godward! Is not that a good opportunity for investment for any man's money? Don't you think a man will be glad to have done it when he looks back on the little day of life? I know I am almost jumping for joy, to feel that at last we have got so near the realization of the dream that has been in my heart so long." This work will entail a new expense—£2,000 or \$10,000, being the amount the Doctor considers necessary to put the Institute in good working order, but he believes it will be raised in due time.

On the 7th of June, 1907, the author had the unexpected privilege of bidding him farewell at Liverpool ere he sailed in the S.S. "Victorian" for his distant sphere of arduous toil. Back from Old England, Dr. Grenfell in the following month was again a minister of healing to the fisherfolk along the rocky coast of Labrador. It is not to be wondered at that he should turn somewhat reluctantly

from old friends and the scenes of his boyhood and early manhood and the comforts of civilization to renew the life of isolation and hardship in the far north.

A subsequent letter published in the Boston "Transcript," in the month of August, from the Doctor, portrays him in the midst of one of the busiest summers he has ever known. He is pulling teeth, operating for appendicitis, instructing the natives in the rudiments of hygiene through the medium of his health-catechism, waging bitter warfare against closed windows and doors, behind which the consumption breeding bacillus flourishes and fattens on his prey. He also had the delight in 1907 of introducing the talking machine to little companies of Labradorians, and he tells how they were aroused from their stolid calm by strains of popular songs. All these devices are in the interest of his mission work, for as he says, "This mission is interdenominational and no method must be untried." Supplementing his activity were a series of inspiring open-air religious services, when he and his co-workers used their opportunity of preaching the straight simple gospel of Christ. He had a further acquisition in Miss Ruth Keese of Luneberg, Mass., who goes to St. Anthony to introduce the Kindergarten, the delight and profit of which are as yet altogether unknown to Labrador youngsters.

Services so varied and uplifting lend emphasis to the words of a well known writer; nothing can help a country so much as shining lives—lives of simple honesty and faithfulness and good cheer—lives of men and women, who could not lie nor play the coward, who will render to all their dues, who have clear sight to see the right and firm will to maintain it and make it the common law.

## CHAPTER XIII

### HONOURS AND THE MAN

With the passing of the years Dr. Grenfell is coming to his own by way of well merited honours and even fame. His work excites growing interest among all kinds and classes of men, from King Edward VII. to the humblest trawler in the North Sea "roads" or on Labrador waters. Editors, explorers, merchants, professors, ministers, colonials, officials, and members of scientific societies have united in a chorus of tribute to a fellow worker in the cause of humanity and a disseminator of geographical research and knowledge. Its romantic side appeals to men and women of consecrated imagination. It has likewise enlisted clever pens on its behalf. Interesting descriptions of the Christian work done on that bleak coast have appeared in Putnam's Monthly, Harper, McClure, Century and Quiver magazines, including "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," by Norman Duncan. In addition, "The Harvest of the Sea," and "Vikings of To-day," by W. T. Grenfell, and a quarterly issue, "Among the Deep Sea Fishers," published in Toronto. Across the water the Doctor has won the affection and goodwill of the American people to a remarkable degree, an evidence of which may be gleaned from the throngs which gather to listen to him in the principal cities, and the formation of branch associations in support of the work in Labrador.

In the most cordial manner Dr. Henry Van Dyke, one of America's highly cultured sons, voices in eloquent terms his admiration of the Doctor's mission :

Speaking in Carnegie Hall, New York, he said, " People often ask nowadays whether the world is growing better or not. If I wanted to find a demonstration of the fact that the world is growing better, I should ask you to compare the modern Viking with his ancestors, the old Vikings. If they had come to visit New York to-night, it would not be in a peaceful assembly like this that we should receive them. They would have come with fire and swords to harry our coasts, to plunder our houses, and to carry off our young women. That is the way the old Vikings did, but the Vikings of to-day—a descendant of those same old chaps who set sail in their galleys from the viks or creeks of Norway and Sweden—the modern Viking, when he gets into his boat, goes to explore strange coasts also, but not to carry death and destruction ; he goes forth to carry life, healing, health and brotherhood. We have come to-night to listen to the story of a man—an Oxford man, Doctor of Medicine. He set out in the world to find two things, first a chance for fine adventure, and second, an opportunity to practise the religion of Jesus Christ, and he found them both on the wild coast of Labrador, away up where the very summer is almost like winter, and where the winter is a male adult winter without any mistake."

Dr. Van Dyke, in a letter, further eulogises the work of the Labrador Mission : " I regard the work that Dr. Grenfell is doing in Labrador as one of the most simple, direct, and vital applications of the gospel of Christ to human needs that modern times have seen. He has gone out into that wild country as a man seeking for hidden treasure ; not the treasure of gold mines and diamond fields, but the treasure of an opportunity to serve humanity, and to make known the fulness of the salvation which Christ brings to man's body, mind and heart. He has discovered among the

people who live on those desolate shores of the northern sea and among the fishermen who ply their perilous work up there, a wonderful chance to do good.

“They had been living for many years, not only without churches or preachers, but also without a physician to care for them when they were sick or wounded, and without a firm friend and counsellor to save them from the consequences of their own ignorance and from the rapacity of evil men who ministered to their vices, preyed upon their simplicity and kept them (through a false system of trade) in a state of debt which amounted almost to slavery.

“For fourteen years Dr. Grenfell has thrown himself into the work of helping these people in Christ’s name and in Christ’s way. He has healed the sick, clothed the naked, delivered the captive, and taught the people of his thousand mile parish to understand the love of God through the love of man. He has built four hospitals, and established five co-operative stores where the fishermen get fair prices for their fish, and buy their supplies at reasonable rates, given surgical and medical care to thousands of patients, and preached the good news of Christianity from house to house and from ship to ship.

