

contact with the hero-soul, who counted not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

The ungrateful city which exiled or slew her greatest sons, Dante and Savonarola, was overtaken by a swift Nemesis. Soon the Medici returned in power, and long ruled it with an iron hand. When Rome, the proud city of the Seven Hills, "that was eternal named," was besieged, taken and sacked by a foreign army, the prophetic words of the great prior were remembered. Florence for a time again drove the Medician tyrants from power. Again "the Council elected, and proclaimed Christ the King of Florence, and the famous cry, '*Viva Gesu Christo Nostro Re,*' was once more the watchword of the city." But despotism was again installed

on the ruins of freedom, "and for long centuries the light of Florence was extinguished."

In fitting words a recent biographer of the great Reformer thus concludes his fascinating memorials of his life:

"It seemed like the acting of a piece of historical justice when, nearly four hundred years after the martyrdom of the prior, the late King Victor Immanuel opened the first parliament of a united Italy in the city of Florence, and in the venerable hall of the *Consiglio Maggiore*. The representative assembly, which gathered in the hall of Savonarola's Great Council, bridged over centuries of darkness and misrule, connecting the aspirations of a hardly-won freedom in the present with those of a distant and glorious past, and secured permanently, let us hope, for the whole of Italy the precious liberties for which the Monk of San Marco died."

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an 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 blooming 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 heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arabs' *Gimel el Bahr*,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where 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 seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can de-
vise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them
dies.

You have heard these tales: let me tell you
once,
A greater and better than all.
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens
adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?

How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the Cross.
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer Divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard of this tale—the best of
them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life; His loss is our gain.
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

O hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others yield up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that
would grow
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

—H. H.