

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

BY HENRY HARBAUGH.

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 devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

YOU have heard these tales : shall I tell you one,
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 ?