

he who does not love God cannot really love his wife," and to this decision she remained steadfast. In vain did the bridegroom now simulate religious sentiments; she only despised him all the more. In vain did her parents endeavor to patch up the matter. She kept firmly to her determination not to wed the man who mocked at his God and at religion, and she won thereby the respect of all truly good people, who felt she that she had acted wisely and well.

## Children's Department.

### A BRAVE LADDIE.

"Willie, my lad, I'll hae to gang to the shore for mair oil for the lamps. I had no idea my stock had got sae low. There's no enough in the cans to last the nicht. I maun awa' at once. Ye'll no mind staying alane till I'm back?"

"No, father, I'll no mind. Ye'll hae good time to be back afore it's dark."

"Quite; so good-by, laddie."

Kenneth Mayne was the keeper of a lighthouse on the northeast coast of Scotland. As most people are aware, it is usual to have two men at least in all lighthouses, and such was the custom in the case of the Inverkaldy lighthouse at the date of this story; but Kenneth Mayne's comrade had fallen ill only a day or two before the events about to be narrated happened, and a substitute had not yet been sent in his place. Willie Mayne was a slight, delicate looking boy, with a pale face and fair blue eyes. He had been frail and delicate ever since his mother's death, which happened when he was only two years old. He was also a little lame, the result of an accident. Altogether, he was the very reverse of the person you would have willingly chosen to leave in charge of a lighthouse at night—a fact to which no one was more alive than the boy's own father.

Kenneth Mayne rowed himself to the mainland in his boat, fastened it to the little wooden jetty which had been built for the use of the lighthouse keepers, and set off for Rowanfells, the nearest village. Having purchased a small can of oil, sufficient to serve him until he should be able to get a larger supply conveyed to the lighthouse, he started on his way homeward again. The road he was pursuing led along the shore, the sea on one hand and a line of steep and lofty cliffs on the other.

Mayne was proceeding at a rapid pace, carrying his can on his shoulder, and had reached a break in the cliffs made by a narrow ravine, when he was suddenly attacked by three men, who leaped out upon him from their concealment in the cleft of the rocks. Stunned by a blow on the head from a heavy bludgeon, he fell to the ground; his assailants were upon him in a moment, and in a few minutes had him gagged and bound hand and foot. The conspirators carried their victim between them a little way up the ravine, and left him, still unconscious, behind a rock, lying with his back against the wall of the cliff.

Willie Mayne expected his father to be home at six o'clock. When that hour arrived without him, he became a little anxious. Another passed, and still Willie could see no signs of his father, as he stood on the small wooded landing built out from the little rocky islet on which the lighthouse was situated, and directed his gaze to the shore. He was growing every minute more anxious and distressed in mind. What had become of his father? was it an accident or a mishap of any kind that had prevented his being back at the expected hour?

It was now growing dark, and with the approach of night Willie's fears and anxieties increased greatly. The lamps would have to be lit, and who was to do it? could he possibly manage it? The boy knew his own weakness of body and nerve only too well, and he feared terribly in his heart that he was not equal to the task of kindling the lamps.

He waited on the landing, gazing towards the shore in the direction in which his father must approach, until it was nearly dark. Then he entered the house again, and mounted the narrow winding stairs to the room where the cans of oil

for the lamps were kept. Willie felt that at all hazards he must make the effort to fill his father's place to-night. If the lamps remained unlit no one could tell what the consequences might be. Ships were constantly passing up and down that part of the coast, the captains of which looked to the Inverkaldy lighthouse both as a warning and a guiding beacon.

Willie knelt down upon the floor. "Oh, God!" he prayed, "give me strength and skill for what I have to do that the ships may not miss the lights and be driven on the rocks and the people lost. Keep my dear father from danger, and bring him safe home again, for Christ's sake. Amen."

On examination, Willie found that there still was some oil remaining in one of the cans, enough to last some hours. He took the can and began climbing the staircase again, until he reached the small chamber at the top of the lighthouse which contained the lamps. Willie could not nearly reach to the lamps standing on the ground. He set the can of oil down on the floor and descended to one of the lower rooms, returning with a chair and a wooden stool. But standing on the stool and the chair, the little fellow could not yet reach his object.

Again descending the long and steep stairs, which in itself was a hard and painful task to the boy on account of his lameness, he returned with a couple of thick books, and placing these on the top of the stool, he climbed upon the whole pile and now found that he could reach the lamps.

Willie had seen his father kindle the lights more than once, though, from the difficulty he had in climbing up to the top of the lighthouse, he was not often with his father at such times. Still he understood enough about the matter to pour the oil into the lamps and to trim and to light the wicks.

He had just poured a portion of the oil into the first lamp, lifting the large can with some difficulty, when the support beneath his feet suddenly gave way and he fell heavily to the ground, striking his face against the sharp edge of the can.

