



A LONELY GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

glass—wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said; "This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefaced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes, wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out." —Selected.

A LONELY SPOT.

THERE is a small island in the South Atlantic ocean called Tristan D'Acunha. It is only five miles square, and stands alone, with no other land in sight. Here, many years ago, some soldiers came to live, but they all left it but one man and his wife, and two Englishmen. The man was a corporal named Glass. He built a house and called it "Government House," because his wife and the two Englishmen had made him Governor. He was Governor over three people, one of whom was his wife. But these four people were pious and devout. They had service regularly on Sunday. Everybody on the island attended "church," but that made a congregation of only four.

It was a very lonely life. It was only when some chance ship happened to stop there that they ever saw anybody but themselves. Other people, however, after a time went to live there, and a clergyman was sent there, too, who for five years held services, taught their children, and preached to them. They kept good laws most of the time, but people, as a rule, did not like to stay there. It is too lonely a spot for man to live in. Yet "Governor" Glass lived on and managed it well. Three years ago there were fifty-two people living on this island, but they had no clergyman. The Bishop at the Cape (Africa) sometimes visits them and holds services among them. But it is not often, for it is a long, long way from any other land.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I ONCE knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day on one of these 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 do not 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."