

flowing there. During the ten days following they were unable to get on to the wreck more than twice, in consequence of the surf. While upon the Island, Captain Knowles made very careful observations, from which he observed that Oceans lies 16 miles east of the position ascribed to it on the latest English charts, by which he had navigated the ship. The crew of the schooner (which Captain Knowles is confident will be also exposed by the officers of the sloop-of-war Vandalia, soon) the loss of the Wild Wave is attributed.

Upon the 14th of March started James Bartlett, with his first mate, Mr. James Bartlett, and the captain, Mr. J. C. York, and five men, for Pitcairn's Island, 70 miles southward, expecting to find relief there, not to be had at Oceans, which is out of the usual track of vessels in any trade. When he left the ship had not broken up, and the sailors got out one specie, and carried it down with them. Pitcairn's Island, the crew of the schooner, a fertile well-planted island, only four miles in circumference, which was settled, many years ago, by the mariners of the British naval brig Bounty. It has long been a favorite stopping place for whales and the captain went there in the hopes of meeting some of the crew, to enable him to carry himself and his men to the Sandwich Islands.

Arriving at the island in 48 hours, he found it uninhabited, the settlers having been removed to Norfolk Island. In landing, too, the life-boat was stove and ruined. Of course the unfortunate men were now without a boat of any description, and had no tools with which to construct one. They seemed to be in a desperate straits, but as they were in patience until next February or March, when they might hope for succor by the whaling fleet bound up the Pacific. The island abounds in tropical fruits which, with goats and chickens left by the late settlers, promised abundant support, meantime.

So the Captain fitted up a deserted teasmot as his dwelling so comfortable as possible. An old gun-barrel, or rather a piece of iron, was mounted on a rude stock, so that one man could fire it with a match while aimed by another. In this dual fashion the goats were brought down for meat.

In walking about the deserted settlement one day, they found old rusty tools, consisting of a few axes, planes, and augurs. With these they commenced to build a boat, and to get away with, and the party proceeded at once to carry the plan into execution. Of course, it was no small undertaking, for they had no saws, nor negging, nor iron work for fastenings. They went into the woods, however, and with their axes, hewed a single plank out of each tree, until the whole was ready for the joiner. In the meantime they found a few tin cans, and built a couple of houses to get more. With these and wooden pins they fastened the vessel, a trim-looking though frail schooner, thirty feet in length. From a quantity of condemned ropes picked up on the island, they made oaken towsails, as well as rigging, for the vessel was a cutter, and they had no sails but an old sail cloth, also picked up at Pitcairn's furnished sails for the John Adams, as the new craft was christened. From a bucket of tar, and several pounds of resin, found in a deserted tent, the bottoza seams were repaired, and the rest were painted with some refuse and a little turpentine for color source. The vessel was cut for her deck and her tackle over. It only remained to get a set of colors.

These the Captain soon provided, an old shirt furnishing the white stripes and stars, some trimmings from the church pulpit the red and the curtains before a bunk in a deserted house, furnished the blue for the field.

After three weeks' work, the Adams was launched, and proceeded with jacked goat meat, canned fruit, and a mass of preserved meats, and an abundance of water. Three of the sailors, fearful of the craft, preferred remaining where they were. So Captain Knowles, his mate, and two men, set sail from Pitcairn's on the 3rd of July, for Tahiti, intending to call in at Oceans Island, where he had no doubt to find succor.

They encountered a severe gale from the northwest, which lasted three days, forcing them so far to the eastward that they could not make Oceans. They bore away accordingly for the Marquesas, 1,300 miles from Pitcairn's Island, where they arrived safely on the 5th of August. Here they found the United States Schooner, the "Vandalia," Captain Sinclair, who immediately got under weigh for Tahiti, to get wood and water, and proceeded thence to the rescue of the Wild Wave's crew remaining on Oceans and Pitcairn's. To Tahiti Captain K. and his companions also proceeded. The mate went with the Vandalia on her errand of mercy, and Captain Knowles was carried by the French Frigate, the "Uranie," to Honolulu, where he started for San Francisco on a merchant schooner, arriving here on the 23th September, bringing his colors and his specie with him. He starts for home to-day, as already stated, and carries the first news of his ship, which has reached the oceans last spring.

His family, who he carried to Cape Horn, are now giving up all hope of ever hearing from him, as he learned from his friends here. He is evidently an intelligent and honorable gentleman, and his misfortunes command the sympathies of the San Francisco merchants and shippers.

Sabbath Reading.

THE CHILD WHO KNEW WHEN TO PRAY.

A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town, a short time since, when she came to a spot where several life boys were amusing themselves by the very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone at her, which struck her on the cruel brow in the eye.

She was carried home in agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, papa; no, yet," she replied.

"What do you wish as to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then, kneeling, she prayed a few moments, and afterwards submitted to the operation with the patience of a woman.

After the operation a little girl appeared under the name of an attendant. Surely I have heard the prayer made at that hour. She loves every child that calls upon her name!

THE CROUS.

A circus came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand train can brow beat all the boys' songs. Quivers of dollars and shillings are in great demand