

### The Century Plant.

In my garden grows a plant  
Very stiff and very stately,  
And its curving leaves I grant  
That my eyes admire greatly.

But though I may watch and wait  
All the years that God shall send me,  
Watch it early, tend it late,  
Not a bloom that plant shall lend me.

Once within a hundred years  
Doth it burst to blossom only,  
And forgotten will be tears,  
And no more shall I be lonely.

All delight in earthly bloor  
Will be less than nothing to me,  
When those splendid flowers perfume  
All the walks and haunts that knew me.

So I find my love is more  
For the rose that blossoms yearly,  
Than for all the hidden store  
That this stately plant holds dearly.

Better is it, child, to show  
Daily love and tender sweetness,  
Than to hide in deep below  
All that gives your life completeness.

Better far to fill the air  
With a common, fragrant pleasure,  
Than to stand aloof and rare  
With an unseen glowing treasure.

Bloom to-day, and if the frost  
Shall to-morrow mar your beauty,  
Then you will not, dear, have lost  
All that lies in active duty.

Yet, if God command you, wait  
With a splendour in your growing;  
Stand with meekness in your state  
Till the bud is ripe for blowing.

### Deliverance in Temptation.

JAMES CARTER was a clerk in an eminent bank. He had been connected with it for some time. He was very faithful and skilful, and was highly esteemed by the directors of the bank. One Saturday afternoon, at a time when a large amount of business requiring much writing, had accumulated, and it was very desirable to have it attended to at the earliest moment, the manager of the bank came to James and said:

"I want you to come down to the bank to-morrow. We must get our work up. Of course we shall be generous in our pay for this extra work."

"But," said James, "it is the Sabbath to-morrow."

"I know it," answered the manager; "but it is an extraordinary time; the work must be done, and you must come to the bank."

"I never work on the sabbath," was the answer.

"Of course you do not usually; but this must be an exception."

"I have been taught to honour the day, and it would go against my conscience to come to my desk to-morrow. I am really sorry to disoblige you; but I could not conscientiously break the Sabbath."

"I must insist upon my request, and if you cannot grant it, I shall be obliged to supply your place with another clerk, and dismiss you. I shall do this with reluctance, for you have been a faithful young man."

I think this man could not have believed that the youth would stand firmly by his principles. He probably thought the young man would yield, when his failing to do so would cost him his place. What a lesson James was enabled by the grace of God to teach him!

But it was an iron gate. He had a good position. It might be very difficult to find another. He offered a silent prayer, and said:

"I shall be sorry to lose my place. I do not know where I can find another; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I shall not enter upon my work to-morrow, even if I lose my position."

"Very well," was the short, unfeeling answer. "I will hand you what is your due up to to night. We shall not require your services at this bank any longer."

James went home somewhat despondent, but still confident that he had done right; It was an uncommonly interesting Sabbath upon which he entered the next day; for to keep its hours sacred had cost him a great price. He had placed his case in the hands of his Heavenly Father, and patiently waited for the opening of his providence.

But what an impression had been made upon the mind of this manager! What a rebuke he had received! What an invaluable clerk, after all he had lost! A man so true to his God would not be unfaithful to his employers.

It was only a few days after that he attended the meeting of the directors of a large new bank, just ready to go into operation. They met to elect a cashier. They wanted a man that they could rely upon, if such an one could be found; and they were ready to pay him a high salary.

Now the manager that had just dismissed his clerk offered to name a man. "If they wished," he said, "a truly faithful and capable young man, who would place honesty above wealth, and rather lose his place than sin against God, they could not do better than to offer the position to James Carter." He then frankly told the story. He assured them that James had no idea of this recommendation. He had left the bank rather than break the Sabbath, having no other position in view. His noble step, which at first had irritated him into doing a very unmanly thing, had fully convinced him of the sterling honesty of his character. The nomination was immediately and unanimously accepted, and, to the astonishment of James, the next morning he received the offer of this high position with a large increase of salary. Thus without hands, when he stood before the iron gate of temptation, having lifted up his prayer for help from on high, it swung wide open before him.

### The Origin of the Stocking Loom.

How many of you ever give a thought to the stockings into which you thrust your feet in the morning, and out of which you are always thrusting toes, heels, and knees?

"Somebody knits them, I s'pose," you say, as you look thoughtfully at your comfortably-clothed legs. Not often, in these days, is this answer the right one, for most of the stockings now worn are the work of a very useful machine. An English paper tells us something of its invention:—

"About the year 1589, there was at Cambridge a poor scholar, William Lee, who became a fellow of his college and a master of arts; but he fell in love with a country girl of humble station, and as he had to give up his fellowship when they were married, they became very poor indeed.

"His wife, however, was industrious and clever at knitting, and she worked hard to support herself and husband, who, with all his learning, was not able to earn much, for he could work at no trade, and scholars in those days got poor pay.

"Before their marriage he had talked of inventing a machine to do her knitting for her, and in the weary days of their struggles and poverty, as he watched his wife's nimble fingers plying the knitting-needles, the idea of the machine came back.

"He was sure it could be done, and set to work to discover how. The result was, he invented the stocking-frame—a loom for weaving stockings, and

which imitated exactly the movements of the fingers in knitting.

"The invention was a success. It lifted William Lee out of his difficulties, and placed his name on the long list of English inventors, and gave a start to the making of stockings by machinery, which afterward became a very important English manufacture."

### The Reign of Christ.

THERE'S a light from the cross! There's a light from the Word!

It is flooding the earth with the joy of the Lord!

And hearts that were aching

In darkness and breaking,

Are chanting his praise in blissful accord.

Bow down, Eastern mountains! The Saviour has come!

And sing, O ye fountains, in every wide zone!

To every dark nation

The glad proclamation

Is offering welcome and pardon and home.

Ay! crumble to dust in your temples of gold,

Ye idols so ancient and stony and cold!

The people are yearning

For comfort, and learning

The best, sweetest story that ever was told.

THERE'S a light from the cross! There's a light from the Word!

And the kingdoms of earth are the realms of our Lord!

O Saviour victorious,

So tender, so glorious!

We praise thee, we bless thee, in reverent accord!

—W. F. M. S.

### "What Did You Say?"

IN a beautiful village a boy, about ten years old, lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. He was dying, and his heart longed for a treasure worth more to him than all gold. One day I came into his room. I sat down by him, took his hand and, looking into his face, asked him what made him so sad.

"O!" said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him, "My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying at all.

With a surprised look he exclaimed: "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large eyes opened on me and his cheek flushed, as he slowly said, "Well! I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first, before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered; "God wants us to trust him. That is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all; and he knows that as soon as we trust him we shall begin to love him. That is the way to love God—to put your trust in him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him, that we might believe in him; and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all.

He drank in all truth; and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort to put himself in Christ's hands that very hour. And so he came into the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end.

None of the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to; and that dying he went to him whom, not having seen, he had loved.