“Dr. Grenfell is the ‘real thing,’ and any money which is given to his mission will be used in a wise, practical, and direct way for the help and the comfort of a brave, loveable set of people, who need and gratefully receive the ministry which this strong and devoted young doctor is giving to them.”

Through the medium of an article a representative American journal expresses in forceful words its appreciation of Grenfell’s personality and strenuous devotion under the title of: “The Mariner Missionary.”

“‘The Outlook’ is glad to have its readers make acquaintance with the face of Dr. Grenfell, the medical missionary from Labrador, and wishes it were able as easily to have them know the man himself. For six weeks he has been in New York and Boston, speaking morning, noon, and night



on behalf of the Labrador Mission, and this month will begin a tour of addresses in Canada, until the moment when the breaking of the ice allows him to board his hospital ship again, to carry help and healing down the bleak northern coast.

“And yet one almost hesitates to speak of him personally, remembering his comment when a medical friend told him of getting a book, ‘Dr. Grenfell’s Parish.’ ‘Don’t read it,’ he said; ‘there’s lots of stuff about me in it.’ For he is too simple, too direct, too heart-centred in his work to be thinking about himself, and he takes the honour and admiration and friendliness of all who meet him with the simple pleasure of a child—sometimes with surprise. ‘It’s wonderful that these New York physicians show so much kindness to a strange doctor,’ he says, for instance. No one meets Dr. Grenfell without feeling the faith and force and goodness that lie within the quiet, clear-voiced, kind-eyed Anglo-Saxon. And the kindness he wonders over often is but the unconscious tribute men pay to such a man.

“While here he has been bent on the business that brings him from his work—the practical task of raising the twenty thousand dollars needed to keep his hospitals running, and coal his steamer, and provide food where starvation threatens, and carry on the many beneficent activities which betoken the presence of love in the world to the hard-faring dwellers of the North. Not that he ever asks for money, or makes any appeal. He tells the story of the need, and the facts speak for themselves.

“Even in versatile America it is not common to find a man who with physicians is a doctor, with clergymen a minister, with sailors a skipper, with sportsmen a boxer and athlete, with business men a practical organizer, with wrong-doers a magistrate, and to them all, as to the small seven-year-old lad, a lover of tales of King Arthur, allowed to sit up beyond bed-time to see a real, true knight—to them all a hero. For those who have been on the Labrador coast, whether as resident or visitor, know the

needs of the people, and the bravery and wisdom of the man who labours among them in perils by land and by sea. For thirteen years he has gone up and down the two thousand miles of the 'worst coast in the world,' by dog-sled over the snow when the ice shut back the ships, relieving the suffering of sick folk hundreds of miles from medical care. He has established three hospitals, putting at the head of each a man inspired with a purpose like his own, has founded co-operative stores, where the fishermen may receive fair prices for their fish and not be at the mercy of the traders who paid them in provisions and kept them hopelessly in debt, has built a mill where men may work when other industries fail, and always and everywhere preaches the Gospel. It is a simple Gospel, as old as its founder, that God loves men and helps them to be good. For the fishermen, ever facing His storms and His cold, fear God, he finds, but are not sure of His love and of their power to live as His children.

"Englishmen are sometimes criticized for a lack of humour, but those who live close to death and danger are not without sense of the comical. Dr. Grenfell likes to tell of the gift from an American minister of some artificial limbs, and of 'the aged fisherman's wife who is now peregrinating the rocky coast on the legs of the Rev. Ozora Davis.' And his laugh is good to hear.

"Love of the sea, and the desire to put his life where it would help, brought Dr. Grenfell to these waters, which before the Mission ship first spread its sails were desolate indeed. His life is as full of joy as of hardship, for he works for the love of God, which includes love of humanity, and he bears not unworthily the name made sacred centuries ago of 'The Good Physician.'"

But possibly one of the most original appreciations of heroism was that of "Dr. Grenfell's Calendar," the form of which Annie L. Buckley of the "Congregationalist," Boston, pleasantly describes. On New Year's Day, 1907,

Dr. Grenfell, then in Boston, received in the Congregational Library a gift which seemed more like a piece of life than an inanimate thing. Surely no calendar ever before represented such a wealth of love, of honour, of earnest wishes and prayers as this Friendship Calendar made for the brave missionary doctor by hundreds of his friends. Their number was not even limited by the 365 sheets, for often a greeting or message was signed by whole families or by officers of societies.

The idea of this calendar originated with Mrs. Laura Goodell Heald, of New Britain, Connecticut, publisher of the Friendship Calendars, who contributed a fine leather-backed copy. Miss Emma White of the Library, with characteristic enthusiasm took hold of the matter at once, and spent uncounted hours inviting the friends to contribute, while a loyal Bostonian who wanted to further the plan insisted on paying whatever expenses were incurred. Miss White's long acquaintance with Dr. Grenfell's American interests enabled her to know his personal friends, as well as those most deeply interested in his work and the members of his own profession who are proud to welcome him. It seems as if she had thought of everyone who had touched his life, and the result is a remarkably broad and representative collection of messages from men and women in every walk, from the tiniest children up to college presidents, editors, ministers of many denominations. Among the makers of the calendar were distinguished physicians such as Dr. Joel Goldthwait of Boston, and Dr. Richard Derby of New York; authors such as Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, Margaret Deland, Henry Van Dyke, Norman Duncan; educators such as President Hyde, Dean Hodges, Endicott, Peabody, Anson Phelps Stokes.

