

On Trinity Sunday, the Reverends Augustus Prime and Henry F. Burgess, graduates of Bishop's College, were ordained deacons by the Bishop of Montreal, at the Cathedral in Montreal. Both are men of singular earnestness and zeal, and it is a matter of no small rejoicing to the Church in this country, that the ranks of her clergy are filled by men such as, we firmly believe, the two gentlemen just ordained will show themselves to be. The condition of every church may be tested by the class of men who form its Ministers; and on this account Bishop's College, founded for the supply of learned and zealous Ministers to the Church, rightly appeals to that Church for aid and sympathy, that its valuable work may be not continued only but indefinitely enlarged.

## ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

## HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

(Homer's *Iliad*, Book VI.)

## PART II.

Then valiant Hector of quick glancing helm,  
Thus made reply: "Of all that thou hast said,  
My own true wife, I feel, I know the truth,  
But—could I bear the taunts of Trojan chiefs,  
And stately Trojan dames, if, coward-like  
I skulked from battle in my country's need?  
Nor does my spirit keep me from the fight,  
For I have learned, brave hearted, mid the  
To draw my sword in Ilium's defence, [first,  
To struggle for the honour of my sire  
And for my own. Although too well I know  
The day shall come, when sacred Troy must  
[fall  
And Priam and his warlike hosts who well  
Can wield in fight the ashen-handled spear!  
But not the woes of my brave countrymen,  
Nor yet my mother's nor my Kingly sire's,  
Nor all my brethren who shall bite the dust  
'Neath bitter foes, touch me so much as thine,  
When some one of the brass-mailed Greeks  
[shall end  
Thy day of freedom, leading thee away,  
In tears; and haply, in far Argos, thou  
May'st tend another's loom or water draw  
From Hyperæas or Messes's fount.—  
A slavish duty, forced on thee by fate,—  
And some one, looking on thy tears, may say,  
"She was the wife of Hector who excelled  
In a fight among the chiefs that fought for  
[Troy."  
And thy poor heart will ache with vain regret  
For him whose strong right arm would keep  
[thee free.  
Then may his heaped up grave keep Hector's  
[eyes  
From looking on thy sorrow and disgrace!"  
So spake the noble Hector, and his arms  
Extended to receive his son; but he  
Shrank, crying, to his well robed nurse's  
[breast,  
Fearing the warlike presence of his sire.  
His brazen armour and the horse-hair crest  
Above his helmet nodding fearfully,  
And Hector took the helmet off his head  
And laid it down, all gleaming, on the ground.  
And then he kissed and dandled him, and  
[prayed  
To Zeus and all the gods on his behalf:—  
"O Zeus and all ye gods, I pray you, grant  
That this, my son, may, as his sire, excel,  
And may he truly be the *City's King!*  
And may men say of him, as he returns  
From war, "He's braver than his father was."  
May he from warlike men take gory spoils,  
And may his mother glory in his might!"  
Such was the warrior's prayer; and in the  
[arms  
Of his dear wife he placed the little child.  
She clasped the treasure to her fragrant breast,  
Tearfully smiling. And her husband's soul  
Was touched with pity, and he nursed her  
[hand  
And called her by her name "Andromache;"  
"My love, fret not thyself too much for me!  
No man descends to Hades ere his time,  
And none whose'er is born escaped his fate,  
Whether his heart be cowardly or brave.  
But, love, returning home, apply thyself  
To household duties, and thy handmaids  
Despatch to theirs, the distaff and the loom.  
For war must be the business of men,  
And of all men that have been born in Troy,  
This war has need of none so much as me."  
Thus having spoken, noble Hector placed  
The waving helmet on his head again.  
And silently Andromache returned  
(oft looking back through her fast gushing  
[tears)  
To the fair mansion of her warrior spouse.  
And there amid her handmaids she wept;  
And they wept too, mourning their lord as  
[dead,  
While yet he lived; for though he lived they  
[said  
They knew that he would never more return,  
Exulting in his prowess from the war.

JOHN READE.