For a few minutes Willie was quiet stunned by his fall, and lay white and motionless on the floor, a thin stream of blood welling up from his forehead. The chair had been standing rather unevenly on the floor, which Willie had not noticed. In leaning forward a little, as he had to reach the lamps, he had disturbed his balance, and hence the accident.

But Willie's swoon was not a deep one, and presently his consciousness returned. He rose, set the chair, the stool, and the books in their former position, this time taking care to arrange the pile quite evenly, and again raised himself upon them. The blood was still flowing freely from his forehead, but Willie heeded it not. His whole mind and energies were engrossed in his task; his one object was to get it quickly and successfully accomplished. Through the windows he saw that the night had turned out a very dark one, and Willie knew that on such a night the danger to the ships, if there were no lights to guide them while passing that treacherous part of the coast, would be greatly increased.

One by one Willie replenished the lamps with oil, turned up the wicks, and lit them from the light with which he had provided himself. The broad light flashed its streaming radiance far out over the dark waters—guiding star to whatever ships might be abroad upon the seas that night.

Willie's task was done, but as he again descended to the lower rooms of the lighthouse, his feet shook beneath him. The strain of strength and nerve to one so small and frail of body, had been very severe, and now that his task was over, Willie felt as if every bit of strength had gone out of him. But there was the feeling in his heart, too, that he had done all he could, that God had answered his prayers, and given him just as much strength and skill as were necessary for the work which had fallen on him to do.

He sat down in the little sitting-room of the lighthouse to await his father's return, hoping, with an intensity of feeling that may be imagined, that nothing had happened to him which would prevent his reaching home before the oil in the lamps would be exhausted.

The plan of the wreckers—for such the men were who waylaid Kenneth Mayne—had thus

completely miscarried. They left the village together, waited in ambush for Kenneth Mayne as he made his way home, and assailed him in the manner described.

As soon as it grew dark the conspirators proceeded to a long rugged reef that stretched out from the land far into the sea, almost covered by the water at high tide, but lifting a jagged saw-like ledge above the surface at low water. Here the man raised a lamp, suspending it from a tripod of poles, and arranging it in such a manner that it slowly revolved, turning now a bright side, now a dark side towards the sea, and thus resembling at a distance the lamps of the real lighthouse.

But they had hardly lit their false beacon when they saw to their rage and chagrin, the lighthouse itself flash forth its strong bright blaze. Their hopes for luring some unfortunate ship to its destruction upon the cruel reef, and securing a rich prize from the wreck, was frustrated. They knew of the presence of the lighthouse keeper's son, but had never for a moment anticipated that the "wee cripple," as they called him, would have strength and spirit enough to manage the lamps.

But baffled in their designs, and enraged as they were, the wreckers were not so blinded by anger as not to perceive that it would answer no purpose of theirs to allow the lighthouse keeper to remain all night as they left him. It might only increase the chance of their detection in their attempted crime, or if anything happened to Mayne through a night's exposure, aggravate the case against them, if their deed ever did come to light. So they judged it safest to go where they had left Mayne and release him.

Long before Kenneth Mayne reached the lighthouse, of course, he saw the lamps were alight, and when he did reach home and heard Willie's story, his joy and pride in his little lame son, who had that night so bravely done his duty—as bravely as though he had had double his actual strength—could hardly find expression in words.

"Thank God, laddie!" he said; "thank God, ye hae been upborne this nicht to do your duty sae bravely and sae weel!"

### THE ONE WITH HER ARMS OUT OF BED.

In the Ormond-street Children's Hospital, London, a very little girl was dying, and the only chance of saving her life was to perform a very serious operation upon her. This was fixed for a certain morning. The night before, the doctor and nurse came round, and the doctor, thinking the child was asleep, said to the nurse, "It will be a terrible job in the morning. I doubt if the little one can bear it." When they had gone, the child called to the one in the next bed, and asked, "Are you awake?"

The other said "Yes;" and she then asked, "Did you hear what the doctor said?"

Again the other said "Yes."

Then she said, "I know I can't bear it. Oh, what shall I do?"

After a little while the other said, "I know what I should do."

"What?" said the little girl.

"I should pray to Jesus to help me," was the reply.

"Yes, I will," said the little sufferer; "but there are such a lot of us here, how will He know which to come and help?"

After thinking a little, the other said, "I know; put your arms outside the clothes, and tell Him it is that one that wants Him."

So the poor little thing put her arms out, and, with her hands clasped together, prayed to Jesus to help her and ended with these words, "Please, it's the little one with her arms out of bed."

An hour or so afterward the nurse came round again, and found the little one with her arms out of the bed, and her hands held up together as in prayer. But she was dead. Jesus had come and helped her, and she had nothing more to bear. The child in the next bed told all that had passed between them, and the words she had heard the little dead child pray.

### DEATH.

On Sunday morning the 3rd of August, 1879, Edith, second and beloved daughter of J. R. Arnold, the "Hermitage," Richmond Hill.