

To her mansion the mistress now
 Welcome, eager for happiness,
 Clinging close to her lover's side,
 As close clasping its arms of strength
 Clings to the oak the ivy.

Lo! the valves of the doors unfold!
 Lo! the bride! Let the torches blaze;
 Toss their tresses of flame afar!
 Why delay ye? the hour is come—
 Quick with the bride's unveiling.

From the second and still more beautiful bridal poem, space will allow us but to give a few lines. In conclusion we would express a hope that the very inadequate account we have given of the greatest of Latin lyrists, may induce some among our friends in this University, who take interest in classical literature, to avail themselves of this pure well of Latinity undefiled.

CHORUS OF BOYS.

Hesper is coming, arise, O youths, for Hesper in Heaven
 Feebly at last has lit the wished for flame of his torches;
 Now is it time to rise to leave the banquet's abundance,
 Soon will the bride be here, and soon the chaunt Hymenæal.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Even as a flower that grows in a secret place of the garden,
 Hid from the herd as they graze, and never hurt by the ploughshare,
 Soothed by the breeze it waxeth fair in the shower and the sunshine.
 This as its beauty unfolds shall the youths desire, and the maidens,
 But when its blossom is lopped, deflowered by the gatherer's finger,
 Never a youth again desires it more or a maiden.

CHORUS OF BOYS.

Even as a vine which is born in the naked ground in the vineyard,
 Never can clamber on high, or bend with the wealth of its bunches,
 But it is prone on the ground, a forlorn and impotent burden;
 Not for it shall toil the cares of men and of oxen;
 But were it wedded and claspt in the stalwart arms of an elm tree,
 Well for it are the cares of men and the toils of the oxen.

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