

the ocean, where they are most needed. Coloured lights are used on different parts of the coast to let the sailors know where they are—but another method is even better. Coloured lights do not shine as far nor as brightly as white, because part of the light is taken away by the coloured glass through which it passes. The other method is by what are called “revolving,” or “flash” lights. The difference between the revolving and the other light of which we are thinking, is that the lenses are moved around the lamp by means of clockwork, to make the flash-light. When a lens is turned directly toward the person, then the light is bright, gives a flash; but as soon as the lens is turned away the light can hardly be seen at all.

Night after night, for weeks and months and years, these lights are kept burning. From sunset till sunrise they send out their rays over the water, never going out—never burning dim. No matter what else the keepers may do or neglect, they must not neglect the lamp of the lighthouse. Far out on the ocean, sailors may be watching for that light: vessels along the coast may be guided by it. Should a light burn dim, a vessel might mistake it for another; should a light go out, a ship might run on a rock or shoal and be wrecked. Millions of dollars worth of property—thousands of lives—might be lost in a single night if but one light should go out.

Is it a wonder that the Government is so careful about its lighthouses, and takes such pains to have the most trusty, faithful men as keepers? Nor is it strange that those keepers are faithful men. Very seldom—if ever—does one of them prove unfaithful. How could they neglect their duty when so much depends on keeping the light burning? A man who thinks at all must feel the importance of his position.

Did you ever think, reader, that you are a lighthouse keeper? You are. You have been put in charge, with others, of lighthouses. Much depends on what you do. You are responsible for what you are doing in that trust. A government greater than any earthly government has put you in charge of its lighthouses. “What government?” do you ask. God’s!

God’s plan in this world is to save men’s souls by leading them to see Jesus. He has made every one who knows about the “Light of the world,” a keeper of that light.

Perhaps you are a Christian. Jesus says of these, “Ye are the light of the world.” What kind of light are you giving to the world? What is the world learning from you about the way of salvation? Is your light burning dim? Has it gone out? What if some one, knowing that you are a Christian, be trying from your life to learn about Christianity, and by your life is led astray? What if you lead that one away from Jesus and away from heaven? It would be bad enough to let the lamp of a lighthouse go out, and a vessel be wrecked; but your light going out may be the means of wrecking a soul. Once wrecked, that soul is lost for eternity.

But some of you are trying to give all the light you can to lead souls to Jesus and to heaven, yet you fear you are doing nothing toward saving souls. Lighthouse keepers do not see ships enter the harbour by means of their light, yet the vessels do enter, and are safe there because of the light, whether keepers see or not. So, though you may not see the results of your light-giving, souls may be saved by it. Just keep on giving out Christian light; that is your part of the work, and God will take care of the rest. He will let you see, when your work is done, what you have accomplished.—*Sydney Clark.*

A Glorious Battle Won.

HE stood with a foot on the threshold
And a cloud on his boyish face
While his city comrades urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.

“There’s nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn’t a lion’s den;
Here waits a royal welcome
From lips of bravest men.”

’Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way,
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.

“You’d think it was Blue Beard’s closet,
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there’s nought to harm you—
It’s only a game and a drink!”

He heard the words with a shudder—
It’s only a game and a drink!
And his lips made bold to answer:
“But what would my mother think?”

The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision,
The shadows of night within.

What though he was branded “coward?”
In the blazoned halls of vice,
And banned by his baffled tempter,
Who sullenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the starlight—
As guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

Civilized Indians.

At the village of Caughnawaga, an Iroquois population of 1,400 have 5,000 acres under tillage, and last year reaped 10,000 bushels of produce. To this reserve belongs the honour of having lately conceived and achieved an Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, open only to Indians, an experiment so novel in its nature, and so surprising in its results, that it deserves more than the local attention it received at the time.

Half an hour’s ride from Montreal by rail, and a short but somewhat perilous journey across the current of the St. Lawrence, in a small mail-boat manned by Indians, takes one to Caughnawaga. The shore of the river is strewn with canoes in all stages of disrepair; and whilst the men dry out their sails, and bale their fragile craft for the return trip, Indian pigs—jet-black and brown and black—come grunting and sniffing a welcome, and with a more or less vagrant fidelity, escort the passenger to his destination. In order to reach this, one must pass through the straggling and streetless village, in which, however, wigwams have been replaced by comfortable houses of wood or stone, interspersed with small establishments for the supply of the people’s simple daily wants, from the “staff of life” to the latest Yankee nostrum.

The Indians, being close imitators of their civilized neighbours, held their exhibition in a large field, fenced round for the purpose, which was entered by orthodox arches of evergreen, surmounted by suitable mottoes. In the centre of the field an elevated platform was erected, from which a flag-staff displayed the British standard, in two shades of yellow, on a basis of red. An instrumental band of Onondaga Indians, dressed in blue, with

white trimmings edged with red, and white and red plumes in their hats, occupied this platform, and from the most modern of musical instruments produced combinations of sweet sounds which might have claimed an older civilization. The firing of a cannon, presented to the reserve by George III., and the delivery of speeches in English, French, and Iroquois, intimated that the exhibition was formally opened to the public.

The scene was a most striking one—suggestive at once of the past and the future of these tribes. The crowd was composed mainly of Indians, quiet and orderly, lounging in groups, or patronizing coffee and dough-nut stalls, and evidently impressed with the novelty of the situation in which they found themselves placed; and it may be questioned if a gathering of British subjects in any other part of the empire could have met together and enjoyed themselves for two or three consecutive days with such a total exclusion of intoxicating beverages. The men were dressed mostly in modern tweeds, though not a few of the better class aspired to purple silk cravats and frock-coats of broadcloth. The women, clinging with more tenacity to ancient custom and costume, appeared with uncovered heads, unbraided hair, and navy-blue blanket-squares, edged with green and yellow; the younger portion of them, however, being sometimes unable to resist the temptation of platings, polonaises, paniers, and so forth; whilst the children, many of them, protested against the papoose in favour of Jersey suits and perambulators.—*The Quiver.*

The Swearer Cured.

A GENTLEMAN once heard a man swearing most dreadfully, in the presence of a number of his companions. The gentleman told him that it was both a wicked and a cowardly thing to swear so; especially in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man boastfully replied that he was not afraid to swear, at any time, or in any place.

“I’ll give you a sovereign,” said the gentleman, “if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o’clock to-night, and swear the same oaths there, when you are alone with God, as you have just uttered here.”

“Agreed,” said the man; “it’s an easy way of earning a sovereign.”

“Well; come to me to-morrow, and say that you have done it, and the money is yours.”

The time passed on; the hour of midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a dark night. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard. All was still as death. Then the gentleman’s words, “Alone with God,” came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had done, and what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like the lightning’s flash.

He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees; and, instead of the dreadful oath he came to utter, the earnest cry went up, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner!”

The next day he went to the gentleman, and thanked him for what he had done, and said that, by God’s help, he would never swear another oath as long as he lived. There is hope that this event led to his becoming “a new creature in Christ Jesus.”—*S. S. Messenger.*

A PERSIAN proverb says: “Do little things now, so shall big things come to thee by-and-by, asking to be done.” So often we lose the opportunities of doing little things, and little acts of kindness, because we are waiting for the opportunities to do great or grand things.