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Ecce Homo!

BY THE LATE THOMAS A. LEPAGE.

"The perfect Man! How looked He then?" You say  
"Of stature fair?—nor small nor overgrown  
As some rank weed? Sat noble beard upon  
A face ruddy with health, with many a ray  
Of beamy laughter lit? or did the play  
Of inescapable passion, all unknown  
Save to Himself, work on His front its own  
Care-signal,—wasting half his strength away?  
"I know not. Yet from forth that lordly eye  
Flashed gentleness and courage. None might lift  
Rude hand to him unawed. Lost ones, adrift  
On the soul's sea, nigh Him felt rescue nigh,—  
And when He spoke, men listened as they heard  
The heart tones of the race,—the authentic word."

The Island of St. John in 1721.

BY JOHN CAVEN.

FIFTEEN months had passed since the workmen of St. Pierre's fishing Company had established themselves the height of Port Lajoie. Lieutenant De la Ronde Denys, on whom devolved the duty of organising and fostering the young colony, had brought to the accomplishment of his task a prudent energy acquired from long experience in similar undertakings.