

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

MODERN-DAY NURSING ON THE FAR LABRADOR.

By FELIX J. KOCH.

Of course we had heard much of it—the famous hospital established away up among the icebergs on the coast of Labrador, for the twenty thousand odd fishermen inhabiting that coast in the summer, and how, out from it and its sister hospital, at Indian Harbour, Dr. Grenfell made his flying trips up coast and down, to visit the sick and bring the very ill on his vessel to these shelters. It was, therefore, with a feeling of much interest that we approached Battle Harbour.

There was only the one boat to take, and that a sealer, plying from St. John's, so just the respite from her decks proved welcome. At ten minutes past ten we were approaching Battle Harbour. It was a long, rough, rock-lined coast which unfolded. Mountainous hills for background, and on these what seemed glacial scratches. At one or two points one saw a house. The town was in a nook of the hills, otherwise only the palisaded mountains rose from the waves that broke on the shore. At their feet was the ice choking the beach, though we were in mid-August.

We could see the harbour farther along on the left; on our right the ocean was filled with bits of floating ice. In this *glacé* one saw two or three skiffs at anchor. Bays opened off, with great floating masses of ice. Near the shore there was rock alone, and in it queer stripings of pink

granite. We could see 'bergs everywhere. One huge iceberg had assumed a cone-shape. Next, another circled about, this of a magnificent blue-green, with a few ridges upon the sides, and serrated as was the palace of the Ice-King in one of Andersen's fables.

It was twenty minutes to eleven when we cast anchor. The mail and the men went ashore in a dory. All of the settlement lay on the rocks at the left as we rounded in against the steep rocks; and here, too, was the goal, the two buildings of the Deep Sea Mission. Bungalows in style were

these, and on the outer wall, across the two, there ran the familiar words: — "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

On the verandah was an Eskimo boy, in hood of white, this edged with fur, where the cape fell on the back, and the coat as white to match, was on the rail.

Through the door of this hospital one saw, inside, great rows of plants — marigold, geranium and begonia—while from it we could overlook the great fish-flake to the town.

It was cold, though; the mercury stood at 60 degrees,



A BRIGHT LITTLE PATIENT AND THE HOSPITAL.

and one was glad to step inside.

First, however, we visited the store that served for post office. Then we were led back to the hospital and taken in to a central hallway, at right and left of which reception-rooms opened off. At one side was the sisters' "reception room," and here an organ and a table were conspicuous. An American flag was among the decorations on the wall. On the floor skins of the fox caught the eye.

Down the central hallway we came to the

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