

## THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

Can there be harmless little lies,  
Lies innocent and white?  
The verdict of the just and wise  
Is only right is right.  
In speech and song,  
In choir and pew,  
The false is wrong,  
The right is true.

The lady in her cosy home,  
Sending her servant down  
To say to callers, "Not at home,  
But somewhere out of town,"  
Has something said  
Which I won't name;  
It should have made  
Her blush with shame.

The orator who plays with words  
With which he would deceive  
As tricksters do with knotted cords  
Plaited about the sleeve,  
Deftly inweaves,  
In varied dyes,  
Speech that deceives,  
Which truth denies.

The merchant who for silk would call  
The cotton woven in,  
Something that is not truth will tell,  
And think it little sin,  
His heart is small,  
And little feels  
A cotton ball  
His tongue unreels.

The politician wants your vote,  
He promises enough;  
But he may choose to turn his coat,  
And show his cloven hoof.  
What of his word,  
Now, this, now that,  
Half mouse, half bird,  
A flitting bat.

The sutor who a maiden wins  
With speech of false pretence,  
Commits one of the gravest sins,  
And mocks at Providence.  
The truth that's told,  
With no lies in't,  
Rings like pure gold  
Fresh from the Mint.

## AUNT CHARLOTTE'S YARN.

"Now, Ida, my dear girl, take my advice," said Aunt Charlotte to her giddy young niece, "and don't imperil your own future happiness, nor be guilty of injustice by slighting the man to whom you have given your troth, or by foolishly teasing him in order to test his affection. There is a story in my own memory that I have never told you; and I could not now bring myself to do so only that I see you don't like me to lecture you, and I wish you to learn wisdom by an easier method than that of bitter experience.

"When I was a young girl we lived, as you know, in Canada, in one of the small lake-shore towns between Toronto and Kingston. Your grandfather was a man of note in the town, and I was a good deal sought after. I was giddy, too, and selfish, though I did not then consider myself so. I had many admirers and suitors, among whom the only one I liked best was Harry Vane. From my very infancy Harry had been my gallant, and though I sometimes pretended to be, and sometimes really was, jealous of him or otherwise offended, and he the same with regard to me, we always made up again and were better friends than ever. There was not really any engagement between us, though Harry had asked me to form one; but my parents objected to long engagements, and we were not ready to marry. Matters stood thus when, early one spring, we had an addition to our list of beaux in the form of a dashing young fellow, an Englishman, sent out by a wealthy firm of the mother country for the purpose of establishing an agency in their line of business. His headquarters had been in Montreal, but he now announced his intention of making our town his home during the summer.

"He had a good deal of leisure, and spent no inconsiderable part of it at our house, or in promenading the streets with me. I could scarcely set my feet on the sidewalks without encountering him. His name was Bowns, and he claimed to be of aristocratic parentage. He was handsome and affable, though rather supercilious, withal very distinguished in appearance; so no wonder the girls of our set wished to attract his attention, and were envious of me. Of course I was proud of my conquest, and perhaps carried myself a little haughtily in consequence. For some time Harry pouted, then openly remonstrated, even pleaded; but as I angrily asserted my independence, he finally desisted from all apparent notice of the matter; and whenever we met he treated me with indifferent courtesy, and altogether showed a manly self-command which I did not fail to note and admire. Still I must confess that at that time I gave very little thought to Harry or to any of my old admirers; it seems wonderful to me how completely I was fascinated by the prepossessing stranger.

"To be sure he flattered my vanity not a little, and my empty head was turned by his

lavish, adulatory style of compliments. He raved about my eyes of heavenly blue, the golden glory of my mermaid locks, my swan-like neck, and an endless flow of pathos that ought to have disgusted me, but did not; and so I listened and he ranted. About the middle of August we made up among our set a picnic party to drive out to Rice Lake Plains and spend the day boating on the lake, gathering huckleberries, wild flowers, &c., and generally amusing ourselves.

