

are absolutely identical, and this would certainly not have happened if one had been an honest imitation of the other. Again, those parts of the "Shield of Hercules" which have no counter-parts in the "Shield of Achilles" are too well conceived and expressed to be ascribed to an inferior poet—a poet so inferior as to be reduced to the necessity of simply re-producing Homer's words in other parts of the poem. Those parts which admit of comparison—where, for instance, the same objects are described, but in different terms—in the "Shield of Hercules" are certainly inferior. The description is injured by the addition of inharmonious details. Thus it seems likely that both are by the same poet, and they undoubtedly shew traces of Homer's handiwork. Assigning both poems to Homer, the "Shield of Hercules" may be regarded, not as an expansion (in parts) of the "Shield of Achilles," but as an earlier work of Homer's, improved when he desired to fit it into the plan of the Iliad. Every reader of Homer is familiar with the fact that the poet constantly makes use of expressions, and often even of complete passages, which have already been applied in a corresponding or sometimes even in a wholly different relation. A long message is delivered in the very words which have been already used by the sender of the message. A well-known instance of this is in Book II., where not only is a message delivered thus, but the person who receives it repeats it to others in precisely the same terms. This peculiarity would be a blemish in a written poem. Tennyson indeed falls into the habit—for instance, he twice in his "Enid" repeats the line:

"As careful robins eye the delver's toil,"

but with a good taste which prevents the repetition from becoming offensive. The fact is, this peculiarity marks Homer as the *singer* rather than the *writer* of poetry. Not that we would wish to accept the theory that the "Iliad" is a mere string of ballads, but that the whole poem was sung by Homer at those prolonged festivals which formed a characteristic peculiarity of Achaean manners.

Homer reciting an elaborate poem of his own composition would of necessity occasionally vary the order of events, add new episodes, and extemporize as the song proceeded. The art of extemporizing depends on the capacity for composing fresh matter while the tongue is engaged in the recital of matter already composed. This we have reason to believe Homer did, and that having in his earlier days composed a poem which was applicable, with slight alterations, to the story of the "Iliad" he would endeavor by a suitable arrangement of the plan of his narrative to introduce the lines whose recital had long since become familiar to him. For instance, it is by no means necessary to the plot of the "Iliad" that Achilles should lose the armour given to Peleus as a dowry with Thetis. On the contrary, in order to bring this about, the poet has gone considerably out of his way. Patroclus has to be ingeniously disposed of, while the armour he had

worn is seized by Hector, and we have the additional improbability that the armour of the great Achilles should fit such inferior beings as Patroclus and Hector. Indeed the aid of Zeus has to be invoked ere this can be accomplished. It is quite clear that the narrative would not have been impaired had Patroclus fought in his own armour. His death was sufficient cause to arouse the wrath of Achilles against Hector, though certainly the hero's grief for his armour is almost as poignant as his sorrow for his friend's death.

It is probable, therefore, that the description of "Achilles' Shield" is an interpolation fitted into the plot of the "Iliad" by the poet in the only way he found available, and that the description both of it and the "Shield of Hercules" clearly refers to the same object.

THE THREE PILGRIMS.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

In days, when the fruit of men's labour was sparing,
And hearts were weary and nigh to break,
A sweet grave man, with a beautiful bearing,
Came to us once in the fields, and spake.

He told us of Roma, the marvellous city,
And of One that came from the living God,
The Virgin's Son, who in heavenly pity,
Bore for His people the rood and rod.

And how at Roma the gods were broken,
The new was strong, and the old nigh dead,
And love was more than a bare word spoken,
For the sick were healed and the poor were fed.

And we sat mute at his feet, and hearkened:
The grave man came in an hour, and went,
But a new light shone on a land long darkened;
The toil was weary; the fruit was spent.

So we came south, till we saw the city,
Speeding three of us, hand in hand,
Seeking peace and the bread of pity,
Journeying out of the Umbrian land;

Till we saw from the hills, in a dazzled coma,
Over the vines that the wind made shiver,
Tower on tower, the great city Roma,
Palace and temple, and winding river.

And we stood long in a dream and waited,
Watching and praying and purified,
And came at last to the walls belated,
Entering in at the eventide.

And many met us with song and dancing,
Mantled in skins and crowned with flowers,
Waving goblets and torches glancing,
Faces drunken, that grinned in ours: