

They will, you know, like the apple tree branches breaking just when you're nearly up, he'd come and tell and not be 'fraid at all, 'cause he knew he didn't mean to.

Oh! we never had such a summer. Mother just wished and wished daddy's business was done and she could come back and have the fun, and next year she says she will. And next year we mean to have more and more.

Mrs. Smith and William and James and the girls say they're a pack of young rascals, but it does your heart good to see them eat and grow fat. And Mrs. Macpherson never once grumbled when cook kept asking for more things from the garden.

Have you had anyone this summer? Was it a boy? Maybe you're like our Miss Brake, she said she wasn't strong enough to stand a



LAME JIMMY.

racket, but do you know she just had lots and lots of the nurses out to stay with her, and some babies' mothers, too, and she 'joyed it very much, she said.

If you haven't had any one just you get your mother to get you some, there are lots of them, Miss Young said, and they will be glad, for just out-doors and enough to eat, they don't need to be entertained, and you don't need to put on a party dress once less you want too for fun.



SUCH A SUMMER.

Religious News.

Says 'The Bible in the World':

The Bible Society depot in Jerusalem is well situated, and inscribed with bold lettering in several languages indicating that the Scriptures may be obtained within. Many visits are made by the pilgrims to the depot, and they show great interest in the purchases they make there. Last Easter, an attempt at colporteurage was made among these visitors,

who spend most of their time lingering about the precincts of the Russian and Greek churches and other sacred shrines of the city. Colporteur Segal was sent from Port Said to Jerusalem for this special work. He can speak 12 languages—Arabic, Bulgarian, Croatian, Dutch, English, French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Portuguese, Roumanian and Russian. For five weeks he went in and out among the pilgrims, offering the Word of Life. Over 730 volumes in various languages were sold during the period, and the pilgrims seemed to attach a special value to the precious Book which had been purchased in the Holy City.

The American Board's Marathi Mission, whose report of 1908 has just been issued, was started in 1813. The first founders spent five hours a day teaching a school for Hindus, and at the end of ten years had 26 schools. There are now more than 150 primary schools, with other schools leading up to the high schools of Ahmadnagar and Bombay. In the industrial schools girls are taught needlework, cloth-weaving, lace-making, fancy work, and general housework; and boys, basket-making, rug-weaving, cloth-weaving, carpentry, laundry work, typewriting, fitter's work, making of metal dishes, masonry, rope-making, gardening.

There seems to be a providence in the establishing of Methodism in Russia. Many Europeans have the conviction that the next great religious awakening is to come about in Russia. It was only a little over a year ago when Methodism was set up in St. Petersburg. Already services are conducted in Russian, Finnish, Swedish, Esthonian, German, and English. There have been many conversions and 4 young men have been sent to colleges in Germany and America. A Methodist Deaconess Home has been opened in the capital and the first Methodist church in Russia dedicated at Wirballen, with two others to follow soon. There are 10 congregations already established and a Russian 'Christian Advocate' launched.—The Christiansky Pobornik.

Work in Labrador.

AT HOME AMONG THE FISHERMEN.

When I returned after two months of teaching in a fishing settlement on the Straits of Belle Isle, I found that whenever the subject came up, everyone asked with curiosity about the everyday life in a Labrador fisherman's family. I have tried to answer some of the usual questions here, thinking that possibly this may help some prospective volunteer.

It soon became apparent that West St. Modiste was not as far out of the world as I had supposed. The mail was brought every week by the faithful steamship 'Home,' and it was so pleasant to receive such a large packet of letters at one time, that one is inclined to miss that arrangement now. There is also a land telegraph station. This was connected with a wireless station some miles distant, and it was a duty of the latter to communicate with the ocean liners which the operator often saw passing along the horizon.

