

THE SENTINEL OF THE WOODS.

By Harriet Bennett.

His mother was perfectly astonished at the youngest child. He liked to go to church, and when the others exclaimed, "Oh, mother, if we could only leave the sermon out," it turned out that he liked to hear the sermon also. "It keeps going on," he said.

"And makes us want to be good," his mother added.

"Yes, and when we sit a good way back, we can see our shoes, and that does not disturb the other worshippers, does it, mamma?"

"That was the one commandment for all the children, and one would suppose Stephen would never do that (disturb the other worshippers), yet he did once, and it was ten times more shocking," his mother said, for the very reason that it had never happened before. Of that I am going to tell you.

On the road to church, at the turn where the wood approaches closest, and only one sloped meadow lies between; "Look at the owl!" cried Stephen's father. He pointed with his whip. The foremost tree held out one arm, and on it was perched an owl. Very bold and straight he stood, motionless, while behind him all the wood lay silent, with depths on depths into which even the sunbeams dared enter but a little way.

"Father, does the wood belong only to him?" whispered Stephen.

"It belongs to Mr. More," said his father.

"I love the wood," said Stephen. He looked back at the owl. "Father, I should not like to go by him into the wood," he said.

Stephen's father laughed aloud: "Ask your mother what she used to call the owl when she was a child."

"The sentinel of the wood, because he stands straight like a soldier, presenting arms," said Stephen's mother.

And when Stephen thought how old the owl must be, to be as old as mamma, he felt a greater awe of him. But he said aloud:

"I know a soldier. I do not know a sentinel."

"Oh, he is only a soldier who stands on guard while others sleep," said his father.

Now the owl was left behind. A sweet breeze stole from the wood, and went with them to the church door. It came in through open windows. Then one could see the wood away over on the hillside. "And perhaps the owl would let me in, if I said please," thought Stephen. But of course one gave one's attention to the pulpit and the minister who stood above the topmost Bible. Perhaps the minister meant to take them all in his arms when he waved them, but even so, it is church, and one is not obliged to kiss the minister, but may send him a penny instead.

Stephen folded his hands, and had his head against the pink sleeve of his mother's dress. Along the folds of the skirt his eye caught a bit of trimming, white and round with twists in it. It was a big eye first, then it turned into a little pig's tail, going round and round many times. "Fear not," said the minister, and that was all very well if he had never seen the owl. How strict the owl was! But how had he come into the round of the pig's tail? He was there, sure enough! Stephen was so startled he nearly jerked himself off the seat, and his mother, to quiet him, whispered, "Look at your shoes." Nevertheless, Stephen did not take his eyes off the round bit of trimming, for there was no leaving the owl once you had seen him.

The owl stood straight and grasped his bough, and now the beautiful wood rose behind him swiftly, made of many dark green plumes, so thick your finger would go but a little way into them, and turned all one way. They were on the side of the owl, and whispered in his ear. But without him they would run. And if one should pass the owl, they would still fly far away. The sweetest fragrance stole from them, nevertheless, and Stephen smiled before he knew it.

"I love you," he said. "May I enter?" and, as silence followed, he added, "If you please."

The trees might be asleep, as father had said; yet that was puzzling too, for there were many eyes sprinkled about here and there. As for the owl, one dared not even look at him.

"I will call again," said Stephen, wishing to retreat. But how dreadful to find your feet so lumpy! They would not move at all. Suppose he must stand there forever, and never go home any more! "But I shall not cry out, because it is church," said Stephen to himself.

Stephen tried shutting his eyes tight, yet the same as if he had not shut them, there stood the owl and the trees.

"What makes you come through?" he whispered.

"We stay where we are put," answered the owl.

"Sir, please let me run away?"

Stephen spoke to the owl himself, for what else was there left to do? How strict and far away came the answer:

"Ah, but that is another matter!"

At that Stephen was so troubled he did not even hear his mother once more telling him to look at his shoes.

"Well, I am not going to cry," he said. "It is church."

Nevertheless, he might have cried if something had not stuck in his throat. His feet were setting forth in the direction of the wood, for in that direction, and no other, would they move. He ought to have been glad of this, for who would not gladly enter so enchanting a spot as the wood? But he was really dreadfully afraid, because he was drawing near to the owl.

