WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

We shall be like him, Oh, how rich the What greater could our Father's love pre-Few are the words and softly are they spoken But who shall tell the blessings hidden

We shall be like him, for he took our nature, To lift us up and with his glory bless; He took our sin—Oh, wondrous condescen-That he might clothe us in his righteeus

He bore our sickness, fainted with our weakness, That he might give us perfect strength and He walked with us in poverty and hunger,

To make us sharers in his boundless wealth. We shall be like him; pure in heart and

sinless, But Oh, his great salvation ends not there These bodies shall like unto his be fashioned, And we his resurrection glory share.

While now in granous love he calls us child-And we the royal robes in gladness wear, Faith grasps the promise of the glorious 'We shall be like him when he shall appear.'

We shall be like him : raised above all weak. ness, Forever past all weariness and pain; Even death itself shall have no power to

When like our risen Lord with him we Oh, what has earth our thirsting souls to of-

Compared with that abundant life to come? How poor its pleasures and how dim its brightness, Beside the glory of our Father's home.

Now looking forth beyond time's misty With seers of far off ages we may sing-I shall be satisfied when I awaken With thine own likeness, Oh, my God and

So in the hope of bearing his dear image, Rejoicing in his precious gift of peace, His love shall keep our hearts in patient Till we in righteousness behold his face."

Bible Banner. SOME WEAK HANDS AND

THEIR WORK.

Few indeed are they who do not feel their endeavors fettered by the limitations of circumstances and nature. To most of us the days are many when our hands seem so weak, our abilities so small, our opportunities so narrow, and the gulf between what we are and would be, alas! so wide! At such times when courage has fallen to ebb-tide, and hope and purpose caught in reflex

lus in the remembrance of those whose every effort has been, as it were, handicapped by physical infirmity.

"Whoever," says Bacon, "hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, bath also a perpetual spur to rescue and deliver himself from scorn;" and while it may be true that the lameness of Scott and Talleyrand, the hunchback of Scarron, the club-foot of Byron, was indeed the spur to their genius, still none the less are those brave and helpful natures deserving of our highest praise, who, by the worth of their labors and the splendors of their achievements, have made the world merge pity for the body in admiration of the mind. Mergebut not forget-for much of the beauty and significance of life it owes to the light and shadows that rest upon it. How grand in their pathos are blind old Homer and Milton-more heroic figures than any their genius created. How are the sweet verse of Cowper and the gentle humor of Lamb touched by the reflection of the dark shadow that rested over them. How are the mirth and pathos of Hood's lines deepened by memory of the brave spirit that bore its own ailments so cheerfully; and how do the loftiest hymns of Watts gather added beauty from the life of the patient sufferer of Stoke · Newington, whose soul in rapture of faith could so rise above its infirm body.

nent colony—the first fruits of the persevered with only medium abil- laws of men.'

literature of the new world that to-day owes so much to her descendants in Channing, and Dana, childhood lame, and sickly, and name after name of that goodly company, who in the realm of letters have gathered their laurels amid the thorns of pain and weak-

But there are still others that claim our remembrance—true and tender natures, fettered in helpless bodies, and yet like the hero of Miss Mulock's "A Noble Life," by their swift sympathy and self forgetful spirit, making their lives a blessing instead of a burden to the world, and proving in their very helplessness a tower of strength to the suffering and sorrowing. Among such was the of revolutionary memory, whose monument is the hospital for in- such delicate skill her own cancurables at Dinan, France. While vas. in the fullness of youth, and beauty, and happiness, the Countess was thrown from her horse while hunting, and rose from her sickbut surrounded with everything wealth and the love of a devoted husband could supply to brighten her clouded life. She was led by the contrast to consider the condition of the poor when afflicted membrance led to the project of gencer. an hospital for incurables; that being gladly acted upon by the Count, resulted in the erection of a spacious structure for the poor. Here we are told "the Countess, wheeled from pallet to pallet, was a daily visitor-comforting and encouraging each wretched sufferer, dressing their wounds, bandaging the broken limb, and bathing the aching brow"; while her noble husband, who, for her sake, had renounced the amusements in which he had formerly delighted, and the society of which he had been the ornament, gave himself up to the study of surgery, and the search for new modes of cure. So written in loving service are their names perpetuated, and