Many loyal helpers had a share in the gift—ministers and "cornerers," "Captains of Ten" and Junior Societies. The poem, written by a Congregational pastor, was to me one of the most beautiful tributes to the "Man on the

Labrador." It was a rare privilege to look over the leaves for each day. Many of the contributors contented themselves with quotations of a cheery and uplifting sort, but the variety is astonishing: original poems, prayers, personal greetings and letters, illuminated sentiments or Bible verses, college-girl jingles, photographs, pen and ink sketches. Of course "Mr. Martin" has a chance to greet the hero whom he discovered for the "Corner," and photographs and autographs are included of the three Labrador children who have "now become American citizens." It is a surprise to note how many contributors have themselves visited Labrador.

We may not quote much from so personal a document, but it is delightful to select a few typical messages which all the world might read. One of the choicest contributions was a bit of manuscript in Longfellow's own handwriting, bearing this sentiment: "A great sorrow, like a mariner's quadrant, brings the sun at noon down to the horizon, and we learn where we are on the pathless sea of life." Annie Longfellow Thorpe, who sent this for February 27th, the anniversary of the poet's birth, hunted through many pages of her father's writings to find this lovely metaphor of the sea.

Helen Keller chose a quotation from the Psalms: "Thou hast been a refuge from the storm." Dr. Lyman Abbott's sentence is characteristic, "Skepticism can never doubt the Christianity which consists in following Christ in a life of unselfish service." And here is a graceful tribute from Dr. S. M. Crothers: "'It was named Terra de Lavradores—land of the labourers or slaves.' Thanks to Dr. Grenfell we have come to think of Labrador as the land of the labourers who have chosen that service which is perfect freedom."

Dr. Cobb of the Congregational Library, writing on Forefathers' Day, compares the vikings and the pilgrims, and concludes:

"O Viking of the North, still upward look!  
To bless, not curse, thy ship doth plough the wave  
Thy name is in His book."

We cannot forbear quoting also the salutation from the Ministering Children's League of Central Congregational Church, Providence, R. I.

"To Dr. Grenfell—the rescuer of 'Pomiuk.'

"The Magician who could make new feet for 'Kirkina.'

"The friend in need to all the 'Tommys,' 'Elsies' and 'Bessies' in far-off Labrador.

"The boys and girls in the league trying to take first steps in loving Christian service for others, hail Dr. Grenfell as their hero."

The messages were not all serious. Every now and then the good Doctor will find a laugh waiting for him within his calendar, as when he comes upon this:

"From Who's Who in Labrador.

"Grenfell, Wilfred, Tenacious, born in old England, forty odd years ago to-day, reborn in London twenty odd years ago; of fine old British stock mellowed by frequent contact with Americans, trained at Oxford with a post-graduate course at the school of Neptune, Boreas and Co! blessed with friends the world over and the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; valuable member of society at large, indispensable to Labrador."

We can imagine the heartening effect of this message from a generous supporter of the cause: "Press on! Never get discouraged. We'll back you up," and his surprise when he finds on his birthday, February 28th, some words from his mother written from the old home in Parkgate, England.

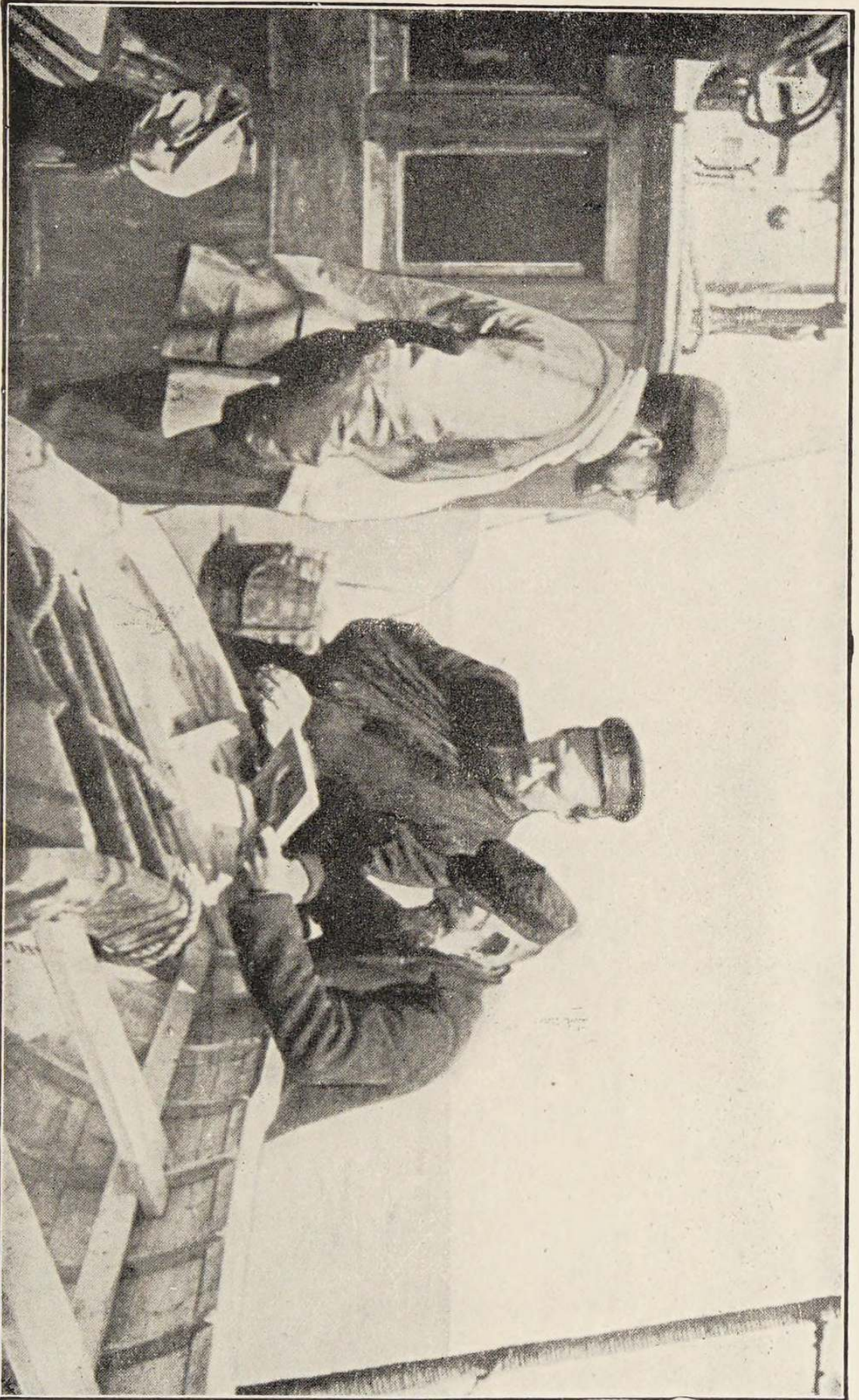
Dr. Grenfell said in his delight when the calendar was put into his hands that he would like to write and thank everyone. Of course that is impossible for a man so busy about his Father's business. But he says the messages will be read again next year and the year after, and each leaflet as it is torn off, carefully preserved in a "book of remembrance."

