

on the part of a freshman driver. As the rest of the men quiet down and prepare to sleep he lies upon his back listening to all the various sounds which are to be heard in the calm of a summer night. Every rustle of the leaves, and the slightest crackling of twigs, as reptiles and animals creep forth from their hiding places, is most distinctly heard. There is also a strange peeping of birds, such as is never heard in the day-time. Perhaps near by is the nest of a pair of cranes or ducks. Under cover of night they bring forth their young, and from the chattering and splashing that is heard one would think that the parent birds were teaching their little ones some fantastic water-drill. Nor is the music wanting. Beginning with a deep bass note right at the door of the tent, the tune is taken up by a dozen others, and passed on from them to thousands more, until the whole atmosphere rings with the harmonious strains of a bull-frog band. Added to this is a variety of sounds issuing from the different tents in the neighborhood, as the wearied occupants in the midst of their sleep give vent to groans and snores, with now and then the mumbling of strange words. But bye and bye even the new hand is asleep, and all is quiet.

Last in bed at night, the cook is the first astir in the morning. Long before daylight he has resurrected his kettle of beans and begins preparation for breakfast. Then he gives the foreman's foot a tug, at which Mr. Foreman jumps up, rubs his eyes, pulls on his boots, cuts a switch from the nearest bush, and going from tent to tent deals to each a couple of heavy blows, followed by the shout, "Hi! yo! Time to be up!" In a very short time the whole camp is alive, and where a few moments before all was quiet as the dead of night, all is now bustle and commotion, as the men throw out their blankets and tie them up in "tump-lines" ready for another move. They then hurry down to the river, there to make their toilet, or just as they are seat themselves about the fire and partake of the morning meal. At break of day the boats are moving off again, and the cook and cookery-men are left sole occupants of the camp, which they at once proceed to break up. The tents are taken down, rolled up, and with blankets, etc., are loaded into a couple

of large boats. Meanwhile the cook proceeds with his baking. By this time he has worked his bread into loaves, placed in large pans ready for the oven. This latter utensil is a rather strange article. It is a large, bright tin dish, from five to seven feet in length, and something similar in shape to an old-fashioned cradle without rockers. The sides and ends slope so that it is considerably larger at the top than at the bottom. This is turned upon its side facing the fire. Through it run iron rods upon which the pans of bread are placed in such a position that the heat from the fire is reflected by the bright sides and ends of the oven and focused upon the bread. The oven is first placed at a considerable distance from the fire where there is just sufficient heat to make the dough rise nicely, after which it is moved nearer to the fire where the heat is strong enough to bake without burning. Such an oven requires very little fire, while it takes no longer to bake than a good stove oven does, and it is certainly much more convenient where the whole apparatus has to be handled and moved to such an extent as is necessary upon a drive. Bread baked, provisions and cooking utensils are loaded into another boat, and cook and cookery men float down the river as far as they think the men with the drive will get by ten o'clock. Here they prepare dinner, likewise for lunch at two o'clock, after which they go on to another camping ground, and pitch their tents as upon the previous night.

Correspondence.

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN THE INTERIOR OF KOREA.

BY DR. W. J. HALL.

WE give with pleasure the following extracts from a letter written by Dr. Hall to the Principal, from Seoul, Korea, dated Dec. 16th, 1892. They give us glimpses of men and things, and of good, earnest Hall himself as well as of his surroundings, that will interest not only those in sympathy with missionary work but every lover of his kind and one who honours single-hearted devotion to the highest cause:

"At our annual missionary meeting in August I was appointed to the Pyong Yang circuit,