

# Carleton Place.

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## A Lesson from a Flower.

A violet raised its purple head  
On a brooklet's muddy bank,  
And o'er it spread in careless display  
A burdock wild and rank.

One morning early she awoke  
And took her dew drop bath,  
Just as I reached the grassy bank  
That grazed the meadow path.

The sun was wiping off the tears  
The dewy night had shed,  
From every tender leaf and plant  
That raised its glistering head.

The brooklet sang in noisy glee,  
The violets on the brink  
Could on its breast their faces see,  
Reflected from the drink.

The waving grass, the tender elm,  
The song-birds on the spray,  
Seemed vying with each other there  
In welcoming the day.

But while all nature seemed as gay  
And happy as a bride,  
This little foolish violet  
Drooped down its head and sighed.

"Ah, me," she said, my lot is hard,  
It gives me such a shock  
To think what nuisance I keep!  
That vulgar, caustic look!

And, then, to think it cuts me off  
From all the world outside,  
I must confess, for all my fame,  
I have a little pride.

The sun and moon and stars may shine,  
The rainbow paint the sky,  
But naught but shadow I may see  
While this vile weed is nigh.

But while the murmuring violet spoke,  
A storm-cloud spread its sail,  
And poured from out its black folds  
A withering shower of hail.

The hated cloud whose spreading leaf  
Hung o'er the violet's head,  
Had kept the rushing hail away,  
While all the rest lay dead.

"I'll never murmur any more,"  
The happy violet spoke;  
"The darkest cloud may be a shield  
To ward away a stroke!"

MORAL.  
Don't murmur at your lot, my friend,  
What seems a curse to-day  
May prove a blessing in the end,  
In God's own perfect way.

Thou didst say I was young,  
When most I needed thee,  
But I know in yonder heaven  
Thy happy soul is free.

They laid thee in the tomb,  
I was too young to know  
How much I then had lost,  
It was so long ago.

I have grown older now,  
And many times I've wept  
When I have thought of thee,  
Though many years thou art dead.

Thy grave is now overgrown  
With wild and verdant grass;  
A weed-like mark its place,  
I cannot by it pass.

When spring shall come again,  
I'll call the choicest flowers  
And plant them on thy mound,  
To each the early showers.

The birds will come and sing,  
And I shall sing thee too  
Some old familiar hymn,  
O heaven, home and you.

And I will try to live,  
While I am here below,  
So that when death shall come  
I straight to heaven shall go.

And I shall see thee there,  
Thou'lt clasp me to thy heart,  
And sweet 'twill be to know  
We never more shall part.

THE BETRAYER.  
BY ALYNE.  
I hated Mark Richardson. Shall I tell  
you why? Our house stood on a hill,  
and about three miles across the valley rose  
the pale, grey walls of the State Lunatic Asylum,  
and I knew in one of its rooms  
wondered one whose intellect was shattered,  
and that at times bolts and chains were required  
to keep her in subjection.

At my feet as I write, reclines a child  
playing with her pet dog, Floa. She has  
her golden curls and deep blue eyes. She is  
the illegitimate child of my only sister,  
young ravine, marked Mark Richardson  
ruined her.

Well do I remember the first time they  
met. Mark and I were affianced—were  
soon to unite our destinies, and this broad  
earth contained not so happy a creature as  
myself. Annie was absent at school, but  
she was the weekly recipient of my letters,  
containing expressions of my perfect bliss,  
and often wrote that she was anxious to see  
this paragon of mine, and on the day of her  
return Mark and I went to meet her. As  
we stepped into the car Mark exclaimed—  
"What a vision of beauty!"

As I presented him, why did a cold thrill  
rush over me? Was it a presentiment of  
coming evil? The few miles intervening  
between us and home were quickly passed  
over, and Mark after accompanying us to  
the gate expressed himself, saying—  
"As Miss Mayne is somewhat of a stranger  
in the family circle, and necessarily fatigued,  
I will not intrude; but this evening  
I will have the pleasure of meeting her,  
you."

I thought nothing of his last words then,  
but after events recalled them vividly.  
Evening came, and with its first approach  
Mark. The time passed rapidly, but quite  
as much of Mark's attention was directed to  
Annie as myself; but I was pleased that  
they were mutually attracted. My sister  
was of a light ethereal type of beauty, while  
I was plain and dark. Mark was with us  
nearly all the time; and often, when some  
trifling indisposition or employment prevented,  
the two would go on walks and rides  
without me, but I feared no evil, my trust  
in my love was strong.

One day as I sat with the shutters closed  
to exclude the light, a couple of girls passed,  
and one observed—  
"There comes Annie Mayne and the time  
Richardson; they are together all the time."

now, while poor Maggie remains at home,  
she should look after her little sister.