Had he been a little braver, there is no telling what marvelous things I might have to relate to you. As it was, when the owl (whether to prevent Stephen's entrance, or to assist it, we shall never know),—arose from his perch, his great wings spread wide, and swooped down, fiercer and more magnificent, nearer and nearer—

"Stop him!" shouted Stephen, as loud as he could. "Stop him!"

Stephen had jumped onto the stool, and was pointing straight at the minister. But of course you know he did not mean it. He had been asleep. So the minister forgave him, and they were friends forever after.

VEGETARIANISM.

(Bystander, in Farmers' Sun.)

These hideous disclosures of meat-packing will be apt to bring up again the question of vegetarianism, which is one affecting not only man's body, but his character; for there can be little doubt that a milder temperament goes with a milder diet. The food of the Mongolian hordes was meat and cheese, with fermented mare's milk for stimulating drink; and the Mongol character was ruthless in the extreme; massacres, holocausts, and conflagrations marking the warlike operations of the race. That man in almost any line of life can do without animal food seems certain. The farm laborer in Britain did, till lately at least, very hard bodily work with scarcely a taste of meat. A monk like Thomas Aquinas under a rule which forbade meat, could do intellectual work which, whatever might be its value, was very hard. Shelley, peerless in the work of fancy, was a vegetarian. Blondin, the acrobat, preserved his nerve by vegetarianism as well as by abstinence from drink. Taste and sentiment, if they have anything to say in the matter, are in favor of vegetarianism. The masses of animal food, especially pork, devoured by the Homeric heroes would disgust us now. The shambles are repulsive. The harvest and the vintage are attractive. More food can be raised on a given space in the shape of cereals than in that of meat. Perhaps this last consideration, as population increases, will turn the scale. But the judgment of medical science must decide.

SAVE THE BABIES.

Mother, an investment of 25 cents now may save your baby's life. Colic, diarrhoea and cholera infantum carry off thousands of little ones during the hot weather months. A box of Baby's Own Tablets cost but 25 cents and there is security and safety in this medicine. Give an occasional Tablet to the well child and you will keep it well. Give them to the child if trouble comes swiftly and see the ease and comfort this medicine brings. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate. Mrs. R. Methin, Halifax, N.S., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are a valuable medicine for stomach and bowel troubles. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house."

When men start out to be angels in their own strength they usually have trouble with their wings.

While we are eulogizing the patriotism of the bullet let us not forget the patriotism of the ballot. Ballots may undo the work of bullets.

SCENES OF THE FAMOUS SAGUENAY RIVER.

As Viewed From the Deck of a Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. Liner.

For mile after mile the course of the steamer lies between mountains whose towering sides are covered by virgin forests, where the sound of the axe is unknown, where mankind has never trodden, and where there is never a sign of a human habitation. And yet it is this primitive state that adds to the beauty of the trip, the silent bosom of the waters, broken only by the passing steamer or the occasional bateau of the Frenchman sailing majestically down the stream with the tide, the single white sail giving it the appearance of some ponderous bird, the mellow tones of the boatmen as they croon those old songs that have made their race famous, echoing softly from the hillsides: the deep shadows cast upon the dark tide by the overhanging cliffs, the sun kissed summits of the slopes, inducing a feeling of restfulness that is exhilarating in the extreme. At every turn the eye is greeted by some new and unexpected beauty, each separate and distinct yet harmonizing in such a manner as to add to the general effect and battle description.

Cape Trinity.

On and on the journey continues, the surroundings growing more and more impressive until the climax is reached when the steamer glides around a projecting mass of rock more formidable in appearance than any yet encountered and creeping slowly into a tiny bay nestling peacefully in the shadow, brings one face to face with the most imposing spectacle on the entire river, and which for grandeur and solemnity has few rivals in the world. There, but a few yards away, stretching upward into the air until it seems as though the summit must pierce the blue sky above, the crest reaching outward until it overshadows the boat and threatening to crush it like a shell, is Cape Trinity. Two thousand feet in height, the dull hue of the massive pile of granite is unbroken not even by the presence of so much as a lichen, while vegetation turns in despair from this formidable monster. The massive mountain, towering upward in majestic splendor, the unfathomable depths of the dark tide, whose chocolate tinge, gained among the hemlock roots of the rocky fastness further up, has made the stream famous, the intense silence, broken only by suppressed exclamations of wonderment and delight on the part of those about you, form a scene no other will ever replace. L. G. Shaw, in Detroit Free Press.