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Rev. J. WILLIAM FLINN.

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I. COMPLAINT* AGAINST THE ACTION OF THE SYNOD OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN ADDRESSING AN OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION TO THE CIVIL COMMONWEALTH.

TO THE VENERABLE,

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
IN THE UNITED STATES :

We, the undersigned Ministers and Elders of the Presbyterian Church in the United States and members of the Synod of South Carolina, submitting to its authority, hereby present to your venerable body this our Complaint against the action of said Synod of South Carolina taken at its meeting at Darlington, S. C., on Monday, November 1st, 1897, in the matter of a petition to an official representative of the United States, touching certain civil affairs which concern the commonwealth.

*This Complaint as here given appears in an amended form. The nature of the subject, the time limit imposed by the Constitution, and the circumstances in which the writer found himself, combined to render it impossible for him to put the first draft of the Complaint in such form as was desirable.

The writer ought to add that he found it impossible to confer with the individuals who authorized him to sign their names to this paper as co-complainants, or even to submit to them for their formal approval the Complaint as drafted by himself. (Rev. W. T. Hall, D. D., is the single exception. To him the writer is indebted for valuable and valued advice and suggestions.) He has reason to believe, however, that on all material points he has faithfully represented the mind of his co-complainants. W. M. MCP.

VI. THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

Among the shorter classic poems the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil holds an eminent place. Particular attention has been attracted to this choice work, not only on account of the harmonious felicity of its language, not merely for the fascinating beauty of the imagery employed, but chiefly because of the singular coincidences between passages and expressions in the Fourth Eclogue and portions of the Messianic prophecies of the Scriptures, especially in the Psalms and Isaiah. These similarities of thought and structure to Holy Writ render this poem an ever new delight, and commend its study to each generation of students. Thus, again and again, lovers of Latin literature have reviewed this POLLIO with ever growing enthusiasm for its scope and expression, finding in it the best of all those supreme traits of the Prince of Latin Poets, which won from Cicero the encomium, "*Magnae spes altera Romae.*"

THE POET.

Pompey the Great and Licinius Crassus being Consuls, seventy years before the birth of our Lord, an Italian mother in the hamlet of Andes, three miles from Mantua, found the Ides of October a white day in her life, as it had brought to her a son. The child was named Publius Virgilius Maro. The family of Virgil, while humble, was honorable. Later, among the relatives of Maia, his mother, came Quintilius Varus, who rose so high in the favor of Augustus that he was made proconsul of Syria, holding that office when the Christ was born. This Varus favored Archelaus, son of Herod, and maintained him to "reign in the room of his father Herod." Later he was commander-in-chief of the army in Germany, and there, by neglect of the warning of Segestes, king of the Cotti, suffered that tremendous defeat wherein three entire Roman legions were cut to pieces by the Gauls under Arminius, at

the Teutobergiensis Saltus. Varus in his despair, died by his own hand. So were his ears sealed to those doleful cries of Augustus, when he would beat his head against the walls of his palace wailing—"Varus! give me back my legions!" While the stock of Varus was lowly, as was that of his cognata Maia, the mother of Virgil, there seems to have been genius among the hereditaments of the line. Maia's son was destined to eternal fame. His childhood repeats the experience of many poets. His first years were passed as part of that simple, rural life which he sings so masterfully in the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*.

The peasant proprietors among the Latins seem to have set high value on learning, and spared no sacrifice to secure education for sons who gave token of intellectual power. Horace, in the Sixth Satire, pathetically tells us how his own good father placed him in school with the sons of far richer men, and, not being able to secure a suitable slave to act as *pædagogus*, himself escorted his son to and fro through the streets.