"You must know that there is an irregular chain of small lakes extending traversely from the Bay of Quinte, near the eastern end of Lake Ontario, to the eastern end of Superior. Rice Lake is the first of the chain counting from Ontario, and it lies at a distance of from two to four hours' drive from several small towns on the frontier. We had an early breakfast, and set off at eight o'clock, so that we need not be on the road during the heat of the day. There were several carriages; the one in which I rode was a handsome barouche hired from a livery stable for the occasion, and by my side sat the all-conquering Mr. Bowns.

"For some unexplained reason Harry Vane did not go in any of the carriages, but was mounted on horseback, and he rode gayly by the side of first one vehicle, then another. When we had gone a little distance out of town the country air, sights and sounds were so exhilarating that we in our carriage began to sing. Harry hearing us, rode up and joined in the song, he being particularly fond of singing. Shortly we struck off into an old ditty which he and I had sung together countless times when we stood each first in the esteem of the other, and no gay stranger had come between us. For a stanza or two Harry sang bravely, but when we came to the refrain suddenly his horse bolted and he rode off, catching at his hat with one hand, and seeming to draw rein with the other. The remainder of the party thought his horse had shied and run away with him, but I saw through the whole manoeuvre, and a sudden pang shot through my selfish heart.

"On reaching the lake at the point agreed upon, we separated into little companies, and wandered about at will, but keeping within the vicinity of our camp until the horn sounded for dinner. We were all, as is usual at picnics, in hungry mood, and we did not dine merrily.

"After dinner we lolled about on the grass for a while, then formed plans for the afternoon's campaign. There were near by several canoes or row-boats that were kept for hire, and a fair proportion of our band decided in favor of an excursion on the lake, some parties going in one direction, some in another. The boats would accommodate only four persons each, the rowers and two others. Three boat-loads, twelve individuals in all, determined to pay a visit to the tower on the opposite shore of the lake, and about three miles farther up. As we divided ourselves into parties of four, I felt an irrepresible desire to have Harry Vane, who had declared for the tower, in our boat, so I called out:

"Harry, are you coming with us?" meaning by us, Bowns and myself.

"I shall never forget the look of mingled pain and pleasure with which he replied: 'No, Charlotte; George Law is quartered in your boat.'

"It was half-past three o'clock when we landed near the tower and drew the boats up on the beach. This tower was an octagon building three or four stories in height, consisting of only one room to each story, with a narrow spiral staircase leading from base to summit. At the top was an observatory not much larger than a good sized bird-cage, which had once been furnished with a small telescope mounted on a swivel, but was now reduced to a very commonplace spy-glass. The basement was a deep, dungeon-like hole, with a grated door through which one entered a subterranean passage leading out to the shore of the lake. This tower, with its lean-to kitchen or, rather, cook-house, was built on a hill at the distance of about two hundred yards from the water's edge, and it was the product of a Quixotic Englishman, an old bachelor's fancy. The whimsical man did not carry out his original intention of making a complete miniature castle of the feudal times, but suddenly abandoned the enterprise and went as he came, nobody knew whither. This odd little tower had been surrounded on all sides, save the deep bank next the water, by a diminutive moat, which was now a dry ditch filled with weeds and wild flowers; there, too, was the wreck of a toy-like drawbridge, and within the enclosure were several quaint-looking garden-chairs out into the stumps of trees. There was a family residing in the house, at least they made it an occasional residence during the summer, but that day they were absent, and the garrulous old servant in charge showed us over the premises.

We stole down by the light of a lantern through the underground passage to the opening on the lake; we climbed the steep stairs and peeped through the old spy-glass; sat in the grotesque chairs and gathered bouquets from the quondam moat. All these vagaries consumed so much time that, before we were aware, the sun was going down the westward slope in a way that when we noticed it, sent us to our boats with speed. We were soon gliding over the water in jovial spirits and at a fair rate of motion toward the camping place of the shore next home. The three boats kept near together, and as we went we sang Tom Moore's Canadian boat song. Just as our voices were ringing out

"Row, brothers row, for the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight is passed

a sudden breeze almost took the light umbrella with which I was screening myself and companion from sun and wind (we had left our bonnets at the camp) out of my hand. The breeze subsided for a moment, then came again more vigorously than before, and held on steadily. Generally or frequently a stiff breeze rises on those lakes about or soon after sunset, but now the sun was certainly half an hour high. Sudden squalls, especially when thunder clouds are hovering near, accompanied by dangerous disturbance of the water, are unpleasantly often the concomitants of boating on those shallow lakes.

