



Sir Wm. Dawson is back from the seaside.

Mr. Mackenzie Bowell has delayed his return from British Columbia by a fortnight.

It is no secret that Sir John Macdonald has, on personal ground, perhaps more than once declined a baronetcy.

Sir William Howland, who has been making the rounds of Manitoba, reports very favourably on the wheat crop.

Professor Tanner declares that this year's wheat and other harvests will be the greatest ever reaped in the Northwest.

The Governor-General's first state ball, at the Quebec Citadel, was a brilliant and successful opening of the fall entertainments.

Madame Laurier was born Lafontaine, and has been married twenty years. Her charming manner added much to her husband's success in Ontario.

Mr. John B. Freeman, M.P.P., the Liberal whip in the Ontario House, will soon leave Canada for California, and expects to be absent two or three months.

Dr. Cochrane, the indefatigable Chief of the Home Mission Board of Western Canada, is spending a short time with his friends at Houston, Renfrewshire.

John Edward Hibbert Binney, son of the late Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, and curate of Wolverhampton, Eng., was, last week, united to Beatrice Elizabeth Liechtenstein, youngest daughter of Senator Almon.

Rev. E. E. England, of Pictou, N. S., has in his possession a three-shilling piece over 200 years old, with the "William and Mary" stamp on it. It is doubtful if a similar coin is to be found in Canada.

At St. Mary's, Halifax, the marriage of James W. Power, son of the Hon. M. J. Power, and sporting editor of the *Recorder*, and Miss Agnes B. Wallace, daughter of Mr. James P. Wallace, was celebrated last week.

When Sir John Thompson was in his office the first time since receiving his knighthood, the Premier was one of his callers. "Well, how is Sir John this morning?" was his enquiry. "You ought to know that best," was the repartee, and the two Sir Johns indulged in a little laugh.

He was a Canuck minister,
And sat on Justice's seat,
Until he took a fishing hook,
And straight began to treat—
But not to drink; and lest you think
No noble man is he,
He now is dight a gallant knight—
This "Thompson with a P!"

It is hard to see the wit of these verses, but they are from the *New York World*, all the same.

The Halifax Garrison Chapel was crowded, on the 3rd, to witness the marriage of Captain Spencer D. Maul, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and Laura Harvey, eldest daughter of John H. Harvey. The groom served in the Egyptian war, and has a medal and clasp and the Khedive's star won for his part in the actions at Etmagfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, the two actions at Kassasin and the fight at Tel-el-Kebir.

BABES IN THE WOOD,

"Please, mamma, may we go in the woods and have some lunch in the little basket? Oh! do say yes, mamma; it is such a nice day to be out in the woods."

This was eagerly asked by one of three little boys, who were spending their summer vacation in the country on a fruit farm, where there are also lovely woods, with great, tall redwood trees, towering up 100 feet, and even more, toward the blue sky and God who made them, and here and there a madrona tree grows, with its bark peeling off in its own peculiar way, leaving the tree bright red and as smooth as satin; now and then the bark clings in flakes of pale yellow. Close by we find the beautiful bay tree, with its long, pointed, fragrant leaves, and all about such lovely ferns. Beyond the woods is a mountain, very steep and rugged.

These woods were a great temptation to the boys. Stuart was so anxious to go, and Herbert and Romney came running in and added their pleading to his.

Their mamma decided that they could go, but said: "It's too warm for you to walk all the way, so you had better take Old John." He was a steady old horse, who had done his share of work, and the children were allowed to ride him about the ranch.

At this the boys clapped their hands and shouted: "Oh! that's fine! We can have Old John and take turns riding."

So their mamma put up some lunch for them. She knew boys have a way of getting hungry, whether walking or riding. They kissed her goodbye, and started off in merry glee.

Old John looked at them with his gentle eyes, as much as to say: "Do you really think this is fun, boys? I had much rather lie down under a big oak tree in the pasture and take a nap until dinner time." But, nevertheless, he went along in his careful way, and as their mamma watched them go down the hill, she caught a glimpse of a hat waved in the air, heard the sound of their last "Good-by, mamma!" shouted with the full force of sound lungs, and the echo across the hills caught it, and back it came to her as she turned away, with a glad heart to see her boys so happy, and went about her morning duties.

The hours passed without her realizing how long they had been gone, and they did not know how long it was, either. They went to the woods and, after running about awhile, decided to eat their lunch, and then went up to a spring to get a drink of clear, cold, sparkling water. They caught it in their tin cups as it trickled down over the rocks and passed through a bed of green ferns that left it clear and cold.

Just as they finished drinking Stuart said: "Say, boys, let's climb the mountain. I don't think it looks so very steep. We can take turns on Old John."

"All right," answered the others; "but what if Old John can't climb?"

"Oh, I guess he can," said Stuart. So the others got on the horse, and he trudged along beside them.

