

meant another scolding for poor Judy. Oh, that looking-glass! Would there never be an end of it?

The night was far advanced before the light of the cabin came in sight on the hillside. As Judy ascended the path she thought she heard voices, and a woman's merry laugh in the road below. Her heart responded with a pang.

She entered the cabin quietly. Her mother was asleep by the fire, and the "praties" were knocking at the lid of the pot suspended over it. Worn out and heartsick, poor Judy sank down beside the blaze. The thought of her cruel desertion, which had been kept at bay by occupation during the day, returned upon her with redoubled force; repressed nature gave way at last, and she burst into floods of tears; and wild sobs and hysterical strugglings ended at last in unconsciousness.

She awoke from her swoon to find her mother bending over her. "Are ye better, me darlint? Spake up then, mavounneen; what ails ye then?" said the old woman, kindly, as she put her arms round her.

"Oh, mother," said the girl, "the looking-glass has ruined us entirely! Me shoes lost,"—sob; "the eggs broke,"—sob; "a shillin' of bad money,"—sob, sob; "and Pat O'Connor"—shriek. "Oh! the bad luck's come."

"Sure and if that's what's botherin' ye, alannah, it's the same kind of bad luck I'd like every day," said Mrs. Calligan. "Luk at that, now," said she, holding out a dirty note of the Bank of Ireland for her daughter's inspection; "a twinty pound note it is, at the back of the glass. Me mother put it there avore she died, but she died speechless more by token, and couldn't tell us where she put it, and me always wonderin' where that note was, and it

behind the lookin'-glass all the toime!" This comforted Judy somewhat, when she fully realised the position. "Ah, well, then it doesn't matter for the eggs and the shillin', and me shoes that I lost——"

"Sorra a lost," interrupted her mother; "there they are standin' fornenst yiz; ye never tuk them away, me darlint, and me callin' ye back to tell ye av it, and the note and the good luck, and not an inch would ye come; and that long-legged Pat O'Connor's been here wid his sister Kathleen, that walked over from Ballyboreen to see him to-day, and they waited and waited here for your comin' back, and me wantin' to slape all the toime, till at last I clean tould him to be off and come back to supper." Here there was a knock at the door.

"An' talk of an angel, and here is one."

That supper was a merry one.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN CLASSIC TIMES.

WOMEN OF ROME.



ORD TENNYSON has entitled his "Jubilee Ode" to our gracious Queen the "Carmen Sæculare," or secular hymn. Those of my readers who are familiar with classical literature are at once reminded of the original poem from which Tennyson borrows his title. Those who are not, may like to see some account of it.

The "secular hymn," now indeed "grey with distance," was composed by Horace, the most popular of Roman poets, just seventeen years before the Christian era. It was written to commemorate not merely the achievements and successes of the great Augustus, ruler of the mighty Roman Empire, but also, and chiefly, the ten long blessed years of peace which had crowned those successes.

The Roman Empire had celebrated many a savage victory and many a brilliant conquest, but this is the very first time that we hear of their celebrating with rejoicing and thanksgiving a prolonged peace.

It was, indeed, that same "universal peace through sea and land" which immediately preceded the birth of the Saviour.

History describes those scenes of ceremonial and rejoicing, now so long ago, for us with some detail; how the revered Sibylline books were consulted by the proper authorities, namely, the Quin-decenviri, the fifteen men whose special business it was to take charge of those ancient books; how they declared that the celebrations and public games were to last, uninterrupted, for three days and three nights. Wheat and barley, etc., were to be distributed gratuitously amongst the poorer citizens of Rome; the history of Troy was to be publicly enacted with the story of the Trojan Æneas, the fabled founder of Rome; sacrifices were to be offered up to all the popular Roman deities; and, at the most solemn part of the festival, the Emperor, attended by the Quin-decenviri, the fifteen men who presided over religious matters, descended to the banks of the Tiber, and there, approaching the altar erected on its shore, himself sacrificed the white steers to Apollo and Diana, the sun and the moon, "the lords of light and the givers of all good things."

The ode, the "Carmen Sæculare," written for the occasion, was meanwhile sung, as the



MATRON.

sacrifice was burning, by a chorus of twenty-seven youths and twenty-seven maidens, of spotless manners and character, who had been selected from among the noblest families of the State to perform this honourable office.

