a woman with a five-days old baby. No attempt whatever had been made to get her or her bed clean or comfortable. She had developed a violent fever, and the local midwives, with their congenital terror of the use of water — internal or external — had larded the miserable creature over from head to foot with butter, and finished off with a liberal coating of oakum. The doctor said, by the time he had himself scraped and bathed her, put her in a fresh cool bed with a jug of spring water beside her to drink, she looked as if she thought the gates of Paradise had opened.

Mails reached us at the Moravian station, and your most welcome letters loomed large on the postal horizon. You ask if I have not found the year long. I will answer by telling you the accepted derivation of the name "Labrador." It comes from the Portuguese, and means "the labourer," because those early voyagers intended to send slaves back to His Majesty.