

Little Folks.

The Broken Branch.

'There it is; I can see it. Look, Bob; do you think the branch will bear? I could climb the tree and creep along the branch easily enough, but the question is, Will the old thing bear? It looks a bit rotten.'

'Father said we were not to climb that tree at all, Frank; he said the whole thing was unsafe, and the water's precious deep just there.'

'Bosh!' said Frank, who was always urged on by opposition. 'Father's always in a funk about our climbing; besides, he did not know there was a chance of our getting a rare egg like that. You know he's awfully keen about our collection, and we're absolutely certain we saw the bird fly off. The only question is, Who's to do it? You're far the lightest; but then, if you do topple in, you can't swim any distance. I'll try it first.'

The boy swung himself lightly up the tree, and having reached the branch in question, proceeded carefully to try its strength.

'It's safe enough for you,' he shouted; 'but wait a moment. Yes, I saw the nest quite plainly; there are at least three eggs. Hold hard! I'm coming;' and he again dropped to the ground.

'Look here, Bob: we'll both climb the tree, and then you shall crawl as far as is safe along the branch while I hold on to your leg. Then if the old thing does go, I shall have you tight enough; that must be safe.'

'It does not sound very pleasant to be hanging over the water held by one leg,' said Bob; 'and you might let me go.'

'Stuff! you are a funk; we should only get a wetting if we did go in, and the eggs are worth that. Up you go.'

They climbed the tree easily enough, and Bob crawled along the treacherous branch.

'It's safe, you see,' called Frank; 'lay yourself along it. I'll hold your leg. That's it. Got it?'

'Yes,' said Bob, in rather a shaky voice.

'Well, then, stuff 'em in your mouth and creep back. That's it.'

Crash! crash! went the branch, and both boys fell headlong into the water. Frank rose in a second, and struck out boldly; but where was Bob? There, a few yards off!

'Strike out, Bob,' he shouted;

'you're close to the bank. I'm here.'

But Bob made no attempt at swimming. As he rose the second time, Frank managed to catch at his head, and tried desperately to keep them both afloat, for he saw that his brother had a big wound across his forehead, and that all chance of safety depended on himself alone.

It seemed to Frank hours before he reached the bank; in reality it was only a few moments; for Frank was a powerful swimmer. He dragged his brother up, and vainly tried to bring him back to consciousness. The boy lay with closed eyes and bleeding head where Frank had laid him. For a moment a horrible



thought that he was dead crossed Frank's mind; but no, he was alive, he knew. How should he get him home?

'Bob, old fellow, wake up,' he cried.

Then, as he saw a man on the towing-path, he shouted, 'Hi! hi! can you carry my brother home. He's tumbled in the river and hurt his head.'

'Hurt his head; I should think he had, indeed,' said the man. 'Thought you was forbidden to climb them trees by the river, Mr. Frank; here's a pretty job.'

He lifted the boy tenderly in his arms, and carried him to the Hall; but it was not for many long weeks that Bob could walk to the river again, and Frank had received a life-long lesson.—'Our Darlings.'

Everything we do will be great when it is what God wants done.

November.

By Ada Shelton.

O dear old dull November;
They don't speak well of you;
They say your winds are chilling,
Your skies are seldom blue.
They tell how you go sighing
Among the leafless trees;
You have no warmth or brightness:
All kinds of things like these.

But, dearie me! November,
They've quite forgot to speak
About the wealth of color
On each round apple's cheek!
How yellow is each pumpkin
That in the meadow lies.
Almost as good as sunshine,
And better still for pies.

Why, yes, dear old November,
You've lots of pleasant things;
All through the month we're long-
ing
To taste your turkey wings.
What if you're dull a trifle,
Or just a little gray?
If not for you we'd never have
Dear old Thanksgiving Day.

—'Temperance Banner.'

Baseness of Falsehood.

No vice so overwhelms a man with shame, once said Lord Bacon, as when he is found false and perfidious. Montaigne, therefore, answered well, when, being asked why giving the lie should be so disgraceful a charge, he replied, 'If it be well weighed, to say a man lies is as much as to say he is a bravado to God, and a coward to men.' For the liar insults God, and crouches to men.—'Family Record.'