Not without special interest in the light of these later testimonies are the recollections of Dr. Grenfell's oldest friends who were familiar with him during his earlier years and his first endeavours in Christian service. In the now far past days Grenfell's manhood was clearly expressed by his spoken words recalling, quite emphatically, Carlyle's famous dictum in his "Essay on Johnson." "Man is properly an incarnate word: the word that he speaks is the man himself."

Through the courtesy of L. Burleigh Brühl, R.B.A., President of the Old Dudley Art Society, I am permitted to publish the following letter, dated Feb. 4th, 1908, which shows the calibre of Dr. Grenfell in medical student days as a co-worker with Mr. Brühl in Christian work in Whitechapel in the East End of London.

"It is some twenty-three years ago that I first met Wilfred Grenfell, then a student at the London Hospital.

"We were both teachers in the Sunday School attached to the Episcopal Jews Chapel at Palestine Place, Bethnal Green, at that time the centre of the London Jews Society's work in East London, though the schools had no official connection with the London Jews Society. With some of those East End lads, both in his class and mine, Grenfell is still in touch. Those who know him will readily understand that young Grenfell was not satisfied with meeting his scholars on Sundays only; very soon he was having them round to his rooms during the week, fostering muscular Christianity and self-control by means of boxing lessons, dumb-bells, etc., and getting on intimate terms with the young men. It may seem almost incredible that we had to choose between giving up our connection with the Sunday School or discontinuing these athletic classes. Yet, so it was. The superintendent's views on the subject may best be summed up in the words which he fully expected would settle the matter. 'You will not,' he said, 'be able to meet your scholars with an easy conscience



ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL SHIP S.S. STRATHCONA.





in the Heavenly Jerusalem, if you remember that you have taught them boxing.' He was, I am sure, a sincere and devoted Christian, but—his horizon was not Grenfell's.

"Well, we left the school and so did the scholars, and we continued our classes at our respective homes, where they rapidly grew in numbers. With a view of giving these pasty-faced youngsters a week at the seaside, Grenfell took some of the members of his own class and mine to the Welsh coast, where he established a boy's camp. This he repeated on a very much larger scale for some years, thus—if I am not mistaken—being the pioneer of seaside camps for boys.

"It was about this date that Grenfell commenced to devote his Sunday evenings to missionary work in the 'Common lodging, or doss houses of Ratcliffe Highway and St. George's in the East.' (We had previously visited some of the 'Model' lodging houses of Bethnal Green and taken part in street services.) Of all the spiritual work in which Grenfell and I have been associated this made the deepest impression on myself. We used to start on our long walk (some four or five miles) immediately after afternoon Bible class and tea, which latter we sometimes had at the London Hospital, and met with other workers at the Mission Station somewhere near the Docks.

"This mission (conducted I believe by a Mr. Isaacs) may still be in existence, and if so I wish it Godspeed, but I do not think I ever even heard the name, as Grenfell was of course the leading spirit and I his helper only.

"At this rendezvous we were supplied with hymn books, and Grenfell used to shoulder a harmonium which was as much or more than I could lift. Then we used to tramp off together to visit these very 'common lodging houses' where the inclusive charge was twopence per diem.

"The procedure was generally the same; first the application to the 'boss' for permission to hold service; this obtained we resorted to the large underground so-called

'sitting' room, though seats there were none, beyond one or two benches. At one end there was a large open fire round which the men and women squatted, smoking, toasting herrings or cheese, or drying newly washed underclothing. The atmosphere can better be imagined than described. If a fair number were assembled we would commence the service as soon as we had greeted any old acquaintances, for though the twopenny rent had to be paid daily, yet many of the inmates stayed for months.

"If the numbers were scanty then we searched the building for a congregation, penetrating to the very doss, or sleeping room, which was simply a large unfurnished room with two ropes, stretching from wall to wall, about seven feet apart and three from the ground, between which the hammock was slung (each lodger providing his own bedclothes). Every morning when the management considered that their clientele had had a reasonable twopennyworth of sleep, one rope was removed—an easy but efficacious method of rousing the sleepers.

