

For there is great and higher work
By someone to be done,
And if it is us, don't ever shrink,
But let it be begun.

Our faith and strength may seem too weak,
For the great work to do,
Yet if from God our help we seek,
He will surely lead us through.

Sorrows and trials we shall see,
For they visit great and small,
Yet as our day, our strength shall be,
And we will safely pass them all.

For if our hopes are placed on God,
And we bow unto His will,
He will give us strength to bear the rod,
And will whisper, "Peace be still."

"THE OLIO."

Read at the last Olio of the season, 3rd mo. 24th, 1893.

As we gather to enjoy the twilight of this Olio season, let us pause for a moment, and, looking backward o'er the past, see its fruits of good or evil.

Seventeen years ago, one faithful, trusting, Christian worker, vocalized her beautiful thought that a few young folk might occasionally gather together and find evenings spent in reading aloud, and speaking in the presence of an audience, very helpful and instructive to them, developing their minds as their physical natures grow into maturity. What a contrast can be drawn between that small group of thirteen boys and girls, unschooled in public reading and speaking, and the throng of nearly 100 lads and lasses here to-night for the same noble purposes—to be instructed and instruct.

Can we not also favorably compare these the first and present Olios? Have not the members the same thrilling interests, the same strong desire for the welfare and advance of our circles? Are we not to-night being instructed and drilled for our own present and future good as that faithful little band of the first Olio?

It was, indeed, they, who sowed the seed, which has proven good, and it surely fell upon good soil, upon the minds of those who hungered and thirsted for such knowledge as they found the Olio afforded them.

That precious seed has brought forth fruit an hundred fold, and to-day we see a large field ripe and ready for harvesting.

A few of the builders of our Olio still remain active and zealous members. Others have gone abroad, cherishing with them much they cherish, knowledge found in their Olio. For they all gladly acknowledge the instruction they gained, when as awkward, backward children, they first entered what they deem their school of learning.

One by one the little ones step into our ranks, always bearing their parents' earnest testimony—Go, but always take a part.

Taking a part in the Olio is not the sole thought of our young folk, but they deeply feel it must be a good part. Careful thought and caution is necessary in selecting pieces: for the reader feels uncomfortable, and ashamed to present to such a group as the Olio members anything degrading or simple. Mirth is necessary, indeed, but let us carefully classify it. Let it be harmless and elevating in its glee.

Our Olio has a sweet reflection from its past labors and results. Tares were sometimes found among the good seed, but these were cast out by careful hands and the good left to do its noble work.

Now the golden future is before us. We stand on a firm foundation and need but to cultivate and train our own minds so that they may be ready and willing to receive the good thoughts given. Let us be anxious to receive all instruction we can, and each do our little part to impart good and useful knowledge to others.

The Olio is still in its childhood, we have it to train and its character to mould. Let us do it with all consciousness of heart that we long and work for the very best interests of our Olio.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

ARLETTA CUTLER, Coldstream.