They were gone, and the clatter of horse's  
feet announced that sister and Mark were  
returning from their ride. I pressed my  
hand tightly to my heart to still its wild  
beating, and looked from the window to see  
him spring to the ground and turn to assist  
her. After the hand lingered long in his,  
those dark eyes were bent on him as they  
used to beam on me alone; and when he  
pressed his lips to her delicate hand before  
relinquishing it, I rushed to my own room,  
locked the door, and threw myself on the bed  
in a paroxysm of anguish. For a time  
every sense seemed dark; but by and by  
dim memories of hope began to appear, and  
I resolved to throw on a mask of smiles, and  
appear gay and happy, for that evening at  
least, observe narrowly the two, and per-  
haps I should find my jealousy unfounded.

I arose and bathed my eyes in water. As  
my darling tried the door I opened it for  
her, and she said—  
"How is your headache, Maggie dear?"

"Better now."  
"But you look quite ill, and your eyes  
are swollen. Let me bathe your head."

But I could not bear to have her touch  
me, and suggested that I should be quite  
sufficient if I reclined on the sofa.

"We had a most delightful ride. You  
know that old mill out on Martin Stream,  
on that lone road, where it is all pine  
trees, and the brook comes roaring and  
dashing along; well we went there. Mark  
fastened the horse, and as we went up the  
steep bank, he said, 'Oh, 'twas splendid! The  
air was heavy with the odor of fallen pine  
trees; the birds and stream made music,  
and I had such excellent company. Mag,  
do you know what a magnificent fellow that  
Mark of yours is? I declare I am half in  
love with him myself.'"

"Could you love him enough to marry  
him, Annie?"

"Guess I could, and not half try, as we  
used to say at school. Would you give him  
me if we were to fall in love?"

"If it would be for your happiness, Annie,  
I would sacrifice my own."

She turned away, but before I saw a  
blush mantle her cheek.

In the evening I heard Mark's step  
on the walk, and Annie's upon the stairs as she  
slew to meet him. I went down stairs to  
watch, and if necessary to give my almost  
faded face a moment's repose, and I heard  
their voices on the piazza. The room was  
empty; I entered and approached the  
open window. They stood near; his  
arm thrown around her waist, while her head  
reclined on his breast; and without any  
interruption of his loving dropper, I heard  
Annie utter these words—  
"I do not think Maggie mistrusts any-  
thing as yet, for I said carelessly to night,  
'Would you give me Mark if we were to love  
each other?' and she said, 'Yes if necessary  
to your happiness,' and when she knew all  
she will consent."

"I know she will, for she is a generous,  
noble girl; but you will not tell her all till  
we are married, darling?"

"No, no; I strive to forget, if possible,  
but she cannot love you as I do."

"And I never loved as I love you, Annie,"  
and he pressed her closer to his heart in a  
loving caress.

I waited no longer; the terrible truth was  
verified; I was strong, and going to my  
writing desk I took all his letters, scarce  
daring to look at the familiar writing lest I  
should be unsevered—all the little keepsakes,  
souvenirs brought from foreign lands, every-  
thing he had given me, enclosed them in a  
large wrapper, and wrote his name in a firm  
hand; then stepping to the door I spoke  
Annie's name; she came instantly, and I  
put them in her hands saying—  
"Hand these to Mr. Richardson, and I'll  
shall look for mine to-morrow. Allow me  
to commend you to your betrothal. Your  
lover, judging from your knowledge of him,  
will make a most faithful husband."

These were bitter words; but, reader, I  
had loved. I then loved that man; and  
when I knew that she, my only sister, had  
stolen that love from me, I believe I hated  
her. I closed the door and went to bed to  
think. How different from the supremely  
happy being of a few months ago! Now I  
was crushed—broken, no pride came to  
aid; I could not look to God for assistance,  
for I had forgotten him in my property,  
and I would not seek in adversity. Then I  
thought of Mark. I played the victim to the  
leading Annie, and also his remark as he  
brought her to me—"This evening I trust I  
shall have the pleasure of seeing her—yes." Even  
then his thoughts were of her, and this had  
been increasing and developing; and I, in  
my blind, infatuated love, had not seen  
anything unusual.

Long I sat in darkness; but at length I  
heard the outer door open and close and I  
knew Mark had gone; and Annie, offended  
with my harsh words, would not seek me  
again, so I retired, but little sleep visited  
my eyelids. The next morning I went  
down stairs feeling resolved to show no traces  
of emotion henceforth, and well I knew I  
must. Even when a package containing my return-  
ed letters was placed before me I manifested  
no surprise.

For some days Mark remained away, but  
soon he was a frequent visitor as before.  
They rode and walked together, and my  
love or passion, as I might appropriately  
term it, was fast changing to scorn; and  
nothing was said of marriage. People won-  
dered at the turn affairs had taken, but  
knowing my proud temper, none troubled  
me with their pity.

One day Annie came to me and said—  
"Mark is going to New York, and when  
he returns we are to be married, but  
Maggie, we might be better, and—"

"And what child? speak!"

