

BANFF.



TWELVE hundred miles from Owen Sound to Calgary! After a long journey on the C.P.R. through a wilderness—Winnipeg, a city but of yesterday, but as much the Chicago of the west as its thirty thousand enterprising citizens can make it. Then from Winnipeg, prairie, prairie, prairie! Monotonous prairie, land and sky meeting wherever the eye reaches, all level like the sea when no passing storm disturbs it—monotonous except for the infinitude of wild flowers; and the gophers and foxes which rush away from the passing train; the occasional Indian, bare-headed, painted, feathered, galloping in blanket and moccasins upon his pony; or a mounted policeman flashing his gay uniform in the sun. Eight hundred miles of this prairie and then Calgary, and with it a change of scenery. For many hours the distant hills are in sight, and from Calgary—a neat, busy little town, the see city of the diocese which bears its name, as yet connected with Saskatchewan, but eagerly awaiting money enough to be set apart by itself—the precincts of the Rocky Mountains appear. And what a change is here from the long, long stretch of prairie! High, jagged mountains rearing their hoary peaks towards heaven! Under the shadow of these mountains, where the Bow River makes its way out to flow along the plain, is Banff, now a favorite watering place, and from it is seen Cascade Mountain, rising in perpendicular height, almost to the extent of a mile, from a valley which is itself five thousand feet above the level of the sea! What noble thoughts of creation come to the mind when face to face with this!

"Great and marvellous are thy

Captain of her salvation, press on to the conflict, gird herself to the work, and win. When self-love and self-indulgence give way before the consuming flame of devotion to One who has given Himself for us, and those for whom He died, we shall receive power to sweep the earth as with a conflagration. Then as the "Light of Asia" fades, the "Light of the World" will arise in glory upon the Empire of Japan.

LET us vigorously examine our own faults, and leave the faults of others to be judged by God.

works, Lord God Almighty. In wisdom hast thou made them all. Who would not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"

Within three miles, along a good smooth road of easy grade, are the famous "Hot Springs"—hot enough as they rush from their large reservoir to make it an act of considerable courage to endure them. When the bath is over, the skin is red like the shell of a cooked lobster. Here are bathing houses of much architectural beauty. Here the cripple is supposed to leave behind his crutch and the