



BATTLE HARBOUR, LABRADOR.

only thing I need desire for him and his people is more knowledge of a boat and driving a conectique (a sort of dog sledge), and taking care of himself." Of the cold of Labrador he says: "All agreed that Labrador's climate is more favorable to health and strength than that of England, and I have seen other evidence of the fact in the case of females, delicate and delicately brought up at home, now in Labrador active and hardy. We found the Labrador crop (snow) remaining in patches on the 20th of July."

How life is affected by little things, or want of little things, we gather from notes of the same voyage: "We should have consecrated another graveyard but for a common difficulty in Labrador, want of nails, which prevented the erection of a fence."

When Bishop Feild came to Newfoundland the schoolmaster had not been abroad so much as of late years, and the vocabulary of an out harbour fisherman was limited and the ordinary words of the Prayer Book were not soon understood by the uneducated. An old friend of mine, now gathered to his fathers; related the following anecdote to me when giving me some advice how to behave myself in the Church of God:—

A couple who were not used to a liturgy came to be married. The question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, etc.?" was asked. No answer given. Again asked, slowly

and distinctly. No answer. The groom, by name John, acted as interpreter, "Sal, the passon wants to know wheder ye'll stop along wi' mammy or go along wid I?" Quickly the answer to the now understood question came, "Why, I'll go along wid 'ee, John." The bishop's sense of humor, of which he had much, must have often been tickled with expressions of this kind. Many he found had been married by attestation, upon whose lot he gladly pronounced the Church's blessing.

In 1848, returning from Bermuda, the packet was detained by ice at Ferryland. The plucky bishop walked through the slush and snow of a Newfoundland spring, 44 miles to St. John's.

On August 4th of this year he was at Battle Harbour in Labrador, which he had reached after sailing through many icebergs; the snow even at that season still lingering in patches on the hills. At Sandwich Bay he writes; I surely may rejoice with trembling that I have been permitted to come here as the first minister of God's Holy Word and Sacraments. How sad that this is the first visit of a clergyman. How much sadder if it should be the last!

On his return to St. John's he writes: "When I reflect on the great mercies vouchsafed to me, I ought to cry with David 'O, come hither and hearken, I will tell you what He has done for my soul.' Having no house or home I slept on board every night until St. Simon and St. Jude's day."