

to bow his head and bear the deserved reproach.

Soon, however, the accuser, anxious to extend the circle of his audience, addressed this fellow passenger in front of him.

'I see you are quick to detect evil,' answered the Christian, 'and you read character pretty well. You have been uncovering here the abominable things which have turned all Christendom into a wreck, and are fast ripening it for the judgment of God. You have spared none, but given all a good measure. Now, I am a Christian, and I love the Lord Jesus and his people. Not a word shall I offer in defense, but I here solemnly challenge you to speak the first word against the Lord Jesus Christ himself.'

The sceptic was surprised. He seemed almost frightened, and sheepishly replied, 'Well, no; I couldn't find fault with him. He was perfect.'

'Just so,' said the Christian, 'and therefore was my heart attracted to him; and the more I looked at him the more I found that I wasn't like him at all, but only a poor, sinful, guilty man. But tell me yourself if I hadn't a right to be happy and to love him when I found out that he had died for me? Ever since then I truly love him, and all the evil which professed followers of his may do cannot turn me away from him. My salvation hangs on what he has done, and not on what they are doing.'—Horatius Bonar.

### Medical Work in Battle Harbor Labrador.

(Dr. Cluny Macpherson, in the 'Toilers of the Deep'.)

Some of our friends may be interested in hearing particulars of the two epidemics which visited this part of the Labrador Coast last year.

The first news from the outside world for six months we received from the passengers of the SS. 'Home,' who arrived in a small open boat, having pushed their way through the Arctic slob from Chateau, some thirty miles to the southward, where they were all dropped by their steamer, which dare not venture along between the floe and the shore, where a small boat could pass with impunity. So eager were we for news after this long silence that we could not wait for the boat to reach the wharf, but ran over the rocks to the extreme entrance of the harbor, and from there showered questions on the passengers. Much to our delight, we found they had been able to bring a portion of our mail with them.

Unfortunately though, our friends brought with them more than news, for they had about them the 'Grippe' microbe, and the day after their arrival, one of the number developed a severe case of this malady. This happened to be Sunday, and fully half of the people in this and the adjoining harbors visited the tilt in which he was staying to hear 'the news.' In considerably less than a week as many were attacked by the disease, and in another week the whole population was down with it.

As is true with any epidemic visiting this coast, the people suffer very severely. Practically all contagious diseases are brought to the 'liveries' by the Newfoundlanders in the spring, and they find the people in a low state of vitality, consequent upon a long winter's diet of flour, tea and molasses—certainly in a very poor condition to resist disease of any sort.

In view of the rapid spread of the disease,

I could no longer wait for the people to send to Hospital for me, as I found that in many of the houses there was no one strong enough to even light the fire or attempt to prepare a bit of food, so there was nothing for it but a daily house to house visitation. At the Hospital the Sister prepared large quantities of nourishing soup, and distributed it to the sick. Many of the people have since told me that this was the only food they had tasted for days. All the hospital servants were next taken down, but fortunately the members of the staff escaped. With the epidemic here at its height, there arrived from Fox Harbor and other outlying settlements boats manned by ghost-like crews, who came for me, bringing news of the spread of the disease and begging for medical assistance. So sweeping had it been that in some neighboring settlements the four or five necessary to man a boat could not be found; in many cases the crew which came for me was composed of the first convalescents, who were so exhausted that had they not been favored with a trade wind, they would have been unable to return home. Some seven miles from here there are three harbors, with about a mile between them, and here 'grippe' had played such havoc that with these three communities to draw from, a single boat's crew could not be got together to come for me for several days.

Mr. Croucher, Baine, Johnson and Co.'s agent here, and our very good friend, kindly placed his well-built, centreboard boat and the services of an able-bodied man at my disposal, and during the following weeks I travelled from harbor to harbor in this, losing many valuable hours beating about at the oar in long calms. All this made one feel how necessary to our work at this hospital is a boat not dependent upon sails and oars alone for her motive power.

