

of far greater importance that the state of society they portrayed should be true in reality, than that it should so appear upon paper. He dwelt upon the necessity that we bridle the tongue lest by its unguarded and evil use we do great and irreparable injury to others. His remarks were pertinent, practical, and altogether seasonable.

The meeting closed with a feeling of deep thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the privilege of mingling together both spiritually and socially, so strengthening the bond of true Christian fellowship.

ALBERTA WEBSTER.

OUR PICNIC.

And what I mean by *our* picnic is of course the one that for three years has been held by the Lobo and Arkona First-day Schools.

The two Meetings are about twenty miles apart and each having a First-day School, and each wanting a picnic, we conceived the idea of meeting together somewhere. We found a very desirable grove of stately maples, midway, which, for convenience, I will for the present call "Quaker Grove." So for three years, as near "Dominion Day" as we conveniently could, we have gathered the little ones and the older ones together from each school and have met at Quaker Grove. Dominion Day is the "First of July," and since 1867 has been celebrated as the birth-day of our new nationality, "the Dominion of Canada," by which we became the peaceable possessors of half a continent. The morning of the First, this year, found our neighborhood early awake with the little ones trying to rub their eyes open and crawling out of their little beds much too early for ordinary times, but with a determination not to be left out of the day's enjoyment. With what eagerness the little ones look forward to the pleasures of the picnic day, and especially those to whom it is the one day in the year devoted to such enjoyment.

And then the anxiety in the minds of the little ones about the weather—"What if it rains?" "I wonder if it will rain!" For little ones have their troubles, too, and I suppose these help to strengthen, round out, and develop their characters, even as they tend to purify and make Christ-like the lives of older men and women.

By eight o'clock our loads were mostly collected and our faces turned toward Quaker Grove. The clouds looked a little threatening, but after the hot days which had preceded, the cooler morning was invigorating.

The ride was delightful. The merry voices of the children, the singing of the birds, the waving fields of growing grain, the sweet scent of the clover, the occasion all tended to brighten the way and lighten the heart.

The day was delightful. The distant thunder kept afar, the surrounding showers reached us not, the glare and the heat of the sun was tempered by the friendly clouds.

Then there was the meeting of old and young from the two neighborhoods, and the mingling, the putting up of swings in the tall trees, the hanging of the hammocks for the little ones, and the grand-fathers and grand-mothers to swing them, the placing of the croquet wires, the planting of bases for games of ball, the spreading of the tables, and the day's enjoyment was thoroughly begun. Nothing marred the day's pleasures. Wherever one might go among the two hundred or three hundred there, the same good natured happy spirit reigned.

We thought, can we make these occasions in any way more helpful to our schools? Why not intersperse the pleasures with a short programme. Perhaps we might think over this before we meet again a year hence.

S. P. Z.

Coldstream, 7th mo., 2.

"Strike while the iron is hot," but never while the temper is hot.

M. V.