

As when the day-star from his ocean bath,  
 Dearer than other lights to Venus, lifts  
 In heaven his holy face, and melts the dark.

Additional illustrations are unnecessary. As yet we have met with no mode of translation that so fully satisfies the needs, not only of the student who reads merely for examination, but also of those whose chief delight it is to study these ancient masterpieces for far higher objects. Following we need scarcely add *haud pari passu*—in the footsteps of this accomplished and elegant scholar, we have submitted a few specimens, in the hope that they may, to some extent, serve to show that the same methods can be applied to the translation of Horace with results equally satisfactory.

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### THE CLOSE OF THE TEACHER'S WEEK.

THE end of the day and the end of the week,  
 The blackboard and class-book a silent watch keep,—  
 And the desks in my school-room are empty.

The winter-night's shadows begin now to fall,  
 More brightly gleams out the fire-light on the wall,  
 And slowly the darkness comes up over all.

Soon moonlight will glint on the dark window-pane,  
 And over the play-ground and down by the lane,  
 And on all the homes of my scholars.

O hark to the voices that seem now to call:  
 "Leave school-room and class-book and week's work and all  
 And come—rest, and Sabbath await you."

E'en so, when the last hour of life's day has run,  
 May these angel-spirits find life's work well done,  
 And bid us all to the long, sweet resting.

H. MACM.

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