In an introductory strain, sung at an earlier part of the ceremonies, the Emperor, the Cæsar, is praised for having brought the

blessings of peace to his country, and also for all that he has done to establish firm and just laws. Thus begins the Ode to Augustus:—

"Thy era, Cæsar, which doth bless
Our plains anew with fruitfulness,

On lawless licence cast a rein,
And, purging all the land from crime,
Recalled the arts of olden time;
Those arts, by which the name and power
Of Italy grew hour by hour,
And Rome's renown and grandeur spread
To sunrise from Sol's western bed.
While Cæsar rules, no civil jar
Nor violence our ease shall mar."

The Ode to Augustus ended, the secular hymn began. The chorus of youths and maidens together invoke the celestial powers of light, the sun that ruled the day and the moon that ruled the night, under the names by which they were worshipped in Rome, thus:—

"Phœbus and Dian, forest queen,
Heaven's chiefest light sublime,
Ye, who high-worshipped evermore have
been,
And shall high-worshipped be for ever-
more,
Fulfil the prayers which, at this sacred
time,
To you we pour;
This time, when, prompted by the Sibyls'
lays,
Virgins elect, and spotless youths, unite
To the immortal gods a hymn to raise,
Who in the seven-hilled city take de-
light!"

They then probably sung alternately. The youths, first, address their hymns to Apollo:—

"In all thy wanderings may'st thou nothing
view
That mightier is than Rome,
The empress of the world, our mother,
and our home."

The maidens next address their invocations to Diana, the moon, to her who it was supposed, protected women in all more especially feminine troubles:—

"Oh, Ilithyia, of our matrons be
The guardian and the stay."

The lads sing—

"Ye powers divine,
Unto our docile youth give morals pure!"



HOUSE-PHILOSOPHER.

While together they pray—
 “And oh! may he who now
 To you with milk-white steers uplifts his
 prayer,
 Within whose veins doth flow
 Renowned Anchises’ blood, and Venus’
 ever fair,
 Be still in war supreme, yet still the foe
 His sword hath humbled, spare.”

And so on.
 This promise of worship “for evermore” to
 Apollo and Diana strikes us the more, as it
 was uttered within so short a time before the
 appearance on earth of Him who was to
 utterly abolish and supersede these Pagan
 creeds.

It seems that this was the first occasion on
 which hymns had been set to music and
 chanted in this way in Rome: for in an intro-
 ductory preamble, in which Horace appears to
 have been giving his instructions to the young
 performers, he commences with the words:—

“Silence, while I (the muses’ priest) chant
 hymns unheard before:
 I chant to virgins and to youths,
 I chant to listeners pure.”

And presently exhorts them to keep time as
 they sing—

“Ye virgins, the foremost in rank and in
 race,
 Ye boys, who the fame of your ancestry
 grace,

To the Lesbian measure keep time with
 your feet,

And sing in accord with my thumb in its
 beat;
 Hymn the son of Latona* in cadence
 aright,
 Hymn duly the still waxing lamp of the
 night,†
 That with plentiful fruitage the season
 doth cheer,
 And speeds the swift months on to girdle
 the year.”

Then in the concluding lines of this pre-
 amble, the poet apparently turns in a marked
 manner to the leader of the chorus, who must
 have been a girl gifted by nature with a voice
 whose clear ringing tones led the song of her
 young companions, soaring above them like a
 lark in the blue sky—a voice the forerunner of
 the Pastas and Patis of modern Italy. And
 Horace turns a pretty compliment to the
 girl’s voice and to his own poetry at one
 and the same time, in the kindly concluding
 words:—

“And thou, who art chief of the chorus to-
 day,
 Soon borne home a bride in thy beauty,
 shalt say:
 “When the cyclical year brought its fes-
 tival days,
 My voice led the hymn of thanksgiving
 and praise,
 So sweet, the immortals to hear it were
 fain,
 And ’twas Horace, the poet, who taught
 me the strain.”

We find here two points which claim our
 attention. First, that it was the custom in
 Rome, as in ancient Greece, for the maidens,
 the daughters of the highest families of the
 State, to take part in the public religious cere-
 monies, instead of delegating the singing, or
 chanting, to the paid services of hired profes-
 sional performers.

Secondly, we may note how much emphasis
 is laid on the injunction that all who were to
 take part in this solemn ceremony should be
 of strictly unblemished personal character, as
 well as of high birth.

We perceive that the Emperor Augustus
 was making a great effort to restore to their
 ancient purity the manners of Rome, and to
 stem the looseness and profligacy which had
 too rapidly increased in his time.

