

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-