

ing of the superintendent, even if I could. It is much easier to write a long article than a short one. Let me say, however, that a superintendent must superintend: he is not to be a fly on the wheel, or a mere cog in the machine. He is like a department store manager, and should be able to select his managers or in other words, his teachers, and through them and beyond them, to lead the School up to the highest and best things.

Vigilance is a cardinal quality in the superintendent. Let him WATCH, and in that connection, let me put at least five of his qualities, acrostically, in this word WATCH:

W—for words, let him be a man of expression, something more than a mere utterer of pious phrases.

A—for acts, let him be a “doer of the word.”

T—for thoughts, let him be one who thinks, not a “visionary,” but let him see the vision and be therefore a seer.

C—for cooperation, let him do team-work with his teachers, be the anchor man in the great tug-of-war with the world, the flesh and the devil.

H—for heart, let him be a man of sympathy, and not only a speaker, a doer, and a thinker.

“Better to have a poet’s heart than brain,
Feeling than song; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God’s making.”

Moreover, let him remember that the Sabbath School is not a children’s club, but organized to “spread the tidings,” first and foremost for the children to be saved, and then with a mighty emphasis to teach them, to be saviors, in a word, to be missionary in principle, power, purpose, and performance.

I would have all the Sabbath School collections paid over for missions and let the congregation support the School financially. Thus a genuine missionary spirit would be generated and sustained. Above all, beyond all, and through all, let all the School organization and machinery be incarnated by God’s Holy Spirit. As Ezekiel puts it in his vision, “for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels,” and then the wheels will neither clog, nor drag nor skid into mere worldliness and secularities.

Toronto

Thirty-two and Three

BY REV. WILLIAM SHEARER, B.A.

Early one Saturday morning, two years ago, I was met at the railway station of the town of P— by Mr. A—, a retired farmer, and faithful elder of our church in that place. By previous arrangement he had promised to drive me to our farthest west mission field, a scattered settlement, just on this side of the foothills.

The day was perfect, the trail good most of the way, and the horses fresh. All morning we traveled through level, well settled country. Some of the homesteaders were from eastern Canada, but the great majority were from the United States. We passed several schoolhouses, in nearly all of which one of our students conducts services on the Lord’s Day. Very few of the people are Presbyterians. At least a half-a-dozen denominations are represented, but with the exception of the Seventh Day Adventists, who are numerous and aggressive, they all appreciate and support our mission.

The only thing to mar the pleasure of our trip was the sight of so much destroyed crops. Only a few days before every one was looking forward with glad anticipation to an unusually bountiful harvest. But one afternoon an ominous cloud with black sloping streaks, reaching to the earth, appeared in the northwest and before long, thousands of acres of

fine wheat were so cut up and beaten into the ground that the fields looked as though they had been already harvested.

At noon we reached the farmhouse of a Roman Catholic, who treated us most hospitably. On resuming our journey we found we had to travel over much rougher country, with many muskegs and patches of forest. In fact, so bad was the road that had not my teamster been a man of long experience we would never have reached our destination.

Our host for the night was an Ontario Highlander who came out to this country thirty years ago as a rancher. His home was built on the top of a high hill and commanded a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Early on Sunday morning he hitched to a lumber waggon and drove to the schoolhouse with all his children, we following. We were the first arrivals. Shortly afterwards our missionary student rode up on his broncho, clad in schaps or riding breeches, and wearing spurs. He had ridden twelve miles. Then the congregation began to gather. From every direction they came, but they were all children. With the exception of a few who walked they were mounted on ponies, sometimes two or three, and in one case, for on a pony. They were almost all Swedes or Norwegians. They averaged in age from four to