

upon us, and one terrible wave swept over us, and carried us right upon a rock. All hope that we should be saved was then taken away.

But a crowd began to gather on the beach, and a boat was seen trying to make its way to us bravely. It struggled hard with its six bold rowers; but it would not do. One wild breaker caught it, as if it had been a bit of cork, and tossed it on a ledge of rock to the left. We saw the men struggling ashore, which they managed to reach in safety. We heard a cry from the shore, "Man the life-boat;" and immediately a dozen of the stoutest fellows set off for it. But it was two miles off; and the ship was going fast to pieces. Our safety was in sticking by the ship till the life-boat came. We waited and gazed across the white waves to see if it were coming; but it did not come; and if it did not, what were we to do? Was there no other help?

On the deck of the vessel, cold and dripping, but in a sheltered corner, I saw a mother and her child. The child clung to the mother and the mother to the child. In a little I saw the mother kneel. The little one knelt beside her and clasped its little hands. It was about five years old. Then the mother rose, and unfastening from herself a circular life-buoy which she had about her, she carefully tied it round the little one, or rather put the little one into it, and tied the preserver firmly under its arms. Having done this, she looked out to see if the life boat were at hand. But it was not to be seen, and the ship was beginning to go to pieces, as wave after wave swept over her. There seemed no hope. Then, as if making up her mind as to some fearful thing, she examined all the fastenings of the life-preserver, and, lifting up her child, she took advantage of a slight lull and dropped it into the waves! The child gave a terrible shriek and struggled, but the next wave seized it and bore it away from the vessel. As the gale was blowing right upon the shore, the child was soon in the midst of the breakers. Up and down it went, yet still onward. Now in the hollow of the wave, now on its top: now on the crest of its breakers, now covered with its foam and spray; it still went onward, the mother all the while kneeling on deck; and every eye there, as well as those on shore, turned to the little head, which, amid all the ups and downs never sunk. The shore was near, and in five minutes a shout arose from the crowd. A tall wave lifted the little one on its crest and was about to dash it on the rocks, when a sailor rushed forward and seized it in his arms.

The child was saved.

The mother saw it from the deck, though half blinded with the spray of breakers and the fury of the gale. She clasped her hands and gave thanks. Many a voice around her said, Amen.

As the child was landed the life-boat came in sight, and ere noon the greater number of those on board the vessel were safe on shore, and among them was seen the mother, clasping her child to her bosom in joy and praise.

Children! Remember the Life-preserver! Here it is "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Put this on, and it will save you in storm and swell. It will carry you to the shore of the everlasting glory.

Mothers! Never forget the Life-preserver for your children. See that Christ be in them and they in Christ. Blessed meeting! Mother and child upon the shore of the kingdom, all storms and shipwrecks for ever past.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LAITY BY A LAYMAN.

It is a solemn duty, on entering upon a work for God, to ascribe glory, honour and praise to him the Almighty, the Lord of Heaven and earth, and to exalt Jesus Christ, whom "God hath exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour," Acts v. 31, Christ the Lord, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever liveth and reigneth the ONE TRUE GOD, blessed for evermore.

"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." John xiv. 33.

LET A GRATEFUL LAITY SHOW AN ANXIOUS, AFFECTIONATE REGARD FOR THEIR MINISTERS.