

Boys and Girls

THE QUARREL.

The sun and rain, one April day,
Began to quarrel while at play.
The sun, with haughty air, declared
His playmate could quite well be spared,
Since he alone made day and night
And gave the whole world life and light.

The rain replied, with darkening brow,
She guessed he'd soon find out, so now!

And bursting into tears, she cried,
No longer near him would she bide:
No longer together should they play;
She'd go her own and he his way.

And so the sun sped to the South
And shone so fierce there came a drouth;

All plant life withered as if cursed,
The animals soon fled from thirst;
And then at last the sun, amazed,
Only on death and desert gazed.

The rain sped North with bitter tears,
Which fell upon the land so fierce
The verdant plain became a flood,
The grass roots buried under mud;

And all the land, ill-smelling, spread
A stagnant graveyard of the dead.
Then nature called the erring two,
And where they kissed a rainbow grew;

She sang to them a loving tune,
Then took them out to play in June,
And showed them how the two together
It always took to make fair weather.

—Ex.

THE SHABBY PICNIC.

"Didn't you have a good time at the picnic?" asked Aunt Mary when Gertrude came home very quiet and thoughtful. I heard the children laughing and thought they were enjoying themselves as I drove past the grove, but you do not look very happy."

"There were only three girls there in black shoes and I was one of them," burst out Gertrude. "All the rest looked lovely with white slippers, and I couldn't play at all because my black shoes showed so much. I just despise black shoes," and she looked scornfully at the shining slippers tied with pretty bows.

"But, my dear, your mamma thought she could not afford to buy you a pair of white ones this summer. The ones you are wearing will do till late in the fall, while white ones are only for very warm weather or parties. You are wrong to let the thought of what you wore keep you from having a good time. Lots of children would enjoy a picnic where they could wear their old clothes."

"I wouldn't," said Gertrude, decidedly. "I don't believe anybody would come if you wanted them where they could wear their old clothes."

Just then some little girls came to see Gertrude, so no more was said about the picnic at that time. When the next picnic was given Gertrude begged to stay at home; but when grandma found out the reason she gave her grand-daughter a pair of lovely white slippers, so the despised black ones had to remain in the closet at home while the new ones went to the party.

"Are you going to the picnic next Saturday afternoon, Gertrude?" asked a new scholar after the children had all started to school and vacation was over. "Mrs. Reeder asked me this morning, and I think it will be such fun."

"Of course she's going," laughed the other girls. "Mrs. Reeder is her Aunt Mary."

"She won't tell where the picnic is to be, and all I can find out is that we are to wear our oldest things," said Gertrude. "I am afraid we won't have a good time after all the nice picnics we had in the grove this summer."

But when Saturday came all the boys and girls Aunt Mary had asked were in the front at 1 o'clock, and that lady came out to inspect them.

"Freddy, you will have to run home for older shoes," she said, "and Mattie must leave that nice white apron at home."

"My old shoes have the toes out," said Freddy, "and I had to wear my new ones."

"We can't have anyone in new shoes," said Mrs. Reeder, quickly. "This is to be a shabby picnic."

Away Freddy scampered, and presently a big hay wagon drove up and took all the children out to the country, where there were lots of hickory and walnut trees. There were old hats and dresses, torn shoes, patched trousers, and old jackets, instead of lovely party dresses and new suits but everyone was as jolly as possible long before the big trees were reached.

"My! but I'm glad Mrs. Reeder made me put on these shoes," said Freddy, as they scrambled under the trees for the clean, white nuts, or pounded off the thick skin of the walnut. "I wouldn't have had a good time at all in my new ones."

"Look at my dress!" said Gertrude, showing two brown spots where she had knelt on the soft soil. "I'm glad mamma wouldn't let me wear my school dress."

They worked very hard to fill the baskets and pails and sacks Aunt Mary had brought, and it was late before they could be persuaded to stop for lunch. The jays and squirrels scolded overhead, but the merry children rattled the pails and called to the squirrels that they would have to hunt other trees to lay in their supplies for the winter. Then they washed their hands in the brook and ate the good things out of the big hamper.

"Isn't it lovely to sit right on the ground and not to worry about your clothes?" said one little girl as she ate chicken and bread and butter. "We never can have anything but sandwiches when we wear our good clothes for fear something spills. I'm tired of just sandwiches and cake, and I think this supper is too lovely for anything."

"It's lovely because nobody's telling you to be careful all the time," said a boy. "This is the best picnic I ever went to."

"We can all say that," said a little girl, soberly. "I always have to be so careful of my white shoes that it's fun just to have on your very oldest ones and have a good time."

"Well, what do you think of the shabby picnic, Gertrude?" asked Aunt Mary when the big wagon rattled away from the gate and all the children started home in the twilight with brown hands carrying baskets of nuts.


"It was the very best we ever had, and all winter we'll think of it when we crack the nuts. I'm sorry I said I couldn't have a good time in old clothes, for it has been perfectly splendid," said Gertrude. "Let's have a shabby picnic every year."—Intelligencer.

BIRTH


RENISON—At the Rectory, Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, on Sunday, August 26th, to Rev. Dr. R. J. and Mrs. Renison, a Son.

MARRIAGE

FRICKER—SHIELDS—On August 7th, at Asheville, N. C., Margaret, daughter of J. W. Shields, to Rev. Herbert Victor Fricker, Curate of St. Augustine's Church, Toronto, Ont.



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and ways in the s the things in comes out, as with the Lord's dness and self- hat make ninety- e path of oppor- character and right e Holy One who ven Himself for glorified by the recollection of od of the Cross; spared not it- that it means to and to be found rist. When day nd week, year by tly and mightily the obligation of hat is holiness.

EAT THEME.
as we close, one is great debt. I know it—that it Shall we ever in e end of obliga- ver be a day in deemed will feel lived out their ving? Will the life, "Worthy is slain," even be her theme? No, possessed and en- light will always e Sacrifice of the deepen the sense pt. Yes, but then ing paid, and the aid us under the ys be getting the paying by the lov- to Him. And we to it. How? Be- us of His Spirit, to us Himself. We our Lord. Having the unsearchable he fulness of the r the life which I describe, in which rified by grace, by an's manifest re- not his own, that o love and to serve.

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