

thing ready for lighting them on his return. I told you that there was a reef of rocks reaching from the lighthouse to the shore; this was quite bare at low water, so that it was quite easy for the keeper to walk dryshod to the land. In those days there were round most of the shores of the country bands of men called *wreckers*, because they lived by the plunder of vessels which had been wrecked on the shores. Cruel, heartless men! When they saw the clouds gathering in the sky, and heard the wind roaring before a storm, they would climb to some hill-top, to see if any vessel were in sight; and when the storm burst, and the waves ran mountains high, and everyone was pitying the poor seamen exposed to the tempest, they rejoiced and hurried down to the beach, not to save the lives of the brave sailors, not to snatch their property from destruction, but to rob and plunder. "The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," says the Bible, and this great, but sad truth, only requires opportunity for its illustration.

Some of these men had been on the shore, and saw the keeper leave the lighthouse; they knew that if they could only detain him till after dark, the lamps would not be lighted, and the ships that were sailing past, being deprived of the beacon, would run foul of the rocks, and then they should have a harvest of spoil. When they stepped on shore they surrounded him, bound him, and laid him down on the ground to await the return of the morning; and then, with excited hopes, waited for the first vessel which should be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Poor little Mary! What will she do? Let us see. Her father has left, and she now busies herself about the house. Some children would have sat down and done nothing; but Mary had been better taught by her good mother. She made every nook and corner as tidy as hands could make it, and then, putting the kettle on the fire to be ready for her father's return, she sat down to her sewing. But hour passed after hour, and still her father did not return. Every now and then she rose up to see if he was not coming. Once she thought she heard him at the door below, but when she went to look, it was only the big pussy gamboling with her kitten. She began to feel alarmed. She went to the window and strained her eyes to see him on the beach, but in vain. A sight that horrified her met her view as she went on the parapet. The tide was beginning to flow. The waves were commencing to break on the rocks; in a little while they were sweeping over them, and as she watched, one bigged point after another disappeared. "Oh, father, father!" cried the little girl, "when will you come? Have you forgotten your poor little Mary? Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?" She sat down at last, and covering her face with her hands, buried it in her lap, as if to shut out the view of some impending calamity. "Oh father, dear father," cried she, starting up again, "hurry, hurry, before the water gets too deep." But that dear father heard not her piteous appeals! He lay bound hand and foot among the rocks above the beach. He could see the lighthouse, and every now and then his soul was filled with agony, as he saw his dear child come out upon the parapet. What could he do? Much, very much. He

could look to God, and commend his beloved child to the Father of mercies, who "slumbereth not nor sleepeth." Into His loving hand he gave her anew, by faith, and then he felt calm. There's nothing like simple, child-like faith, to compose the heart in the hour of trouble and perplexity, my young friends. Lean upon Jesus in the hour of need, and this is doing the best you can; do what you can, and He will do what He can, and that is everything.

The water now stood many feet deep over the reef. Mary knew it was impossible for her father to return before morning. Darkness was gathering around, and her heart felt desolate indeed. She burst into tears, and wept long and loud. She thought of her father. What could have happened to him? She thought of herself, left all alone through the dark, dreary night, in the middle of the ocean; and then, as a wave dashed heavily against the lighthouse, and drove the spray about her, she thought of the lamps, and how if they were not lighted, ships would be lost and sailors drowned. She remembered that her mother had told her that whenever she knew not how to proceed in anything, she should ask counsel of God. She knelt down and asked the Lord to protect her, and to show her what to do. All at once it occurred to her that perhaps she could light the lamps herself. She ran and got a match. But how was she to reach those lamps?

What do you think she did, children? She had a warm heart, and was determined to save the sailors from shipwreck if she could. Nothing is so ingenious as a warm heart. By dint of hard pulling she dragged a table close to the wall, and then mounted it and tried to light the lamps, but found herself a long way from reaching them. "How shall I get up there?" thought she. Her warm heart and quick eye soon found a chair. She clapped her hands, and, for the moment, forgot her grief. The chair was set upon the table, and she climbed up; but with all her reaching, and stepping on tip-toe too, there were two or three inches to the wicks of the lamps. It was impossible to touch them. "If I only had a stick, or something to tie my match to," said she despondingly; but nothing of the kind was within reach. She was about to give up, when amid the gloom of that chamber, her warm heart discovered the old family Bible. Would not this do? Yes, just the thing! But how could she stand on the Bible, her own dear mother's Bible? But then, was it not to save life? She hesitated no more, but carried it to the chair, and then touched one wick after another till the whole were in a blaze.

The keeper was still lying on the beach, and watching the darkening night with a troubled heart. What would become of those gallant vessels that sailed along confident in the warning of danger, which he ought to give them! The wreckers are congratulating themselves on enriching their families with that night's spoil, when lo! first one and then another lamp streams its bright radiance over the dark sea. The keeper shouted for joy, and the wreckers, unbending their victim, retired, discomfited by the courage and perseverance of one little girl. Dear, brave Mary! what moved her to such perseverance and ingenuity? It was a warm heart; she was thoroughly in earnest. So let us be as earnest, ingenious, and persevering

to save perishing souls from everlasting death by "do[ing] all we can to light the lamp of God's Holy Word in every dark place where sin and idolatry rule."

It was light about Mary now in the room, and it was light in her heart. She had performed a noble action, and it brought its own reward. Her heart was comforted, and, after saying her prayers, she lay down upon the bed. She was soon fast asleep, and you may be sure the holy angels watched over her. She did not hear her father enter the room, and did not know, until the morning, that he had returned, about four o'clock, as soon as the tide had successfully ebbed. Great was her joy on awakening!

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

"Oh may the precious gospel
Be publish'd all abroad
Till the benighted heathen,
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation,
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness,
Arise to light divine."

—From the Moravian.

THE CREEDS OF EUROPE.

PROTESTANTS AND ROMAN CATHOLICS IN EUROPE.

Austria, Hungary, year of enumeration, 1869	
Number of Protestants, 3,599,013; Roman Catholics, 23,954,233.	
Belgium (1870).—Protestants, 15,120; Roman Catholics, 5,069,102.	
Denmark (1870).—Protestants, 1,773,239; Roman Catholic, 1,847.	
France (1870).—Protestants, 511,621; Roman Catholics, 35,497,235.	
Germany (1871).—Protestants, 25,581,709; Roman Catholics, 14,867,091.	
Great Britain and Ireland.—Estimated Protestants, 29,100,000; Roman Catholics, 5,520,000.	
Greece (1870).—Protestants, 6,522; Roman Catholics, 6,013.	
Italy (1871).—Protestants, 39,470; Roman Catholics, 26,624,600.	
Netherlands (1869).—Protestants, 2,193,281; Roman Catholics, 1,013,084.	
Portugal.—Estimated Protestants, 500; Roman Catholics, 3,994,600.	
Russia in Europe (1867).—Protestants, 2,565,345; Roman Catholics, 6,209,474.	
Spain.—Estimated Protestants, 20,000; Roman Catholics, 16,710,000.	
Sweden and Norway (1871).—Protestants, 5,902,287; Roman Catholics, 889.	
Switzerland (1870).—Protestants, 1,566,347; Roman Catholics, 1,084,369.	
Turkey in Europe.—Estimated Protestants, 25,000; Roman Catholics, 640,000.	

A great many people are willing to do the Lord's will so long as the Lord's will is identical to their own, but whenever there is a difference between the two they give themselves the benefit of the doubt.