

Play carefully now, let no harshness mar  
The music, the righteous may own,  
For mortals so eagerly watch each day  
To witness a harsh, ruffled tone.

O sweeten thy prelude with God's high praise,  
And strengthen by might from above,  
That mortals, while list'ning, may deeply long  
To play the same music of love.

Harmonious then be the chords you strike,  
All perfect in praise, though not long,  
For oft in the music that floats thr' heaven,  
The prelude is heard through the song.

IDA.

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### JEROME SAVONAROLA.

The golden beams of the sun sinking down to the western horizon light up a fair scene, where noble Florence rests under the heights of Fiesole, in the valley of the river Arno.

Lying on either side of the river, spanned by four fine bridges, and covering with her beautiful suburbs the rising ground and softly undulating hills for miles around, the lovely Queen of Tuscany presents to the King of Day charms worthy the golden glory he showers upon her, ere sinking behind the blue Appenines, he bids the world and Florence 'good night.'

Over such a scene we might linger long and unwearingly, but we may turn away without even a sigh to enter and explore the somewhat gloomy streets, lined with massive buildings, behind whose thick walls are concealed attractions for the lover of art, student of history, such as for centuries have filled the mouths of travellers, poets, and orators with loudest praise.