"At first our visits were anything but welcome, and the attempt to start the service was the signal for interruptions of various sorts, including the launching of missiles of the decayed egg and vegetable order.

"But patience and perseverance carried the day, and Grenfell had at least one argument which appealed with peculiar force to our audience of loafers, dock 'rats,' budding thieves, area sneaks and street walkers, a class to whom wrangling seemed to furnish the only excitement, and desperate fights in which the favourite weapons were broken lemonade bottles, a very frequent occurrence. To the vanquished in these encounters the London Hospital was the one place where help and attention could be looked for. Of this fact Grenfell promptly made use. 'Now, look here,' he would say, 'I'm at the London Hospital; wait till we've got some of you there, it will be *my* turn then.'

"We used Moody and Sankey's hymns. Some were

great favourites. 'Hold the fort!' 'Will you meet me at the river?' 'I'll stand by until the morning,' etc., were given with truly astonishing vigour.

"A short prayer, Bible reading, and an address would follow—Grenfell was no orator then, but he knew what he wanted to say, and sooner or later he said it. The Gospel message which was such a real thing to him found unmistakable expression, as much perhaps in his most apparent sincerity and earnestness as in what he actually said. What permanent effect for good these services had I do not know, nor is it necessary. The Gospel was preached, that is the great thing. I know the effect that his earnest and cheerful devotion had on one feeble helper.

"For, when one Sunday evening Grenfell was away and could not come down, I found that despite myself I *had* to go alone, the long night tramp there and back of many miles which I disliked, the single-handed conducting of the services which I shrank from, the vermin-infested slums which I loathed, and the men and, worse the women, who, to put it frankly, I was afraid of—well—they *were* faced, and the work done as usual. The feeling that he expected it of me, that he had led the way, nerved me. I think that is the secret of Grenfell's influence. He never spares himself and he claims as a matter of course your help in the service of the Master he loves."

A sufficient proof that a leader is called not only to be brave but also to bring courage to those who follow.

Concerning Dr. Grenfell's work among boys in the East End and by the seaside, we have pleasure in reproducing a communication from Mr. Edwin Sibley, one of the "old boys."

"Wilfred Grenfell first comes to my recollection," Mr. Sibley writes, "in a Bethnal Green Sunday School. Whilst he was studying in the London Hospital he characteristically used his spare time for the benefit of those immediately around him. At the school attached to the

Episcopal Jews Church in Palestine Place (a spot that is now covered by an Infirmary and its grounds) presided over by that honoured servant of God, the Rev. J. B. Barraclough, the 'Doctor' found some scope for work amongst the lads of Bethnal Green.

"He took a house in Palestine Place, and in the garden attached there could frequently be seen a number of young lads from the ages of about eleven to eighteen disporting themselves on the horizontal and parallel bars or having friendly contests with sticks or gloves. All kinds of healthy outdoor sports were indulged in—the foremost of all being of course the Doctor, who seemed to enjoy the fun with all his heart.

"This class of some dozen poor lads rapidly increased in numbers, the teacher having room seemingly for every applicant.

"With the advent of summer, the Doctor—who the boys thought capable of doing anything and everything—took them down to Anglesey for a fortnight's holiday. What a holiday that was! Some of these lads had never previously looked on the sea, and to live out in the bracing sea air for a fortnight did wonders for many of them.

"The holiday camp then became an annual event of paramount importance to every one of those young fellows. It was all very wonderful to them—they paid what they could, which in some cases meant almost nothing, but in many instances, let it be said, the 'saving up' was most praiseworthy. Where the Doctor got the necessary money from nobody knew and few worried their heads much about it.

"Shall I ever forget those holiday camps! Never were such times! Cricket, football, swimming, sailing, climbing—in fact everything that a boy delights in filled up the time, albeit the Sunday services will not soon be forgotten. The Doctor was so earnest in prayer, as in everything else he undertook; aye, even more so, and his straight talks were good to hear,

“The effect left on the writer’s mind of such a strong personality as that of Dr. Grenfell was very striking indeed, and very lasting. A man—every inch of him—a strong true Christian gentleman, for with all his strength—and his bodily strength was great—he had much gentleness in his nature.

“To myself he was a ‘living epistle’; compelling me to desire higher things. He awoke in me a longing to be a true man, based on the conviction that ‘If he is a Christian then I want to be one.’

“When he came to a difficult place in climbing over the rocks, it was good to see him take his stand in the place of danger and invariably lend a hand to each and every one. Full of energy and love as he was, it would have been strange indeed had we not all loved him, and yet one recalls the sadness of his voice when but a year or two ago, he spoke of the ‘old boys,’ remarking, ‘How scarce a thing is gratitude.’ Nevertheless the seed sown by life and lip—especially the former—must bring forth fruit in good season, and maybe, ‘over yonder,’ he will rejoice to find that many of the ‘old boys’ were led to Christ through his self-sacrifice and devotion.

“Well do I recollect when it was rumoured about the camp one day in August that Dr. Grenfell was going to leave Oxford and join the ‘Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.’ We could not realize that we should lose his presence, and many were the sorrowful faces when the rumour was confirmed. We were a thoroughly selfish lot of humans.

“Our holiday was spent at Lulworth, Dorsetshire, on two occasions, and there we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. (now Sir Frederick) Treves, who organised a great day’s sport, the Doctor getting together teams to play the boys at cricket, football, water polo and rowing.

“We climbed the Welsh mountains, sailed round Anglesey in an ancient life-boat, and performed many remarkable

feats, always engineered and captained by the redoubtable Doctor. In fact we would have gone anywhere and done anything at his bidding.

