

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Upon a stormy, rock-bound coast
A lonely lighthouse stands,
Its snow-white walls, the keeper's boast,
The work of his own hands.

The strong reflectors brightly shine,
Out o'er the ocean wide;
Here all his energies combine,
The lamp's his special pride.

Out o'er the deep it shines afar
With steady light and true,
The roving seaman's guiding star,
The safeguard of the crew.

What though tempestuous waves assail
This sentinel of the sea,
Secure amid each storm and gale,
It burns on cheerily.

So may my lamp keep burning still,
Supplied with oil divine,
And, like the beacon on the hill,
Out in the darkness shine.

W. D. A.