In the Breton town, the good deeds done Yield a fresh harvest still, from sire to son

Of equal interest is the story of Miss Anne Gurney, one of the well-known families of English currents, we may well find a philanthropists. A cripple, unthrough whose souls the sword the afternoon of the third day, I only another Sabbath.—F. D. healthful moral and mental stin.u- able to stand or walk, described by has thus been thrust! These who saw standing in conversation with Millet in Harper's Mag. for Sept. their friend Johanna Raillie as

> One with limbs nerve bound, Whose feet have never touched the ground,

her cultured intellect, her buoyant nature, and her ready sympathy, drew to her the old and young. and made her home the centre of help and cheer to both the rich and the poor. At her own expense she procured a life-boat and the necessary apparatus for rescuing the ship-wrecked on that windher chair, to direct and inspire the men on their heroic errand, and attend to the care of the rescued, the sidewalk, the picture of I heard one weeping, and looking Overstrand Church, by old and who had gathered to do honor to her memory.

narrower limits, and unknown to that I shall never forget: the great world, were none the less inspiring examples of what may be wrought by cheerful courage and hopeful patience. One such rises before me as I write. one exclamation, which marked a The victim, while but a child, of some strange disease or paralysis had never known before. of the muscles—not only was never able to walk again, but her shrunken and lifeless fingers were And not only does the spirit of as powerless as her feet. The oldthe worker live again in the work; est of a large family in limited often it long survives it: who circumstances, her helpful, selfrends Harriet Martineau's books reliant spirit rebelled against its now? Her "Illustrations of burdensome dependence. But Political Economy." once so fam- what could she do? A helpless, ous, are almost forgotten; her hopeless cripple, bound for life by works on society deal with an era fetters stronger than iron to her that is past; even her religious little wheeled chair, denied even ethics have ceased to attract at the needle, that solace of so many tention. But the woman herself, solitary, shut-in-lives. Still she "the little deaf girl of Norwich," did not despair, though her wish who not only triumphed over phy- seemed like the vain flutterings sical infirmities, but through years of an imprisoned bird. And at of disease and pain held on to her last a way opened. Strength chosen work, will long remain a enough remained in her hands living and inspired memory. It when she clasped them together was from the seclusion of her sick- to hold a pencil to write. From room that Elizabeth Barrett-the this she began to draw; and the greatest of English poetesses- thought flashed upon her-she flashed upon the world the splen- would learn to paint. A wild idea! dor of her fiery genius. Mistress The friendly remonstrated against If the churches were not employ- nave and transepts, and break the Anne Bradstreet, the "Tenth it, the unfriendly ridiculed it. ed to be places to hear God's law, lines of columns and arches. A Muse" of the Puritan fathers, the Every step of the way seemed there would be need for them to florid altar and crucifix, and here evening. Which of you will unmost eminent woman of that emi- hedged with obstacles. But as she be prisons for the breakers of the and there painted coats of arms dertake to do it? I am willing strengthens faith? It is having

ties, she seemed to prove the truth of the aphorism, "If you have genius, industry will imand Holmes, was herself from prove it; if you have none, industry will supply its place." Need feeble. And so we might add I say she succeeded? By success I would not imply fame or fortune; but she made herself entirely self-supporting, rendered material aid to her younger sisters, and supplied her life with the stimulus of a happy interest and steady purpose. On her death a few months since, she left to the college under whose shadow her life had been passed, a modest bequest for the "education of cripples." But her best memorial is the picture, that will long linger in the memories of those that knew her, of the sunny studio (built by her own labors) and the bright-faced little woman, as in Countess de la Garaye, niece of her wheeled chair she passed from the Chevalier de la Motte-Piquet, pupil to pupil, or with those weak. half-helpless hands touched with

