

before; and you long for a saving power to explain the mystery of your own tried heart; and by the power of His will compel your weary feet to walk in the way of life.

O, if such would—could—only come to Him—

“Whose feet have toiled along our pathway rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath,”
and reaching up through all the gloom and doubt and darkness, willingly, trustingly, patiently lay their hand in His. Then might they hope to find food for the longing soul, peace for the throbbing heart, rest for the “restless,”—sweet Heaven at last.

CECIL.

HORACE—CARM. I.—BOOK I.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

MECENAS, sprung from race of regal fame,
My patron and my proudly valued joy,
There are some heroes whom it doth delight
To have Olympic dust in racing course
Collected,—whom the goal, by glowing wheels
Well shunn'd, and green-ennobling palms, exalt
As petty lords of earth to gods above.
There is another whom it pleases well,
If him to raise to honors great, a crowd
Of fickle Romans loudly strive. A third
There is to whom it brings great joy if he,
Whate'er is swept from Libyan-threshing floors,
Have hoarded up within his own store-house.
The farmer, who with hoe delights to cleave
His father's fields, then canst from his content
Ne'er move, by bribes as great as wealth Attalic,
To plough the Myrtoan sea in Cyprian ship,
So fearful of the surging waves is he.
The merchant, while he fears the south-west wind
With waves Icarian struggling, praises ease
And rural scenes around his native town;
But he, untaught to suffer want, his ships,
Just shattered, soon repairs. There is one yet
Who quaffs the bowls of Massic old, nor scorns
To waste in part the livelong day, as now
He lies beneath the arbut green, now near
The gently flowing source of sacred streams,
And many more there are whom war, much feared
By mothers, and camps and sound of trumpets blent
With clarion notes, delight. His gentle wife
Forgetting off, the hunter stays beneath
The frigid sky, if by his faithful dog
A deer is seen, or if a Marsian boar.
The well-wrought net has torn. But me it more
Delight will give, if ivy-grown—rewards
Of learned brows—raise me to converse with
The gods above. Cool shades and dances light
Of nymphs and satyrs, me exalt above