



### My Vacation

BY REV. R. O. ARMSTRONG, M.A., WINNIPEG, MAN.

**M**y vacation was spent in travelling across Western Canada from Winnipeg to Vancouver Island. The object I held in view beside having a restful change, was to see, hear, and learn more about the resources and possibilities of my own country.

A conversation I overheard on the train was the first thing that specially attracted my attention. One speaker was from the Peace River country, the other was from the United States. The former was talking energetically about prospects 300 miles north of Edmonton, "Five hundred miles north of Edmonton," echoed the astonished American, "why that would be a thousand miles from the boundary!" We used to think the northern part of the States almost too cold to live in.

"Yes," continued the Peace River man, "the possibilities of that country up there it is not—hesitating for a word—possible to imagine. We have room for millions of people, but they must work. It is no place for idlers."

The listeners were impressed, some remarking with emphasis that idlers were of no use anywhere. "I tell you what," said the Winnipeg man, "we've got too many of that kind in our city." The Edmonton man declared he had seen hundreds of them sitting around the barrooms in his town "looking for work" and praying to heaven that they might not find it.

The vast treeless prairie of Western Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta made a deep impression on me. Every aspect of the situation seemed depressing. For animal life we saw at one point three lean coyotes gazing at our train with a wild, puzzled look.

Again, we saw a solitary looking man walking leisurely across the waste. Not having any facts to work on, we let our fancies play on his case and eventually decided that he must be a bachelor because his sleeves were out at the elbows!

There was something in the way this man walked that revealed the mighty secret of the country. Great resources lie hidden beneath the surface. The whole land awaits but the magic touch of human genius and industry. That man stood up as if he were conscious of this.

"I asked of your impression of Canada?"

I asked of a fellow traveller in clerical dress, who hailed from England, and whose conversation had an imperialistic flavor about it. He said he had heard of men who could tell all about a country after being in it two or three weeks, but he could not do it. "However," he added, "I am deeply interested in all I see, and especially in the West. Your young men have an air of independence about them which promises great things for the future of this country. Canada will develop a new race of people. The best traits of the British civilization will be conserved here."

Our National Park at the threshold of the mountains next demands attention. Canadians need to know more about the exceptional opportunities offered by their own country in the way of a national recreation ground.

The mountains are wonderful. The spell of their presence grows on one. They appeal to the mind, the heart, and most of all to the imagination. Their

majesty humbles us. They enjoin on us to offer the Almighty, even as they, our tribute of reverence, self-control and nobility.

At Banff the drives affording superb views of mountain scenery, the buffalo paddocks, and the hot sulphur springs are the chief attractions.

All wonders, previously seen are surpassed by a glimpse in the morning hours of the incomparable Lake Louise at Laggan, the turquoise surface shimmers into a dozen or more shades of color while we stand gazing upon it. Mighty mountains and glistening glaciers around add greater glory to a scene already indescribable.

At Laggan I had my first experience in plain mountain climbing. We had climbed 6,875 feet to the "Lake in the Clouds." The top of Mt. Piran, 8,600 feet high, looked so near that a few of us decided to go to the summit; but the which we thought would take moments took hours.

Our reward in the enlarged view of snow-capped peaks, glaciers, valleys, gorges and rivers was great. Thirty-five miles away, dimly discernible on the horizon, was Lake Hector, the source of the Bow River, the stream that carries so much fruitfulness to Alberta.

Beyond the National Park the wonders seem to increase rather than diminish. Each new view point opens up scenes of greater grandeur and beauty.

Every mile of the railroad is a work of the highest engineering skill. The glory or the gloom of the mountains falls across our track as we speed along.

Through the passes we see traces of snow slides that have carried tragedies in their wake. Down the Fraser Canyon we see traces of the old foot and pony trail skirting dizzily on the precipices and slopes above the foaming floods. The men who had the courage to tread those trails were the men who laid the foundations for an empire.

Great things abound everywhere along the journey, great mountains, glaciers, canyons, rivers, trees; great fisheries, great fruitfulness, great mills, great mines, great towns, great prospects and great problems. An American Bishop said that the only way to tell the truth about California was to lie about it. This anomalous figure of speech might also be used in British Columbia.