Truly the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and if, as the Italian proverb runs, "The world is to him who takes bed a cripple and invalid for life, it," it would seem that the tenderness of sympathy, the courage of purpose, and the enthusiasm of patience—weapons that may be grasped by the weakest hands in the most hidden lives—can truly overcome the world in the best and by incurable diseases. The re-truest sense.-Christian Intelli-

> "OH, MY POOR BOY!" There are persons who find amusement in the misery and madness of the intemperate; and there are temperance speakers who evoke mirth by picturing land?" scenes which cause only misery. But those who have experienced the terrible evils of intemperance, find little amusement in such exhibitions. Said one woman, into whose family this curse had drunk!"

There are some women,-God pity them ! - who have known what it is to see for the first time a husband or son drunk! Who can tell the anguish of those have seen such a sight will not soon forget it. Those who have others had visited the people to happy.

About the year 1863, says J. F. Sanderson, I saw a scene I shall never forget. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. swept Norfolk coast; and in the As I drew near, the door opened, night and storm would have her- and I saw them lead out a boy of self wheeled down to the shore in fourteen or fifteen years, who was drunk, sick, and helpless. Being unable to walk, he sat down upon After such a life, it is with a sense wretchedness and distress. A of poetic fitness we read that her number of persons stood around coffin was borne to its last rest, in him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their cusrugged fishermen, whose grief as tomary bar room jokes. As I they lowered it into the open vault drew nearer, I saw a well-dressed, was shared by the great and bright, intelligent looking lady sorrowful company-most of them | walking up the street. She came in mourning, and many in tears- along, apparently happy and un- power," not alone heard the concerned, until she was opposite the saloon, when she cast a glance Many of us can recall like re- at the helpless creature on the stricted lives, that, if confined to sidewalk, and exclaimed, in tones

"OH, MY POOR BOY!"

It seemed as if a life time of agony was condensed into that revelation of such sorrow as she

She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace. Some of the by-standers helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken boy.

There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched, and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this curse con- father! won't you come?" that's sume forever? Shall mothers rear children to be devoured by this dragon? Or shall men and women who fear God and love ed long." And ere many hours righteousness rouse themselves from their slumbers, and seek to the cross entered into the warbanish this dire and bitter evil | rior's rest. - Meth. Tract. from the homes and haunts of men.-The Christian.

Dr. South, said, "If there was not a minister in every parish, you would quickly find cause to increase the number of constables.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

What say the Bells of San Blas To the ships that southward pas For the harbor of Mazatlan? To them it is nothing more Than the sound of surf on the shore .-Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams, To whom what is and what seems Are often one and the same,— The Bells of San Blas to me Have a strange, wild melody.

And are something more than a name.

For the bells are the voice of the church; They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of the young and old; One sound to all, yet each Lends a meaning to their speech, And the meaning is manifold.

O FATHER! WONT YOU COME ?"

vices I called at the house of an ed with them. Those who were kite.' old pensioned soldier. A man not tall enough to stand and look snowy flake, whose forehead was corners or on the doors. In the wrinkled, and whose step was fee- aisles troops of little figures hudble. Eighty summers' breezes dled together at the pew doors or his head, and life had been to him thers standing there, each one oc-

one of toil and of unrest. been his sphere; and the cries of side of the church what a conthe wounded, and the prayers of trast there was! Rank after rank the dving, had oft reminded him of shaggy brown heads followed of one whose gentle voice had one another to the remotest anwhispered loving words, and whose gles of the interior. On candelabkindly deeds had cheered his life, ra and rude hat trees were clusalleviated his sorrows, and bright- ters of hats like so many huge ened his home. This he told me flies seen black against the white and more. How in solitude for wash. In the galleries regiments vears he had passed a weary life. of urchins peeped over the rail-Not only was the mother gone ings, apparently quieted for the but his only child lay sleeping in time by the solemnity of the the tomb.

meet the loved ones in the better

which had been wetted with tears of the children would rise above voice finds no answer, and the spirit which so long rebelled against its God again rebels. Long entered, "When I hear temper- I spoke with him, but that heart fun of men who get drunk, it makes ed; no promise would he give to me mad! It is no laughing mat- join in the services of the sanctuter to have a man come home ary. After praying with the poor, aged sinful father, I left him with a weary heart, beseeching God, by his Spirit, to lead to Himself the prodigal of eighty years.

