

With this theological outfit, I started on my missionary career.

My medical course being finished, I began to cast about for some way in which I could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man and combine it with a desire for adventure and definite Christian work. Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, also a daring sailor and master mariner, who had twice helped us at our camp, and for whom I had been doing the work of an "interne" at the London Hospital, suggested my seeing if a doctor could live at sea among the deep-sea fishermen on one of the vessels of the Society for which he was a member of the council.* * *

Encouraged by results in 1892, I was loaned the largest of the sailing vessels, a craft of ninety-seven tons burden, in which we sailed to the Labrador coast to see whether among English-speaking fishermen of the Northwest Atlantic similar results might not be achieved.

In three months we had nine hundred patients, to whom we could thus commend our Gospel with pills and plasters, without fear of denominational interference, besides witnessing a condition of poverty to which we had been quite strangers over on the other side. Unable to do on the ship to those men as we would have them do unto us under similar circumstances, we called on the way home at St. John's, Newfoundland, and laid the matter before the merchants, asking for help to build a hospital on the land, and promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there if they built it.

We have now three hospitals on that desolate coast—not palaces for pain such as one sees in these great cities, but humble wood buildings where a qualified doctor and trained nurse reside, where besides their own rooms they have a dozen beds for sick people, a convalescent room, an operating room, and an isolation ward. These places are not only hospitals but hotels, places to which any one and every one is expected to come in sickness or any other kind of trouble whatever.

Here other methods of commending our Gospel are also