

structure to accommodate the large and growing school.

The number of scholars on the roll last year was 420, the average attendance 301; number of officers and teachers, 48, with an average attendance of 39. The money raised by the school for all purposes was \$385.34.

Mr. W. J. Kerr is the superintendent, and Mr. W. E. Cook is assistant superintendent. The secretaries are Messrs. W. H. Kerr and A. W. Heath; the librarians, Messrs. G. S. Kerr, Geo. Lamplough and Albert Smith. Mr. J. Gould is treasurer.

The Superintendent says he frequently receives letters from former members, expressing their affection for the old school. One writing from Texas recently enclosed \$10 for the funds of the school. An institution should not be judged by numbers alone, but this one seems to have other elements of growth and prosperity.—*The Templar.*

### ITEMS.

Who wouldn't be an Uncle?

This town is hardly big enough for one of our prominent Sabbath-school teachers.

Mr. VanWyck has taken a short holiday, when we hope he will get the rest which he so much needed.

We would especially commend Roy VanWyck for his success at the recent examinations, he having come out second in a large class.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Manning, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Manning to our midst, and extend to her our hearty good wishes.

Mr. & Mrs. R. L. White and Miss F. Lounsbury have been visiting friends in Sarnia for the past few weeks. We hope to see them back again soon in their accustomed places, much benefited by their outing.

We are much pleased, the members of the choir especially, to note the safe return of Miss F. Dame, who has been visiting in New York and Rochester for some weeks.

Those who attended the Picnic missed the smiling countenance and elastic tread of a prominent member of the Games Committee. At that time he was enjoying a much smaller but more characteristic picnic on the shores of the River St. Clair.

Mr. Fallis, who is to take our pastor's place while he is away, is known to us all, and will receive a hearty welcome. We have no doubt, but that he will be so well treated that he will not want to leave us.

Our Sunday-school scholars have been distinguishing themselves at the Collegiate this summer. Their standing in the examinations has been a delight to us. The successful ones were—Roy VanWyck, Daniel Kappele, Adda Smith, Gertie Henry, Marshal Lounsbury and Bertram Dean.

There was weeping and wailing, but withal, much good feeling, down at the G. T. R. Station on Wednesday evening. Many of Hamilton's choicest young people started for New York, to attend the great C. E. Convention. From the depth of feeling displayed in the leave-taking, a disinterested onlooker might have thought that we expected never to see our friends again. We think, however, that the sorrow arose mainly from pitying ourselves because we could not go too.

Our talented young choir master had a narrow escape from being *unmanned* at the last night of the "Big Sing," by the ovation received from his chorus after he had endeavored, but failed, to express his gratitude for their earnest and strict adherence to his instructions, and the efficient work done. He said, "I am proud of you." Mr. Robinson can rest assured there are none more pleased at the success achieved than that same chorus, and join in congratulating him on being the director of the largest and best musical event yet held in this city.

### Might Have Been Serious.

Our Sunday-school Picnic passed off very smoothly and successfully with the exception of one instance. It appears some lady was sitting on a bench with her two children, who looked so demure no one would suspect they were at a picnic, until the mother had occasion to leave them for a few minutes, when heart-rending shrieks were heard throughout the grounds. All games were suspended and even the tea-tables deserted, every body rushing to find out the cause of this sudden interruption. An appalling sight met the gaze of all present. Those two innocent children, in some unaccountable manner, had succeeded in up-setting the bench, and there they were lying in a confused heap on the ground. Friendly hands soon extricated them from their perilous position when peace and quietness once more reigned supreme.

### Sunday-school Picnic.

Our Sunday-school Picnic this year passed off very pleasantly. There were many more of the parents and friends there than on any former occasion of the kind. The day passed away giving pleasure to all. The interest displayed in the games was very gratifying to the committee in charge. With the exception of a few slight drawbacks, which will be avoided next time, everything went along merrily, and we hope next year to see many more join us and spend a pleasant time. Much of the success and pleasure of the Picnic was due to the indefatigable efforts of Messrs. VanWyck, Cummer, Hazel, McIlroy and Baker, who deserve all praise.

### Do Your Best.

There is a fable told about a king's garden, in which the trees and all the flowers began to make complaint. The oak was sad because it did not bear flowers; the rose-bush was sad because it could not bear fruit; the vine was sad because it had to cling to the wall and could cast no shadow. "I am not the least use in the world," said the oak. "I might as well die, since I yield no fruit," said the rose-bush. "What good can I do," said the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which held up its glad, fresh face, while all the rest were sad. And the king said: "What makes you so glad, when all the rest pine and are so sad?" "I thought," said the pansy, "that you wanted me here, because here you planted me, and so I made up my mind that I would try and be the best little pansy that could be."

Let us all try to do our best in the little spot where God's hand has placed us.