

was cast out, but because in physical build they resisted the inroads of alcoholic liquor. Strong drink finds in our best men the surest victims and the earliest victims. In this connection it may be well to here mention a fact. The fact is—No class of men in Scotland have benefited so much by teetotalism as the ministers of the Gospel have done—have done personally. In proof of this, we can appeal to Church history. About the dawn of our great movement the annual meetings of the churches unfolded sad examples of drink's doings. Much of the time of said meetings was taken up by dealing with drunks, finding such guilty, and turning them out of their pulpits. The tide rose till the marks left five in number as the annual record in one church connection thrown out by drink. One of such held meetings, and had public sympathy. He did not say he was not worthy of condemnation, but the men who condemned him drank more drink than he did. Such was the condition of things at the dawn of the Temperance reformation. All this is gone, or nearly so. One occasionally turns up—but only one—to be found guilty of drunkenness. The change brought about by our noble cause is more marked on the pulpit than in any other quarter. The importance and value of this turn-over—this marked change—is not recognised as it ought to be. The salvation of the clergy, the removal of the stain, the clearer moral and religious condition secured for them and for us, should have brought ministers in a body to help and herald the good cause—to come over to be Soldiers of the Cross, fighting the good fight of a sound faith. There is no reason why the facts noted should remain under cover. Let the standard-bearers of Zion—the guides of the people now free—use their freedom in the salvation of other men; make their own position strong and sure—shining as the light of the world. Let us go on to another line of thought and of action. Mr. Tait made good use of what came under his notice. One day, he remarked, a miner's wife called. She said—'I am ashamed to come in.' 'Nothing of the kind,' said the missionary. 'You are welcome.' 'I have come to sign the pledge.' 'That is right; and it gives me much pleasure in seeing you make this resolve. I hope your husband will be the next.' 'I do not know, but I will try. You will get our children for your Band of Hope.'

#### A Change.

Two months after the incident just noticed, the miner's wife called again. Addressing the missionary, she said—'I am real done; my breath's away.' 'You are not that old, broke in Mr. Tait. 'It is not age that troubles me. It is that long, weary hill to climb in coming up, and the bundle I have had to carry.' Opening up the bundle, she continued—'John's boots were sore done; here is a new pair. Our boy and girl were needing boots; here is a pair for each. Winter is coming on; here is a good pair of blankets. You see the stockings; a flannel and winey shirts; three yards of stripe for skirt. This is all that comes my way; but it will be my turn next.' And the exhibition closed. And the missionary encouraged her to hold on—to look up—and greater blessings were in store for her and for her home and family. We may linger for a moment, standing on the vantage ground given us by the miner's wife. We ask—Where are the philosophers? where are the reformers? where are the humane, and the benevolent in our public assemblies? Mourning over the crime, the misery, and want of the thousands of sinning and suffering people? Have they shown their wisdom in finding a remedy for any of the many ills they deplore? They have not. The wound is deep, sore, and running, but they have no balm for the wound. The practical—the life-giving—wisdom of the miner's wife goes in advance of all the schemes or efforts of the combined agitators of the present day. What the two months' teetotalism did for the miner's family it will, if adopted, do for every family in Glasgow. Bundles of blessing would be given them to carry and to enjoy. On the other hand, retain the publican and the licensed grocer and the wasting and the withering influence they now possess, and to-day you may feed every starving one, and you may clothe every naked one, and next year you will have the same job to do, with increased numbers on the roll. The case stands without doubt or difficulty—shut the public-house and there is peace and plenty. All the great questions of the hour

find in teetotalism a sound and sensible solution. The platform and the press should be told this. There is too much time given in furnishing crutches for the people, and in building bridges for them to hobble over. Let the people stand, let them walk, let them run, on their own legs, and the race will be crowned in success.

### Independent—of What?

There is no freedom in serving our own will. 'I usually carry a cigar with me,' said a man who smokes but little, 'as a sort of declaration of independence.' He means, 'as evidence that I am not ready to be independent,'—but he would not have liked to put it just that way. To be independent of self is the only independence that brings real freedom. But independence of self is possible only by genuine bondage to One who is better than self. 'Free, as bondservants,' said Peter. 'Happy is the man who is independent enough to be the slave of Christ.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Because so many of my friends have been slain by intoxicants, said Horace Greeley, I have an everlasting grudge against rum.

### Work in Labrador.

WORD ONCE MORE FROM DR. GRENFELL.

SS. 'Strathcona,'

Off Hopedale, Labrador.

Dear Mr. Editor,—A long while has elapsed since my last letter was despatched to you from this coast. Circumstances obliged me to winter in the United States, and then run over to England before joining my vessel again. I was fortunate enough to meet at Cape Breton the steam yacht of a friend who was on his way as far north as Battle Harbor for a cruise, and so I was saved much time. We met each other at the house of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, at Baddeck, where the famous inventor of the telephone and many other things is carrying on a thousand varied experiments and inquiries, and in such diverse directions as to include aeronautics, hydroplanes, breeding sheep for multiple lambing, estimating food values of every wild plant, new methods of supplying sailors adrift with drinking water, etc. His most successful aeroplanes, in charge of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. McCurdy, were away performing trial feats on the Canadian military grounds at Petawawa. It was gratifying to see one of his large buildings labelled 'Canadian Aeronautical Company,' and to learn that Mr. Baldwin was so far in the forefront as to be already manufacturing for commercial purposes.