“On one occasion to our astonishment he was instrumental in prolonging the life of one of his lads by grafting some of his own blood into the boy. In my mind’s eye I can now, too, see him preparing to dive from a high rock into a mountain pool—the depth unproven—his soul never knowing fear; or again his putting out in the teeth of the wind whilst the captain of the life-boat implores him not to start.

“All this deepens the conviction that no man was ever more fully equipped for the work he has found to do for the Master, on Labrador’s coast, than the dear Doctor.”

Distinguished and unique honours came to Dr. Grenfell in May, 1907, when the University of Oxford conferred upon him a special degree, and a few days later the King received him in audience.

The “British Medical Journal” had an interesting note of the event. “The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, C.M.G., by the University of Oxford, *honoris causa*, at a Convocation on May 28th, in recognition of the work he has done in improving the social condition of the Labrador fisherfolk. This is the first instance of an honorary M.D. degree conferred by Oxford. Dr. Grenfell was educated at Marlborough and Queen’s College, obtaining his ‘blue’ for Rugby Union football. Afterwards he studied medicine at the London Hospital, where he was house-surgeon to Sir Frederick Treves. On completing his studies he joined the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen in 1889, and worked amongst the fishermen in the North Sea till 1892, when he initiated work of a similar character amongst the toilers of the sea in Labrador and North Newfoundland. He has commanded his own vessel, being a master mariner.”

In eulogistic terms the Public Orator introduced, in a Latin address, the Doctor to the Vice-Chancellor; the

following being a free translation of the same by Mr. W. F. A. Archibald, chairman of the Mission:—

“Most distinguished Vice-Chancellor and your Eminent Proctors.

“Here stands before you a British Citizen, formerly a student of this University, now as well known to the inhabitants of the New World as to those of our own country. This is the man who fifteen years ago set out for the coast of Labrador that he might render physical aid to the lonely wandering fishermen of the Arctic Seas. In carrying out which duty he scorned the dangers of the ocean, which in that region are most formidable, in order that he might bring comfort and light to the wretched and the sorrowful. If it be lawful to say so, this truly Christian hero seems so far as it is permitted to man, to be following in the very footsteps of Christ Himself. Rightly therefore we praise him whose merits adorn not only himself but also our University.

“I present to you Wilfred Thomason Grenfell that he may be admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, *Honoris Causa.*”

Expressed in a gay and congratulatory note an American journal made this comment on the occurrence:

“Oxford University has no medical school. When therefore for the first time in its history it conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine it was a mark of pure honour, and as that honour went to Dr. Grenfell the world will applaud the use of an honorary degree. But they might have made him a doctor of letters, or theology, or of the humanities, with almost equal appropriateness.”

Fresh from the notable recognition of his Alma Mater, Oxford, Dr. Grenfell, on May 31st, had the further honour of being received by his Majesty the King, to whom he was presented by Sir Frederick Treves. After hearing an account of his work in Labrador, his Majesty personally invested Dr. Grenfell with the Order of the C.M.G., which

was conferred upon him in the previous Birthday Honours list.

The press was not informed that the King, in the most informal manner, conversed with Dr. Grenfell upwards of three quarters of an hour, showing great sympathy with the Labrador work, and also making many inquiries of the mode of operation and the prospects of the country from a social, humanitarian, and religious standpoint.

Dr. Grenfell was greatly impressed by His Majesty's sympathy and good wishes.

In the "Pall Mall Gazette" of the next day, June 1st, appeared an appreciative report, which we append. It runs as follows:—

"Master Mariner, Justice of the Peace, agent for Lloyd's, superintendent in Labrador, of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, author of a book of tales of the Deep Sea Fishermen of Labrador, the Doctor is one of those men who leave a mark on their generation.

"Educated at Oxford, he walked the London Hospital, where he was a promising pupil of, and acted as house-surgeon to, Sir Frederick Treves. Everything pointed to Harley Street and the career of a great surgeon. But he had his own view of a doctor's service to humanity, he looked round for a field of labour, and then devoted himself to the Mission to the North Sea Fishermen. For three years he worked among the men on land, but more often on sea, as their doctor, their preacher, their friend.

"Then the destitute condition of the fisherfolk of Labrador aroused his sympathies, and he went across there. For fifteen years now he has lived with them. It would be difficult to over-estimate the work done out in Labrador. He found a people, descendants of English settlers, so degenerating from privation and hardship as to be losing the last vestiges of civilization; of hospitals and doctors, of schools and teaching, of anything that means progress, they knew nothing.



“It is like a page of romance to read the difference now. Poor they are, a hard life they live, but they are progressing as steadily upwards as before they were going down the human scale.

“Hospitals have been built—the first one was built by the fishermen themselves from logs they cut down in the idle winter months—doctors and nurses, almost all voluntary workers, are stationed along the coast line, schools have been opened, religious meetings held everywhere, a technical school is teaching weaving, lumber mills have been started for winter employment, the absolute power of the traders has been broken by co-operative stores, the drink traffic is banished, their own schooner carries supplies between them and St. John’s, Newfoundland; and a hospital ship patrols a thousand miles of bleak coast and transfers patients to the shore hospitals, traversing an uncharted sea. A fox farm has been started and reindeer are about to be imported for food and transport purposes—in a word, a people has been saved from extinction, and put on the highway to prosperity and happiness.

“Although an Englishman, less is known in England of Dr. Grenfell’s work than in Canada and the States, where his influence is great and widespread, and the most prominent men are generously helping him by money and personal service. Students from Harvard University go out to him, a year’s service at a time. In his recent tour through the States he was royally treated and received by President Roosevelt, who expressed himself as delighted with his strenuous life.

