

"WE SHALL BE CHANGED.

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 that he was a poor, unsightly creature.

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

"I am going to that litte 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,' thoug 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 buired. 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 litte worm. It must be dead now. But you said, one day, that such worms would 'be changed.' What did you mean? I dont see any change?"

"I will show you in a few days," said 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 robbin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm

windoow 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 buired 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! T he 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 the 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.*

IF I AM LOST, I WILL SERVE GOD.—A Minister of the gospel had once, from intense mental application, lost his reason. such was the delicate organization of that noble intellect that its powers for the time gave way, and his mind was shrouded in darkness.

Sitting one day with a beloved brother in the ministry, bowed down in gloom and despair, "I am lost!" he exclaimed in a hollow, mournful tone, "I am lost. I am going down to hell brother E——." But presently a light shot a cross that darkened face. His eye brightened; he jumped from his chair. "What if I am lost; what if I *do* go to hell? *I will serve God there.* I will preach *Christ* to the lost spirits in hell."

He had gained the victory. He had found *Christ*, and the power of the prince of darkness was destroyed. He is now again labouring earnestly and successfully in the vineyard of his Master, and a rich harvest of souls has been recently gathered through his instrumentality, to be, as we trust, his eternal crown of rejoicing.

Let us *forget self, live for Christ*, and leave the re-sult to Him.