Actuated by the same zeal for the advancement of his child, the father of Virgil kept him for ten years in the best schools of Cremona, until, at seventeen, the lad like other Latin youth, assumed the *toga virilis*. Intent on higher mental discipline, Virgil went to Naples, where he studied medicine, mathematics, philosophy, and Greek. The study of Greek was his darling occupation, and in it he became a master. At that date one of the most widely copied and disseminated books in the Greek language, was one which had emanated from the Hellenist schools and colonies at Alexandria, under the patronage of Ptolemy III., the *Septuaginta* or translation into Greek of the Hebrew Sacred Books. This version was concluded about 221 B. C. "In such manner," says A. Edersheim, "the LXX. version became really the people's Bible to that large Jewish world through which Christianity was afterwards to address itself to mankind." Copies of the Septuagint were enormously multiplied, and carried by Jews into "every nation under Heaven." A lover of the Greek language, and a collector of Greek books, could scarcely be without knowledge

of so popular a work. A poet would be as little likely to ignore a book so full of magnificent poetry as this, which embraced the stately Song of Moses; the sombre splendors of the book of Job; the harmonies of the Psalms; the Philosophy of Ecclesiastes and Proverbs; the Oriental magnificence of The Song; the glorious strains of Isaiah; the tender minor key of Jeremiah; the marvelous imagery of Daniel and Ezekiel; the sweet preludes and fuller lays of the minor prophets. This storehouse of poetry, history, philosophy, was opened to Virgil in the pages of the Septuagint, and it is impossible to conceive of him as ignorant of them. Here he must have largely fed his beauty and harmony-loving soul. It is far from a necessary consequence that the reading of the "Law and the Prophets" would have made Virgil a "proselyte of the gate." The reading of the Law and the Prophets now, with the whole New Testament to reinforce them, does not have the invariable effect of drawing men to God. The Jews were a despised race. Seneca later named them the "vilest of mankind." The student of the Epicurean Philosophy, the pupil of Syro, ambitious for the favor of kings and kingship among poets, was little likely to ally himself with a creed or nation so incompetent to forward him in life.

When twenty-four years of age, Virgil returned to his paternal home, which seems at that time to have fallen to his inheritance. It was a home most dear to him in its very simplicity. He cries out his true emotions when he says—

*"En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines
Pauperes et tuguri," &c.*

That pathetic *mea rega* goes straight to the heart—"his home, his kingdom."

Already the poetry of Virgil had happily attracted the attention of lovers of literature. Among them Pollio, distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, was commandant in Cis-Alpine Gaul, wherein lay Mantua. Augustus, having decreed to divide the lands about Mantua among his veterans, the farm of Virgil was embraced in this most cruel confiscation.

Pollio—apparently indifferent to injustice, unless it bore hard upon a poet, commended the case of Virgil to the wealthy Maecenas, the splendid friend of kings, and patron of literature, and by him the favor of Augustus in behalf of Virgil was secured. His "*Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespite culmen*" was spared to him.

Further residence on the little estate seems to have been rendered unattractive by the prepotent and contumacious behavior of Areus, a veteran centurion, to whom Virgil's land had been given. The man of culture and the servant of the muse could not contend with the son of Mars, whose iron hand had not even the velvet glove to commend it. The softer manners of *Magna Roma* appealed to the singer, and there he took up his abode. Pollio and Maecenas were his friends, and frequent hosts; Augustus loved and honored him. Cicero eulogized him in stately periods; and the flippant Horace made him his friend. We have in the Fifth Satire (Book I.) of Horace, the chronicle of an excursion which he made in company with Virgil. This poet of the lighter mind evidently loved the man of loftier heart and more resplendent genius. To this his Ode (Books 1, 3,) on the departure of Virgil for Greece, bears witness, and that Ode (*Ib.*, 24,) in which he endeavors to console Virgil for the death of his friend, Quintilius, whom "*Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.*"

At ease in Rome, and favored by fortune, Virgil began to write his Eclogues. Theocritus, one of his favorite Greek authors, had written pastorals called *Idyllia*, and him Virgil freely imitated in his Eclogues, or "chosen poems," which, as collected, he named "Bucolica," or Shepherd Songs. The direct inspirer of these songs was Pollio, and to Pollio the Fourth Eclogue is addressed.

