This very beautiful film in colour which was shown for the first time at the annual re-union of the Grenfell Volunteers, held in London at the Overseas League, gave an impressive demonstration of the great work done in this mission for British seamen and their families, founded in 1892 by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

Of those gallant workers (doctors and nurses) who, today follow so faithfully, the trail of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, that selfless pioneer, Miss Dorothy Jupp, S.R.N., of St. Mary's River, Labrador, one of the most senior mission helpers, in her address aroused deep interest in the mission's welfare and also very warm admiration of her unswerving faith in the power for good sought through prayer.

In alluding to her mission work, which extends for a hundred miles along the Labrador Coast her experience was that they could not possibly have held on in face of the hazards and trials, but for prayer. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell (a man who loved good) had convinced her of this power. She pleaded that whatever else might be needed—"Remember you never fight alone, for Heaven's sake give us your prayers"!



Miss Jupp after conducting Sunday Service.

MISS JUPP'S PLEA FOR HELP.

"Sixty years ago Sir Wilfred Grenfell started his great work for Newfoundland and Labrador.

For 40 years he gave faithful, devoted, unselfish service to his people and inspired young men and women with courage, and energy which he possessed.

Twelve years have passed since he was called to Higher Service and to us—the younger generation—he has handed on the Challenge of Faith, Comradeship and Service bequeathed to us his high ideals and made us realise that without that Faith, Comradeship, and Service, and the Love which it joins—life is practically purposeless. How has the Mission met and carrien this challenge ? With the passing years have come dangers, difficulties, retrenchments and financial distresses—shortage of personnel and increase of economic and social distress on the Coast. In Sir Wilfred's mind the Medical work was a means to an

In Sir Wilfred's mind the Medical work was a means to an end—Spiritual help and service to all. He did his work, raised his funds, built his Hospitals and Stations for Christ's sake and for the people entrusted to his care. The work still goes on in this isolated corner of the globe, often at great cost and anxiety and extreme effort; life on Labrador is not easy—travel has to be done by boat in summer in all weathers,

and dog-team in winter in sub-zero temperatures and blizzards but it's worth a hard, dangerous and tiring journey to bring comfort and help to someone who needs both so badly.

This out-post Missionary Service needs the help of everyone, no matter whether rich or poor. If you cannot send us your money or material aid—send us your sincere and deep prayers and thoughts, they can and will help more than people realise."

Colonel Grenfell—warmly thanking Miss Jupp for her inspiring talk—thought how well it was that Labrador was now part of Canada—a country well on the road to take the leadership of the British Commonwealth; and how much we owed to Miss Jupp for having gone out to further this splendid work in Labrador. A. S. B.

After reading of Miss Dorothy Jupp's splendid work in Labrador we are sure that our colleagues will be interested to learn that she received her training at the Mayday Hospital, Croydon, being the first probationer to enter for training under the Matronship of Miss F. R. Roberts.

Miss Roberts will be remembered as a one-time Councillor of the British College of Nurses, Ltd.

Public Health Work Overseas-A Challenge.

By DOROTHY M. PURSER.

NO ONE WHO IS INTERESTED in public health work—or indeed in the welfare of humanity at large—can contemplate, unmoved, the living conditions of millions of the world's under-privileged peoples.

"Come to Sunny South Africa "! beseeches the postergirl, against a seductive background of blue skies and dazzling sands. We may follow where she beckons and we may see only a golden land to whose thousand national beauties man has applied the miracles of science for his own delight.

But the vast rural areas of the interior show us a different picture. Here we find the African at home in the native reserves, confined by law to a meagre and inpoverished portion of his homeland, and debarred from social and economic progress by the colour of his skin.

Five years working in Mission hospitals in the native reserves of South Africa showed me much of the poverty and frustration of the people's lives.

Beneath the smiling grasslands, his soil impoverished from years of exploitation by unskilled farming, pasture is stripped to the very roots by hungry cattle; trees are rare, so that in the heavy rains there is no support for the rich soil. It is washed relentlessly away, reddening the streams and torrents as with the very life-blood of the African, and leaving the land sterile.

The women of the family tend the small crop of mealies on which their daily food depends. Some have learnt to grow green vegetables and fruit, such as peaches, small oranges and tangerines, which flourish well in the scrubby soil. Others keep hens, pigs or goats, besides the inevitable few head of cattle. But the home produce, which could be a valuable vitamin addition to the almost wholly carbohydrate diet, is for the most part marketed to European households. The African native is not behind the rest of the world in his veneration for hard cash. So the children remain potbellied and ricketty, while pellagra, scurvy and nutritional oedema are commonly seen.

Small children will sit docilely for hours in church or school, in an apathy born of chronic undernourishment.

The men of the family go north to the gold-mines to earn money for their taxes, bringing back to their homes syphilis and tuberculosis, the white man's diseases. Typhus and enteric fever are common sequels to primitive methods of sanitation, small-pox epidemics are not uncommon, while leprosy is a scourge all the more insidious for being a lowgrade infection, not readily detected in the early stages.



