

to buy the "eats." He said that he would likely get enough cars from among the members of the church to take us to the lake, which lay just 50 miles east of Lacombe.

During the next day or two, we were very busy. I had to go and see several owners of tents, as to borrowing one, and, after a lot of trudging round blocks, found that I could only get one. I had to find another somewhere, so I went to the local harnessmaker who, I had been told, would be willing to rent his tent to us. Here I was successful, so that we were, at least, sure of our sleeping quarters.

It was on a Wednesday that we started out for the Lake. We were busy with examinations up till noon, and it was arranged that we should leave the church at one o'clock. It was nearer two, however, when we did start.

The minister called with his Ford and got the tents, which were placed in the rear of the car. When he called at the church, there was room for only one to travel with him, so I jumped in beside him; two other cars came up and picked up the rest of the crowd. Then we started off, stopping only at the store to pick up a huge box of provisions, which was loaded in our car on top of the tents. You can imagine what a funny procession we looked like, each car a mixture of boys and blankets, with a 22 rifle sticking out here and there—or perhaps a fishing pole.

And what a drive we had; over hill and down dale we went, gliding along the roads which were in excellent condition. From a hill, just before we went down into Mirror, we saw the great stretch of water, known as Buffalo Lake, gleaming in the afternoon sun.

At Mirror, we stopped to have a little refreshment, for we were now about halfway. Then, having received our directions, we continued on our way.

We had got just about a mile beyond Mirror, when a bundle dropped out of our car, and I had to get out and pick it up. This resulted in the second car taking the lead and proved a misfortune in more ways than one.

We had perhaps gone about 18 miles, when we came to a cross road. Going ahead meant going on to a sandy trail, difficult to get through with the auto. Consequently our

leader took the turn to the right, which brought us to Nevis, and incidentally added 20 miles to an already long trip.

At Nevis, on the little hill going down into the village, one of the cars had a blow out, and we had all to wait till it was repaired.

From then on, we traveled at a good speed, and finally reached the winding trail that leads from the high land around the lake down to the lake shore. We managed to navigate successfully this crooked trail, and found ourselves at the bottom of the hill on a sandy path lined on either side with summer cottages. Through this summer village, known as Rouchon Sands, we traveled on low gear, till we reached firmer ground around the point, which jutted out into the waters of the lake.

We soon had a splendid camping ground selected in a clearing by the shore, where we could have our morning dip a few steps away, and here the tents were soon set up.

But it was about nine o'clock before we were able to take a rest. We had taken seven hours to accomplish what could have been done in four, yet we were all in fine humor for a sing song, and, as the sun was bathing the waters of the lake in crimson and gold, we broke loose, and this began a series of as fine evenings as we've ever had before or since.

Lacombe, Alta.



A Class of Willing Workers

By Mrs. R. B. Ledingham

A year ago last March, the Adult Bible Class of the Presbyterian Sunday School, Bethune, Sask., was divided, and a new class, composed of the Senior teen age girls was thus formed. This class, the Willing Workers, became an organized one, with a membership of over 20.

While a careful and thorough study of the Sabbath School lesson is the principal activity of the class, we also hold two midweek meetings each month at which other work is undertaken.

Our first midweek meeting of the month is a missionary one, following the form of meeting and course of study suggested by