"Nothing—only—"

"What is the matter Annie? Why don't  
you speak?"

"There is nothing; and rising hastily,  
she was quitting the room, when something  
in her manner caused a sudden suspicion.

"Annie, were you going to say that you  
ought to be married before Mark left?"

"She stopped, and seeing stern rebuke in  
my face, reassured no reply, but hastened  
away. I put on my hat and shawl, im-  
mediately, and sought Mark's dressing-room.  
I tapped at the door; he opened it, looking  
surprised, but asked me to enter. I did so,  
and seating myself, I said—  
"You are to leave soon, Mr. Richardson?"

"With a quick, searching glance in my face  
he replied—  
"For a short absence only, and when I  
return I am promised the hand of your  
sister."

"What objections have you to having the  
ceremony performed before you leave?"

"Several, my dear Miss Mayne; it is ab-  
solutely necessary that I am in New York on  
the 20th. I fear I should not be able to  
to my business; and I should, besides, I wish  
to order my Annie's bridal robe myself. I  
intend our wedding shall be in a style to  
astonish these country people, and you will  
see how happy Annie and I will live to-  
gether. We shall be quite a model couple.  
But I am quite busy you see, packing, and—"

The man was looking me with his al-  
lusions to his future happiness, and almost  
ordering me from the room; so I departed,  
having gained nothing. He went. Annie  
had a letter from Mark on the 20th; he  
was coming soon, and he painted in glowing  
colors their future bliss.

The days passed but he came not, neither  
did we receive any tidings. Days lengthen-  
ed into weeks, and weeks into months. Busy  
months began to circulate cruel stories in  
regard to my sister's fate. Some said she  
was dead, some said she was married; but all  
were true.

Five months from the time Mark left  
G—, one day I got a letter with a foreign  
postmark, I carried it up stairs to Annie.  
She took it, glanced at the writing, and the  
heart-felt cry burst from her lips—  
"Thank God! He has not deserted me."

I sat by her as she broke the seal. She  
commenced reading; her face recently grown  
pale, changed to an ashy hue, and before she  
finished the few lines she fell on my feet,  
the letter fell from her nerveless hand, and she  
was insensible. I placed her on the bed and  
sent for medical aid. Before many hours  
this little child was born, and my darling  
sister was, as she is now, a maniac.

She never recovered her reason even for an in-  
stant. I kept her with me as long as pos-  
sible, but her frantic periods came oftener  
and were of longer duration, and I was  
obliged to send her to an asylum. That  
fatal letter I picked from the floor, and  
though I have now destroyed it, I can re-  
member every word as plainly as if it were  
impressed on the tablet of my heart. It  
read thus—  
"Calcutta, October—  
"Miss MAYNE—My wife, I will write you  
a line to inform you that I was married a  
week ago to a lovely native of this country,  
consequently our short flirtation is ended.  
Hoping it proved of no serious moment.  
I remain respectfully,  
"Your obedient servant,  
"MARK RICHARDSON."

This was all. No wonder its cruel words  
seared her brain and blasted her young life.  
Eighteen months after I was in Boston. As  
I entered the parlor door, a familiar voice  
struck my ear, and almost still the bea-  
ting of my heart; but by an almost super-  
human effort, I repressed the emotion, and  
I heard their voices on the piazza. The room  
was empty; I entered and approached the  
open window. They stood near; his  
arm thrown around her waist, while her head  
reclined on his breast; and without any  
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ceremony performed before you leave?"

three persons dressed in plain, citizen's co-  
stume, "have urgent business with the pro-  
posed bridegroom."

I sank back in my seat, relieved of my  
fear, while a low murmur swept through  
the crowd, and Miss Home's father, stopping  
to the altar, said—  
"What is the meaning of this?"

As soon as Mark recognized the conten-  
tious of the unexpected visitor he dropped  
his bride's hand, and, after casting a quick  
glance around, sprang from the open win-  
dow. The three policemen, for such they  
were, rushed after him, but he had the  
advantage, knowing the ground, and he sur-  
rounded them, and, with a single bound, he  
was on the roof of the church. I knew not  
his aid, and he did not faint, but left the  
church as soon as possible, and soon resumed  
her appearance in society as dignified as  
ever.

Will tell you how the opportune inter-  
ruption occurred. The day after I re-  
turned, the name of the vessel he sailed  
in. Having learned that she was then in  
port, he visited her, and by pretending to  
know more than he did, found one of the  
sub-officers engaged in the manufacture  
of the Hindoo girl. Her father, a can-  
ning old cliche, had insisted on having the  
ceremony performed by a resident European  
Minister. The officer, on learning that he  
intended marrying another lady, was easily  
induced to give up his duty, and the de-  
fective, in order to reach the shore, had  
hired him a small boat, and was about to  
start, when a police officer, mentioned the  
affair to a brother policeman, and was as-  
tonished to learn that Mark Richardson was  
one of the numerous aliases of a notorious  
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