

floor are explicit. Level with a roller and consolidate with chalk. Get rid from the threshing-room of mice, moles, bats, weevil, ants, and other pests.

One solitary picture are we vouchsafed of a farmer going to market. He walks by the side of his ass, which is laden with oil and apples.

Virgil was always a deeply religious poet, and in his work on farming there are many touches that indicate how thoroughly and continuously he believed in the power and influence of the Roman gods. One of the most impressive passages in the *Georgics* is a brief injunction at the end of a list of precepts: "Above all venerate the gods and renew to great Ceres (the goddess of grain) the sacred annual rites." Here we have the counterpart of our annual Thanksgiving Festival, the expression of gratitude for bounteous crops and plenteous fruits.

At a time in the history of our Province when the movement of population from country to town and city is assuming menacing proportions it is fitting that emphasis should be laid on the satisfactions and pleasures of rural life. Nowhere in the literature of the world can so fine a passage be found in praise of the country as in the second *Georgic*. I take the liberty of paraphrasing it somewhat freely and of omitting some unimportant particulars:

"O who will place me in the cool valleys and shelter me with the spacious shade of overhanging boughs? Happy is the man who has been able to come close to nature and to examine the causes of things, and to put beneath

his feet all fears and inexorable destiny and the terrors of the lower world. Blest, too, is the man who worships the rural gods; him neither the rods of authority nor the purple of kings can disturb, nor perplexing discord, nor in vading foes, nor the affairs of the great city, nor the downfall of states. Such a man grieves not too much at the miseries of the poor, nor does he envy the state of the rich. He gathers the fruits from the trees and the grain from the willing lands. He knows nothing of cruel laws and the maddening forum and the public courts. Various are the occupations and ambitions of men, but for me the country. The farmer cleaves the earth with the curved plough; then follow the labors of the year by which he supports his country and his home, his herds of kine and his fine steers. There is no cessation in his gains, for the year produces now apples, now the young of the flocks, now the corn sheaf. The furrows are pregnant with increase and the barns are full to bursting. The autumn in its turn lays down its varied offerings; high on the sunny rocks the mild vintage is ripened. When winter comes the olive is pounded in the oil-presses, the pigs come home grunting with pleasure at their fill of acorns. In the country the sweet children hang around their parents' necks "the envied kiss to share"; the chaste home preserves its purity; the cows suspend their udders full of milk; the fat kids disport on the cheerful green. This life the ancient Sabines lived of old. By such a life Etruria grew strong. Thus, too, became Rome the glory and the beauty of the universe.