

taught very acceptably for six months until the regular teacher returned. Needless to say, he was agreeably surprised to find that his class had grown in his absence. As our members have grown up, many have become active Christians, and are occupying important positions both in the church and in the business world.

Our club motto has always been "Help the Other Fellow," and by contributions to home missions, by gifts of books and magazines to the hospitals and flowers to the shut-in ones, this spirit of service is being realized.

Our programme for last summer included sports, such as baseball and tennis; outings and picnics in which we unite with the senior girls' classes; and monthly mass meetings which were addressed by some of the best local speakers. Some of our Bible Class sessions during the warm months were planned to be held in the park or in the country.

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Demons in the Desert

Every traveler on the desert is familiar with the mysterious crackling which rises into the still air on the fall of a cold night. It is this which probably suggested the belief so prevalent among the Semites that the dry places of the desert—as distinguished from those regions of the earth which a god has manifestly endowed for himself with water and fertility—are thronged by jinns and demons innumerable, which, however, invade from there the houses and persons of the inhabitants of settled lands.

A curious trace of this imagination occurs in the parable of our Lord where the unclean spirit driven out of a man walked through *dry places* seeking rest and returned to the house from whence he came out.

Musil tells us that the Skhur, the great Arab tribe on the eastern border of Moab, "hear at night in the desert all sorts of voices, *al-mfayel*;" and that "female spirits, *ad-daffafiyat*, appear in the desert every night from Thursday to Friday, playing on tambourines, *ad-dfuf*, beating drums, *at-ibul*, and dancing to them. No one dare approach these, else he must dance with them till he

falls down dead."

And again, "in the desert one must not whistle, for whoso whistles calls the devils together, therefore every Sakhari gets angry with whistling and bids the whistler cease."

I once asked one of my servants, not a Bedawee but a city-bred Syrian, to draw some water for me after dark from a cistern in the desert of Judea. He excused himself, and when I insisted he trembled. When I said, "What do you fear? You will see nothing there," he replied: "It is not what I shall see, but what I cannot see, that I fear." I know what he was thinking: that the unseen spirits might crowd and hustle him into the water, as he bent over it to draw.—Dr. George Adam Smith

The Korean Coolie

The question has often arisen, Is the Korean coolie an arrant coward, or is he the bravest man alive since Jack the Giant Killer? Evidence is not lacking for the support of either supposition. On the first announcement of the Japan-China war, we saw him with personal effects on his back and considerable animation in his walk, making for the hills. We have seen him, too, in the capacity of trespasser, being whipped out of a compound with a small willow switch, and wilting under the blows as though they had been sword cuts, repeating with imploring look, "Aigo! You've killed me! you've killed me!"

But there exists just as strong evidence as to the coolie's pluck. He will undergo a surgical operation without flinching where an American would require an anæsthetic. It has been said that he has no nerves, so does not feel it, but he felt the willow switch as keenly as you or I would. Considering his weapons and opportunities, he gave a good account of himself in the old days in defences at Kang-wha. Often, still, with wretched flint lock or fuse gun, he will steal his way among the rocks, and beard the tiger, capturing his game and returning home in triumph.

Not being able to find a definite example of more than ordinary courage, I referred the matter to my Korean friend, and he told me the following, which in his mind bespoke a