

BOYS AND GIRLS

What I Live For.

(Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks.)

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too!
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good I am to do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold:
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twi'xt Nature's head and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—

Fulfilling God's design.
I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

A Letter From Dr. Grenfell.

[The following letter, written last year at just this time to 'Toilers of the Deep,' is full of most interesting details that lose nothing by re-reading at this date. Dr. Grenfell has not long since left St. John's for St. Anthony's Hospital, in the 'Strathcona,' and is by now probably in much the same surroundings as when he wrote this letter.—Ed.]

Log of the 'Strathcona,' July 14, 1904.

Dear Mr. Editor,—As the summer fishery is now in full swing, and we, steaming up the Straits of Belle Isle, have visited a considerable portion of the coast, I am utilizing the time at sea to make up much leeway in our correspondence. A careful comparison of last year's observations of the weather shows that up to date there have been more strong winds than last year, though there has been less east wind, and, therefore, less fog, and less sea along the land. Nor has there been as much ice to interfere with the traps. North of Partridge Point there has been much less fish and salmon taken in nets. All along, almost all the hook and line men have actually beaten the traps; and the small crews that cannot send a boat out with lines, and at the same time tend their traps, have actually, in one or two places, already taken their traps up, and, like plucky fellows, set to work with the hook and line. It looks very like a hook and line man's year, and that would mean

a small harvest of the sea, and a good price for fish. Odd as it might seem to many, the less fish caught in certain limits the better for the fishermen. It looks to us, then, up to the present, like a good fishermen's year. Indeed, at the present moment, the fisherman's ideal is almost realized, that is, 'a barrel of flour for a quintal of fish.' The great price of cod liver oil last year has sent down a veritable shoal of cod oil factories all around the coast, but, as usual, the price is down again, and some, who even have got the wherewithal sent down, have not taken the trouble to commence operations. This is also partly accounted for by the fact that as yet the fish are contrary enough to have scarcely any oil in their livers. Some say that this is due to the fact that the fish have not yet come to the land after the bait fish, others that by a process of evolution are evolving a race of fish with no livers, by exterminating all those that have. Certain it is that five to seven gallons of livers are now required for a gallon of oil, while, in the fall, two will at times yield a good gallon. Everything gets fatter in the fall by provision of providence, to insulate the animals from the increasing cold.

For ourselves, as soon as the ice began to go, and to allow the fishermen to begin to come north again, we made preparations to leave for St. John's, to fit out for summer also, and so we had to get rid of our patients, and close the hospital till Dr. and Mrs. Simpson should be ready to leave Indian Harbor Hospital and open it again for the following winter. Owing to the new arrangement of steamers carrying the mails, the French shore is no longer in communication with Labrador. The new coastal boat, 'Prospero,' not going further north than Cape Bauld. This is a very serious mistake. The large number of craft on the French shore can no longer get the news from Labrador that they so eagerly waited for before crossing in previous years. Visitors, travellers, and others on the French shore can no longer go on to Labrador, but must return to Tilt Cove, and perhaps wait a fortnight, or go all the way round by the west coast. This is equivalent to saying they cannot go at all. But what is much more serious for the people is that, though there is no medical officer between Tilt Cove and Bonne Bay, they are now cut off from the hospital at Battle Harbor, which, in previous years, they freely availed themselves of. We took three patients across for operations in the 'Strathcona' only this week, but they are now unable to get back again. This fact prevented several others from coming.

When we arrived at St. Anthony from the sound we found one of our young fishermen had had a serious accident in our absence. A gun had gone off, and shot him through the thigh. He lived only a mile and a-half from the hospital, but there was no doctor there. Mr. and Mrs. John Moore went over and did all they could for him, but though he was still quite conscious and able to talk to them he was bleeding to death. A man-of-war came in soon after, and with the usual kindness of naval officers did all their skilled aid could then do; he died on board as they were carrying him to the hospital. The interest in our ambulance classes will no doubt be largely stimulated by this unfortunate case, and we shall make it more than ever our aim that there shall be a class held in every settlement near the hospital; men can then come to the lectures in winter, at least one man carrying

the certificate of efficiency to render first aid to the wounded.

It is only right that I should add here a testimonial to the excellent work done for the sick last winter by Mrs. Moore, who acted as my nurse and matron all the spring, and who now is a sort of resource for many fishermen who keep coming to St. Anthony expecting to find the hospital open. In view of these cases, which are numerous, we have fitted her out with a sort of sailor's dispensary, the mixtures being made on the model of the dispensaries furnished to the skippers of our North Sea Mission vessels that do not carry a medical officer. The medicines, though simple, are exceedingly useful, and can be handled with very considerable benefit by any intelligent person. It sounds a very unprofessional arrangement, but, in view of the circumstances, is the best that can be done. The Council of the Mission have been spending some twenty thousand dollars a year now for some years on their various hospitals and medical agencies on this coast, and they are not in a position to allocate any further money for a doctor at this hospital in summer unless some fresh source of income is forthcoming for that purpose. Much to our disappointment also, the Mission Council have been obliged to withdraw the little steamer 'Julia Sheridan' from the service. This is also with a view to lessen the expense of the Labrador work. It will mean a great deal to many who in previous years have looked eagerly for its visits. Dr. Simpson has purchased a new motor launch for his own work among the islands around Indian Harbor Hospital. He is now at Indian Hospital again, after a winter in England.

By the kindness of Commodore Paget, the winter supplies for St. Anthony Hospital were carried down on his ship, the 'Charybdis,' and duly landed on the new wharf. The value of this to us is not small. For we had no one there to land the heavy cases, and it was only play to the bluejackets to do what would have meant serious trouble to us. We have many others to thank for kindnesses and help, especially the directors of the Reid Newfoundland Company. Our own first point of call, after leaving St. John's, was at Englee; here we found the people all down from the mill, at work at the fishery, but with very few fish. The little mill was doing good work, but the men were all still on very short rations. The months of winter between the last visit of the winter mail steamer and the first visit of the summer boat are so long that it is enough to leave any coast starving that is not wealthier than ours. For I do not know many laboring populations anywhere that could pay down the money to buy provisions for at least six months in advance, and this the French shore has to do, though our mail steamer is off our coast seal fishing in March. The Government are getting tilts built at suitable distances along the coast, from Canada Bay to the bottom of White Bay, to give a better mail service in winter. The poor fellows, who tried to drag the heavy bags across that wild country, have had to shelter on the snow, or in it, many times, and in a bad year, like last year, were unable altogether to get through. It is hoped that when these tilts are built a good track will be cut also, avoiding any fear of men missing the road, and making it possible for dogs to drive clear of the trees. It is an amazing thing what a lot of things man can do without if he is forced to do so, and yet needs directly he can obtain them. The mill