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The Last Voyage and Wreck  
— OF THE —  
STEAMSHIP LABRADOR  
Wrecked on March 1st, 1899  
on MacKenzie Rock  
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A trip home to the old land. For months we had been planning for it. By night we had dreamed over it ; by day we had talked about it. As the weeks sped by it became more and more real that I was actually going home to England once again, where I would visit my beloved mother for the last time. At last the day for commencing the journey arrived, and having said farewell to many friends in the good city of Hamilton, I boarded the C. P. R. train for my long journey on the morning of February 17th, 1899. The trip through the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia was uneventful. I reached St. John, New Brunswick, about one o'clock the next day, and was soon on board the good ship Labrador, which was to take me across the Atlantic Ocean. Among the most interesting scenes at St. John was a train load of Doukhobors, who had just arrived from Halifax on their way to their new homes in the far west of our splendid Dominion. Crowds of people gathered about them, and on every side people passed favorable comments upon these poor refugees, who had been persecuted for their religion, and driven from their native Russia, and had found a safe haven in Canada. Here they are free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. With their hardy natures and hopeful dispositions they will soon realize that ours is a land of liberty and of

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