

**"Lean upon my Arm, Mother."**

A Boston paper says, that a gentleman coming out of church, on a late Sunday, with an aged lady on his arm, was heard to say, "Pray, lean upon my arm, mother; I am well able to bear your weight." And the expression suggested the following lines to the one who heard it:

Pray lean upon my arm, mother  
Your form is feeble now,  
And silver are the locks that shade  
The furrows on your brow.

Your step is not so strong, mother,  
As in the days gone by;  
But strong as ever is the love  
That beams within your eye.

When I was but a babe, mother,  
With tender love inspired  
You carried me for many an hour  
Until your arms were tired.

From childhood up to manhood's years,  
Through every pain and ill,  
You watched me with a loving eye—  
You watch my welfare still.

And shall I fail you now, mother,  
When all your strength has fled,  
Neglect to guide your feeble steps  
As through life's vale you tread?

Your eyes are dim with age, mother;  
Care's lines are on your brow,  
The little feet you guided once  
Are strong to guide you now.

Then lean upon my arm, mother,  
Henceforth, life's journey through,  
What you did so long for him  
Your boy will do for you.

**Ross Carson's Courage.**

Shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the boys rushed out of the school-house pell-mell.

"Look out Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm, "there's a spider on the pump-handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."

"There was a roar of laughter at this would be witty remark, and the eyes of a score or more thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's jest fell on his ear, and the hand that held the tin drinking-cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little fist," cried Tom, and crowding close to Ross he deliberately knocked the books from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but was determined to give him no excuse for doing so. For Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said they could bear no strain whatever. But it was hard to be called a coward, to bear insults of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions because no blunts or sneers could induce him to fight. And he was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reason for not doing so, knowing well that his explanation would be greeted with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and not even his mother knew what he endured. He did not know that his forbearance showed him possessed of true heroism, for, like most boys, he had a strong admiration for deeds of daring, and saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm, and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro, and none disputed his claim. He was always ready for a fight and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the other scholars but for Tom, who was never weary of exciting enmity against him, and, understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in Hillsboro Academy."

But retribution was near at hand, and Tom was to be strangely punished for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town-hall was being built in Hillsboro, and a very high, imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple second to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that a magnificent view could be obtained from this half-completed steeple, and the next day at the noon recess Tom proposed to half a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he said, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily made for a narrow, winding stair led up to it; and the boys soon attained a

height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless, and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below.

"A good place for a suicide," said Tom, as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice in a tone of entreaty, and, looking around, the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom rudely.

"The carpenter gave me leave to come up answered Ross, quietly. "I did not know anyone was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so sneered Tom. "You'd find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I'd like to see the place where I wouldn't go. Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected about the steeple for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.

"We see it; but what of it?" answered Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answered Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a hornpipe;" and before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding, and was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful.

But their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began rather a feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the pavement?"

As he spoke he looked down—a fatal thing, for his head, which had, until now, been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below him. It seemed to fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in horror. They saw the terrible danger that menaced him; they knew it was only a question of moments now before he must fall and be dashed to atoms on the pavement below. He stood in a kind of stupor, looking down into the fascinating gulf, his eyes wild and staring, his face white with terror.

He, too, knew the awful danger in which he stood, but he was powerless to help himself. The slightest change of position, even the raising of his eyes, and he must fall. The gulf seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eyes seemed starting out of their sockets. Back of him shuddered his horror-stricken comrades, waiting, in an agony of suspense, for the fatal end of this terrible drama; before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the people moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set teeth, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple on to the scaffolding, and with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.

"If he touches him, Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was, Ross heard it, and turned his head toward Louis, pausing for an instant as if to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, and throwing his arms around Tom's waist, dragged him backwards.

It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril, drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys, got him inside once more, white as a corpse it is true, and utterly unnerved, but safe.

There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to school this afternoon," he said to his mother, "so I'll weed out your flower beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. "I'm afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat, and began to weed the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town-hall.

He was still weeding a couple of hours later, when he heard the tramp of many feet, and looking up, he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates coming in at the little wooden gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly sneak I've been."

Tom's lips quivered as he made this humiliating confession, and his eyes were moist with the tears which he could restrain only with the greatest effort.

Ross took the proffered hand in a warm and hearty grasp as he said: "I'd have done as much for any one, Tom. Don't make so much of it. But I'm out and out glad to be friends with you."

