

read all the fluctations of hope and fear which agitated him during the momentous crisis of his country's fate." (See the chap. v. of Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*). The letters are a faithful mirror of the times. We also read what part Cicero took in these scenes—how at one time he is saluted with the highest title of human honor—"the father of his country"—at another he is fleeing in despair and grief from Rome, and tells his wife that his tears blind him while he writes.

Deep interest thus attaches to Tully's epistles. A great variety of feelings are exhibited, numerous subjects are touched upon. In the words of DeQuincey: "In them we come suddenly into deep lulls of angry passion,—here upon a scheme for the extension of literature by a domestic history, or by a comparison of Greek with Roman jurisprudence; there again upon some problem from the quiet fields of Philosophy."

The uninterrupted purity of language and thought (as opposed to coarseness or vulgarity) is another excellency of these epistles.

As we drop this subject, an interesting question presents itself. Does Cicero, when thus unbosoming his thoughts and feelings and aspirations, ever tell about his belief in a Supreme Being, or in an Hereafter? The mournful answer comes, we get no intimation of such a belief. In some of his other writings, he does give us a hint at such a belief. No doubt there were moments when, pondering the dark problems of life and destiny, which at one time or other present themselves to every sincere soul, and which Christianity itself does not fully solve,—the possibility of the conscious existence of the soul after it has "departed out of life as out of a temporary lodging, not as out of its home" (to quote his own words, *De Senect.* ch. xxiii.) entered into his mind with consoling assurance and vividness. But such views and feelings were only temporary, and had no controlling influences on his thoughts and life. The year before the tragic scenes of his death occurred, he writes thus: "I must read more frequently my *Cato Major* [his treatise on old age] sent

to you. Old age makes me increasingly ill-tempered. I am displeased with everything. But life is over with me. Let the younger men look to it." (*Ad Atticum*, xiv. 21.) Compare with these disappointed and cheerless strains of an old age that has no real outlook beyond it, the triumphant exultation of St. Paul, "I am now ready to be offered," &c. The only immortality Cicero could hope for with any degree of certainty, was that poor and unsatisfactory one which the modern Positivist will only allow to gild his future, viz., the love and good opinion of posterity. In comparison with the light which shines upon the pathway of the humblest saint of to-day, the greatest philosopher and scholar in the Golden Age of Rome walked through life under the shadow of a death-like darkness.

J. A. FAULKNER, '78.

Madison, N. J.

Mosaics.

In the sea of axiomatic truth, materialism swims with fins of lead.—JOSEPH COOK.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In the world there has ever been a tendency to confuse the fervor of enthusiasm with the eccentricity of a disordered genius.—FARRAR.

One great curse of our literature is verbosity—long sentences for small ideas: a whole pack of hounding adjectives after one poor noun.—TALMAGE.

The devil does not care for your dialectics, and eclectic homiletics, or Germanic object-ives and subjectives; but pelt him with Anglo-Saxon in the name of God, and he will shift his quarters.—SPURGEON.

When a man thinks he is a celestial hound set on the track of heresy, with his nose for a conscience, and scents his prey afar off and starts with tail up and ears set, farewell honor, farewell humanity, farewell everything.—BEECHER.