One day I had been trying to beat back from Deep Water Creek against a light head wind and very heavy swell, but when in sight of the hospital and about three miles off, even this little breeze failed us. We had made up our minds to a night on the Atlantic in a small open boat, but about nine o'clock, made out steaming towards us the trim little 'Julia Sheridan,' which had called in at Battle on her way north, and learning of our predicament came to our assistance. This incident only serves to show what a great help a small steamer attached to this hospital would have been during the past summer.

My longest trip in open boat through the ice was to Chateau, some thirty miles distant, to visit a woman ill of pneumonia, and others suffering from 'grippe.' Some idea of the help these fishermen will give each other in time of trouble will be gained by the fact that in this instance a crew of six men rowed 120 miles through the heavy Arctic ice floe in four days, to enable me to visit this poor woman and return home again. One stalwart fellow remarked, 'We don't give no heed to rowing dat bit, sar, s'long as you are able to cure 'er, sar.'

With the 'grippe' epidemic at its height, measles broke out in a planter's family on a schooner on her way from Newfoundland. Before I had seen these cases they had settled in their summer house, and the 'liveries,' flocking around, eager for a bit of news from the outside world, carried the infection to almost every house in the harbor. Measles had not been here for twenty-two years, and this, together with the fact that the people were already in a terribly weakened condition after 'grippe' made the outlook serious indeed. Many of the fishermen practically lost their summer's catch through contract-

ing measles before they had gained sufficient strength after the 'grippe' to be able to attend to their nets.

Throughout both these epidemics I received the hearty assistance of Mr. Gardner, Church of England missionary here, who, after his recovery from 'grippe,' spent the greater part of his time in distributing medicines and invalid food to the people, when the in-patients made it imperative that I remain in Battle Harbor.

A little later we were visited by Dr. Kingman, an eminent specialist from Boston, who performed several operations of a critical nature on patients in the hospital here, all of whom made excellent recoveries, and every case has proved an unqualified success. The patients were not the only ones who benefited by Dr. Kingman's visit, for his kindly and sympathetic manner endeared him to all. To us his visit was a great stimulus in our medical work, after having been shut off from all chance of consultation for so long.

Battle Harbor has seventeen beds, and these during the past year have been occupied by over ninety in-patients; and during the same time more than fifteen hundred out-patients have received treatment, which exceeds the number of patients applying for treatment in any previous year.

In spite of the rush of medical work this year, we have been able to erect an annex of two stories to the hospital building, to give room for linen closets, lavatories, etc.; before long we shall have our new laundry building up and in use. A much-needed store for the storing of freight and clothing has also been erected.

The destitution this winter is even more pitiable than it was last. This is accounted for by the partial failure of the cod and salmon fisheries, and also by the fact that many of the families lost part of what was going through being taken down with measles or 'grippe' at the height of the fishing season. The most that we can do in the way of relief seems very little in the face of the great suffering.

Early next week I start off with dogs and komatik to travel from harbor to harbor over the long stretch of frozen coast line. Last year I was able to cover in this way more than a thousand miles; and through the experience thus gained I hope to be able to go further, and so reach a greater number of the 'liveries' during the coming season.

### A Prayer.

(Kate Gilmore-Black, in the 'N. W. Advocate'.)

Thy will be done, dear Lord, not mine;  
My will to choose whate'er is Thine!  
Simple words are these to pray,  
Yet breathing forth Thy truth, Thy way.

Lord, it is mine this choice to make,  
And from Thy loving hand to take  
Whatever comes of weal or woe,  
As through me Thine own life doth flow.

Teach me for strength to wait on Thee,  
That, in Thy presence, I may be  
In body, mind and soul renewed,  
And with Thy Spirit's power endued.

Transformed, that I Thy will may know;  
Conformed not to this world below,  
That henceforth it may truly be  
Not I, but Christ who lives in me.

Lord, grant me thus Thyself to know  
In resurrection life below,  
That I may be a vessel meet  
For Thine own use in service sweet.