Two days had passed, and returning from a distant hamlet on day, their greatest holiday, was the soldier a lady,—who among not seen it may count themselves | invite them to the house of God. With tears she pleaded, but still his heart seemed unmoved; in vain she spoke of loved ones gone, and told of a Saviour's love. When about to leave the old man she ever overcome evil. placed her hand upon his shouldshe invited him to the service and to Christ, and with tears she said,

Ofather! wont you come?" That night as I read those wellknown lines of Charles Wesley, " Ready the Father is to own,

And kiss his late returning son," etc. around I saw the veteran soldier

trembling with emotion, and shedding the tears of a "broken and a contrite heart," which God
"will not despise." Need I add, that He whose mercy is "from everlasting to everlasting," that He "whose love is as great as his prayer, but healed the wounded soul? A few months passed away, and

the old warrior was called to his eternal home. As he lay dying he told with much emotion, how he was led to God's house, and to a pardoning Saviour. Some years before, she who had been his only comfort sickened, and died. "And as I stood with her hand in mine." said he, "she told me that soon I should be left alone, and that she would be in heaven. She spoke of Jesus and his love. bid me come to Him, and then, weary, she closed her eyes; but soon so bright they opened, and she said, "Father, heaven is near; I soon shall be there; and "O what did it. The lady used my child's words, and they brought me to Him from whom I wanderhad passed away the warrior of

VILLAGE CHURCH IN SWEDEN.

The inside is uninteresting except from the arrangement of its spacious galleries, which half fill the in relief, give it the appearance of to pay a cent for each sweeping.

a Catholic church. The rough stone floor is completely hidden by high-backed wooden pews, except where narrow aisles lead down to the chancel.

The left side of the church is reserved for women, and the right is entirely occupied by men. On Midsummer day not a seat was all his pennics into his tin savings vacant. One snowy phalanx of bank. white caps succeeded another far under the low galleries, where the reflection from sun-lit foliage tipped the linen with a tender light, ber, they stayed in a toy-shop, contrasting with the cool gray of where there were toys of every the whitewashed walls. In an- kind. other direction the pews were filled with red caps, and occasionally the classical folds of the widows' head-dress broke the monotonous succession of round forms. Children swarmed by hundreds. Dick. About three years ago when The pews, almost too narrow to whose hair was white as the over the top were perched on the asked Dick. and wintry storms had passed o'er clung to the garments of the mocupied with a bit of hard bread or At times the battle-field bad holding a flower. On the other scene. During the hours of the "And father." I said, "will you Lutheran service this great multitude scarcely stirred, except at long intervals or to bow the head Ah! the sad story. That face in prayer. Occasionally the cries becomes rigid and hard. That the pastor's voice, but the disturbance was unnoticed. Never did service of song or gorgeous church pageantry seem so truly worshipful and so solemn as the quiet deance lecturers mimic and make was unmoved, that will unsubdu- votion of this assembly. In the honest faces of the peasants there was the calm of religious faith. The sun-browned skin and knotted finger-joints showed that their lives knew nothing but toil. Sabbath to them was a day of complete change from the monotonous labor of the week. Midsummer-

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

KISSING THE UGLY OUT.

Love conquers wrath. A kiss is better than a blow. Good will

"One day," says a city missioner, and looking into his face, again ary in Boston, "I visited one of the primary schools. Some fifty children, from four to eight years old, were present. A boy about seven years old, and his sister about five, sat near me; and while I was talking to the school George doubled up his fist, and struck his sister on the head.

She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand to strike him back. The teacher, happening to see her at the instant, promptly said, "Mary, you had better kiss your brother."