And friends, fast and true, they were from that time forth, and no one ever again even whispered that Ross Carson lacked courage. The story of that brave deed of his on the scaffolding about the new hall had borne testimony to his courage which was sufficiently convincing, and the people of Hillsboro were proud of their young townsman. In their eyes he was a hero. But I think the noblest thing about his brave act was that he risked his life to save that of his enemy.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

**"But Then."**

It was a queer name for a little girl, and it was not her real name—that was Lizzie—but everybody called her "But Then."

My real name is prettier; but then I like the other very well, she said, nodding her brown curls merrily; and that sentence shows how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable, rainy day, and they couldn't play out of doors, Lizzie assented brightly: Yes; but then it is a nice day to make our scrap-books.

When Rob fretted because they had so far to walk to school, his little sister reminded him: But then, it's all the way through the woods, you know, and that's ever so much nicer than walking on the hard pavement of a town.

When even patient Aunt Barbara pined a little because the rooms in the new house were so few and small compared with their old home, a rosy face was quietly lifted to hers with the suggestion: But then, little rooms are best to cuddle all up together in; don't you think so, auntie?

Better call her "Little But Then," and have done with it, declared Bob, half-vexed, half-laughing. No matter how bad anything is she is always ready with her "But then," and some kind of consolation at the end of it.

Just look at all the snow going to waste without having a chance to enjoy it! said Will, one day; and the ice, too—all because we couldn't bring our sleds with us when we moved.

But then you might make one yourself, you know. It wouldn't be quite so pretty, but it would be just as good, said little "But Then."

Exactly what I mean to do, as soon as I can get money enough to buy two or three boards; but I haven't even that yet, and the winter is nearly half-gone.

If we only had a sled to-day, sister could ride, and we could go on the river, said Bob. It's just as near that way, and we could go faster.

It's a pity, admitted the little girl. But then, I've thought of something—that old chair in the shed! If we turn it down, its back would be almost like runners.

Hurrah! that's the very thing! interrupted the boys. The old chair was dragged out, carried down to the river, and away went the merry party.

What is that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes, said Will, pointing to a dark spot a little way out on the ice.

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be a little girl.

I slipped and fell on the ice, she exclaimed, and I've broken my leg. The poor girl was borne safely home, and the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon and hear his verdict, that young bones do not mind being broken; she will soon be out again, as well as ever.

Wasn't it good that it was only the old chair that we had to-day? asked little But Then, as she told the story at home. O, auntie, I had the nicest time!

I believe you had, answered Aunt Barbara, smiling; for a brave, sunny spirit, that never frets over what it has not, but always makes the best of what it has, is sure to have a good time. It doesn't need to wait for it to come; it has a faculty for making it.—*Selected.*

That was a cutting reply which a purchaser received from a dealer the other day. She was haggling about the price of an article of clothing, and interspersing her bantering with expressions of contempt for the hard-hearted employers who oppress their sewing-girls and sales-women. The answer came like a bullet: "You purchasers compel us to do it. You refuse to pay fair prices. You banter and squeeze and Jew us down to the last copper. Pay fair prices, and then talk of the evils of the sweating system." Purchasers who rejoice in cheap garments seldom think of the half-starved employees whose long hours and miserable pittance of pay made the cheapness possible.—*Indian Witness.*

**EGG MUFFINS.**—One quart flour, one tablespoon sugar, one tablespoon salt, one large tablespoon lard, three eggs, one and one-quarter pints milk, two teaspoons baking powder; sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt; rub in the lard cold; add the beaten eggs and milk; mix quickly into a smooth batter; two-thirds fill carefully greased muffin tins, and bake in hot oven fifteen minutes.

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No. 193.—Caloric.

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No. 206.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
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In Charles, not in James;  
In hat, not in bonnet;  
In white, not in black;  
In knit, not in work;  
In paper, not in cloth;  
My whole is a domestic convenience.

No. 207.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter; an adjective; a cold; a tree; a letter.  
2. A letter; a body of water; to permit; years; a letter.  
3. A letter; a true friend; a disease; every; a letter.

No. 208.—WORD-SQUARES.  
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. A European Lake; a town in India; a hymn; smooth land; in South Africa.  
2. Cheekbone; freeholder; daisies; a town in U. S. A.; to direct; suitable.

No. 209.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.  
(BY GRACE E. RING, Brooklyn, U. S.)

1. Belmuous. 2. Aaalmosrov.  
3. Aegillo. 4. Adent.  
5. Acegillo. 6. Aaeihpr.  
7. Cdeeiimx.

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