THE DATE.

This was the 717 A. U. C., 37 B. C. The second triumvirate was holding world sway. Octavian, moving toward the imperial purple, had appropriated Italy and the West. The

eastern world wherein Egypt and its Queen lured him to ruin, fell to the share of Antonius, while Lepidus withdrew to Africa, there to hide his chagrin and nurse the pining sickness of disappointed hope. Already in the dreams of Octavian lay the vision of a subdued world, a conquered peace. Yet a very few years of sporadic tumults, and Octavian, become Augustus Cæsar, should close with his imperial hand the doors of the Temple of Janus Quirinus, when "repose had been given to the whole earth."

Slowly, gently as dawn-light grows in the Eastern sky, the time drew on which Zechariah had seen in vision, "and they answered the Angel of the Lord which stood among the myrtle trees, and said, We have walked to and fro through the earth, and behold all the earth sitteth still, and is at rest." Such a calm was drifting nearer, as a later poet named

"A universal peace, on sea and land."

THE OCCASION.

The Second Triumvirate had swept into power in true Sul-lan fashion. A deadly proscription had robbed Rome of many of her choicest citizens. Among the first to fall had been Cicero, glory of Roman orators and philosophers. United only in their deeds of tyrannous vengeance, the triumvers were at strife among themselves. Octavia, the well-beloved sister of Octavian, mediated a peace between them. Antony approached Brundisium with a fleet of fifty ships. Being refused reception by the city, he moved on to Tarentum. His words were of peace—his appearances were of war. Once again commissioners were sent from the capital to meet Antonius, and re-affirm the three years' old "Treaty of Brundisium." These officials were the same who had settled the former peace—Cocceius and Maecenas. Cocceius Nerva was a friend alike to Antonius and Octavian. The family of Nerva was noble and influential. A later Cocceius Nerva, a famous jurist, was Consul in A. D. 22. Always friends and favorites of the emperors, this line at length reached, in Cocceius Nerva, the

Emperor, the Imperial throne. This Nerva Emperor showed, during a reign of sixteen months, wisdom, justice, and clemency. He adopted Trajan to succeed him in the Empire. To Cocceius Nerva, Maecenas was a suitable colleague. No citizen of Rome was more distinguished. Learned and judicious, a lover of art and song, a patriot, a courtier, patron of poets, and light of his age, one of the enormously wealthy men of the luxurious world-center, Maecenas had active part in all the great events of the period. Maecenas invited Horace the poet to accompany him to Brundisium, and Cocceius took Fonteius. At Sinuessa they were met by Virgil, Plotius Tucca, and Varius Rufus. Virgil and Rufus accompanied the official party to Brundisium, and returned with them to Rome, peace having been established.

POLLIO.

Returned to Rome, Virgil presently heard of the happy event of the birth of a son to his friend and patron Pollio. Caius Asinius Pollio, consul, general, orator, poet, critic, historian, a man of gifts as multiplied as were those of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti at a later day, was a peer of Maecenas in influence and position. Out of humble life, Pollio rose by the magnificence of his gifts, to be one of the most eminent men of his time. Born A. U. C. 675, he lived until the age of thirty under the Republic, and its principles fortified in him the virtues of the patriotic citizen. Cicero ranks him with Cato, as an incorruptible patriot. (*Ep. ad Fam.*, 10, 31.) When the Republic was overborne, Pollio joined the party of Cæsar. Cæsar having fallen under the hands of assassins, Pollio was drawn to the side of his old fellow-soldier, Antonius. Nurseling of the Republic as he had been, Pollio preferred the Triumvirate to the new Commonwealth, and contributed more than any other man of the day to the establishment of "three-man-power."