"Looking around the horizon we discovered the cause of the suddenly rising wind. A heavy pile of black clouds coming up behind us in the northwest were spreading themselves along the northern horizon and extending upward almost to the zenith; and at the same time we began to hear the thunder mutter and see the lightning play, though not very near. The weather-wise ones of our party said the shower was spending itself north of us, but we might get a sprinkle from its skirts, and the wind was sure to be troublesome.

"Meanwhile we had crossed the lake and were making our way down to the landing adjoining, which was our camp, keeping close in shore to avoid the commotion of the water.

"There is a peculiarity in that lake. The wild rice, from which it takes its name, grows over almost the entire bottom of the basin, and when at its tallest the grain lies floating on the surface of the water, and the Indians, when it is ripe, paddle round and gather it into their canoes. This however, makes navigation to ordinary rowers rather difficult; and where the basin is particularly shallow or when the waters are agitated by storms the passage is perilous.

"I soon perceived that Bowns and George Law were by no means masters of the situation; and oh, how I longed for the tried and trusty arm of Harry Vane to steer our giddy little skiff. Just then Harry, who was ahead, cried out to us to make for an islet, a little way out in the lake, on one side of which there was not much rice, and which had been used by the Indians as a landing place, as it sloped gradually into the water; he said we had better land there and wait for the squall to pass over.

"The rowers turned the boat toward the islet and pushed out vigorously, I, meantime, holding the umbrella low like a tent or awning over my own and Nellie Morton's heads, for now it was raining. Again Harry called to us to shut down the umbrella, lest it should catch the wind and upset our skiff, and the next moment Bowns, who had not said one word to us girls since the wind sprung up, snapped out, 'Yes, certainly, down with that umbrella!'

"What with a sense of danger, and what with sudden consternation at being spoken to in such a tone and manner, I had no self-command, and in shutting the umbrella I somehow lost my balance, and the next instant I was sinking in the blinding waters.

"I must have risen very quickly, for the boat was there and I laid my hand on its side, but quick as a flash Bown's hand came down on mine, and though he afterwards said that he tried to lay hold of me to assist me, I know that he dislodged my hand. True, I should have upset the boat, and just as true he flung me off to perish. As I sank again, even through the gurgling in my ears, I heard the voice of Harry Vane, 'Courage, Charlotte, I'm coming.'

"Again I rose and again sank. Then I ceased to struggle and the pain of suffocation was gone. I knew that I was dying, and like electricity all my past life flashed before me. I had no terror of death but I longed to ask Harry's pardon. Bowns I seem to have forgotten. The tall rice was all about me, and I knew no more till a deadly sickness and great pain woke me to consciousness. Was it the gurgling water or human speech that rumbled in my ears? I did not know, I did not care; I only wished not to be disturbed—not to suffer.

"Slowly my comprehension returned, and I found myself on a bed in the log-cabin of the man who kept the boats on hire, and it was night, for candles were burning. Some of my companions of the picnic were there, but I was too ill and weary to ask questions.

"When next I opened my eyes it was daylight, and my father and mother were bending over me.

"Suddenly I remembered something of the drowning, and cried out, 'Where is Harry? He said he was coming.'

"They hushed and soothed me, and I suppose administered a narcotic, for I have only a faint recollection of lying on a bed in a covered conveyance, and of being annoyed by the jolting.

"The next time I awoke my mind was clear, I recollected all, and begged to be told how I was saved. My friends evaded this question, and my suspicions being aroused I demanded to see Harry Vane. Finding they could no longer put me off, they told me that Harry rescued me and swam with me towards the islet, where one of the boats had just landed. Another gentleman waded out breast high to meet him, and drew me to the shore, supposing Harry was following. But Harry did not follow, and in the excitement about me he was missed until too late. Whether he was exhausted or whether he took a cramp no one could tell. This only I know and never shall forget: Harry Vane was drowned in saving my life. This also I know: I shall live and die Charlotte Kemp. As for Bowns, I hated then, I hate still, the sound of his name. He left our town almost immediately after the occurrence; and I never saw his face after the day of the picnic."