“Dr. Grenfell considers that the life in Labrador possesses great charms, that the country, inhospitable and bleak as it may appear, has a future before it, and that at the present moment it offers a fine field for the traveller and sportsman.”

Throughout the Doctor’s career he has enjoyed Sir Frederick Treves’ loyal friendship. To the eminent

surgeon (who by the way had conferred upon him in 1907 what is called "an honourable augmentation" to his Arms, consisting of one of the coat of lions from the Royal Arms; shared in conjunction with Sir F. Laking in memory of their skill in the King's illness which occurred before Coronation Day), Dr. Grenfell confesses himself much indebted for counsel and unceasing kindness. Reciprocally Sir Frederick claims the Doctor, with no little pride, as his protégé. "It was I," he said, in presiding at the Anniversary of the Deep Sea Mission, "who introduced Dr. Grenfell to this Mission. Dr. Grenfell was my house-surgeon, and a better house-surgeon I never had. We were both fond of the sea and we were both Master Mariners in the same year, both passing our examination at St. Katherine Dock within a few months of one another. I remember I came up from examining for the M.D. degree at Cambridge to be examined myself by a number of mariners at Dock House. Dr. Grenfell will remember that he and I took the memorable trip together, I think under the ægis of Skipper Jones, across the North Sea, when we were able to apply the small amount of knowledge we had gained of certain of the elements of navigation. So I think, ladies and gentlemen, that I can say my appearance here is explained if I can claim to have introduced to this Mission, Dr. Grenfell."

When the Doctor is in London he is always a welcome guest at the distinguished baronet's home. Worthy of note also in connection with the Deep Sea Mission is the fact that Sir Frederick Treves and Mr. Archibald are the sole survivors of the original Council of the Mission formed nearly a quarter of a century ago, in addition to which Sir Frederick is the present chairman of the Hospital Committee of the Mission.

It goes without saying that the Council of the Mission cherish Dr. Grenfell's superintendentship of the Labrador operations, not forgetting his earlier services in the North

Sea Mission, with feelings of profound regard. Mr. W. Archibald has effectively said concerning their Labrador superintendent: "There is nothing in the Saga of Eric the Red more full of romance than the story of Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador. He has been doctor and missionary, he has been preacher and writer, he has been the friend of the poor and helper of the helpless, and I am not surprised that he has stirred the whole heart of the United States and Canada in favour of Labrador work." Confidence and admiration in this respect are being demonstrated by the most generous co-operation both abroad and at home. It is gratifying to report that a deepening and widening interest is shown alike by Newfoundland, Canada, and the United States. The Newfoundland Government has voted an annual grant of £300 or \$1500 towards the work, and the leading merchants of St. John's have rendered liberal aid. America has its Grenfell Association, with headquarters at New York, and affiliated branches at Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, and elsewhere. Canada has also increased its help for hospital maintenance and given on behalf of the buildings at Harrington. Generous gifts are announced from the Misses Dow, and the Lady Minto Cottage Hospital Fund towards the building account, supplemented by the Order of Victorian Nurses guaranteeing £200 or \$1000 for the support of a nurse, and two special committees nobly endeavouring to raise yearly £800 or \$4,000 for maintenance purposes. As already noted the Dominion Government have voted £1000 or \$5000 towards the maintenance of Harrington Hospital. In generous fashion Great Britain, has also strengthened the hands of the Finance Committee in furtherance of their plans and responsibilities.

English people in the inland towns scarcely realise that the fishing industry is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and hence the ever increasing claims on the help of the Society, which, not having endowments, is wholly dependent

upon the voluntary efforts of the public. In illustration of this it was stated that from January to March, 1907, the total value of the fish landed at the different ports was £2,391,825, or an advance on the corresponding quarter of the previous year of not less than £144,251.

Of the numerous volunteers, of medical and kindred professions, who have helped the Doctor in Labrador during vocation time, and afterwards narrated their impressions of the country, we select a pen picture by Mr. A. T. Gould, an undergraduate of Bowdoin University, which may serve as a background to a final appreciation of Labrador and its hero.

It is a land," says Mr. Gould, "of low-lying fogs and grey headlands, of sudden squalls and treacherous icebergs. a land where the boats of fishermen sink underneath the weight of ice that forms on gunwale and oar, where men are frozen to the seats of their boats, and where on angry nights the wind goes shrieking through the narrow harbours and tugs at the soft roofed huts. In that land none need ask where such names as Deadly Cove, Shark Harbour, Sunken Ledge, and Ragged Island took their origin. When in these places the sun has sunk behind the barren hills, the darkness closes down as though the hand of God had been withdrawn, and Labrador is left alone in her desolation.

"But this land also shares the cold glories of the dawn and the 'incomparable pomp of eve.' In it live men and women and little children. If they live under the dark shadow of superstition, fearing the unseen world that lies just beyond, vast and impenetrable, then all the more need there is for some great personality to set in motion those forces that make for a better civilization."

Such a "personality" is thus depicted by "J. R. M." in the "Toronto News."

