

Lost on the Deep

D.L. Moody:

I read some time ago of a vessel that had been off on a whaling voyage, and had been gone about three years. I saw the account in print somewhere lately, but it happened a long time ago. The father of one of those sailors had charge of the lighthouse, and he was expecting his boy to come home. It was time for the whaling vessel to return. One night there came up a terrible gale, and this father fell asleep, and while he slept his light went out. When he awoke he looked toward the shore, and saw there had been a vessel wrecked. He at once went to see if he could not yet save some one who might be still alive. The first body that came floating towards the shore was, to his great grief and surprise, the body of his own boy. He had been watching for that boy for many days, and he had been gone for three years. Now, the boy had at last come in sight of home, and had perished because his father had let his light go out. I thought, what an illustration of fathers and mothers to-day that have let their light go out.