

COPYING MY LORD'S LIKENESS.

Leaving my desk and books early one forenoon in Florence I wandered out into the Piazza, which was glowing in the fervent rays of the bright Italian sun, and making my way across the Arno lauded at length in the gallery of the Pitti Palace, so justly celebrated for the wondrous gems of art that adorn its walls. Having been a familiar visitor to the place, and feeling somewhat in a passive, listless mood, my eye caught sight of an artist in an inner room whose quiet, earnest occupation immediately fixed my attention. She had planted herself before a picture which, by some strange oversight, I had scarcely ever previously noticed. It was rather small in size and quiet in coloring, and represented ideally the countenance of our blessed Lord. A look of deep unspeakable sadness sat on the features, but the eye glistened with intensest yearning and compassion. After gazing for awhile at this most moving picture, I began to watch the artist who was copying it. I could not but admire the care and patience she displayed in adding touch to touch with such a watchful, earnest, loving purpose, ever turning her eyes to the beautiful original, and absorbed in the task of endeavoring to reproduce, as faithfully as in her lay, a likeness of its loveliness.

A train of thought was awakened in me as I watched her. Not in this manner, but in another and a nobler way, am I too, called on to labor to produce a likeness of my blessed Lord. "Not in lines and colors on a canvas, but in the lineaments and features of my character is my own soul to be conformed to the reality of my Saviour's living self. Shall I ever succeed, unless animated by a spirit of deepest love and admiration? Can I become like Him, unless I be much with Him, gazing on His glory and beauty, who is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely? Should I not ever compare myself with His bright example, and strive earnestly to be in all things as He was? The copy this artist will produce will, after all, be valueless compared with the priceless original; but to those who cannot see this original it will convey some faint idea of what its beauty is. So to the world that sees not Christ, knows him not, and cares not for him—to that world am I called upon to be a revelation of him, so that in me they may see a

witness, faint and far off though it be, to the glory of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth. Fill me with Thy love, O Christ! May I ever dwell in heart with Thee till, when Thou shalt appear, I shall be altogether like Thee when I shall see Thee as Thou art. —*Evangelical Christendom.*

WHAT THE BIBLE SOCIETY IS DOING.

The Bible Society defends the Bible by circulating it. What a wondrous defence it is! It found the world with five million Bibles; it has given to it more than ninety-five millions, or nearer one hundred million copies. It found the Bible in fifty languages; it has sent it out in two hundred and fifty. How wonderful it is, when we think that forty of these languages were especially reduced to writing for that purpose! There are forty languages that eighty years ago were only spoken languages; and now men are reading in their own tongue wherein they were born the wonderful works of God. I believe that when the Oriental Congress sat in the city of London some few years ago, and visited the Bible Society's House in Queen Victoria street, where they saw the various versions on the shelf, they did not fail to acknowledge that, though this is a Christian, not a literary Society it had done even more for the interests of philology than any literary society in the world. Then you have the number of the issues. How marvellous they are! Last year the number was 3,000,000. It is difficult to comprehend. Put it in another form, five every minute of the day and night all through the year without intermission; I ask every thoughtful Christian man to ponder well that wonderful fact. A stream of divine truth going out over this poor sinful world of ours at the rate of five copies every sixty seconds of the day and night throughout the year without intermission! Upwards of nine million pounds sterling, expended for this work, was raised entirely by the free will of a Christian people. —*Mr. G. T. Edwards.*

Queen Makes, of Raratonga, noticing how lax were the police in dealing with drunkards and drunkard-makers, created a new order of female police. These women soon unearthed the concealed spirit and threw it into the sea, and since their advent to office a grand reform in the manners of the people has taken place.