The Empress Livia, the wife of Augustus,
 did all that a wife could do to second her hus-
 band in these efforts. Her manners were
 courteous to all. She was kind and charita-
 ble to the needy, and brought up many poor
 children at her own expense, and gave many a
 maid a marriage dowry, and her wifely virtues
 were never touched by the breath of scandal.
 After Augustus was firmly seated on his
 throne, he lived in the simplest manner in his
 house on the Palatine Hill, a house quite too
 modest to be called a palace, and his household
 affairs were conducted by Livia in the most
 frugal manner. She herself sat at her spin-
 ning wheel amongst her attendants, “imitat-
 ing the grave matrons of old days who stayed
 at home and spun the wool to clothe the men,”
 for all the clothes of the imperial household
 were made in the palace.

* Phœbus, Apollo. † Diana, the moon.

In those days the majority of families outside Rome, in Italy and in the provinces, and doubtless also the women of the middle and lower classes in Rome, spun and wove the linen for the household use, but for the Empress of that great empire to do such work, it was certainly a matter of pleasure rather than of necessity.

Well, it was perhaps somewhat like what I have heard our own princesses did once when they were young girls. With their own hands they made some dresses for our beloved Queen, as a birthday present; and Her Majesty took pride and pleasure in wearing them. It was nice to think that they liked to do such things, and a good example to all girls of a lower station in life that the daughters of the highest person in the land were able to do such homely and useful work.

But I am digressing from my great Roman lady.

"Livia seemed designed by nature and by education to be the friend, the counsellor, the wife of Augustus," says Lady Morgan, in her interesting account of the women of the Empire. To her advice may be attributed many an act of clemency on the part of Augustus during the latter part of his reign. The conspiracy of the younger Cinna against his life he would certainly not have pardoned but for Livia, for his first impulse on its discovery was not one of mercy, until Livia's better counsels prevailed. Her influence over her august spouse never varied from first to last, and was always used for good. When he died, it was with her hand in his, and her name on his lips. His last words were sighed out to her—"Livia, be happy, and remember how we have loved."

A few years ago some excavations were being made on a lovely site on the Campagna, about ten miles from Rome, when a small but elegant house was unearthed. The walls of what had evidently been the sitting-room

were daintily painted to represent a garden trellised in from distant woods, with gay flowers, and birds flying about. This has been identified as the house to which Livia retired in her widowhood. And here, in the chief apartment, was found the most perfect and the most beautiful of all the portrait statues yet known of Augustus Caesar. It was in white marble.

The opinions of historical writers are by no means unanimous in their judgment on the character of Livia. She is known to have been ambitious for the advancement of her sons; and is, by some authorities, believed to have been unscrupulous in the means she employed to obtain her ends. By her enemies she was nick-named "Ulysses in petticoats." But none have ever questioned her domestic virtues, or her fidelity to her husband, or the good influence she exercised both over husband and son.

The ladies of Rome, who were too wealthy to need to spend their days in the drudgery of domestic life, and who preferred *not* to imitate the example set them by the Empress Livia Augusta, passed their lives in a manner wonderfully similar to that of a lady of fashion of the present day in London or Paris. Their time slipped away in the busy idleness of paying calls and visits of ceremony. Congratulations for a betrothal or a birthday had to be offered here, condolences for a bereavement were due there. Perhaps an invitation had been accepted to hear a poet read his last new poem, and must by no means be neglected, for fear of giving offence to the sensitive author.

