

from his father-in-law—he set to work to combat the diseases that were ravaging the Parish, and with such success that in the spring when the Doctor returned from S. Johns his old patients refused to be treated by any one but the “Parson,” and Dr. Skelton being old and infirm, retired from practice, no other physician coming to fill his place.

This involved another problem for in a place where the occupations of the dwellers ashore and afloat courted frequent accidents, the practice of medicine alone was insufficient, so the Rector now daringly added surgery to medicine.

This was undertaken as a necessity, and under a sense of grave responsibility, but God prospered his work of mercy, and many operations were performed without misadventure.

This audacity on the part of the Rector was once criticized in a friendly humour by a former messmate, who hinted that death under an operation might possibly bring the unlicensed operator into legal trouble, but the criticism was playfully met by the remark ;—
“ You fail to remember that I hold a legal warrant as “ *Coroner*, and that will cover the lack of Diploma as “ *Surgeon*.”

Once a year there came into the work of the missionary a special interest, in the sailing of the Ice-hunters, as they were called, who embarked on the hazardous venture of engaging in the Seal Fishery.

A considerable fleet belonged to the parishioners, and its departure was always an event full of anxiety and activity.