

And one, that ran in the midst, came near us—
 "Crown yourselves for the feast," he said,
 But we cried out, that the God might hear us,
 "Where is Jesus, the living bread?"

And they took us each by the hand with laughter;
 Their eyes were haggard and red with wine;
 They hailed us on, and we followed after,
 "We will shew you the new God's shrine."

Ah, woe to our tongues, that, forever unsleeping,
 Harp and uncover the old hot care,
 The soothing ash from the embers sweeping,
 Wherever the soles of our sad feet fare.

Ah, we were simple minds, not knowing,
 How dreadful the heart of a man might be;
 But the knowledge of evil is mighty of growing;
 Only the deaf and the blind are free.

We came to a garden of beauty and pleasure—
 It was not the way that our own feet chose—
 Where a revel was whirling in many a measure,
 And the myriad roar of a great crowd rose.

And the midmost round of the place was reddened
 With pillars of fire in a great high ring—
 One look—and our souls forever were deadened,
 Though our feet yet move, and our dreams yet sting

For we saw that each was a live man flaming,
 Limbs that a human mother bore,
 And a thing of horror was done, past naming,
 And the crowd spun round, and we saw no more.

And he that ran in the midst, desecrating,
 Lifted his hand with a foul red sneer,
 And smote us each and the other, crying
 "Thus we worship the new God here.

"The Cæsar comes, and the people's pæans
 Hail his name for the new made light,
 Pitch and the flesh of the Galileans,
 Torches fit for a Roman night."

And we fell down to the earth, and sickened,
 Moaning, three of us, head by head,
 "Where is He, whom the good God quickened?
 Where is Jesus, the living bread?"

Yet ever we heard, in the foul mirth turning,
 Man and woman and child go by,
 And ever the yells of the charred men burning,
 Piercing heavenward, cry on cry.

And we lay there, till the frightful revel
 Died in the dawn with a few short moans
 Of some that knelt in the wan and level
 Shadows that fell from the blackened bones.

Sick with horror and numb with pity,
 The heart of each as an iron weight.
 We crept in the dawn from the awful city,
 Journeying out of the seaward gate.

And the great sun came from the sea before us,
 A soft wind blew from the scented south;
 But our eyes knew not of the steps that bore us
 Down to the ships at the Tiber's mouth.

And we prayed then, as we turned our faces
 Over the sea to the living God,
 That our graves might be in the fierce bare places,
 Where never the foot of a live man trod.

And we set sail in the noon, not caring
 Whither the prow of the dark ship came—
 No more over the old ways faring—
 For the sea was cold, but the land was flame.

And the keen ship sped, and a deadly coma
 Blotted away from our eyes forever,
 Tower on tower, the great city Roma,
 Palace and temple and yellow river.

OTTAWA, Ont.

ANIMA.

"Man surrenders not to the angels, nor to death
 (utterly), save only through the weakness of his own will."
 Bold words, and the assertion of a fearless thinker. So
 thought I as I pondered over them and tried to ascertain
 their true meaning.

Some distance from me sounded the joyous voices of my
 friends. We had been merry-making all day, but now
 the sun was declining. Many of us, tired and hot from
 playing games and boating on the river, sought the cool
 groves along the water's edge. I stopped for a moment
 to sit down beneath the shade of a tall fir tree; my com-
 panions went on. I was alone. Having taken a book
 from my pocket and opened it at random, my eye was
 caught by the passage which had set me musing. The
 time and situation were favourable for contemplation.
 Distant sounds of merriment, heard from a retired spot,
 suggest a sense of loneliness and isolation to the hearer.
 He feels more lonely than if all was quiet around him,
 and he is disposed to bend his mind to serious thoughts.
 I strove for some time to unravel the meaning of the
 writer. At length, feeling weary both in mind and body,
 I laid aside the book.

Now if the spot was favourable for contemplation it was
 also favourable for slumber, and this I soon found out.
 The wind moaned mournfully through the branches of the
 fir tree. The water at intervals gently lapped the bank as
 a zephyr now and then ruffled the surface of the river. The
 beams of the setting sun pierced feebly through the foliage.
 I could hear the muffled stroke of oars far up the river.
 I fell asleep.