

behold the spectacle of parents and children sitting side by side in church, and together studying the Scriptures and the authoritative documents of the Church at home. This is a far finer way of training the young than the work of the best Sunday School.

All this will probably be conceded by the most ardent advocates of the Sunday School system. But they, on their part, may fairly urge that, in the absence of such an ideal state of things, the necessity of the Sunday School becomes apparent, as the only means by which the rising generation can be taught the truths of the Gospel and be trained in the faith of the Church. Those who disparage the Sunday School may fairly be asked to say what they could put in its place; and we believe that clergymen who have the largest experience in the preparation of candidates for confirmation will testify that the best prepared among them were those who had been taught at a good Sunday School.

The recent special services and meetings held throughout the whole Anglican Communion will have directed fresh attention to this great subject; and it may be well that a few remarks should be offered which may tend to confirm the impressions produced.

At the meeting held at S. James's school house under the presidency of Canon Du Moulin, addresses were delivered, which, however, have been so poorly reported in the newspapers that we cannot gather much of their contents. Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bland, however, seem to have insisted principally upon the spiritual qualification for the work of teaching. We should remember, said the former, the importance of the truth to be taught, the value of the souls entrusted to us, our absolute dependence on God, and our duty to our own Church. These suggestions are admirable, and must be at the basis of all true Sunday School work.

Yes, here as everywhere, it is lukewarmness that is destroying the work of the Church. Wherever there is love and consuming zeal, the spirit of true sacrifice, there God's work will be done, in the pulpit, in the pew, in the school, in the home. But this zeal will be kept alive and quickened by thoughtful, careful, earnest work. And it will be the business of the clergyman or the superintendent, or of both, to see that the instruments which are ready to their hand are made the most of.

Other things being equal—or indeed unequal—it is the superintendent who makes the school. He has or has not the gift of being able to preserve order without undue severity and to beget in the children the spirit of willing obedience. This, it may be said, is a great deal to ask for. But then it is a great work which has to be done; and men who give their heart and mind to it may accomplish a great deal. It is a mistake to imagine that these powers are all gifts, natural or spiritual, and cannot be acquired by those who are not thus endowed. We recognize fully the differences which exist in those endowments; but we also believe that most men may acquire a large measure of the power of which we speak by attention, carefulness, self-denial, self-discipline. It is quite true that government is a gift. But a kindly, humble, self-denying man, who remembers the greatness of his work and is willing to deny himself and work hard, will hardly fail to attain to some degree of excellence in this department.

Certain things may at least be done by the superintendent. He can be rigorously punctual in his own attendance; watchful over the classes and their teachers; careful, as far as possible, that

every class shall have its teacher; careful, when it can be done, that a substitute shall be provided for an absent teacher; watchful over the order of the school, endeavouring to prevent the noise in one class from hindering the work in another.

There can be no doubt that a class for the benefit of the teachers, meeting once or twice a month, or even once a week where that may be practicable, is of the greatest utility. Where such a class is held the clergyman should take the greatest care to prepare the work for the teachers, just as though it was a sermon, only that the preparation should have special reference to the work in the Sunday School. Here again the great need is a real interest in the work, and a carefulness and concentration of attention are the chief requisites; and they are not too much to require of a clergyman who knows the importance of this work.

If we add to this that meetings of a social character held in the rectory house or in the school-room, under the presidency of the clergyman, might be very useful, we have touched upon the principal duties of the minister and the superintendent. We have, indeed, but touched upon them. But how many of our Sunday Schools would be affected for the better, if some of these simple hints could be adopted!

We have said that the influence of the superintendent is very great. But no superintendent can do the work without assistants; and good teachers will accomplish much in spite of a defective oversight of the school. On the duties of teachers we cannot now dwell at length. Perhaps we may, before long, take up the whole subject in detail. We will now only add a word or two. Let us picture to ourselves teachers loving Christ and loving the dear young souls entrusted to their care, self-denyingly and prayerfully careful in the preparation of their class work, always punctual in their attendance, showing a personal interest in every member of their classes, displaying firmness and gentleness combined in their tone and management—let us picture such a state of things, and how great blessings from God would descend upon our Sunday Schools!

