

waters. I sprang to the couch of my dear child, who yet lay in profound and fearless slumber, unconscious of the anguish of her father and her own proximity to a watery grave. All my agonized feelings were compressed in one intense prayer, and I exclaimed, 'O God, save my child.' Again, at this moment, the voice of Mrs. Williams, our Captain's wife, was heard, 'Mr. Royle, bring Harriet upon deck immediately; throw something warm arou d the dear child; but come quickly, the vessel has struck.' I dragged her from her sleeping-place to the deck. The rudder and the stern had given way, and on the deck stood three aged Christians, between seventy and eighty years of age, and four young children trembling and naked by our side. Our Aitutakian young men came near to us, drew their upper garments off, and took possession of my child. Somewhat relieved by their devotion, and satisfied that they would do all they could for our rescue, I threw myself with prayerful confidence into the arms of a covenant-keeping God, and awaited the result.

"Orders were given to get out the boats, which after great labour, and many fine traits of character, the crew succeeded in doing, the vessel, in the meantime, rapidly filling with water. At length orders were given by the captain for the ladies and children to be put into the boats. Aiding my venerable friend the Rev. Charles Barff to follow, I beheld with grateful feelings their rescue from impending death, my own child being one of the number. Seated on the deck of the ill-fated vessel, I saw Mrs. Williams, whom I had supposed to have gone in the boat, approaching. She said, 'Mr. Royle, I give you my place in the boat; go, take care of your daughter; I remain to share the fate of my dear husband—I cannot leave him.' She disappeared, and in a few minutes the captain came and requested me to enter the boat and to keep her out of the reach of falling spars, and within hail for any contingency. I obeyed the welcome orders. Out of reach of immediate danger, I looked around upon the affecting scene; we a half-naked throng—our pleasant home a wreck, and the tremendous crushes of the ship breaking on the silence of the night.—Every blow the ill-fated vessel received sent a vibratory stroke to the ship's bell, and a pang of sorrow to our hearts. At 5 o'clock, A. M., while yet dark, orders were given for all to enter the boats, forty-two in number, occupying three boats. We proceeded along at a safe distance from the reef, to seek an opening whereby to hold communication with the natives of Danger Island. As soon as they saw us, crowds of them hastened to our relief, embraced us in their generous love, and carried us to their homes. Clothing they had none to offer us, but the best of their food they reserved for us and brought

daily to our table, generously denying themselves of the only food that we could eat—a sacrifice all the more to be admired, as they could evidently see we had been deprived of the ability to reward them for such service."

Talking and Doing.

"When Dr. Chalmers was executing his plan of establishing parochial schools in connection with St. John's parish, in Glasgow, a site which belonged to the college was selected for the first school to be erected. Dr. Chalmers called on Dr. Taylor, the head of the college, in order to purchase this site. He expressed hope of obtaining it on reasonable terms, in consequence of the novelty and importance of the undertaking.

"'The undertaking,' said Dr. Taylor, 'is an important one, but it is not a new one. We have been talking for twenty years of establishing parochial schools in Glasgow.'

"'Yes,' said Dr. Chalmers, 'but how many years more do you intend to talk about it? Now we are going to do the thing, and not to talk about it, and so you must even let the price be as moderate as possible, seeing we are going to take the labour of talking and projecting entirely off your hands.'

It often happens that the greatest talkers are the worst workers: they do the talking and leave the work for other hands. How happy a change, if all of us were to follow the example of the illustrious Chalmers and actually *work* instead of wasting time and opportunities in talk! Many find their pleasure in discovering the faults of those who do work while they themselves stand idly by. Brethren, ye have not so learned Christ. Whatever your hands find to do, whatever your hearts purpose in the hour of warmest generosity,—that do with all your might.

A Solemn Warning.

If you be, or become either *graceless* preachers or ministers of the gospel, how terrible is your condition! If you open your Bible the sentence of your redoubled damnation flashes into your conscience from every page. When you compose your sermon you but draw up a tremendous indictment against yourselves. If you argue against or reprove other men's sins, you but aggravate your own. When you publish the holy law of God, you but add to your rebellion against it, and make it an awful witness against your treacherous