

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.



HAVE you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime ?
By humble growth of a hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time ;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Breaks into a thousand flowers.
This floral queen in its beauty seen
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant,
 That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they droop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls to the ground,
And fast as they drop from the dying stem
 Grow lively and lovely around ?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
 In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
 The Arab's Gimel el Bair,
That dwells in the African solitudes
 Where the birds that live lonely are ?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
 And cares and toils for their good ?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
 And fishes the sea for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise !—
 With blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
 The snow-white bird of the lake ?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
 It silently sits in the brake ;