

How did you like the sermon? but go home to-day, and ask yourselves, How did you like the truth? You may be ever so well pleased with sermons, and be none the better; but, if you receive the truth, it will save your soul; if you light your candle at the fire of God's altar, it will burn for ever. And, while it shines for your own soul, it will shine through your life, as through a lantern, for the good of others also.

Only "let your light shine before men," and they, "seeing your good works, will glorify your Father in heaven." Let it! It is its property to shine, if it gets fair treatment. It is not a question of numbers, or rank, or influence of those who shall see it. Eyes or no eyes, you have to shine. The gentian fringes the mountain glacier with its drapery of blue, though seldom a human eye may look upon it. The desert melon smells with a refreshing draught for the wayfarer, though not a human foot in half a century should pass that way. There God has placed it in readiness.

A traveller lately visited one of our Channel lighthouses, and, after examining the provision made for sustaining the bright light in the lantern, he said to the keeper, "Now, what would happen if, some night, the light should go out?" "Go out!" he exclaimed; "the thing is impossible. I am here to see that it is always burning; it cannot go out." "But," urged the traveller, "suppose it should go out, what then?" The keeper was with difficulty induced even to suppose such a case; and, when he did make the supposition, his answer was, "Why, then, there would probably be wrecks upon this coast, and for weeks and months after letters would be arriving in Britain, from all parts of the world, complaining that, on such a night, no light was visible upon this headland." The keeper never dreamt of putting his light under a bushel, lest vessels should be endangered, property destroyed, and life lost. Believers, are souls less precious than ships? Look to it earnestly. Will any careless soul be arrested by the clear light that shines in you? Will any anxious soul, which has not courage or decision to ask the way, be guided towards the haven by your walk and conversation? Among your circle there are men and women whose souls are not at rest, though their dispeace may be a secret hidden in their own bosoms. You might help them, you might guide them; under God, you might save them. But, in the name of Him who placed you in that post, I ask you, where's your light? Messages of despairing complaint and accusation may come from a place more distant than any earthly port, across a gulf wider than any earthly sea; and you may be the man against whom the charge is made. "I sailed often past the place where he was stationed, but I saw no light: the keeper was slumbering or unfaithful. I wrote at the same desk, I worked in the same shop, I ploughed in the same field, I ate at the same board, but, though he knew the truth, he kept it hidden from me,—the truth which alone could have saved me from coming hither!"

The lighthouseman would find it of no avail to plead, in excuse for negligence, that few vessels were within sight of his station. The light on yonder head shines with as steady and clear a flame when a solitary fisher's boat is feeling its way, through gloom and gale, to the haven of safety, as when a hundred gallant sail are guided by its ray. Is it nothing to have saved from wreck that single fisherman? Is it nothing that that joyful wife, in the cottage by the shore, is not to-day a broken-hearted widow? If you help to light to heaven and happiness the humblest of God's creatures, you have done a glorious work. The Admiralty order carries with it a lesson to the believer. "Light the lamps every evening at sun-setting, and keep them constantly burning, bright and clear, till sun-rising." There are no qualifications and no exceptions. If, in the world's night, no lamp were dim, and no light kindled by God's hand were shaded, it were happier for sinning and suffering humanity. It is only here we have the opportunity to shine in darkness. When the eternal day dawns upon us, our light shall be swallowed up in the surpassing glory, that needs no light from sun or moon.