

life as empty as a sucked orange. "We cannot alter fate. Life is short; let us make the most of it. I'd like to press its nectar into a single draught and have done with it for ever. As the easy-going Horace says, 'The same thing happens to us all. When our name, sooner or later, has issued from the fatal urn, we leave our woods, our villa, our pleasant homes, and enter the bark which is to bear us into eternal exile!'"*

Here the Emperor made an impatient gesture, to indicate that he was weary of this philosophic discourse. At the signal the ladies rose and retired. Adauctus also made his official duties an excuse for leaving the table, where Diocletian and his other guests lingered for hours in a drunken symposium.

Thus we find that the very questions which engage the agnostics and skeptics and pessimists of the present age—the Mallocks, and Cliffords, and Harrisons and their tribe—have agitated the world from the very dawn of philosophy. Did space permit, we might cite the theories of Lucretius as a strange anticipation of the development hypothesis. Indeed the writings of Pyrrho, Porphyry and Celsus show us that the universal tendency of human philosophy, unaided by divine inspiration, is to utter skepticism.

ACTION.

WAKE thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
 Lest the lost years should haunt thee on the night
 When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours
 To take their swift and everlasting flight.
 Wake ere the earthly charm unnerve thee quite,
 And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed.
 Do something, do it soon—with all thy might !
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
 And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

—Wilcox.

* See that saddest but most beautiful of the odes of Horace, To Delius, II. 3 :

. . . . Et nos in æternum
 Exilium impositura cymbæ.