The girl dropped her hand, and looked up at her teacher, as if she did not understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil, but thought if her brother struck her, she must strike him

The teacher, looking very kindly at her and at George, said again, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!" Mary looked at her brother who seemed very sullen and wretched; but soon forgetting her resentment, she threw both her arms round his neck and kissed him. The poor boy, wholly unprepared for such a return, burst into a flood of tears.

corner of her apron, and wiping ask an elm tree for pears as look away his tears, sought to comfort to loose habits for health and him by saying, "Don't cry, George, you didn'thurt me much; but he only cried the harder.

There is a proverb that it is the second blow that begins the quarrel. Let us all see that the second blow is not struck, and then the first one will do but little harm.

ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing sus himself, and with his designs. with two tame pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every

"Only a cent!" said Dick. Who would work for a cent. "I will." said Joe. " A cent is

better than nothing." So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it. And he dropped

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town with him. While he went to buy some lum-

"What fine kites!" said Dick. " I wish I could buy one.'

"Only ten cents," said the man behind the counter. "I haven't even a cent," said

"I have fifty cents, said Joe engaged in special Mission Ser- sit and bend the knee, were crowd- "and I think I will buy that bird-

" How did you get fifty cents?"

"By sweeping the shop," ans. wered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank

until this morning. Joe bought the bird-kite and a fine large knife, while Dick went home without anything. But he had learned not to despise fittle things, and he was very glad to sweep the shop whenever Joe would let him, even though he received for his work only a cent. -Our Little Ones.

LULU'S CARE OF KITTY

They brushed the clothes, they beat the One sunny April day-Their winter clothes, I mean—and then They packed them all away In paper boxes tied around

With very strongest strings, First freely sprinkled them with some Tobacco dust and camphor gum, And other sneezy things. And when, their labor done, they took Their tea and toasted bread, Why, where is kitty?" some one asked,

And "I know," Lulu said; She's in my dollie's biggest trunk I brushed and beated her ; There can' not any moths, I dess, Det into her nice fur. She scratched my finders when I put The camphor snuff about. Div' me some toast that's buttered frew.

They left it all to her and flew To let poor kitty out. Harper's Young People.

TO THE BOYS.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says to the boys :- Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotallers, if only for economy's sake. The beer money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneadingtrough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, workhouses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do. my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pothouses for labourers' good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of any house, let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beerhouse is a bad friend, because it takes your all and leaves you nothing but headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant, very ignorant. Why, Red Lions, and Tigers, and Eagles, and Vultures, are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains The gentle sister, taking the of wisdom. They might as well wealth. Those who go to the public house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.

> What has been in my heart a long time past, is the expression of a deep conviction that whatever elements go to make up good, noble Christian character, none of them can be complete unless the missionary spirit is superaddedthat indefinable, intangible, heavenly something that fills the heart with sympathy with the Lord Jein this world.—Dr. Pope.

> Do vou ask what chiefly much to do with Jesus.

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though c 1. 18. th till the show us put out buchad Zedeki Among infortu pour h them Grink by female it as we and part son had stones o the work even for The 1 king, but exercised the fish s by them religious and Israe it were, the coast, rael, who They prai the matter Samson : between d thu becan vine hono istine than

selves. feasts. He be an accor agility and excel in th mingledin The lad improbable was tollow attendant. of the Phil this suppos themselves. may have scription of midst of w and informe building he he could als spot which sary to occu he dismisse phe, we are plain how h liar position citing atten follower es reported the men and we cipal person in, under th to the nur stood on the I pray thee trust in him ing hair. tion and adorned hin which he pr may be ... as not, it is the Gospel, al sentimen knowledge Let me die v here of suic Samson no than does a certain deat into the thic his fall will hated foe. perished we the relation the Israelite been the civ the former. ion of the the way for Samuel gai vears later, the Philistin followed, a the conques

Household ut test against make them She thought suggested it and practice wise. For h treated died method for my tuchsias very tall and had one die them more b ing off till I as two alwa the one, and training ther am rewarde though delay cess. Abu to grow almost, and force them to So with man need to be eties which quire to be o only on the c not be thus tr

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