The Province is a rare land of promise. Perhaps no Province in Canada offers such inducements for men of ability, integrity and ambition. Leaders are wanted at all points of the compass to explore new territory and to direct new industries.

At Vancouver the commerce of the Pacific carries one's thoughts away to the nations of the Oriental world and raises the question of the future supremacy among the races.

At Victoria I heard the leaders of Canadian Discernment in General Conference discussing ways and means of making Canada a righteous nation, apart from which it cannot endure.

I reached my home again in due time, much refreshed in every way by the change, and much inspired by what I had seen for the strenuous work of life. I came away cherishing a greater pride in our own Canadian land and its people; also, for the great Empire that fostered it, and of which it will henceforth form a distinguished part.

### District Sunday School Work

In various sections our District S. S. Secretaries are applying themselves diligently to the promotion of the work under their care. The alert secretary of the Peterboro District is well to the front, as the following letter to all Superintendents in his territory shows. Every District Secretary might do some such work and results will certainly show progress and growth.

Millbrook, Dec. 20th, 1910.

Dear Bro.—The Sunday School Secretaries held in Peterboro, on Dec. 13th, and Millbrook, Dec. 13th, were a real feast of good things to those present. Growing out of the discussion were resolutions, the first of which in thought ought to be immediately placed before the board of management of every Sunday School in the District. Will you call at the earliest possible date your committee of management and present to them the subjoined resolutions with a view to their adoption in your school. I will be the result of the same to me not later than February 1st, 1911.

Yours in the service,

W. P. ROGERS,

S. S. Sec., Peterboro Dist.

Resolutions adopted by the Sunday School Institute:

- (1) That a Cradle Roll be organized in connection with every Sunday School.
- (2) That an attempt be made to organize at least one Adult Bible Class in each school.
- (3) That we believe the Home Department in the Sunday Schools and our Sunday School work (there being but four in the district), and that we believe such an organization practicable in every School.
- (4) That greater attention be paid to Evangelizing in the Sunday Schools and wherever possible Decision Day be observed. (There were only 124 who united with the church from the S. S. on this district last year).
- (5) That whereas there are but two Teachers Training Classes in the district and whereas it is most desirable to have a trained staff of teachers in each School, that Teachers Training Class be organized wherever practicable.
- (6) That more attention be paid to Grading in the Schools and a regular Promotion Day be observed at least annually.
- (7) That the Discipline be observed re holding of a meeting of the Board of Management at least once in each quarter.
- (8) That every school be kept open the whole year.
- (9) That the Annual District Meeting arrange for the observance in the District of a Sunday to be known as "District Sunday School Day," when the pupils shall be filled as far as possible by laymen and sermons in the interest of our Sunday School work be preached, and that the Committee to have the arrangement in charge be the District Chairman and Sunday School Secretary, and two laymen, to be appointed by the district meeting.
- (10) That the Forward Movement for Missions be organized in every local Sunday School.

### Brighton District

The annual Epworth League Convention was held in Hilton Methodist Church.

There were three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening, all of which were well attended. The principal speaker of the day was Rev. F. L. Farewell, Field Secretary of the General Board of Missions. His address was on practical League work, and contained many good suggestions for the future of the League. At night his subject was "Our World-wide Purpose in Life."

Other speakers were Rev. W. H. Buckler, Hilton; Rev. John R. Butler, Wooler; C. A. Lipp, Brighton; Rev. S. C. Moore, Trenton; Wm. M. C. Cochrane, Edville; (2) Miss Lurline Cochrane, Edville, and the Secretary, H. N. F. Lawson, Brighton.

A paper on the subject, "Social—to save," written by Miss Olive Johnson, of Frankford, and read by Miss Florence Thorne, Hilton, caused much favorable comment.

The newly-elected officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Rev. George Brown, Colborne; President, Burton Philip, Hilton; Vice-Presidents (1) Wallace Cochrane, Edville, (2) Miss Lurline Cochrane, Edville; (3) Miss Olive Johnston, Frankford; (4) V. A. McIntosh, Brighton; (5) Mrs. C. A. Ireland, Trenton; Secretary, Treasurer, Harry N. P. Lawson, Brighton; Conference Rep., Rev. John P. Butler, Wooler.