When the cause of Antonius sank below helping, Pollio withdrew to his villa at Tusculum, and there gave himself to

letters and the protection of men of genius. Augustus, while he could not obtain from Pollio that warm friendship which had been given to Antonius, cultivated by many concessions and kindnesses the favor of the sage of Tusculum. The splendid Emperor cherished as a choice ornament of his Empire the elegant culture of the literary circle about Asinius Pollio. Until eighty years of age, Pollio maintained his court of orators, poets, singers and artists, holding himself a master critic among critics. He died A. D. 5, unconscious that the presages of Virgil's famous Fourth Eclogue, passing over Pollio's babe and the young Marcellus, had found their real fulfilment in a Babe born in Bethlehem.

THE POET'S MIND.

The friendship re-pledged by the Triumvirate at Brundisium was doubtless as welcome to Virgil as to any man of that day. Retired and studious in his habit, nothing could be more ungrateful to him than the horrors of proscriptions and the tumult of civil war. Through the gathered storm clouds of discontent, had shone the fair face of the popular and honored Octavia, smiling her angry kinsmen into peace. Now at last might a poet hope for blessed leisure to weave immortal verse. No doubt in that journey back from Brundisium to Rome, Virgil's mind had been full of visions of calm and plenty; war no more, agriculture revived, white sails of commerce flitting along the Mediterranean shores, the songs of the shepherds on the hills, of the women at the loom, laughter of young men and maidens in the vineyards. Very shortly after this well-omened home-coming, word reached him that Pollio's house was blessed with the long-desired son. Nothing could be more natural than a song to celebrate these doubly fortunate events—the pledged friendship of the Triumvirs, and the welcome child. Such a Song was a flower of courtesy native to the time. As now a Poet Laureate prepares his verse to celebrate births, marriages, conquests, or bemoan deaths and disasters of the sovereign family or state, so in those days the

poet stood as court singer to his powerful patron, and laid at his threshold the tribute of his song. There are numerous instances of these personal poems. Horace, in his first Ode, dedicates his works to Maecenas; he writes his twentieth Ode (Book I.) to invite his patron to supper, and another Ode (II., 20,) to thank him for a similar invitation. Maecenas marries the lovely Terentia, and Horace celebrates the event upon his lyre; when Maecenas recovers from fever, Horace has a new theme for his verse. Virgil himself embalms in his first Eclogue, Augustus Deus, "*Namque erit ille mihi semper deus.*"

Behind the joy of the new peace, and the welcome of a son of Pollio, another thought lay shining like a star, in the poet's mind. That well beloved sister of Octavian, the noble and gracious Octavia, queen of women of that day, celebrated alike for her beauty, her virtue and her intellect, had a young son, like-minded with herself, child of her first marriage, a lad noble in person and character, equally loved by his mother and his imperial uncle. This youth had attracted the attention and affection of Virgil. His personal charms and promise, his high position, the courage and sweetness of his disposition, and the evident devotion to him of the great Triumvir, who was soon to be Augustus Cæsar, Imperator Orbis, filled the poet with hopes and dreams of the youth's future greatness, and of a world lying in happy peace under his sway. In the fourth Eclogue he dared but dimly shadow forth this boy and his hope. Later, in the Æneid, near the close of the sixth Book, he gave clearer and more splendid Eulogy, which was also an elegy—a wreath upon a bier, a dirge sung about a funeral pyre:

*"Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos
In tantum spe tollet avos
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! invictaque bello
Dextra!
Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas
Tu Marcellus eris—"*

Such was the epitaph for which the heart-broken Octavia paid a royal price.

But now, as Virgil returned from Brundisium, no shadow of these sorrows hung in the sky. All was joyous promise of prosperity.

Moved by this triple source of happy thought—the peace, Pollio's son, Octavia's world-heir, Virgil began his Fourth Eclogue; elaborately beautiful, full of gracious harmonies, bearing high thought above the lower clouds and nearer days, into purer skies and beyond the limits of time.

