

by an inability to pull with any other woman. If more than one is in the home, there is constant friction, and nerves and characters suffer. Formerly where societies and clubs were organized for work outside the homes, they were a source of much amusement to the men whose school and business lives had taught them the necessity of sinking personal feelings and ambitions, if any advance was to be made.

Pull together in home life, man and wife; mother and father and children; brothers and sisters and friends. Pull together with neighbors and business acquaintances; pull together with church members and all workers for good. Pull together and your strength will be doubled, not thrown away in mere stupid resistance.

First and last and always, pull with and not against the Great Father whose power you cannot escape, though you fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and whose omnipotence, if you accept it, will lift you to heights of triumphant achievement undreamt of in your most ambitious imaginings.

Religious News.

The report of the Korean mission for the year ended June 30, 1908, is a most remarkable missionary document. In spite of disturbed political conditions, 5,423 communicants have been added. The native contributions amounted to \$61,730. There are 797 self-supporting churches in the mission, and 454 schools entirely supported by the Koreans; 12,264 pupils are reported as under instruction in the various schools. In the hospitals and dispensaries under the care of the mission, 46,366 patients were treated.

Being a frontier town, bazaar preaching is not allowed in Quetta, Baluchistan, but all who go to the hospital for treatment have the good tidings proclaimed to them. The missionaries are rejoicing in a recent Mohammedan convert, one who can read and write and knows Persian, Arabic, Pushtu, and Urdu. Miss F. E. Tunbridge, a nurse in the hospital, writes to the 'Church Missionary Gleaner':—

'He was a patient for some time, and then we taught him and read with him, and he decided to become a Christian, and could not understand why we could not baptize him at once. He was baptized on the first Sunday in this year, and now we have kept him as a ward boy, and he is an active Christian and a missionary to his brethren around. Praise God, he is not keeping his Christianity to himself. Four of our ward boys are Christians now, and it is so nice to see them taking a spiritual interest in the various patients who come into their wards. One great drawback to them is the language. Seven different languages we come in contact with in the work here, which makes things very difficult; one is often tempted to denounce the Tower of Babel and its builders. However, we pray that God will help us, and I know He does.'

Dr. Zeller, director of the Statistical Bureau in Stuttgart, has again been working on the Religious Census of the World, and presents us with the results of his investigations. He estimates that of the 1,544,510,000 people in the world, 534,940,000 are Christians, 175,290,000 are Mohammedans, 10,860,000 are Jews, and 823,420,000 are heathens. Of these, 300,000,000 are Confucians, 214,000,000 are Brahmans, and 121,000,000 Buddhists, with other bodies of lesser numbers. In other words, out of every 1,000 of the earth's inhabitants, 346 are Christian, 114 are Mohammedan, 7 are Israelite, and 533 are of other religions. In 1885, in a table estimating the population of the world at 1,461,285,500, the number of Christians was put at 430,284,500; of Jews at 7,000,000; of Mohammedans at 230,000,000, and of heathen at 794,000,000.

Work in Labrador.

A SUMMER SCHOOL IN DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH.

Early one Sunday morning last July the little mail steamer 'Home' anchored at one of her regular ports, a fishing settlement named West St. Modiste, on the Labrador side of the Straits of Belle Isle. I had been

travelling for a week towards this destination, where I expected to teach during the next two months, and as may be imagined, looked with much curiosity upon the unfamiliar shore.

I found that there were only thirteen families in West St. Modiste. In winter there are fewer, because some of them move 'up the river.' Half of the people are Roman Catholics, and the others are Methodists. There is no church here, but there are two separate school houses; though some of the Methodist children had attended the Roman Catholic school when there was one, and vice versa.

When I arrived, a young woman who had been teaching since April under the Methodist Board, was still at work. Her term did not close until the following week. This was fortunate for me for it gave me a chance to visit the school and to become accustomed to the life before beginning my own work. This teacher had come to the Labrador in the fall, but had divided her time among three different places, and so could give only three months to each. In many of the settlements along the coast there has never been a teacher.

My school opened in the little Methodist building with nine scholars, but before the end of the week there were twenty-one, from both Protestant and Catholic families. Their ages ranged from five to fourteen. Later three dropped out; two girls to do housework at home, while the elder members of the family were attending to the fish, and a boy, aged ten, to help the 'shoremen' with the cod-trap because his father was sick with the scurvy and had to go to the hospital.

