

the strongest quail. What was it that shone with such glory through all bodily weakness and suffering? Alas! Woe is me! It was a God in the shape of man I pronounced judgment against. And the guard I forced to tell me the truth in private, never did man show such fear. What strange, unearthly thing did he witness that night by the sealed grave? But yonder comes a horse man, maybe he is a messenger, it is long since I heard from Rome. Aye, he approaches. Priscus, go meet him and bring his message. With hurrying feet the slave obeys and soon puts into his master's hand a written paper. The man starts as he opens it. "Must the handwriting of my wife affect me thus? But what news?" In measured tones he reads aloud. "You ask me for news from Jerusalem. Soon after you were banished Caiaphas was deposed. A short time ago a mob, such as you have seen, broke into and destroyed the house of Annas, and after scourging his son they dragged him through the streets and finally murdered him. The Jews have been severely punished by the Romans, and many of them crucified." No more of the letter can be read; it falls from his nervous hand and, as the bowed figure leans from the window, the slave springs to his side, but too late! He only sees the body lying still on the rocks below. Rushing down the long, narrow stairs, Priscus is soon bending over the prostrate form of his master. There is no answer to his moans and cries. Pontius Pilate is dead.

LYDIA J. MOSHER.

HUMANITY.

SOME OF THE LAST BURNING WORDS OF VICTOR HUGO.

"For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of

painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of philosophers and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the near future. In the twentieth, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country, that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

"All hail, then to that noble twentieth century, which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit!"

OTTAWA.

City about whose brow the north winds blow,
Girdled with woods and shod with river-foam,

Called by a name as old as Troy or Rome,
Be great as they but pure as thine own snow;
Rather flash up amid the auroral glow,

The Lamia city of the northern star,

Than be so hard with craft or wild with war,

Peopled with deeds remembered for their woe.

Though art too bright for guile, too young for tears,

And thou wilt live to be too strong for time;

For he may mock thee with his furrowed frowns,

But thou wilt grow in calm throughout the years

Cinctured with peace and crowned with power sublime,

The maiden queen of all the towered towns.

—Duncan Campbell Scott.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.