Old John picked his way very carefully over the stones and through the brush. After awhile Stuart was so tired the boys got down and he took his turn on Old John, and so they pushed on and up.

At last they reached the top of the mountain. It was very nice to be so high up. They could see the broad Pacific sparkling in the sun. They were tired, but didn't mind, and thought it was fun. Somehow little boys can do so much for fun and play, but get tired very quick when it comes to working. I wonder why it is.

Well, by this time it was after 12, and their mamma began to feel uneasy, because they didn't come home, but grandpa said:

"I expect they have found a nice, cool place under a tree, and, being tired, have fallen asleep. They will be home in a little while."

But alas! they were anything but asleep. They now became tired looking about and watching Old John eat grass and leaves, and all at once found they were very hungry, and tried to find the path they had gone up by, but couldn't find it. They hunted and hunted, and as they looked down the mountain it looked so much steeper than when they went up in the fresh morning air, with light hearts. It seemed to them so steep that if they tried to go they would just fall over and roll down and down over the stones, and they didn't like the thought of that. In a little while more they lost all their courage, and sat down and cried; then, as they became more and more lonesome and afraid, their cries became screams. At last they were worn out, and so were forced to be quiet for a while.

Old John kept eating in a contented way. It did not matter to him now whether he was on the mountain or in the pasture, for he found plenty to eat. After a time the sun went down, and it began to grow dark; then the boys broke out crying again. Old John looked at them as if to say: "What is the matter? I'm going to lie down under this big tree. There are lots of dry leaves and I shall have a nice bed." So he lay down and stretched out his legs and made himself very comfortable.

The boys came to the conclusion they would have to stay in the woods all night, so when they had exhausted themselves a second time with crying and shouting, they were so sleepy they couldn't keep their eyes open; so they lay down between Old John's legs and put their aching heads against his body and pushed their feet down in the warm leaves.

All at once Herbert called out: "Boys, we must say our prayers"; so they got down on their knees, folded their dirty little hands, and with trembling lips said: "Now I lay me." It seemed to comfort them, and telling Romney to lie in the middle, because he was the smallest, they nestled up close together and were soon sound asleep, worn out with their long tramp and crying.

Old John, too, fell asleep, unheeding the weight of their heads, which by degrees slipped down to the ground, they were so tired. They tossed about, and each turn made a few more leaves fly up and fall down over them, so they were well covered from the night air.

Well, all this time their mamma had been very sad. Grandpa went away right after dinner, never doubting the boys would be home in a little while.

Just as the big moon came up from behind the very mountain where the boys lay asleep, grandpa and the men drove in the yard. When they found the boys had not come home they all started out to hunt for them. The moon was so bright that they did not need any lanterns. They hunted all through the woods, and then grandpa said: "They must have tried to climb the mountain and lost their way." So they all started up, following the trail, but no boys could be found.

At last they reached the top and began to hunt about. All at once they found Old John, lying under the tree fast asleep, but the boys were so covered with leaves that they didn't see them. Grandpa was very tired and said he must rest, while the other men looked about still more, so he sat down by Old John's feet. In a moment something moved under him; he felt about and found a little foot. He started up and called the men. They pushed the leaves away, and much to their delight found the three boys, but they were so sound asleep it was hard to wake them.

At last they opened their eyes and were very glad to see grandpa's kind face. The men each took a tired, sleepy boy in their arms and were soon down the mountain, Old John following, as they had roused him up after finding the horses where they had tied them, and were soon home.

Mamma took her boys upstairs and put them to bed without a word of reproof. Her heart was too full for words other than of thankfulness.

In the morning the boys came to her and Stuart said: "Mamma, we boys have been talking over getting lost yesterday. It was awful, mamma, and we were so tired and scared; but we think now it was very naughty of us to go up the mountain alone, and we know we made you feel bad, 'cause you cried when we came home, and we feel very sorry. Will you forgive us, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear boys," she replied; and then they told her all about it, and promised not to wander away again, and they kept their promise. They still had nice rides on Old John, but did not go far away.

One day, after Romney had been riding a good deal, he came to his mamma and said: "I think there is something the matter with my spine." She was quite startled, and undressed him to see what could be the matter. She had to laugh when she found two big blisters, not exactly on his spine.

He said: "Now, mamma, if you had them you would not laugh, for they hurt awful bad!" She put salve on them, and in a day or two they were all well.

One night Old John did not come home from the pasture. The next day the boys went to look for him, and, much to their sorrow, found him under a tree, cold and dead.

They ran crying to the house. Grandpa comforted them by saying: "Well, boys, I am sorry about Old John, because you loved him and enjoyed riding on him, but he has done good service and is very old, and I really think we ought to be glad, for he might have been real sick, as he was once, and you wouldn't want him to suffer?"

"Oh no!" said the boys, "but we wish he could have lived and been well. We shan't forget that he helped you to find us when we were lost in the woods on the mountain, and covered with leaves, real 'Babes in the Wood.'"