

are gone; but I think the person generally knows it himself. But I have known children who were sure their wings were safe. They seemed as if they felt them fluttering. They loved Christ so much, that they wished to fly home to him, if it were only his will to let them! Sometimes they get their wings much sooner than we parents wish! Dear little friends, are you sure your wings are safe?—*Canadian Quarterly Review*.

5. "WE SHALL BE CHANGED."

STORY OF THE WORM.

On one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the beaver and musk-rat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home-lot. There he saw a little worm creeping towards a small bush. It was a rough, red, and ugly-looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt he was a poor, unsightly creature.

"Little worm," said the child, "where are you going?"

"I am going to that little bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me."

"No, no, little worm! My father says that you won't *always* die. He says you will be '*changed*,' though I don't know what that means."

"Neither do I," says the worm. "But I know, for I feel that I am dying, and I must hasten and get ready; so good-bye, little child! We shall never meet again!"

The worm moves on, climbs up the bush and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There it hangs on the bush, and the little creature dies. The child goes home and forgets all about it. The cold winter comes, and there hangs the worm, frozen through and through, all dead and buried. Will it ever "live again?" Will it ever be changed? Who would think it?

The storms, the snows, and the cold of winter go past. The warm, bright spring returns. The buds swell, the bee begins to hum, and the grass to grow green and beautiful.

The little child walks out again, with his father, and says:

"Father, on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now. But you said, one day, that such worms would 'be changed.' What did you mean? I don't see any change?"

"I will show you in a few days," says the father.

He then carefully cuts off the small limb on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball, or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little tomb begins to swell, and then it bursts open, and out it comes, *not* the poor, unsightly worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly! How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room, and claps his hands, and cries—

"Oh! it is changed! it is changed! The worm is '*changed*' into a beautiful butterfly! Oh, father, how could it be done!"

"I don't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe his promise, that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says, it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be '*changed*.' And we know that God, who can change that poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our '*vile bodies*,' and make them like Christ's own glorious body." Does my little boy understand me?"

"Yes, father."—*Rev. Dr. Todd in S. S. Times*.

VII. Biographical Sketches.

No. 26.—VISCOUNT LORD COMBERMERE.

Field Marshal Viscount Stapleton Cotton, K. C. B., whose death is announced in the late English papers, was probably the oldest General in the world. He was born in 1773, and was therefore ninety-three years of age when he died. He was educated at the Westminster school, and entered the army seventy-five years ago, when he was eighteen years of age. He served with great distinction in India, under Lord Cornwallis and the Duke of Wellington, then General Wellesley. At the battles of Bhurtpore and Mallavelly his good conduct secured his promotion. When Wellington was appointed to the command of the Peninsular Army he selected

young Cotton for the command of a cavalry division, and he was second in command at the battle of Salamanca. He participated in all the great battles and sieges of the Peninsular war, and at its close in 1814, received the thanks of Parliament, and was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Combermere, and a good pension to support his dignity. He was promoted to a Viscounty in 1826. After the fall of Napoleon, Viscount Combermere was appointed to the chief command of the British army in the East and West Indies, and also held the position of Governor of Barbadoes. He held numerous positions of honor and trust. Besides being Field Marshal, he was Constable of the Tower of London, Colonel of the Life Guards, and wore several orders of merit from his own and foreign governments. Viscount Combermere, besides being a brave man and a good General, had the advantage of being the representative of an old family which was seated in the family estates before the Norman conquest.

No. 27.—RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ.

For some time previous to his death, on the 2nd of April, Mr. Cobden had been in delicate health. He was born at Dunford near Middlehurst, in the county of Essex, England, in the year 1804. He was, consequently, at the time of his decease, about 61 years of age. His father, who was a small farmer, died when he was very young, and his uncle, a warehouseman in London, took charge of the son. After having been employed with his uncle for a time, he became a commercial traveller, and as such traversed a good portion of his native country. He visited Greece, Turkey and Egypt in 1834, and the United States in 1835. About this time he became a partner in a cotton-printing establishment near Manchester, and by his energy and ability aided to build up a highly successful business. Early in life he began to take an interest in political affairs, and was a warm participant in the agitation which preceded the passage of the Reform Bill. In 1837 he was a candidate for the representation of Stockport, but was defeated. During that year and the following he travelled a good deal upon the continent, and it is said, returned a decided free-trader. It is probably more correct to say that he returned with his previously-adopted free-trade principles confirmed. In 1839, the rejection of the motion for the repeal of the tax gave fresh impetus to the agitation for the repeal. The famous Anti-Corn Law League was then established. Mr. Cobden took a leading part in the formation of that league, and in the agitation which it carried on. In 1841 he was again a candidate for Stockport, and was elected—commencing his Parliamentary career in the first year of Sir Robert Peel's second Administration. By his thorough acquaintance with all questions of commerce, and by his clear logical style of speaking, Mr. Cobden soon placed himself in the front rank of the opponents of the protective system. He devoted much attention to the anti-corn-law agitation, speaking not only in Parliament but also in various parts of the country in favour of free trade in breadstuffs. Immense opposition was encountered from those who clung to protectionist theories, and from the landed and agricultural interest, which selfishly thought itself entitled to a premium for supplying the people with bread. But the labours of Mr. Cobden and his colleagues of the League in time produced their effect upon public opinion. Sir Robert Peel saw that the time for a change had come, gave up his opposition to the repeal of the corn laws, and assisted in carrying a measure effacing that purpose. This bill received the royal sanction on the 26th June, 1846, and has revolutionized the trade and commerce not only of England, but of a large portion of the civilized world. A suitable pecuniary acknowledgement, in the shape of a public subscription, amounting to about £70,000, was shortly afterwards presented to Mr. Cobden. In 1846-7, he was elected for two constituencies, his old one of Stockport and the West Riding of York. He decided to sit for the larger county rather than for the borough. He was re-elected for the West Riding in 1852. Having always been a member of the peace party, he condemned the conduct of the British Government in taking part in the war against Russia. As that war was heartily sustained by the British nation, Mr. Cobden sacrificed for a time much of his popularity by his opposition to it. In 1857, he voted for the resolution censuring Lord Palmerston for entering upon the war with China, a step which caused his constituents to reject him at the next election, which immediately followed. He was a few years after elected for Rochdale, which constituency he represented at the time of his death. Mr. Cobden was never a minister. A few years ago he was entrusted with the duty of negotiating a commercial treaty with the Government of France, and succeeded in his mission—in-doctrinating the Emperor of the French with his free trade principles—and in securing to the people of France the benefits of more enlightened commercial regulations. How well his labours on that occasion were appreciated may be judged from the fact that his death is mourned in Paris almost as much as in England. When