## CURED BY REMORSE.

A dead calm was on the sea. In the west the apparent boundary line of the ocean, drawn sharply across the sinking sun's lurid disc, seemed to cut it in twain.

In the red, misty light lay the ship "Frolic," not two leagues from the Navigator Islands, which she must pass on her way from Honolulu, her last port, to Japan.

Now her canvas hung motionless from the yards, the huge mainsail and foresail half-clew-ed up, the topsails and top-gallant sails flat against the masts, and the jib hauled down, lying across the boom.

Leaning over the rails, seated on the windlass, or reclining on the deck forward, the sun-browned, swarthy men of the watch seemed, by their listless attitude, to feel the drowsy influence of the hour.

Even the captain's daughter, Mabel—a lively young brunette of seventeen, who, when on deck, was usually seen laughing and chatting with her father, in a voice whose rich melody would send a thrill through the hearts of the rough sailors, now bending far over the quarter-bulwarks, apparently watched her pretty image reflected in the still water below.

Her attitude displayed her small feet encased in neat little boots with blue buttons, and afforded a slight glimpse of the pretty ankles in the closely-fitting white stockings.

It also showed the lithe grace of the well-moulded form and the marble whiteness of the neck, contrasting with the black hair, done up in braids behind.

Mabel was in fact a lovely girl, with regular yet expressive features and dark eyes, the latter shining mischievously when she was amused, and beaming with angelic softness on other occasions.

Soon to her side, to lean over the rail and converse with her, in a low voice, came Lieutenant Herbert Martin.

A fine-looking young naval officer, who had taken passage from the Sandwich Islands aboard the merchantman for Japan, where lay his frigate, from which he had been granted leave of absence before his vessel left Honolulu, some months before.

On the other side of the deck, watching the two with secret rage, stood Simon Gayton, the mate of the "Frolic."

A tall, dark man, who had long vainly striven to win the affections of Mabel, and who hated his more fortunate rival, the lieutenant, who, as he had learned from the captain, was now the accepted lover of Mabel.

"What is that?" suddenly inquired the young girl, who, for some moments, had been gazing off the quarterdeck towards the setting sun.

"I see it—a dark speck on the water," answered Herbert. "If the captain would lend me his glass—"

"Of course," interrupted Mabel, and running merrily to the companion-way, she brought him the glass.

"A canoe turned bottom upwards," said the lieutenant, after a moment's survey; "it is drifting this way, I think."

Night closed round the ship.

The two lovers still stood conversing by the rail.

At last Mabel went below, but Herbert remained on deck, walking to and fro with the light, elastic tread of health and happiness.

The moon had not yet risen, but the stars were out, and a dim light rested on the ocean, no longer calm, its surface being ruffled by a light breeze, which sent the ship slowly rippling along on her course.

Just the upper edge of the moon's disc was lifted above the sea, when Herbert, unobserved by any person, except the mate, climbed over the rail, into the main chains, where he stood, leaning far over, to see if, through the partial gloom, he might obtain a view of the overturned canoe, which he thought he had caught a glimpse of a moment before.

"It is still too dark," he muttered. "I don't see it now, although I was quite sure I did a moment since."

Unfortunately some slush had been spilled on the woodwork of the chains that day, while a sailor was repairing the shrouds.

This caused the lieutenant's feet to suddenly slip from under him, when down he went into the sea.

As the ship forged on, the mate—the only man who had witnessed the accident—caught glimpse of Herbert's upturned face, and heard him call for a rope.

Simon might easily have thrown him the end of the main brace, which was near him, had he wished to do so, but an evil spirit seemed to prevent him.

He obeyed the dark promptings of hate and jealousy, and refrained from using any effort to save his rival.

The next moment, however, he regretted his cruelty, and felt an impulse to shout—

"Man overboard!"

But it was only for an instant.

The spirit of evil resumed its sway, and the words died away in a murmur on the man's white lips.

With burning forehead and pallid face he paced the deck.

And soon remorse began to make itself felt.