

the son of Albius to live and the needy Barrus,' (doubtless two spendthrifts well-known to the son) 'a signal warning to prevent any one from wasting his inheritance; when mature age has strengthened your mind and body you will swim without corks'" Horace puts into the mouth of one Ofellus, whom he describes as a "rustic sage, wise without rules, a man of homespun wit," words of a similar import, "Learn my friends what and how great the virtue to live on little, and this you must do, not by indulging in sumptuous repasts but by engaging in some hard work: earn your sauce, the height of the enjoyment is not in the savour but in yourself."

Do not these words, and more such could be added, recall the old pioneer days of our country, and while listening to the rural philosopher, Ofellus, can we not fancy that we hear some substantial United Empire Loyalist discoursing to a family of stalwart sons and robust daughters, assembled round a well supplied, if unluxurious, board in a comfortable home down in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, or somewhere along the shores of the Bay of Quinté, or westward further still, along our Niagara frontier, impressing on them those principles of industry and thrift which have made the honest yeomanry of Canada the sterling race they are, and which it is hoped they will ever continue to be?

From other points of view besides that of a settler in the forest, sayings of Horace scattered here and there have a peculiar force for the inhabitants of this western world. Like the prophets of old, Horace occasionally gave utterance to expressions which in their comprehensiveness surpassed even his own conception. To this day we have no more fitting words to describe the fearless audacity of a Columbus or a Cabot than those of the poet when he says, "Surely heart of oak and triple brass lay around the breast of him who first to the savage sea entrusted a frail bark, nor was afraid of the imperious Africus contending with the northern storms, nor the tearful Hyades, or the fury of Notus. What form of death could they fear who beheld with unflinching gaze the monsters of the deep?" and in the narrative of the heroic Teucer and his companions, thrust forth from their native Salamis, to seek new lands, there to found another Salamis, as distinguished as the first, is there not forestalled the history of not a few cities and towns on this continent, bearing familiar names borrowed from those of the older continent, in some instances at this day equalling and even surpassing them in repute? "Wheresoever," exclaimed the indomitable fugitive, "Fortune kinder than a sire shall guide us, thither will we go my partners and comrades; let nothing be despaired of while Teucer is guide and Teucer conductor, for unfailing Apollo has promised that on a new soil shall be a second Salamis whose name shall confuse it with the first."