The little cottage which became my home was a typical one. On the ground floor were three rooms, but the family spent most of their time in the roughly-finished kitchen at the back of the house. In front was a larger room used as a kitchen in winter. This was papered with bright, flowered paper, and a number of illuminated scripture texts were tacked on the walls. The floor was gay with small rag rugs, designed and made by the women themselves. Half of it was painted a bright orange. My hostess told me that they had bought the paint of a trader and then found that they had only half enough. The next year when his schooner came around, he had none to match it, and so there they were!

My tiny bedroom opened off the front room, and I was delighted to find everything so clean and comfortable. There was a good feather bed, which was made of the feathers of birds the men had shot, and one of the pillows was stuffed with deer's hair. The one pillow sham, which was embroidered in outline in red, bore the startling inscription, 'Will not slumber!' This seems to have been an abbreviation of Psalm cxxi., 3, adapted to the size of the material on which it was worked!

The family—father, mother, and five children—slept upstairs, and I never knew of a

window's being opened up there. At that time one of the daughters was at the Battle Harbor Hospital threatened with tuberculosis. Most of the people seemed to have some idea that fresh air is theoretically necessary, but it is difficult for them to get over old habits. One can understand why this is so, for, of course, in winter it is terribly cold, and in summer, though the thermometer averaged about seventy degrees in the middle of the day when I was there, there was usually a strong breeze which would make havoc in a room, while if the wind went down, mosquitoes appeared in exasperating numbers.

It somewhat shocked one's aesthetic taste to see hanging on the walls of the best room in some of the houses the motto, 'Do not spit. It spreads disease.' But I soon discovered the imperative need of something of the kind and of what an uplifting influence it was the result. More than once I went into kitchens where the floors looked as if they had never been scrubbed. The air was generally stifling, for every door and window would be tightly closed, though there was a hot fire in the stove and the perspiration dripped from the faces of the men who occupied the benches along the walls. As a matter of course these men all expectorated frequently on the floor; and this was in the room where the meals were cooked and eaten. But the house in which I lived was very different, and, indeed, many of the women were trying to prevent the spitting habit in their own homes.

Almost everyone I have met has inquired particularly about the food. My meals were served as I sat in solitary state at a side table in the front room. I suggested joining the family in the kitchen, but fancied they were more comfortable by themselves. The ordinary bill of fare for the three meals was tea or cocoa with condensed milk, delicious fresh cod or salmon or salt caplin, bread and butter, and occasionally jam and crackers; and for the Sunday dinner, baked beans, salt pork and a kind of boiled pudding. Fresh vegetables were very few and far between, and I remember that the only potatoes I saw were being prepared as a poultice to be applied to the exterior of a man suffering from scurvy! But it was always possible to order almost any variety of canned meat or vegetables or fruit by the 'Home.'

Wherever I went on the coast I met with the most generous hospitality. It was almost pathetic the way everyone offered to give me bottles of bakeapples when I left, that being the only thing they had to give. The latchstring is literally always out, for no one ever thinks of knocking before entering one of the houses. There is no necessity of 'making conversation' here, for if they feel like it the men and women sit around the room in perfectly comfortable silence for any length of time. Otherwise they leisurely discuss the number of quintals of fish that have been or are likely to be caught, or some rumor from the outside world that has been brought by a chance schooner or the mail steamer.

When anyone gets up to leave, these people have a delightful way of saying 'Time enough!' which almost makes one forget that there is such a thing as the 'strenuous life.'

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

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Received for the launch:—W. W. Allin, Sinaluta, Sask., \$15.00; Miss Cross, Norwich, \$5.00; Total \$ 20.00

Received for the cots:—'Grenfell' Sunday School Class, Canso, N.S. \$ 4.96
Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$ 473.73

Total on hand July 14 \$ 498.69

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.

NOTE.—As the Montreal Labrador Medical Association have now forwarded their last shipment to Labrador for this season, Miss Roddick asks that no further supplies be sent to her address, but that all now sending clothing, etc., shall forward direct, express prepaid, addressed either to Dr. Hare, Deep Sea Mission Hospital, Harrington Harbor, Canadian Labrador, or to Dr. Grenfell, care of W. Peters, Esq., St. John's, Nfld.