

miles to the north of Cape Chudleigh. The Captain, wishing to go close to Cape Chudleigh, and believing, as I also did, that the current would sweep us round the Cape, tried to go to the south of these islands. We found, however, a perfect chaotic succession of fearful "tide rips" rushing out of Ungava Bay, and in other directions, so we were finally driven down close to the Button Islands. Here, to make matters worse, the wind fell, and for a time we were in a critical condition. The rocks were close at hand and the surf was rolling over them. As prayer, at least in these northern wilds, becomes a reality, and we expect what we ask for, it will strengthen the faith of many to know that shortly after speaking to God, and supplicating His help, a breeze sprang up, and, just in time, swept us away into safer waters.

Saturday, 11th.—Shortly after midnight the wind veered round to the north east and began to blow. As this was accompanied with rain and mist we could not see the land. We knew, however, that we had got round the Button Islands and were somewhere on the Labrador coast. On we drove in a southerly direction, the wind increasing as we went on. Towards evening we had, on account of the violence of the wind, to "lay the vessel to." And now we passed through a trying time. Through the violence of the wind and the vessel's motions, it was positively dangerous to light a fire in the cabin. The wind was also bitter cold and a snow storm arose which swept over everything on deck. Although covered with a good supply of bed clothes, yet I could not keep warm, and the roar of the wind and sea was almost bewildering. Committing all to God, we had simply to let the vessel drive, but had we come in contact with ice our position would have been one of the greatest danger.

Sunday, 12th.—Almost a repetition of the previous night. Cold, wet and tossed about, I could only carry the vessel, its crew, the Eskimo, loved ones and others continually to God in prayer. To hold service for the men was impossible.

Monday, 13th.—Driven south at a rapid rate we hardly knew our correct position, but the Captain and men surmise we are somewhere about Cape Harrigan.

Tuesday, 14th.—To our delight we saw some fishing schooners which were sailing south. We also found out that we were close to Cape Harrison, which is over a hundred miles to the south of Cape Harrigan. Thus we have been driven over one hundred miles further south than we supposed.

Wednesday, 15th.—Wind being fair again, we moved on in grand style. The swell was very heavy after the late gale, but as this rolled up under our stern it only helped to drive us along. Towards evening we saw the Light House and Marconi Station at Indian Harbour, and to this place we steered. We were not, however, able to reach the inside of the harbour as the wind fell, so we anchored at about 10 p.m. in an outside position.

Wednesday, 15th.—As Doctor Grenfell has formed a station here we went on shore at about 8 a.m. Doctor Stewart, who is in charge of this medical centre, was away on a visit to some outlying places, but Mrs. Stewart,—a most brave and practical lady—received the Captain and myself in a most cordial manner. To our surprise we heard that Commander Peary had called here last Sunday week, with the news that he had discovered the North Pole. We were also informed that another competitor for this much sought spot—Doctor Cook—had also found the northern goal. Although we have the greatest admiration and respect for these brave men who try to throw light upon the Creator's handy work, yet to be a bearer of heavenly light to the souls of men seems to us an object of far greater importance. Applause from men, as a whole, we as missionaries do not gain, for not a few, sad to say, fail to grasp the true purposes of God towards the sons of men. The honour which cometh from God is the missionaries' reward—an honour, I need hardly say, which is beyond all earthly gain or fame.

Having been invited by Mrs. Stewart to tea, the Captain and myself spent a very pleasant evening with this hospitable lady. After tea Mrs. Stewart invited me to see some patients. Before I, however, spoke to these weary ones, Mrs. Stewart herself dressed their aching limbs, and did all she could for their comfort. Truly wonderful is the way God uses these devoted workers belonging to Doctor Grenfell's Mission. Isolated at times, but still going on with their work of love, and doing much for the bodies and souls of the fishermen, they are in truth bright and shining lights for the Lord.

Thursday, 16th.—Started at about 8 a.m. The wind was "crimp," which means that we had to sail very close to the wind to keep our course. Wind freshened so that the ship was literally driven through the sea. Towards evening the wind was more in our favour, so we moved on at a brisk rate.