



FLIGHT FROM SODOM.—[SEE LESSON.]

## A STRANGE MISTAKE.

BY SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

Said the old speckled hen  
To her little ones ten  
(And there wasn't a happier mother in  
town),  
"Pray be careful and look  
Should you go near the brook,  
For if you fall in you will certainly  
drown."

Now, the very next day,  
As they trooped out to play,  
They caught in the distance a silvery  
gleam,  
And away they all went,  
As by common consent,  
Till the whole half a score had been  
plunged in the stream.

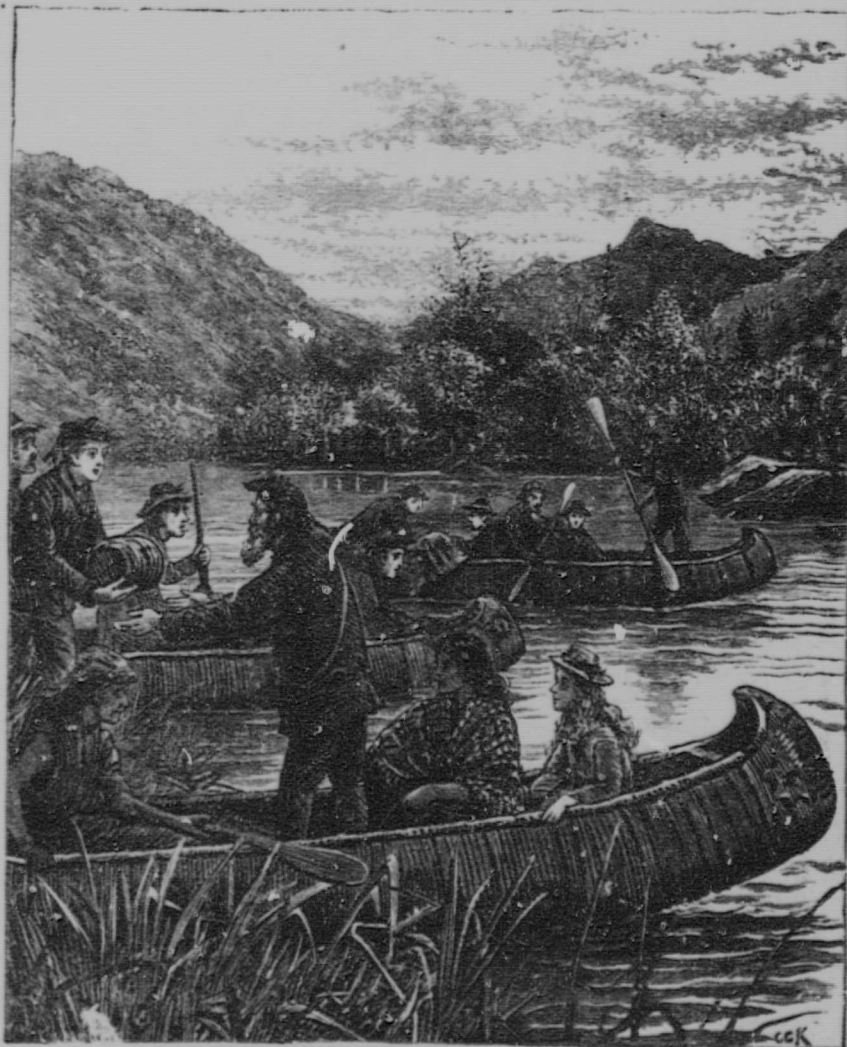
Oh, the cackling and cries!  
Oh, the mother's surprise!  
Don't you think 'tis a pity she couldn't  
have known  
That the farmer's lad, Jake,  
Had made a mistake,  
And given her duck's eggs in place of her  
own?

## CANOEING.

There is, perhaps, no mode of locomotion so delightful as gliding over the water in a canoe. At first the position seems a little awkward, and it is not easy to balance one's self without feeling some effort in doing so. But with a little experience, it is possible to move around freely in these narrow boats without danger of upsetting. Then you may paddle about through narrow creeks, between floating logs and among the water-lilies and tangled rushes, pushing them out of your way with the paddle, where, with any other kind of boat, it would be impossible to go.

For this wild, beautiful country of ours, the canoe is the most appropriate and use-

ful of boats. Our numerous little rivers, studded with islands, their rocky banks towering high on either side, with drooping trees casting their shadows over the water's edge, would often be impassable in a row-boat, but the little canoe carries you safely along without even interrupting the



CANOEING.

impressive silence, except with the paddle's gentle, "drip, drip" that seems to blend with the occasional cry of a bird, or the noise of the busy woodpecker echoing across the water. The party in our picture are being paddled by dusky-looking Indians, the first builders of the light birch canoe. The Indian himself will make his canoe, but he is not fond of the exercise of paddling, and when out hunting and fishing in their canoes it is always the squaw's work to do the paddling.

## WHITE LIES.

What ever are white lies? Can lies be anything but black and evil? No, never. Every falsehood is dark and shameful, and there never can be anything white and stainless about deceit.

"Johnnie, did you break the vase?"

"No, mother." But the dog that Johnnie was teasing broke it.

"Mary, why are you so late home from school to-day?"

"I went round to borrow a book from Jane Peters, mother." But Mary does not add she was kept in half an hour for bad behaviour. John and Mary comfort themselves with the notion that these are white lies, though their consciences give them a sharp little pinch, now and then.