

of the nation—rapacious everywhere and everywhere abhorred.

As the richer classes were corrupted by their wealth so were the populace by their poverty. The increase of money and advance of the cost of living rendered the dependent sons of the she-wolf mother yet dangerous. Colonies could no longer be planted in Italy as all the land was occupied by large proprietors and cultivated by slaves.

To keep down this element of danger and still more to corrupt it, regular distributions of corn and money were made at stated periods by rich men and the state, and thus there grew up in the heart of the state a menace to its life.

And yet during this time Italy was fairer than ever before or since. The whole land was like a pleasure garden, dotted with fair villages and towns among which wound roads such as Rome only knew how to build. A seemingly noble picture of perfect culture! Agriculture had been cultivated to its highest pitch. Great national works in their way as serviceable for culture as the masterpieces of Phidias or Praxiteles marked the splendour of the Roman power. Magnificent villas, palaces and temples filled with the plundered statuary and paintings of Greece or decorated by the handiwork of Greek artists who came to sell their skill, ennobled the architecture of Italy, while Alexandrian science and Athenian learning filled the schools. The Roman education was now wholly Greek. Men read the poets, orators and philosophers of Greece, translated them and imitated them. As yet the heroic age of Latin literature had not dawned. Rome so assimilative in her nature of foreign influences appropriated a foreign idiom. Appian in his history bewails this tendency when he says that the children of Romans in Africa would rather learn Punic than Latin.

When the bracing effect of literature did come it came too late to save the national character. That was thoroughly demoralized during the republic. It was Cæsar that saved and prolonged the life of Rome as a seat of power. The liberty that Brutus strove to establish would have been but the liberty to rend each other in pieces and an anticipation of the years of the French terror.

A. B. NICHOLSON.

"Mr. Miller, M.A., lately Presbyterian student in charge of the Okanagan Mission District, B.C., has left for the east to complete his theological course at Kingston. He was, on retirement, presented by his former congregation with a gold watch, chain and purse of \$23."

The class of '97 sent T. R. Wilson, one of their number, to attend the funeral of the late M. J. Byrnes at Cumberland, Ont.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE Principal has kindly permitted us to print the following letter from one of our graduates in Japan :

NAGANO, JAPAN, April 22nd, 1893.

Dear Dr. Grant,—Beall told me some time ago that you were good enough to ask after me, and say you would like to hear from me. I ought to have written long ago. I take pride in letting the Toronto and Trinity and Victoria men out here know that we at Queen's have a Principal who takes interest enough in the graduates, especially missionary graduates, to correspond with them years after they leave college. There's another part of the story—our own occasional negligence—that I do not tell; it would not do them any good to hear it, anyway. Had dinner last night with 3 Divinity men—Rev. J. G. Waller, Church of England Mission, Nagano, and 2 visiting new missionary friends from Tokyo. One of them told me about once admiring the readiness and heartiness with which the Queen's Principal joined in the chapel prayers in Trinity one night several years ago.

It is now 2½ years since I came to Nagano—Oct. 30th, '90. The first winter I was very helpless; no friends, no preaching place, and people so bigoted that they wouldn't rent me one, no Japanese assistant even, and the Japanese I had learnt in Shizuoka so far gone that I could not repeat even the Lord's Prayer. I studied all winter, doing only a little Sunday School and Bible-class work besides, and by March 12, '91, when we had secured 2 preaching places, was able to do some preaching. From August of that year I had a Japanese assistant—a young probationer for the ministry—and have part of the time had two of them, besides good assistance from several of our young Christians converted here. Our progress has been no rushing success, but a steady advance, living and preaching down prejudice—two years getting out stumps and stones; but we have been able, too, to do some seed-sowing, and God has already vouchsafed the beginning of a harvest. I have preached in a score of places during the past winter and hardly anywhere else do the people seem so ashamed or afraid to be connected with us. Morally and spiritually, as well as topographically, the town is under the shadow of Zeukoti, the great Buddhist temple here, and it is the Shadow of Death!

We have received about 20 persons by baptism and a number of others by letter, so we have now quite a little society. We have a neat little church, built last summer, and 3 other preaching stations in the town; and during the past 2 years have opened work in 7 other towns—all the larger places along the railway between Karinzawa and the sea (Japan Sea), a distance of 100 miles. There are 7 preach-