

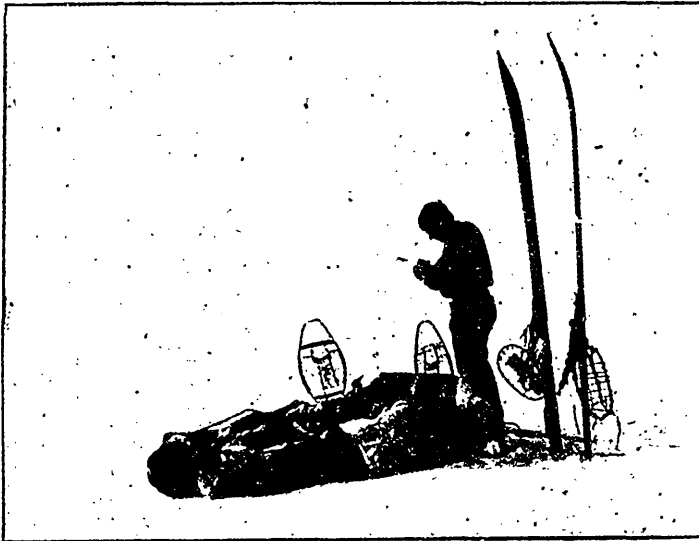
desperately hungry, savage and treacherous—in particular a menace to the lives of children, whom they have been known to devour.”

The moral and physical heroism of the intrepid missionary in ministering to the bodies and souls of the fishermen, the “liveyers,” of this far-extended coast, is beyond all praise.

“In the little hospital-ship ‘Strathcona,’ the doctor himself darts here and there and everywhere, all summer

by the mission-doctor; quite the contrary: there is, if anything, greater delight to be found in a wild, swift race over rotten or heaving ice, or in a night in the driving snow, than in running the ‘Strathcona’ through a nor’east gale.

“The Indian Harbor hospital is closed in the fall; so intense is the cold, so exposed the situation, so scarce the wood, so few the ‘liveyers,’ that it has been found unprofitable to



SLEEPING-BAG AND SKIS.

long, responding to calls, searching out the sick, gathering patients for the various hospitals.

“In the winter the sick and starving are sought out by dog-team and komatik. There is no cessation of beneficent activity; there is merely a change in the manner of getting about. Summer journeys are hard enough, God knows. But winter travel is a matter of much difficulty and hardship. Not that the difficulty and hardship seem ever to be perceived

keep it open. There is another way of meeting the needs of the situation, and that is by despatching the Battle Harbor doctor northward in midwinter. The folk know that he is bound towards them—know the points of call—can determine within a month the time of his arrival. So they bring the sick to these places—and patiently wait. This is a hard journey—made alone with the dogs. Many a night the doctor must get into his sleeping-