

Oh! never herald's presence, yet,
 With such a glory shone;
 And, sure, such guide must bring the feet
 Unto a gorgeous throne;
 And who shall meet his awful eye
 Whose burning couriers walk the sky!

Yon herald halteth suddenly!
 And with their fragrant freight,
 The stately camels stoop the knee
 Before—a stable—gate!
 Oh! He, whose name was first on high,
 Is lowliest in his birth;
 And he whose star is in the sky,
 Hath but a crib on earth;—
 And they—the wise—have trod the wild,
 To bow before—a little child;

So guided by that eastern ray,
 The lowly and the poor
 May gather precious truths, to-day,
 Beside that stable door;—
 That not unto the highest, here
 The highest place is given;
 And they who serve below, may wear
 The starry crown in heaven:
 And shining throngs still keep the road.
 That leads the Christian to his God!

"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.*