

from the rest of the party, but he did not leave this room. He went over to a sofa table in the corner and took up his pen. I think he must have been talking about the state of the heathen world a good deal that day with his father-in-law; his heart must have been full of the subject. He thought but a very short time, and then the pen went rapidly over the paper, for Heber had a nice free handwriting. Out of the abundance of the heart the pen writes as well as the mouth speaks. He dashed out a word here, and transposed a word there, and closed his eyes, and sat lost in thought, with his pen hanging over the unfinished line, and then a smile played on his features and his eyes opened with a bright glance, and the pen put the happy thought into black and white for ever!

The talk went on in a lower key, that he might not be disturbed, and presently the Vicar's pleasant voice said, "Well, what have you written?"

Heber was only in the midst of his work, but he laid down the pen, and taking up his manuscript, read the words that ten thousand times ten thousand have sung times without number since then—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand."

He read three verses. "Good! very good," said the Vicar; "that will do very well;" but the full beauty and excellence of this exquisite poem did not strike him at first. "But I've not done," said Heber. "Oh yes! that's quite enough, that will do!" "No, no; the sense is not complete! you must let me add another verse;" and he returned to the other end of the room, and wrote—

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll."

He wanted to add a fifth, but the Dean (for Dr. Shipley was Dean of St. Asaph) would not let him, and told him it was late Saturday night, and time to go to bed. And so next morning the Welsh folk in Wrexham

Church sang for the first time the hymn to which the walls of church, and chapel and Sunday-school have so often resounded since; the hymn that has so often rolled in enthusiastic tones over vast audiences in Exeter Hall, the hymn that every boy and girl knows or ought to know by heart, the hymn that is and will probably remain the best ever written for a Missionary meeting. Don't you think Heber must have asked God to help him before he began?

A CHILD'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM A WOLF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The *Moravian Missionary Reporter* relates the following interesting case:—

"One evening a little girl, about eight years old, was lying near the door of her father's dwelling, when four wolves rushed in upon her. One seized her by the head, another by the shoulders, and two others by the legs, and carried her off. Her screams were heard, and the wolves were overtaken and forced to release the poor child, who was dreadfully hurt by the teeth of the hungry beasts. The parents nursed the little sufferer, but could not heal her wounds. As they thought the child would die, they wished to get her out of the hut before she expired, for the Kaffirs fear to touch a dead body. Her father carried her to a great distance from her home, and laid her down near some trees, where no one could hear her groans, and there left her to die.

"As the poor little girl lay in this place, she thought of the Missionary, and knowing where he lived, said, 'I will try to creep to his house, for he is kind, he will not cast me out.' She slowly moved with great pain over the rough places, and at length reached his dwelling. When he saw the bleeding child, his heart was filled with pity. He heard her story, and counted fourteen wounds made by the teeth of the