

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

A sweet little girl called Mary was the daughter of the captain of a large ship. Sometimes she went with her father to sea. During one of those trips she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps, miss," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, miss; if we don't hang out our lights we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterwards shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps; and after he had seated her on the coil of rope, he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of his cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place, and ran into the cabin; but she soon came back, and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it; and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words:—

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

The old man looked into her face, and asked,—“What is this, Miss Mary?”

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal lights hung out; so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head, and wept like a little child. At last he said,—

"You are right, missy; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Little Mary had become a Missionary to old Jim. She gave him a large Bible, and on its cover he has printed,—“SIGNAL LIGHTS FOR SOULS BOUND FOR HEAVEN.” *N. Y. Ob.*

A CHINESE youth died lately of consumption at Oakland, California. He died in the full faith of the gospel. When nearly gone, Mr. Condit, the Missionary, said to him, “Jesus loves pou.” At the sound of Jesus’ name, a smile lighted up his face. He has undoubtedly gone to be with Him.

In an election the first votes recorded count all the day long, and so encourage the party all through the anxious hours of polling. When men give in their names for Jesus and His cause in the morning of their lives, there whole existence influences their time, and their encouragement to the good cause is life long. Young people remember this!—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

AN ex-Daimio in Japan, who has been studying books in various foreign languages, including the Scriptures, has adopted this sentence as the motto of his life, “Faber fabricando fit faber”—The smith by smithing becomes a smith.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

RECORD.

W. McIntosh, Scotsburn,	\$0.80
Alex. Sutherland, Scotch Hill,	1.00
Rev. J. Goodwill, P. E. I.	7.00

SUPPLEMENTING FUND.

ST. PAUL'S CONGREGATION E. R.

Samuel Fraser,	\$1.00
Alex. McLean,	1.00
Thos. McLean,	1.00
Donald McIntosh,	1.00
Jessie Grant,	0.25
Archibald Cameron,	1.00
John W. Cameron,	1.00
Jessie McDonald,	0.25
Dan Urquhart,	1.00
Alex. McDonald,	0.75
Hugh McDonald,	0.80

SAMUEL FRASER, Elder,
Collector.