

In a few seconds, on a long belt of reefs, white with the foam of breakers, the hapless ship struck and began to settle in the waves. Despair and pity were in every face upon the shore. The crew, consisting of five or six men and a boy, were seen to climb into the rigging; while beneath them the big billows made a clean breach over deck and all. It was a terrible grave into which they looked down, and many wept to see them as they lifted up a hand, now and again, wildly for help. Meanwhile some brave sailors had hurried off to the nearest point where a life boat was to be found; and after delays that seemed an age, at last one was slipped out of its moorings—six or eight stout and noble fellows volunteered to man it, and with shouts of fear, and yet hope, it was thrust into the boiling surf. Long it sunk and rose, a mere shell tossed by the storm; for out, almost as far as the eye could reach, the sea was white with breakers like a field of snow. At length, however, way was made, and presently the gallant little bark was seen holding fast in the roaring gale, but a few paces off from where the wreck was going to pieces. Its crew dared not come nearer, for the masts were swinging and tottering, and had they fallen across it, would have crushed it like a broken reed. By dint of great effort, a rope was uncoiled, and flung to the poor men yet hanging on the rigging, and there, one way or other, was made fast. Among this one or two dropped safely, and an i were rescued. Then, with a dark plunge, or, losing his hold, fell into the waves—than 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 rays 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 say—"I have saved those thousands. I have saved all—all but that boy. He would not come unto me that he might have life!" Make it your prayer now, dear children—"Lord save me, I perish!"—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*

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South Sea Missions.

MUCH interest has lately been excited in Polynesian missions, by the departure, at an early day, of the Rev. John Geddie and his devoted wife and family, to the scene of their labors—never more to return, as is probable, to the land of their fathers. The South Sea Islands first attracted general attention after the publication of the enchanting narratives of Capt. Cook. This distinguished navigator lost his life on Owhyhie, one of the Sandwich Islands, in the year 1779. Christian enterprise first directed its efforts to this part of the world under the direction of the London Missionary Society. "More than half a century has now passed away since the 'Duff' bore the first missionaries sent forth by the London Missionary Society to the shores of Tahiti. On that island the grand experiment was made; there the problem, Are missions practicable? was solved. After a long season of apparently fruitless suffering and toil, which sorely tried—almost overcame—the faith and patience of both missionaries and their supporters, God was pleased to affix the seal of His approbation to their efforts. He made bare His own gracious and all-powerful arm in the sight of the heathen, and in the sight of an intensely interested few among His own people. Effects followed such as