

If the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The Angel Gabriel himself would hardly be safe from their disparaging "buts," and the whitest robe in all the "white-robed throng" would be in danger of being smutted.'

'And yet, I said, 'Mrs. "But" evidently considers herself a Christian.'

'Oh, I don't dispute her title,' said John, 'but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians.'—'Friendly Visitor.'

The Fearless Monk

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Lorenzo the Magnificent, as he was known in Florence, was dying at the early age of forty-four. Never very strong, he had worn out his weak frame by every kind of base living, and sins too many and too dark to mention.

He was only twenty-one years old when

had taken the funds of the State for his own private use.

By even diabolical methods he had sought to corrupt the minds of the people. It is difficult to find a single instance of genuine kindness ever wrought by him, either toward his people, his friends, or his relations.

Yet so strange is human nature, that much of his leisure was spent in literary studies, in which he had been trained by the most learned men of his time.

He had learnt the art of poetry, and, as the patron of scholars and artists, his palace became the resort of the finest scholars of the day.

But all this, without a true knowledge of God and love to Christ, did not and could not make him a good man.

When, therefore, he was wasting away with a severe internal disease, and all hope of recovery was gone, no wonder that he was in an agony of fear at the thought of soon being called to meet God.

His doctors did all that was in their power to restore him to health. One even

to confess to him, he set forth without delay.

Entering the room where the dying ruler lay, the monk respectfully drew near the bed. Immediately the prince, in great agitation and excitement, mentioned some of the sins that were on his conscience.

Savonarola sought to calm him by saying: 'God is good! God is merciful.' 'But,' he added, 'three things are necessary.'

'What things, father?' replied Lorenzo.

'Firstly, a great and living faith in God's mercy.'

'I have the fullest faith in it,' exclaimed the sick man.

'Secondly, you must restore all your ill-gotten wealth, or at least charge your sons to restore it in your name.'

At this Lorenzo seemed struck with surprise and grief; but he gave a nod of assent.

'Lastly, you must restore liberty to the people of Florence.'

The monk's eyes, as if seeking the answer, were fixed upon those of Lorenzo. He, however, putting forth all his remaining strength, angrily turned his back without uttering a word.

Savonarola left his presence, and Lorenzo soon after breathed his last.

Oh! how impossible it is to crowd into a dying hour the faith and love and trust that should be the daily life of the soul. The only way to be prepared for death is to be living by faith on the Son of God.

Then it does not matter in the least when the angel comes to bear our soul away to the presence of the father, we shall be ready.

Only 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth from all sin.'

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

Mr. Moody's Conversion.

Mr. Edward Kimball, through whose influence Mr. Moody was converted, thus tells the story of that event.

'Then came the day when I determined to speak to Moody about Christ and about his soul. I started down to Holton's shoe store. When I was nearly there I began to wonder whether I ought to go just then, during business hours. I thought maybe my mission might so embarrass the boy that when I went away the other clerks might ask who I was, and when they learned they might taunt Moody and ask if I was trying to make a good boy out of him.

'While I was pondering over it all I passed the store without noticing it. Then when I found that I had gone by the door I determined to make a dash for it and have it over at once. I found Moody in the back part of the store wrapping up shoes in paper and putting them on shelves. I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder, and as I leaned over I put my foot upon a shoe box. I feel that I made a very weak plea for Christ.

'I don't know just what words I used, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him and the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was of it. It seemed the young man was just ready for the light that then broke upon him, and there, in the back part of that store in Boston, the future great evangelist gave himself and his life to Christ.'—'Forward.'



SAVONAROLA DEMANDING THE LIBERTIES OF FLORENCE FROM LORENZO.

he began to reign over fair Florence. When the high-souled monk Savonarola came to the city, and entered the monastery of St. Mark, Lorenzo was at the height of his power and his fame. Under his rule all things wore an air of seeming prosperity and well-being.

But it was his tyranny, and the tyranny of those who had reigned before him, that brought about this false peace. All refusing to bend beneath his yoke were either imprisoned, exiled, or dead.

It is not difficult to see that such a life as Lorenzo had lived could not have a peaceful close.

His conscience would not let him rest when he knew that his end was near. How would he have peace of mind, when he thought that it was by bloodshed that he kept the power by which he ruled? He

gave him a draught of 'distilled gems' in the hope of prolonging his life. But it was all to no purpose.

How he was haunted by spectres of the past! All his sins rose before him, and became more and more threatening. But no religious ministrations of the priests could give a moment's relief.

Suddenly he thought of Savonarola. 'I know of no honest friar,' he said, 'save this one.' And at once a messenger was sent to beg him to come to Lorenzo's dying bed.

At first Savonarola was inclined to refuse. No words of his, he thought, could be of use to such a man as Lorenzo the Magnificent.

But on learning how desperately ill the sick man was, and how anxious he seemed