

(thanks to Ezra), but it passed only too quickly into another winter. Israel waits again, and seems to say, *How long, Jehovah, wilt thou forget me for ever?* But why be impatient? Winter is not death. We know that there is a real though concealed life around us in the winter-time, and that mighty forces are at work, which will restore to us first, spring's fair promise, then summer's fulness of growth, and then autumn's golden fruitage. And we know that mighty spiritual forces are at work in Israel and among the Italians, and that, though not with the voice of Jeremiah or of Savonarola, yet with such power as God has given them Israelitish and Italian reformers are continuing the work of those prophets in Italy and Israel. True sons of the prophets are they—

“. . . men, whose spirit-sharpened sight
Foreknows the advent of the light.”