While discussing the value of aeromotors, Dr. Bell expressed his opinion that they could perfectly well be applied to sledge work; and stated, what was new to me, that the power derived from an aeromotor propeller of proper proportions will afford a shove equal to that of a propeller in water, and that for that purpose no unreasonable size of propeller is necessary. He has most generously undertaken to add to his labors by building such a motor sledge as he considers might be useful to us over the more level and barren lands that we compass on our journeys. It seems that after a speed of fifteen miles an hour is attained the sledge should lift, and though not leaving the surface altogether, should scarcely touch it at all, exactly as is the case with a hydroplane. The only trouble is the inequality of the snow surface, and at best the scheme at present seems to alter, rather than remove, the risks of the doctors' rounds in winter.

Heavy fog drove us into Sydney to wait for a time across, and here we fell in with several old Newfoundland friends who are well known now across the water. Mr. Fred Moore's schooner, the 'Bluejacket,' had only just left this port, we found, with a cargo of coal and cement for St. Anthony. On reaching Red Bay a few days later we were not a little rejoiced to find this stout little craft anchored there already on her way back again for a second cargo.

Our first port of call was Bonne Bay, on the west side of Newfoundland, where one of our nurses is putting in a summer's work. It did not take me long to find her out, though she seemed so constantly in demand that the last

place that anyone would look for her would be her own house. This nurse, Miss Clara Wilson, was trained at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, and is one of those so generously giving her services quite freely. Small in stature, and light in weight, she circumvents the high hills like a deer; while being fearless on the water, and having a canoe of her own, she is independent of the winding arms of the fiord, around which the homes of her 'family' cluster. More than one man of the sea observed to me during the day that she takes what even they consider big risks in her frail little craft. It was very delightful to follow her at her request from home to home, and to be able here and there to advise and encourage her. Like the grapevine telegraph among the Blacks in the war time, some method seemed to exist of announcing our approach; for scarcely a single cottage door failed to open as we passed, and out of each of which popped some one with an invitation 'just to step in one minute,' and see some member of the household. It being Sunday, I had hoped to get back to evening service in one of the churches (for there are nearly a dozen buildings in this one bay belonging to the various denominations, which are set aside for divine worship), but the invitations to 'call in' came in such numbers that I couldn't help thinking of the oysters that answered to the invitation of the walrus and carpenter:

'Thick and fast they came at last,  
And more and more and more.'

By the end of the day I had 'hall-marked' five cases to come for immediate operation to one of our hospitals—a poor woman with a large tumor, a little girl with intermittent appendicitis, a young fisherman with a severe disability caused by a sudden overstrain, a mother quite crippled by a knee capable of cure, and another fisherman needing an operation. To encourage two of these to set out on the long pilgrimage to our hospital, two hundred miles away, the good nurse found it necessary to promise to take them down there herself. When at last, standing on the beach, I said good night to the nurse, as I was about to go aboard our vessel, and she remarked: 'I'm sorry I made you miss the service, Doctor,' I could only say: 'Maybe, nurse, that perhaps the world hasn't yet learned to grade "services" as He who loves His children really values them.' To some it would seem odd that this woman is a Roman Catholic, and I a Protestant.

From a letter of the nurse's I take the following description: 'The scenery here is the most beautiful imaginable. It certainly is the very prettiest place—entirely surrounded by water and mountains. I have been living on salmon, trout, lobsters, and codfish tongues, which are perfectly delicious. On Sundays we have a huge plate of salt pork, cabbage, turnips and potatoes. I never felt quite so important in my life. People come to consult and gaze at me from far and wide. Indeed, I felt at first like a Coney Island monstrosity.'

Our next harbor lay at the mouth of a lovely bay with two fine salmon rivers in it. It is the southernmost limit of our winter sledge journeys. The people may be said to have been reared on lobster fishing, and nothing else, though they get abundant caribou to give them fresh meat in winter. The advent of salmon fishers and deer hunters has had a deleterious effect on many. While I was visiting the sick wife of one of the men, whose unfinished house showed that he was not overburdened with riches, I asked him: 'How are the lobsters this year?' 'I don't fish lobsters,' he answered. 'Cod, I suppose, then? I hear they are plentiful.' 'Us don't try the fishing here.' 'What are you doing, then, to make a living?' I asked. Well, I'm waiting for sports, such as them that came here last year.' The season is far advanced, and no 'sports' have so far arrived. The 'sport' season promises to be as lean as the lobster one.'

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

All shipments of clothing, supplies, etc., have gone forward from Montreal to Harrington for this season, and Miss Roddie has received acknowledgment of their safe arrival from Dr. Hare, who thanks the donors and describes the clothing sent this year as much better, on the whole, than in previous seasons.