

The regular Mission staff was aided by hundreds of volunteers. Dentists and debutantes, businessmen and college students, they rolled bandages, dug ditches, taught school, crewed hospital ships, christened babies—hundreds called Wilfred—and did dozens of menial chores.

Most heartening of all, the Mission generated self-help. Because of the schools Grenfell opened and a special education fund his wife set up, the children of illiterate fishermen and trappers found wider horizons. Many studied on Grenfell scholarships, then came back as teachers, nurses, ministers—leaders among their own people.

In fact, when the Mission put up a new 80-bed hospital at St. Anthony in 1927, the project was directed by one of Grenfell's first Labrador orphans, who had studied engineering in New York. Built of reinforced concrete, the hospital was as up-to-date as any in North America. For Grenfell, remembering when there weren't a dozen bottles of iodine on the entire coast, its opening day was the proudest of his life.

A highlight of the day was a surprise announcement from Buckingham Palace: King George V was to knight the doctor. "I only pray," he said, "that this tag to my name won't be a barrier bet-

ween me and my friends on the coast." It never was. Labrador people worshiped him.

Despite illness, Grenfell went on making speeches and writing books—more than 20 in all—to raise money for his Mission. In 1937, at 72, he had to retire as its superintendent. "I'm getting too old to drive dog-teams," he said sadly.

The next year his wife died, and Grenfell made his last trip to St. Anthony, to bury her ashes. Though the occasion was solemn, hundreds cheered when "the doctor" stepped ashore. In command of a hospital ship once more, he crossed over to Labrador to make his final rounds. There he found more than 20 doctors and nurses carrying on his work. The scourges of the coast—TB, infant mortality, malnutrition—were sharply reduced. Now the sick had proper care, there were homes for the homeless and help for the crippled and the blind.

The day he sailed away for the last time, all 600 residents of St. Anthony turned out to say good-by. A year later, at his home by Lake Champlain, he lay down for a nap before supper one night and never wakened. He died wearing the same old Oxford blazer he'd worn at Domino Run in 1892, on his first day in Labrador. In that cold land, Grenfell had given the world a warm, unforgettable example of Christian love.



Sir Wilfred Grenfell with one of his dogteams.