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. RURAL DEAN LANGTRY, D.C.L.

As it dawned towards the morning of the second day after we left Winnipeg, we were entering the Gap of the Rocky Mountains. There they stood in the grey dawn all around us and before us, the grey rocky piles, serrated, majestic, sublime, peak after peak running up into the clear morning sky—vying as it were with each other as to which should first catch the rays of the rising sun. No one who has ever looked upon that glorious vision of the opening day as the sun falls upon those crested, snow-crowned heights, will ever forget it. It is a vision of majesty and of beauty. As we ran up the narrow valley of the Bow River, every curve in the line brought fresh vistas of mountain peaks rising one above another—their sides clad far up with the green forests, and their peaks bald grey rock or gleaming snow. But I must stop. It would take not only pages but volumes to describe in detail the ever varying beauty and sublimity of that mountain journey. It is quite impossible for one who has not passed through it to comprehend what it means—neither pen nor pencil can convey to the mind any adequate idea of the reality. It is overwhelming in its greatness. Think of journeying for six hundred miles through unceasing mountain scenery. We entered the gap at grey

daylight on Friday morning; then all that day and all that night, and all the next day till two o'clock in the afternoon, we were in the mountains—going, I should say, up hill and down, at a fair average railway speed, and no five minutes of the journey without new scenes and beauties breaking upon the vision. It will be easily understood that when at last we reached the Pacific coast a blurred and indistinct impression of that mountain glory was left upon the mind, and that we felt that we really needed to go back through it all again in order to be able to carry away with us any detailed conception of what we had seen. We had several experienced travellers with us, many of whom had seen all that was grand and beautiful in the mountain scenery of Europe and America. And with one voice they declared that nowhere in the world was there crowded into the same space so much of variety, sublimity and beauty as on this journey. I have passed through the Alps twice; I have seen the Appennines from Genoa to Naples—each has its own beauty; I have thought nothing could ever approach the grandeur and the glory of those hoary mountains. And in historic interests, in cultured valleys, in charming villages and perching chalets, nothing can; but in the wild, the weird, the majestic, the varied, the sublime, they are away behind the Rockies and the Selkirks. An American gentleman sitting near us said he was familiar with all the American roads to the Pacific coast, and that none of them were to be compared with this in variety or grandeur or beauty.

But to come to details, I can only speak of a few of the places of interest on the way. Banff, which is reached after about an hour and a half's journey up the narrow valley of the Bow River, is well known to fame. It is the name of a mountain park, 10 by 26 miles in dimensions. Its hot sulphur springs are widely known for their medicinal properties. A large hotel and sanitarium with several boarding houses have been erected, and are generally thronged with patients seeking relief from rheumatic and nervous complaints; good roads and bridle paths have been made in many directions. Mountains rising to the height of ten thousand feet overhang the valley, and picturesque views of great variety break upon those who ride or walk through its shady groves. Trout of extraordinary size; wild sheep and mountain goats are said to abound in the neighbourhood. The track runs for a long way up the narrow valley of the Bow River, the mountains on each side become exceedingly grand and prominent, and the traveller is struck with the steepness of the ascent by which the train climbs up to the summit of the Rockies. Here we attain an altitude of 5,800 feet, and still the mountain peaks around rise to the height of six or seven thousand feet above the valley in which we are running. From this point the road descends with a rapidity that is appalling; the scenery is sublime and terrible. Crossing the Wapta, or Kicking-horse River, the line clings to the mountain side at the left, and the valley on the right rapidly deepens until the rushing, foaming river is seen like a gleaming thread a thousand feet below. Looking to the north one of the grandest mountain valleys in the world stretches away in the distance, with great white glacier peaks on either side. Ahead Mount Field is seen, and on the left Mt. Stephen breaks upon the view with its green glacier 800 feet thick, rising 8,000 feet above the valley. At the foot of this mountain there is a charmingly situated little hotel where the train stops for refreshments. Most of the time allowed for the meals both going and coming was consumed in waiting for the waiters,