

ages, having their conflicts as we have. They were in fact abstract ideas, and human feelings and passions personified. This tendency at first universally prevailed. The earth and the solid heaven were both spoken of by the Greek as endowed with appetite, feeling, sex, and most of the various attributes of humanity. Instead of the sun, which we see drawing around its planets and stars, "he saw the great god Helios, mounting his chariot in the morning, in the east, reaching at mid-day the height of heaven, and arriving in the evening at the western horizon, with horses fatigued, and desirous of repose. At the time of Homer the mythology was received, as the genuine religious belief. To have doubted the existence of the god Helios, and the like, or even of the heroes, would have been regarded as impious. It was precisely this feeling that called forth the Homeric poems. They were the reflection of the common faith and feeling. They were chanted repeatedly, and incorporated into the common mind as actual history, science, and theology.

What gave additional charm to the current narratives, over and above their natural exuberance of fancy and feeling, was the peculiar excellence of the native language. Its richness, flexibility, and capacity of new combinations; its vocality, abundance, and metrical pronunciation, all combined to give beauty and grace to every subject of which it treated. It was out of such materials that the Grecian Epic was composed. Can we wonder, then, that it so powerfully swayed the Grecian mind?

The state of feeling which has been described, can only exist in an age of implicit faith. No sooner does language assume a permanent form than dissent arises. This suggests questions. Previous to this age of questioning, the metrical voice becomes varied in its tones. The Iambic, Elegiac and Lyric poetry, assume new forms and different metres. The epical genius, however, is most fresh and vigorous, because it is quickened by a more hearty faith. It also acts more powerfully in an early age, when the inspiration of the composer and the sympathies of the hearers are more deeply enlisted. As these feelings grow weaker, the epical genius becomes enfeebled. Then it is that a change in the metrical form arises. It becomes restricted, and prose writing is introduced. This event marks a new era in Greek literature. It is the beginning of the historic period. The intellect begins to act apart from the imagination. From the first Olympiad, (776 B. C.) which, as we have before said, is the earliest trustworthy period of Grecian history, to the age of Herodotus

and Thucydides, the Greeks made a striking advance ethically, socially, and intellectually. The qualities necessary for history make their appearance. In this interval it is not difficult to discern the action of many causes. The opening of Egypt, the increase of Grecian commerce, her spreading colonies, and the institution of various games, all contributed to modify the prevailing opinions, enlarge their commonly received ideas of science, philosophy and religion. In the sixth century, (B. C.) Thales, Zenophanes, and Pythagoras first suggested those questions of speculative philosophy, which afterwards so powerfully excited the Grecian mind. These writers made great inroads upon the purely subjective and religious opinions of the Homeric age. Did our space permit, we might trace the progress of the mind of this wonderful people, from its historic period to that elevated culture, rich and copious literature, and philosophy, that have given Greece an imperishable renown. We must, at present, however, remain content with this imperfect sketch of its primeval age. It was indeed a glorious dawn of that auspicious day of Grecian intellect and imagination, which has not yet ceased to cast its resplendent rays over the civilized world. B.

COMPLAIN NOT OF LIFE.

BY H. G.

Complain not of life in your youth—

But reverence, enjoy, and obey;
Be steadfast in love and in truth,
Seek the sunshine of hope, and be gay.

Complain not of life in your prime—

Take cares with the pleasures that soothe them;
And if sorrows beset you some time,
A patient endurance can smoothe them.

Complain not of life in your age—

But open your heart to its gladness;
Melt the child in the saint and the sage,
And look for God's light in your sadness.

Complain not of life that it fades—

True hearts remain fresh to the last;
And when the night comes with its shades,
Can dwell in the glow of the past.

Complain not of life for its tears—

They fall upon verdure and flowers;
If they start from our sorrows and fears,
A rainbow encircles the showers.