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during the darkness. A brilliant aurora favored us the next night and we pushed on until about midnight, when its sudden disappearance left us in such absolute darkness that we again were compelled to anchor at once.

The girl's improving pulse and temperature and the steady diminution of physical symptoms that had caused us much grave anxiety during these first two days gave me a light heart. Every time I visited the patient I expected to recognize the corresponding assurance in her face that she was really on the road to recovery, but every time I looked in vain. It became such a puzzle to me at last that to cheer her I assured her that she would soon be up and about, so that when the mail steamer should come to hospital we should be able to send her back to her own home once more, as well as ever. I had watched her carefully to see whether the thought of an early return to her loved ones would not act as a stimulus, an encouragement to bring into play the force of her will, which to my mind is a most important factor on the road to recovery. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to tell me I had failed. She just lay there looking at me, with that far-away look in her large black eyes, as of some terrified fawn that is too frightened to fly, though fearful of impending danger.

I thought perhaps the loving encouragement of the woman who had ventured on the trip solely that for the Christ's sake she might be of service to a sister in distress, might help me in the dilemma. I explained to her exactly the need and begged her to do her best to effect that which I seemed utterly unable to attain. Tenderly and prayerfully she tried, but only once more to meet with failure.

In the dusk, just before we weighed anchor, a trap-boat crew going to their nets caught sight of our riding light, and came aboard with a man who had a badly poisoned hand. They had not expected us to be going south so soon, and were delighted beyond measure to be able to obtain relief and dressings. When they learned that we were running south with a sick girl for hospital they at once inquired who it could be, and, much to my delight, claimed acquaintance and expressed a willingness to wait. I went down to prepare her for their visit in the hope that they might be able to cheer her. I had hoped that so irresistible a reminder of the love of home might help her to cry, and so relieve the tension of soul that was killing her. But once again it was simply to count failure. I could find no way to get her consent to see them, and I had sorrowfully to convey that information to the kindly fellows on deck.

It was no longer possible to avoid recognizing the inevitable. I tried a final appeal to her to live for her parents' sake; her only reply at once was, "I want to die, Doctor, I can never go home again."

The end came sooner than I had anticipated. She began to fail so rapidly and so obviously that I decided to abandon the attempt to reach the hospital, and finally anchored in the still waters of a lovely inlet to await the last chapters of the tragedy.

We had not long to wait. It was a scene I shall never forget. Overhead the sun had all day long been pouring down out of a perfect sky. It spoke eloquently of life and the presumption of its permanence. Beneath, in their exquisite blue, the deep waters of the fjord were so still that the last thing in one's mind was any realization that storm and danger lurked in them and on them.

The bold relief of the massive granite cliffs, flanked here and there with jet-black columns of out-cropping trap dykes, gave an entire sense of security and of endurance. A majestic iceberg, carried in by the tide, lay only a few hundred yards away. The deep greens and blues in the great crevasses that relieved its dazzling whiteness made one forget for the moment that even so immense a mass of matter was, like ourselves and all the rest, merely a thing of a day. Beyond that was silence—not even a single fishing craft lay within several miles of us. Nothing disturbed the sense of rest and security. The sun sank behind the hills. The tide was returning to the great ocean whence it had come. It seemed to me after all

not an unfitting setting for the passing of a soul out on that tide, which is ever carrying on its bosom all humanity into the great unknown beyond, and which was bearing out with it the visitor from the Arctic which it had brought us in the morning, as we rendered the last service within our power to the poor girl whom we had hoped to save.

Wrapped in a simple flag, covered with a monument of unhewn boulders, we left her on the lonely headland looking out over the great Atlantic, to wait till the day when the graves shall give up their dead. A simple wooden cross indicated the reason for this interruption in the journey. That emblem of our highest life was placed there to signify that that which is wrong in this life shall eventually be put right in that which lies beyond.

The cross piece bore the legend:

SUZANNE

Jesus said, neither do I condemn thee!

In a letter to her parents we did our best to comfort them as we did not think the tragic sequence of events which led to the poor girl's death ought to be laid to her charge.

Two years passed away. Meantime many troubles were poured into my ears, and the memory of the pitiful little story of Suzanne had almost faded from my mind.

Once again we were on the Labrador coast. Guided by the twinkling deck-lights of fishing schooners "putting away" the day's catch after dark, we had anchored among them for the night, in the roadstead near some high cliffs behind whose shelter they were working. We had announced our arrival with two blasts of our fog whistle—a signal known now to most of the fishermen. The usual crowd of visitors that resort to our little vessel for news, or medicine, or other reasons, had come and gone. All was silent on deck, and we were just "stowing away" for the night when the sound of yet another boat alongside brought me up again.

As I came out of the companion, a single white-haired fisherman was climbing over the side with his painter in his hand. He was evidently well on in years, though the feeble ray of our riding light scarcely did more than reveal the darkness.

"Anything I can do for you, friend?" I inquired, as he finished tying his boat fast and turned around as if uncertain what to do next.

"No, not much. Thank ye all the same," he replied. And then, hesitatingly, "I jest wants to see t' doctor."

"I'm the doctor, friend. What do you need from me?"

"Be you t' doctor what tended a girl 'bout two years ago on t' schooner Shining Light, down north? The baby were born dead on board."

"If you mean a girl called Suzanne, yes; I tended her and buried her."

Without another word the old man reverently took off his well-worn sou'wester hat and stood bareheaded before me. I remember in the weird setting of the night that his long white hair and gentle manner suggested the visit of some departed saint. I waited for him to speak, not knowing exactly what he wanted, though it was plain he had something of moment on his mind.

"Do youse think there be any hope us'll see her again, Doctor?" he ventured at length. "I'd dearly love to tell the old woman what you think."

"No, friend, I don't think it, I know it. I'm certain of it, as certain as that I see you now before me. But, better than that, she knew, too, before she left us."

"What makes you say that, Doctor? I'd give all I have, glad enough, to be able to think that."

"Well, friend, her face told me so. She was afraid to go back to Deep-Water Creek, but you, too, would have known that she had no fear of entering the harbor to which you and I are also bound. The peace of God which the Master promised to give us was hers."

The old man said no more. But I saw, even by the feeble glow of our swinging lamp, a bright sparkle on both of his rugged cheeks. He took my hand in both of his. The silent pressure, the wordless good-bye, will remain with me till my last call also comes.

As the sound of his retreating oars

SEEDS

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gradually disappeared into the night, I found myself still standing in the hatchway, thinking that surely for the humblest service done in His name, the Master gives, here and now, the reward which is above all else worth while.