After the short devotional exercises with which we opened the morning session, I usually gave some time to the singing of songs. These pleased the children immensely, especially if they learned motions to accompany the words. But I do not know what chance passerby would have surmised was going on. There was hardly a child who could carry a tune or who displayed any sense of rhythm. One great favorite began:

'Good-morning, dear children, good-morning to all,
The clock strikes the hour—we come at its call.'

They shouted this vociferously. But the joke of it was that there was no standard time, and no two clocks in the place were alike. The sessions were supposed to be from 9.30 to 12.30, and from 1.30 to 3.30. One mother, however, told me that according to her clock it was after eleven when school opened in the morning.

When the children were ready for school, most of them came to Mr. F's. and sat on the benches around the kitchen until it was time for their teacher to go. Then they would form a bodyguard to conduct her to the school. If her hands were 'full o' gear,' they would beg to carry it for her. In fact, they were affectionate, responsive and lovable, and not very different from other children. Some of them were fond of their books and it seemed a pity that they had so little chance of an education in that direction.

They all seemed well developed in practical ways. Some carpentering was necessary in the school house and Preston, aged ten, attended to it very satisfactorily. A six-year-old boy wrote to me not long ago (by proxy of course): 'I am smart and are Chopping wood all day for mother and father to keep them warm.' He had begun to do this before I left, using a full-sized axe, the wood consisting of the small branches of trees, which served these people as fuel.

This practical capability was also exemplified one day at school. One of the boys rushed in shouting, 'The school-house's burning.' In a flash every one of the children was out of doors. We found that a small square place on the roof was blazing. It was an unusually cold day, and we had had a roaring fire of pine boughs in the stove. I ran in to get a chair in order to reach the flames and two of the boys, without my saying a word to them, started off immediately for the nearest house, some distance away. Finding no one at home they grabbed a pail of water and a dipper and were back in no time. The teacher, being the tallest, mounted the chair and threw dipperfuls of water at the burning spot on the roof, while the children stood

in a row and called 'good shot!' or 'bad shot!' as the case might be. When the fire was out they all went back into the school-room and continued their studying as if nothing had happened.

My schedule was quite varied, including the usual elementary classes in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and drawing. The last was a particular favorite. Before I left home, Miss Gray, the Secretary in New York, had kindly arranged to let me have a package of necessary school supplies. Among these were some kindergarten sewing cards, weaving mats and colored paper squares. The scholars had never seen anything of the kind before and their joy and pride in their handiwork knew no bounds. Even the old boys teased to have a mat to weave.

In this package were also several copies of a book called 'The Robert Louis Stevenson Reader,' which contains many of Stevenson's children's poems. These little Labradorites enjoyed them, as all children do, and could especially appreciate the ones referring to the sea. Often if I happened to be calling at one of the homes at the children's bed-time, I could hear being repeated overhead such lines as:—'Oh, it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,' or 'Dark brown is the river, golden is the sand.'

Two of my scholars were fitted for more advanced readers than I had. But I discovered that Dr. Grenfell had left one of the circulating libraries (a case of about fifty miscellaneous books) with one of the families. A volume of 'Stories of Greek Heroes' borrowed from that answered the purpose very well.

The children would sometimes take library books home with them. I was interested to hear that 'Alice in Wonderland' was passed from child to parent, and had even been carried on board a visiting schooner by a fisherman who had become absorbed in it. Most of the people, however, are not great readers, and they prefer books written in the simplest style.

In recess my small scholars hardly knew what to do with themselves. When left to their own devices the boys would 'heave rocks' at each other or at the telegraph wires. They were delighted with some balls that had been given me for them, but unless I was playing games with them would keep coming to ask if it was not time for school again. One thing was apparently a never failing source of surprise—that their teacher never 'caned' them! This was evidently the method of discipline at home.

After school in the evening I used often to visit the people in their homes, and my relations with them were exceedingly pleasant. The men from the visiting schooners would drop in to the friendly kitchens, and I heard many an interesting tale of a fisherman's luck on the sea, or a trapper's adventures when he had travelled miles inland on a dog sled in winter.

One of the men in West St. Modiste was persuaded several years ago, by friends in Wisconsin to pack up all his goods and move there with his family. But he did not remain long. He said to me, 'Me and moi crew didn't loike Wisconsin. Hit's too fur out o' the world. So we come back to de Labrador.'

Though I was not in Labrador long enough to feel quite as he did, it was with very real regret that I bade good-bye to my hospitable friends there, when two of the most interesting months I have ever spent came to an end. Mary Lane Dwight, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.