

prehension. I will therefore say no more, but ask, as is the custom, that any here present who desires to change his life, and wishes the assistance of the prayers of God's people, will please rise."

As is usual in all such meetings, there was a general turning of heads from one side to the other. In an instant a single figure in the midst of the little congregation arose, and a second later a hoarse voice in one of the back seats, a voice which most persons present could identify as that of Sam Kimper's son Tom, exclaimed: "Reynolds Bartram!"

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"—JOHN XIX. 5.

Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

DARK-VISAGED men, with lurid hate
 Flaming from every countenance,
 Beheld in mock imperial state
 The meek incarnate God advance ;
 Pilate, weak-kneed with Mammon's bribes,
 Saw Self's ambitions rudely toss
 On the sea of Jewish threats and jibes,
 And cried, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Fools in the Light of Gospel page,
 See now like ancient Sadducees,
 Reflected rays, an earthly sage,
 A Zoroaster, Socrates ;
 Auroras to the sun prefer ;
 With sophist theory, cunning gloss
 Smite 'twixt the God and Carpenter,
 And scoff, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Yet as the sun goes circling on,
 As men are less and man is more,
 As perishes the might of brawn,
 These words resound the wide earth o'er :
 Peace, Progress, Liberty have signed
 Their charters 'neath the rugged cross,
 To unborn nations rude and blind
 They shout, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

And, O my heart, hast thou forgot
 The lesson here for thee upborne,
 When on earth's pavement trickles hot
 And red thy blood from scourge and thorn?
 'Tis consolation rare unpriced,
 'Tis recompense for bitterest loss,
 To grasp as friend the human Christ,
 And cry, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

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