No man of his contemporaries had a finer mental equipment and more extensive literary opportunities than Virgil. From his seventh year he had been an industrious student. A man of leisure and sufficient means, he had frequented the best schools, studied with the most erudite masters, collected books. He was in close friendship with Maecenas and Pollio, wealthy men possessing large libraries, which would be at the poet's service. Other of his friends and admirers, Horace, Cicero, Varus, L. Varius Rufus, Plotius Tucca, were men of letters, book-lovers and buyers, and probably the libraries of each were at the service of the entire literary circle. Plotius Tucca was so elegant a writer and critic, and so closely associated with Virgil's work, that he was appointed to edit the *Æneid* after Virgil's death.

In these present days of multiplied printed books, days whose literary affluence causes us to recall with a smile Burton's complaint in the opening of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, that the book-market was so overdone that all themes were exhausted—we are tempted to fancy that books were a rare commodity in the days of Virgil. It is true that they were almost an unknown quantity to the mob, the masses, the *populi*, but for the *litterati* they were abundant. Hundreds, thousands indeed, of scribes, in Italy, Egypt, Syria, Greece, even in less cultured lands, were busy in multiplying with the pen, copies of all existing works; hundreds of slaves, taught to write with neatness and accuracy, were occupied in making copies of all that was valuable, for the libraries of their masters.

Not only, as has been noted, the Jewish sacred books were translated into Greek in Egypt, and almost endlessly multiplied in editions by competent scribes, working on their own account, or as slaves of men of letters, and wealth, but many of the Jewish Targums, the Three Midrashim, the works of the Rabbis, were objects of literary curiosity, and widely scattered. No works were more popular or more widely quoted than the Sibylline Leaves or writings. There were three chief sets or series of these Sibylline verses—the Roman, the Greek, and the Jewish. We are told that the Jewish Sibyl, written in Egypt about 170 B. C., often passed for, and was accepted as the utterance of the Erythrean and Cumæan Sibyls (A. Edershiem—*Life of Christ*, 1, 38). It is especially remarkable that Virgil, quoting in his Fourth Eclogue from the Sibyl, quotes from the Jewish, not from the Roman or Greek Sibylline.

This brief glance at the literature which must have been daily food to the mind of Virgil will sufficiently explain and make natural the thoughts and embellishments of

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE.

No poet sings for himself alone : he but leads the universal choir : he voices his day ; often, it is true, he strikes its highest thoughts and purest aspirations, but still these are thoughts and aspirations shared by others about him. He gives form and beauty to the general hope, the popular expectation. This Fourth Eclogue is an instance in kind, and peculiarly interesting, as pouring out a world's expectancy of a Coming One, a Prince of Peace, a God-descended One. The yearning of a weary race for better things breathes here ; it is a harking back to Eden lying so far behind ; an outreaching toward the restored Paradise which, ever fugitive and ever alluring, had flitted before all the toilsome steps of Humanity's pilgrimage.

There is a general consensus of historians and scholars that these were peculiarly days of expectation. Some great and good change would soon intervene to turn back the ages of

loss, pain and hate, and bring in righteousness, joy and peace. Such a renewal of the world must be inaugurated by some ONE full of benevolence, full of potency; heir of immortality—as this new “Saturnian kingdom” was to be of endless duration. Prophecies of the speedy coming of this New Era, abound in the literature of the last two centuries before Christ.

In 170 B. C., the third book of the Jewish Sibylline Oracles set forth the coming of “a King from heaven, judging the world in splendor of fire.” “The King whom God will send from the sun.”

The agreement of critics is substantial, that the *Book of Enoch* in its earlier portions dates at least 130 B. C. This foretells that “the Elect One” will sit upon “the Throne of his Glory, and dwell among his people,” “unrightness will flee as a shadow.” “He will select and own the just, rescuing them from Earth, Hades, Hell, and open up the secrets of all wisdom amid the universal joy of his ransomed.”

