

of the loveliness they looked forward to. If they could but have known!

But it was hid. So the time passed on, and often did the roots breathe a word to each other of faith and hope, as each day, they felt, was hastening on the time they so looked forward to.

"We shall not much longer be poor and unnoticed," said the tulip; "our time of glory is coming fast."

"Yes," joyously answered the hyacinth; "but a few days more and we shall put on our beautiful robes."

But the mouse did not come that way for some time, till one morning, when the room was very quiet, he stole over towards the window, and stopped almost out of breath before a beautiful pink hyacinth in its fullest beauty, its rich waxen blossoms giving out a sweet fragrance, and the tulip by its side, in gorgeous crimson and gold!

"You beautiful things! who are you? I never saw you here before," said the mouse.

"We told you we should be fair one day," answered the hyacinth.

"Is it *you*? Why I never saw anything so lovely in my life! What has happened to you? I thought you were dead."

"But I was not dead, and I told you so, only you would not believe me. We were alive when you were last here, only the life was hidden. Now it is seen," replied the hyacinth.

"Then that is what made you so contented; well, who would have thought it, when you were so ugly a little while ago?"

"It was for this we were waiting in hope and trust," said the tulip; "but we had no idea we should be so fair!"

"No, it is better than we expected, and more than we looked for," was the happy answer of the hyacinth.

Just then a lady came in, and seeing them both so beautiful, she carried them off to the drawing-room, and the conversation stopped.—*London Christian,*

"I'LL TRY;"

OR, A SATURDAY EVENING AT WREXHAM IN 1819.

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, a circle of friends were sitting one Saturday evening, in a pleasant room in the Vicarage of Wrexham, in Wales. It was on Whitsunday, 1819. The friends are all gone now, they have met, we doubt not, in heaven. But that Saturday evening one of them made a suggestion to another, who carried it out in such a way, that if he had never done anything else we should always love his memory. There were not so many Missionary meetings and sermons then as there are now; for English people had then only lately begun to feel that it was their duty to preach the glad tidings to the heathen. But the Vicar of Wrexham was going to preach next morning in his church a sermon on behalf of one of the first societies ever formed. His son-in-law was staying with Dr. Shipley, the Vicar, that night, for he was going to preach for him on the Sunday evening. The family group were pleasantly chatting; but Dr. Shipley was rather absent; he was thinking about his sermon next morning. Suddenly turning to his son-in-law, he said, "Heber, I wish you would write a hymn for them to sing in church to-morrow morning; a hymn that shall bring home to the people the claims of the heathen world." It was Saturday night; short time to prepare a good hymn for Sunday morning, was it not? For you know it takes far longer to *write* a good hymn than to *read* it! The Irish poet, Moore, used to think he had done a good day's work when he had written fourteen lines of his beautiful poetry. But Heber wished to please his father-in-law, so he said, "I'll try." What a capital word that is! "I'll try." Do you know a better motto? I'll try! There is courage and hope in that, and "I'll try *again*," adds perseverance too. So Heber tried to write a hymn. He withdrew a little