

and soon you will be only fit to be trodden under foot as you tread on these ashes. The boy that tells lies has got a canker-worm in his heart. He'd better look to it betimes, or by-and-by in disgrace and poverty he'll rue the day he let slip the chance of getting cured. I've seen life, my lad; mind if I'm not a true prophet!"

"Dont trouble yourself to prophesy about me; I'm not afraid!" said the boy, walking away.

Was David a true prophet? Most certainly he was, if these words of the Bible are true: "The transgressor shall be rooted out; and he that speaketh lies shall perish."

THAT LITTLE HAND.

"He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

Black and blue eyes opened wide with wonder in the bright faces of the children who had gathered lovingly around old Mr. Elden, as he slowly spoke those words.

"What does he mean, Elsie?" whispered Jane Lee to her cousin. "We asked him for a story, and you know he always had one ready. I hope he isn't going to preach a sermon!"

"Wait, Jenny; we shall see."

"This text," continued Mr. Elden, "always reminds me of an incident of my childhood. When I was a little boy, I had a pleasant company of schoolmates, and we used to enjoy our sports together, just as you children now do. At the lower part of the village where we lived, was a river and a bridge across it. We often went there to play, and many times have I stood a long while trying to see the fish as they swam below.

"One day we were playing on the bridge, and one of our number, who had mounted the railing, was watching something in the water, when he suddenly slipped, lost his hold and fell. We heard his cry, and the splash as he struck the water. We ran to the side of the bridge and looked over. The waters had closed above him, he had sunk so quickly, and bubbles were rising where he went down. We were too young to know exactly what to do, and too much frightened even to shout for help. The little fellow rose once more to the surface, struggling for life, but could only give us a beseeching look, when with arms uplifted, as if imploring help, he sunk again.

"We were still speechless with horror; but a kind man had noticed our movements from a short distance, and suspecting what had happened, was hastening towards us. He reached the bridge. Nothing was in sight but one little hand above the water, and that was fast disappearing. We had recovered our voices, and pointing at it we cried eagerly, 'There's his hand! Oh, there's his hand!'

"That outstretched hand! I seem to see it now—I shall never forget how it looked at me. But our friend waited not a moment. As that hand went out of sight he plunged into the river, and soon brought the drowning boy to the shore. He looked earnestly into the pale face of our playmate as he held him in his arms, and in a tone of voice that sent a thrill of joy through all our hearts, he said—'Saved!' Then turning to the rest of us, he added—'Boys, I know you will never forget that little sinking hand. Remember when it comes into your minds, that we are all sinking into a colder and darker place than this river, unless we have asked One to save, who alone can do it. This boy will soon recover now, and be able to say that I took him from the river. It is my prayer that he and every one of you may be able to say of another, better Friend, as you think of the dark waters of sin, in which all who do not love Christ are sinking—"He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."'

"Dear little friends," said Mr. Elden, closing his story, "I trust the prayer of that good man for me has been answered. Will you remember *that little hand*, and the lesson it taught us? Jesus is ready to take hold of those little hands of yours, as you lift them up imploringly from the depths of sin and evil in this world, and he will bring you at last—not to the shore of such a river—but to the 'Shining Shore.' Will you ask him to do it?"—*Child at Home.*