Do you want to see a man out of the Bible? Go to hear Grenfell of Labrador. All your life long maybe you

have wondered how men looked and spoke who 'left all and followed Him.' You can see the bearing of such a man to-day. Have you never known people to whom life is really simple, and who see everything in a white light, who march like soldiers all day long and every day in the year, who work miracles because they give up everything else, and eat, breathe, think and pray for Africa, Labrador, or the submerged tenth, the one desire of their hearts? If you have then you have known Grenfell. Such a man was Livingstone, whose name still marks a tree by the Falls of the Zambesi. If you want to understand Savonarola better see the man from Labrador. Here is someone in the 20th century speaking with the accent of one of the Apostles and thinking their thoughts. There are very few of them in the world. They are the pride of one generation and the just envy of all the rest. It is worth while taking the trouble to see Grenfell. He will convince you that if ever a man found for himself pleasant desirable work, he is the man. He is happier than any one else can be with the exception of people who are doing the same kind of work in their own way. It does not mean anything but rougher fare than most of us eat, harder lodgings than most of us occupy, longer hours, less fun of a kind, more arduous work, and longer absence from some of the people we care about. But it does mean happiness. Look at Grenfell and see for yourself. The strong face, the vigorous frame, the toil-hardened hands, hands of a doctor too, the eyes, the voice, the step, belong to a man whose soul is satisfied."

Amid the shows of life of the pompous kind, which are always marching through the world, it is well to know the light of "true romance" is glinting here and there, too.

Dr. Grenfell's life needs no biographer's amplification or even application. The narrative recorded, is the man speaking himself. Still, in the flower of manhood he has seen service and earned a name which kings might envy.

Great by the quality of his work, and great by the temper creating it; bold and ardent in spirit, fired with enthusiasm, strong in will, unfaltering in faith, he has already done that for which England, Labrador, and America likewise will doubtless thank him generations hereafter.

Nothing is finer in his early Oxford days than when young Grenfell renounced the world's 'soft places' lest they should become a snare to himself and withhold him from service to his fellow men. If, above many, he has been endowed with natural gifts, happy in good parentage, and first class education, Dr. Grenfell, on the other hand, has not hesitated to lay everything down for the benefit of his fellows. Of this the author had an unanticipated glimpse when in search of Labrador materials from the Doctor. He courteously gave assistance, though adding incidentally, "As a matter of fact I own very little upon this earth." Like the young prophet Elisha, who poured water on the hands of Elijah, Grenfell has made sacrifices to the uttermost and performed the humblest services imaginable for Labrador's derelict souls. And so he vividly recalls the gist and value of Terence's historic saying, *Homo sum humani nihil a me alienum puto*—freely Anglicized: I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings.

No doubt in one marked feature of his career since the hour that he declared 'I thought I'd try how much good I could do,' Grenfell has been fortunate in knowing his work. Never at any time has he shown indecision respecting the direction he should take, and consequently this fixedness of purpose has enabled him to pursue his path without that loss of time and energy from which not a few well intentioned would-be pioneers suffer in merely exploring theories and methods. To him again must be credited not only a personality that is magnetic, but exceptional powers of initiative, organization and achievements. Looking with a straight, strong vision that pierces

to the reality he has seen the way. On this ground pre-eminently there seems no spiritual education equal to the searching of such lives that have maintained themselves in large proportions and that have told with the power of a sweet imperialism upon the men and events of their times. Our veneration for the Grenfell type creates in ourselves a new feeling of the possibilities of worth lodged in our own soul.

In a word, although he will not say so, Dr. Grenfell has wrought a miracle, nay, a double miracle, for while he set the leg and taught the use of the loom he was not neglectful of what he calls the 'Message of Love.' And let it be said of his Message of Love that when the simple people of Labrador heard it for the first time, they wept for joy. If he tells so modestly and shyly of this ministry, you know that though it would seem cast away upon the inhospitable coast of Labrador, he feels a happiness which the world can neither give nor take away.

"Hardships? There are incredible hardships. To sleep out in the snow is nothing. To be without food is not an infrequent experience. To enjoy the tongue of a whale or a lump of blubber it is necessary to have been out in the biting weather and to have exhausted your food supply. To wake in the morning and find yourselves and dogs completely covered with snow is a commonplace experience. And yet under the spell of Grenfell you will think it all worth while. The hungry people are fed; the sick are healed; the fishfolk are taught to be sober. They are instructed in many ways to make their lives increasingly useful. The Gospel of ABC has wrought a miracle among the young, and the Gospel—the Gospel of hope, of love, of immortality—has fallen like a refreshing rain upon dry and hungry soil.

"Listening to Dr. Grenfell as he recounts the good which may be done to others, 'of the gratitude of a simple people, of the sublime beauty of the seascape, of the allur-

ing power of the hills, of the zest and freshness which the spirit feels in life so large and untrammelled,' one has the feeling that he would like to fling himself into such a crusade, and would count a selfish and finical civilization well lost for the larger joy of ministry."

At the outset of the 'long white road' journey Dr. Grenfell strongly realised that men who work only at the level of the times are absolutely incapable of doing anything to promote the moral advance of the time, hence his loftier note and higher level, from which by being able to grasp the world by a downward reach, he has been in a position to lift it a little out of its traditional rut and animate it with the impulse and nobility of a larger experience hitherto unknown.

Drawing together the strands of this noble Englishman's story we cannot do otherwise than regard admiringly or even reverently a career such as that which has been for so many years weaving its golden threads into the tissues of human life, and we might say, without exaggeration, into the tissue of the world's life.

Enough that thousands of men and women who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue on both sides of the Atlantic have "learned his great language, caught his clear accents;" one whose example will shine through the coming years, one whose name will ever be murmured with accompanying benediction.

In Britain's oldest Colony—the "Land of the Cod and Caribou," the humblest sea-farer has proclaimed his admiration of the lifelong work and lofty aims of Grenfell, one of the noblest characters in that country's history, to whom indeed, on those distant shores, Wordsworth's lines find fitting application:—

" There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind. "







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