

now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

J. F.

Corner for the Young.

THE WRECK.

Those who go down to the sea in ships often witness strange and exciting scenes. When the Rev. W. Ellis was on his way home, some years ago, from Madagascar, he saw a sight which, when once seen, is not likely to be forgotten.

He heard a shout on deck—'A wreck! a wreck!' and, hastening to see what it meant, he saw, about two miles off, a small flag or signal; and after some time, he could see a sort of raft, with two figures, a white man and a man of colour, sitting upon it, the water reaching as high as their waists. Up went the flag of the ship to let these poor castaways know that they were seen, and that help was at hand. One of the ship's boats was lowered, and five stout and brave British sailors pulled away towards the raft, every eye eagerly looking after them; and when they saw, first one man, and then the other, stiff and benumbed, gently but safely lifted into the boat, they made the ship ring again with the shout, 'They're saved! they're saved!'

It was found that one of the men saved from the wreck was a Sandwich Islander—a man of colour. The white man was the captain of the ship, which had been upset in a violent gale two days before, when all on board with the exception of these two, had perished.

The islander was a young man, one of the crew. He was sitting with his head bent down, and his long black dripping hair hanging over his eyes and down his face. Looking at him kindly, Mr. Ellis addressed him in the native language, saying, 'Salutation, dear friend—affection.' The man instantly lifted his head, swept with his hand his long black hair to one side of his forehead, and looking as one startled at the sound of his own tongue, he returned the salutation, and, in answer to a question, stated he was a native of Oahu, the island on which Mr. Ellis once lived. He said he was up aloft furling a sail, when the ship suddenly went over, and all in an instant were plunged in the deep. Other Islanders were on board, but they soon sank. Mr. Ellis said, 'God has very mercifully preserved you: you must remember His goodness, and pray to Him.' He replied, 'I did pray to him in the night when I was in the sea; I did pray to God in the morning when I saw the captain. I prayed that we might be saved; and God sent away death, and sent your ship, and we are here.' Mr. Ellis then said, 'I am glad you prayed to God; you must be thankful to Him, and love and serve Him. You must try to serve God in your future life.' Mr. Ellis then repeated the first two lines of a hymn which he had written when he was a missionary in the country. The man's countenance brightened; he took up the strain where Mr. Ellis had left off, and finished the remaining verses with evident satisfaction.

Mr. Ellis said, 'Where did you learn that hymn?' He answered, 'In the school of the missionaries at Oahu.' And when Mr. Ellis told him that he had written that hymn many years ago, when he lived in the Sandwich Islands, he looked with greater astonishment, and said eagerly,