B. C. 50, the Psalter of Solomon, a collection of eighteen beautiful Psalms, was generally known among scholars. These songs, the last outpouring of the harmonious lyre of the Hebrew Church, have for theme a Coming One pure from sin: a Righteous King, God-taught. “The beauty of the King of Israel never faileth nor is infirm.” “Sinners shall be banished: Earth shall own and cherish the Holy.” This “looking for” was not limited to the Hebrew peoples. By means of the Dispersion, the hope and longing of the Hebrew had become the expectation of the world. The hastening of the Magi, whether from Chaldea, Persia or Arabia, to the Infant Christ, speaks a general assurance of a near event of world-interest of this kind. There was an universal waiting for his coming. Since Daniel’s day a large Jewish population had been settled in Chaldea and Assyria; the Jewish books were known to the scholars of the Orient, and learning-loving Hebrews studied and shared the lore of the Eastern sages.

Wherever there is a nation preserving its ancient literature, there are to be found traces of a belief in the return of the

Golden Age, or the earth's first era of innocence, happiness, and plenty. This return is always foretold as under the ægis of a Peaceful, Gracious, Munificent One, a divine brother to humanity. Some of the Jewish writings that date a very few years after the opening of the Christian Era—as, *e. g.*, the "Babylon Talmud"—represent Messiah as at Rome—"sitting at the gate of Imperial Rome." It is said that as Moses dwelt in Egypt among his enemies, so Messiah "shall dwell in Rome."

Probably such ideas did not spring up suddenly soon after the Incarnation, but had long been a matter of traditional belief. No wonder that with such hopes permeating literature and filling the very air, Virgil also expected marvels of his time. This in the poet was not a waiting in any spiritual sense, but the yearning after a purer moral atmosphere, and a higher temporal good. The patriot, the man of peace and culture, reached eagerly toward a promised period when war and vice and pauperism should be known no more.

The following translation of the Fourth Eclogue is very nearly literal, while no attempt has been made to copy the rhymless hexameters of the original. It is a translation in no wise scholarly, but popular; seeking to show the hopes of the age, and to convey some of the impressions which would be stamped upon the minds of his cotemporaries by Virgil's song to

POLLIO.

"Sicilian muses wake a loftier strain,
Not all the trees delight, the tamarisks gain,
The woods might woo our consul's ear in vain.
Now comes the age the Cumæan Sibyl sung,
Grand era from the faith of ages sprung.
The Virgin¹ rules the world, the age of Saturn² waits
Now a new race descends from heaven's gates.
O chaste Diana, bless this growing child,
To greet whose birth a golden age hath smiled;
The age of iron yields, its tumults cease,
And thy Apollo rules the world in peace!

¹Astræ, goddess of justice.

²The age of Saturn had been called the Golden Age, an age of Peace and Prosperity.

Thou being consul, Pollio, 'neath thy sway
 This glorious age begins its splendid way,
 If yet sad footsteps of our sins appear,
 Washed pure, the earth is free from ceaseless fear.
 This new-born child, to human adds divine,
 He sees the gods 'mongst earthly heroes shine,
 And clothed in patril virtues, rules his line.
 Earth brings, Oh boy, spontaneous fruits to thee,
 The wand'ring ivies mixed with spikenard free,¹
 Smiling acanthus and the lotus² see.
 Back to the folds the flocks milk-laden come,
 Nor fear the herds the lions near their home.³
 About thy cradle fragrant blossoms blow ;
 The serpent⁴ dies ; no poisonous weeds dare grow,
 But streams of balsams free as rivers flow.
 Then, when the boy the praise of heroes reads
 And learns of virtue through his father's deeds,
 Untilled the yellow fields the grain have borne
 And flushing clusters clamber o'er the thorn.
 Down drips the honey from the strong oak trees,
 And every pathway knows the murmuring bees.
 Then the last token of injustice fails
 Which walled the towns, and vexed the sea with sails,
 Or o'er earth's breast the wounding furrow trails.
 Far other Tiphys then shall hold a place,
 Far other Argos bear a dauntless race,
 Far nobler heros seek a nobler Troy,
 Far nobler contests all the world employ.
 New towns, unwalled, shall on the earth increase,
 And some new Jason guide the fleets of peace.
 But mariners shall leave the sea, Oh child,
 When the firm years that make the *man* have smiled.
 Commerce unneeded ; every land shall bear
 All things for all men, with a generous care ;
 Nor vine shall know the knife, nor earth the share.
 Then the strong ox shall bear the yoke no more,
 Nor various lying dyes false colors pour.
 Just as the flowers their beauteous colors gain,
 Scarlet and saffron, luti's primrose stain,
 Shall deck the lambs that feed along the plain.
 The peaceful Parcæ to their spindles sing
 The fixed decree of Time's Eternal King—
 'Run your bright ways, O blessed centuries run,

