

LITTLE FOLKS

Too Near the Edge.

Jim had come for a holiday to his uncle's big sheep-farm in the Highlands. It was Jim's first visit, and never was there a happier boy. There were burns to fish in and trees to climb, there were six black calves and a long-legged young foal to visit in the stable and byre, while on every hillside the lambs were frisking. Jim got a long stick with a crook at one end, and tramped over the moors with his uncle, while Clyde and Rover, the two collies, trotted at their heels. The early summer days, long as they were, were not long enough for all the boy's plans and pleasures.

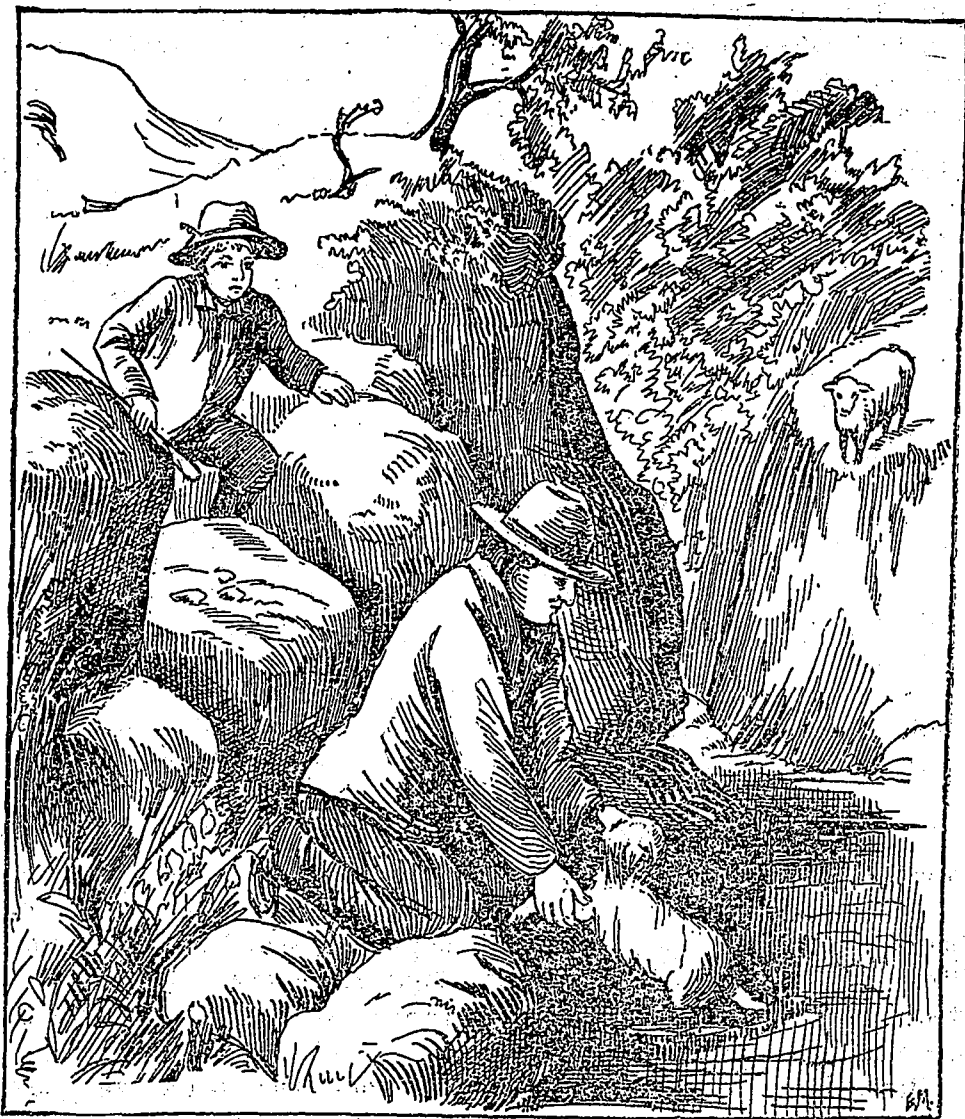
One thing, however, surprised him very much. There was no wine or spirits at dinner or supper, as Jim was accustomed to see at home. Sometimes, when his father was in a very good humor, he would get a little sip too, and his father would laugh loudly and say that was the stuff to make a man of him. His mother would shake her head and look very grave, but Jim was just at the age when a boy thinks that everything that his father does must be right, and he soon forgot his mother's anxious face. Jim, who knew very little about Bands of Hope, often wondered why his uncle did not take wine, as Father did, and one day when they were out on the hills, he asked his uncle the reason.

Uncle Will, who knew how things were in the boy's home, was glad of the chance to give him a kindly word of warning.

'But you don't mean to say, Uncle Will,' said the boy, after they had talked a while, and his uncle had spoken of the temptation and the danger of strong drink, 'that every one who takes drink will become a drunkard.'

'No, certainly not, but every one runs the risk of it. It is like walking too near the edge of a precipice—if you have a cool head you may go safely enough for a while, but at any moment one slip may plunge you to the bottom. Now, I think it far wiser and safer to keep away from the edge altogether,' said Uncle Will, with a smile.

Jim pondered this for a minute, then looking up, his eye was caught by a sheep on the other side of the linn, as it was called, a deep rocky



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glen, through which a swift stream dashed down into a deep, dark pool, overhung with thick trees.

'Look, uncle!' he suddenly exclaimed; 'look at that sheep over there, it's running about in such a funny way!'

Uncle Will looked. The sheep was making short runs in every direction, as if seeking for help, but it always came back to the edge of a steep crag, and looking over into the black depths, uttered a piteous bleat.

'Her lamb has gone over the linn!' cried Uncle Will, and he set off, running towards the pool, with Jim after him, at the top of his speed. Uncle Will disappeared into the deep gully, and when Jim came clambering over the rocks his uncle had reached the water's edge. The eddy from the fall had swept the struggling lamb within arm's reach, and he was gently drawing the poor frightened creature, all dripping and gasping, out of the water.

'Oh, the poor, pretty little thing! It's not drowned, it's not hurt, is it?' cried Jim, scrambling down. 'How glad its mother will be, what a good

thing it was that we were so near! It must have been playing about over yonder, and fallen over the edge.'

'Yes,' said his uncle, significantly, 'it went too near.'

Jim looked up at the crag where a little while ago the lamb had been frisking in the sunshine, and then down into the deep pool out of which it had been rescued.

'Uncle Will, you are right,' he said, suddenly, 'I'll keep away from the edge.'—'Adviser.'

The Child Who Did Not Want to be Saved.

(*'Reformed Church Record.'*)

Some of my readers may have read many a terrible story of the Indian Mutiny, and although you know nothing of those dark, dreadful days yourselves, perhaps your soldier father or uncle, (like my soldier husband) could tell you many tales of horror which they have seen and passed through in those sad times. One little incident I came across the other day points out a very solemn lesson to old and young.

You remember that in troubled