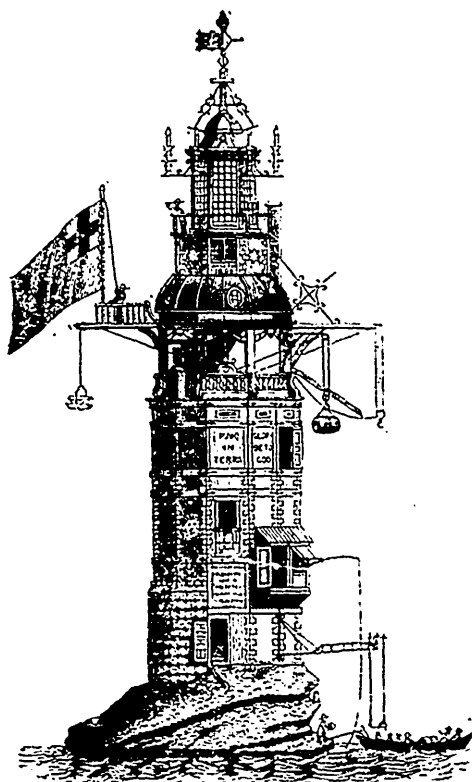


# Methodist Magazine and Review.

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## LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.



LIGHTHOUSE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

After all the progress of civilization there is one sphere in which the power of man seems of little avail. In Byron's magnificent "Address to the Ocean," we read :

"Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
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He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd  
and unknown."

Every autumn storm brings us records of wrecks all along the rocky coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Canadian and American seaboard, and on our great lakes. True, much has been done to lessen these evils. On every headland, lighthouses send their friendly gleam on darkest nights far and wide. At every great port, life-saving crews watch the rocket signal of distress, and, when waves are wildest, launch their life-boats to rescue drowning mariners.

The early mariners, says Lieut. Ellicott, were bold and reckless rovers, more than half pirates, who seldom owned a rood of the coasts along which they sailed, and could not have established lights and landmarks on them had they cared to do so. The rude beginning, then, of a system of lighthouses was when the merchants with whom the reckless mariners traded in those dark ages, built beacons near the harbour mouths to guide the ships into port by day, and lighted fires for their guidance at night. As such a harbour-guide had to be a sure landmark in the daytime and a light by night, it soon took on a settled shape,—a tower on which could be built a fire; and such a tower was usually built of stone.

This method of guiding ships into the ports which they sought