¹Compare the gifts of the Magi.

²All parts of the plant were eaten as luxuries.

³See Isaiah 11:6, 7.

⁴See Gen. 3:15.

O happy race of gods ! O Jove's true Son !'
See how earth reels beneath its rounded weight.
The lands, the wide spread seas, heaven's high estate,
See how all joyful for this last age wait.
O may my life prolong its waning day,
With soul inspired thy mighty deeds to say.
Then Orpheus nor Linus may compare
With me, the highest meed of song to share,
Though this his mother's that his father's care,
While Pan's Arcadia conquered would forbear.
Begin, Oh boy, to know thy mother's smile,
Her hope for thee delayed a weary while ;
Begin, Oh boy ! He by such smiles unblessed,
Knows not the feasts of gods, nor yet their rest."

Among the various beauties of this Ode, that description of the three Parcæ ceasing now to cut off human life, and instead sitting in the sunshine and singing to the twirling of their spindles, all drawing out the happy endless years, is particularly fine :

"Run your bright ways, Oh blessed centuries, run."

These three fateful sisters have all grown young and fair, and we hear their voices circling the world in rich harmonies. Virgil even in this period of his life felt the burden of that delicate constitution which interfered with his work, and frequently sent him abroad in search of health. Thus, yearning to live to see Pollio's son grown to man's estate, he prays for an *ultima pars* of life to see those great deeds which shall give him incomparable theme for his verse. Then he pictures the court of Pan in Arcadia at a festival of Song : Virgil, the laureate of the Golden Age Restored, sings, and with him vie Orpheus and Linus. Calliope, the muse, assists her son Orpheus, and the god Apollo aids his son Linus ; Pan, himself a god, takes his pipes, but even his own Arcadian court proclaims him vanquished with Linus and Orpheus. So high great deeds and lofty moralities can carry him who sings them ! We seem to see that joyous woodland court, the laughing Fauns, the eager gods and poets. We hear the whisper of south-west winds in the trees, we hear the ripple

of brooks, the rustle of grasses, the hushed sibilant music of the pines, the sunlight flickers on the grass—then the lute notes die away—again we are in the world of reality. And what was this Reality? The poet saw it run its sharp, painful course, in his own not-long life. Scarcely was the Ode completed and offered to Pollio, when the little babe lay waxen cold and still in the arms of the mother. He had never in those short nine days of life, learned to know her by her smile—he could not feel her dropping tears.

That peace of Brundisium, which Virgil trusted was to usher in the age of peace, perished as an oaten straw in flame. There was no peace until Antonius and Lepidus were dead, and Augustus, an Imperial Cæsar, ruled alone. And finally that "Young Marcellus" from whom so very much was to be hoped, gracious, accomplished, courageous youth, the bright particular promise of the age, gay bride-groom of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, prospective heir of the Empire, fell in his eighteenth year, like a flower when the mower's scythe has divided its stem. So all this pomp and pageantry of the Fourth Eclogue grew dim under the chill cloud of disappointment and decay.

JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

Fulton, Mo.