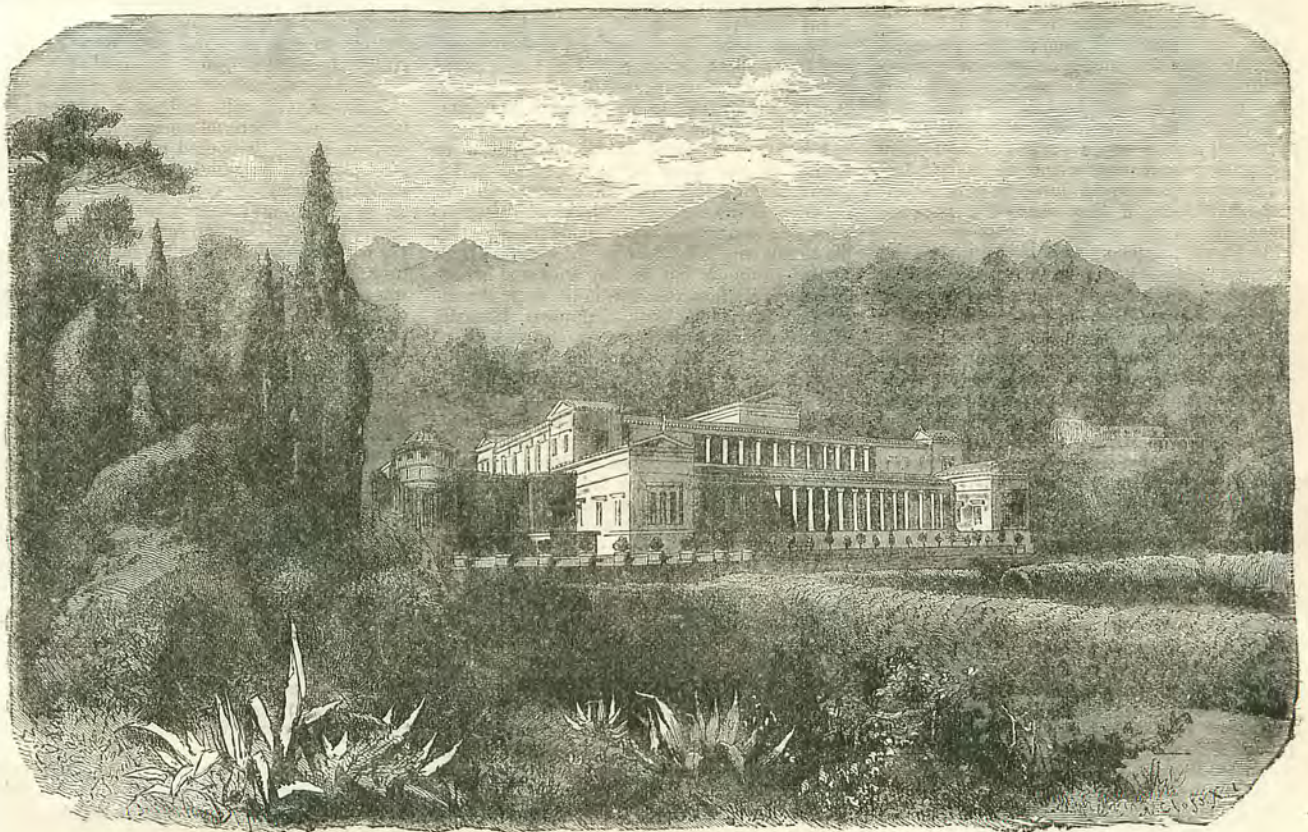
My readers will notice that I speak but little of the girls of Rome. It is, indeed, because there is so very little to tell. The girl was a child up to the age of twelve or thirteen, playing with her dolls, tossing her ball, and learning her lessons with her masters, wearing her hair short and her tunic, too, which scarcely descended below the knee. Suddenly she

blossomed into a tall and marriageable maiden, donned the long robe (or *stola*) and veil (or *palla*) of womanhood, and without any delay it was considered the immediate and imperative duty of paterfamilias to provide a suitable husband for his young daughter; and forthwith, with no appreciable interval of girlhood, she is at once transformed into the Roman matron.

The marriage ceremonies were not unlike those of the Greeks, which we have already described. The augurs, or seers, have to watch for omens, by which to fix on a lucky day for the final ceremony. The doors of the house of the bridegroom have to be adorned with flowers and garlands; the procession wends its way with rejoicings from the parental to the future home of the bride, who must be lifted over the doorstep on arriving, in order that by no unlucky chance she should trip against it with her foot on first entering. These ceremonies were all similar to the more ancient Greek customs.

The bride was dressed in a long white robe, adorned with ribbons and with a purple fringe, and bound round the waist with a girdle, called the Girdle of Venus. Her bridal veil, called *flammeum*, on account of its colour, was flame-colour, as were also her sandals.

Arrived at her husband's abode, before she entered she bound the door-posts of her future home with wool, and after she had entered her distaff and spindle were presented to her. She was placed on a sheepskin, and the keys of the house were delivered into her hands. "Her husband received her with fire and water." This was probably some ceremony symbolical of the partnership in the trials of life which they would share together. And she must salute him with the words, "Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia," which may be freely rendered, "Where thou art master, there I am mistress." The inevitable feasting came afterwards, and also the wedding song, called the



VILLA OF THE YOUNGER PLINY.

Epithalamium. There is a charming example of this kind of poem extant, composed by the poet Catullus—he who celebrated the grief of his lady-love over the death of her pet sparrow.

The position of the Roman women after marriage was, indeed, very different from that of the Greek women. "Instead of being confined to separate apartments, like the latter, the Roman matrons, at least during the earlier centuries of the republic, occupied the most important part of the house, namely, the atrium.*" Unlike the Greek, they were as free to come and go as were their husbands. They were to be seen in public places, at the theatre, at the races, at the gladiatorial games. They took their meals with their husbands, except at public dinner-parties or at drinking bouts. The arrangement of the *tri-clineum*, or dining-room, was so peculiar that a few words should be devoted to a description of it. The word *tri-clineum* means three beds or couches, and was so called because the Romans reclined during meals. When this luxurious and to us most uncomfortable custom first came into use I know not; but the Roman ladies never adopted it. Instead of reclining, they sat at the end of the last couch, or chairs were placed for them. The dining-table was placed in the centre of the three couches, which were arranged with the head inwards, towards the table, while the fourth side of the table was left free for the slaves to approach, to clear and replenish the food.

