

rescued. Then, with a dark plunge, one, losing his hold, fell into the waves—then another—and then another. Those on shore, with a cry of horror, believed them lost; but the life-boat, even now literally diving among the foam, dragged them up by the hair of the head. Their arm was not shortened yet.

And now all that remained in the rigging of the wreck was *the one little boy*. He clung there white with terror looking round for help with a very piteous eye; but not daring to let go, or stir, or make a cry. Again and again up the boat beat to within an oar's length; and bravely did its crew try the task; yet again and again they failed. Oh to save that boy! One effort more, for the sixth or seventh time! All in vain, alas! The mast was cracking to its socket;—angrily the deep was raging as with the very jaws of destruction; and as, mounting high upon a wave, the little boat swung within a few feet, ah! the vast beam gave way. Quick the leader's eye caught the danger: and, with a cry that came from his very heart, he shouted, "Cut the rope!" It was just in time. One keen touch of the flashing knife, and the cord of all help and hope parted. Over with its mass of rigging, bowed the mast into the deep; and the poor boy, flinging up his hands, as if in prayer, uttered one wail of fear, and went down into his grave. They were within a boat's length of doing it, but their arm was shortened at last that they *could* not save. Slowly and sadly did they return to land—many saved, but that little boy lost!

When I read the touching story, I could not help thinking young readers, of the salvation our blessed Lord has brought for you into the world. You are in greater danger than if you were hung up, as that boy was, over the abyss of wind and waves. It is not your bodies, but your souls that are in danger. Yet there is never any shortening of the arm of Christ. He has put off to save you: and though He has saved thousands, He can stretch out His hand and save thousands more, and out of all the Father hath given Him He will *never lose one*. The smallest child He will not lose. Only you must cry to Him, and fling yourselves out to Him. How unutterably sad that Jesus should see any little boy or little girl perish—within an ace of His feet, going down into the gulf,—passing Him by, and caring nothing for Him, and refusing Him! How it affects His heart with grief and pity! And how if at last, when He comes back as it were to land—back to His Father in Heaven, he should have to