"The Roman matron presided at this, as she did in all other household matters. She watched over and preserved the honour of the house, and, as the *materfamilias*, she shared the honours and respect shown to her husband. Also, she educated the children."

In Greece, as we have seen, the boys were early taken from the women's rooms, from the control of their mothers and the society of their sisters, and entrusted to the care of a pedagogue, who escorted them to and from the day-school, looked after them out of school-hours, or sometimes taught them himself. But the girls had no opportunity of learning anything besides domestic work.

In Rome it was different.

The girls shared the lessons with their young brothers at their mother's knee, and as they grew older could even attend the public lectures on philosophy, or have masters for advanced subjects, if they showed a taste for learning.

We find that many men of distinction had received their early training from their mothers. We learn also that not infrequently women kept day-schools in Rome, attended both by boys and girls.

Women of the highest rank not only presided over the education of their sons (such women, for instance, as Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, Attica, mother of Cicero, and others), but undertook the responsible situation of governesses to such patrician children as were destined by their birth and by parental ambition to hold high office in the State.

Cicero tells us that the Gracchi, those noble patriots of early Rome, "were under the immediate tuition of their mother." "Even the lowest quarters of Rome may be said to have had their plebeian Cornelia, some matron of humble life, with superior intellectual endowments, to whom the youth of the quarter was consigned."

"Before this matron," Quintilian says, "it was deemed an heinous offence to speak or act ill." She not only taught the youths, but prepared them for the business which they were to follow. She regulated their recreations and watched over their morals. Boys very generally love female instructresses, but

the reverence and the love which the Roman mothers in the best days of the republic inspired in the hearts of their sons and pupils justified the words of Juvenal, who said that they were "as parents honoured, and as gods obeyed."

Cicero, the orator, dwelt with delight on his boyish days, when he and his young friend Atticus were wont to enact with mimic solemnity the pleading of causes before judges, and to recite the laws of the twelve tables, as if it were an amusing pastime, before his mother, the accomplished Attica. She used to preside over these performances, rewarding and stimulating the boys' efforts of memory and attempts at eloquence. She herself possessed undoubted powers of elocution, and there is no doubt that Cicero was greatly indebted to this gifted mother's training for his successful and brilliant career.

Both Cicero and Atticus ended their lives before Augustus assumed imperial rank; but the time was creeping on only too surely that extinguished all personal liberty. When Augustus celebrated his ten years of peace, although law and order were firmly established throughout the vast empire, yet the freedom of the individual depended on the caprice of one irresponsible ruler.

The laxity of morals that prevailed about the Court after the death of Augustus and his wife, Livia, the cruelties and horrors that history relates concerning the individuals immediately connected with the Court, are such that I do not care to dwell on. We have, however, I think, ample proof in the charming letters of Pliny the Younger that the imperial circle did not give the tone to the outer world. His peaceful and happy domestic life, the high tone of his letters to his friends, among whom were many noble and heroic characters, his tenderness to his young wife, and the affectionate and respectful manner in which he addressed her relatives, point conclusively to a large circle of worthy people, looked up to by all around them and quite uninfluenced by Court scandals.

Pliny's letters are preserved and translated, and I propose to select a few of them, as we gain from them an idea of the home life of a Roman family such as no modern description could give equally well.

Pliny was a native of the little town of Como, on the Lake of Como, called in his time Lake Larius. He often refers to the beauties of its scenery with much affection. There he apparently made acquaintance with his young wife, a motherless girl who had been carefully brought up by her aunt and grandfather, all of them residents in the same charming locality. The aunt, Calpurnia Hispulla by name, must have been an early friend of Pliny. In fact, he evidently regarded her as a dear elder sister, for he says that "from his very boyhood she had been in the habit of forming and praising him," adding, tenderly, "that she had loved and honoured his mother as if she had been her own." Pliny writes to this friend to thank her for having brought himself and his wife together in such a nice friendly letter that I must give it nearly in full.

"TO CALPURNIA HISPULLA.

"As you are a model of dutiful affection, as you cherished that excellent brother of yours, who loved you so much, as you cherish his daughter as if she were your own, exhibiting towards her the affection not merely of an aunt, but even of the father whom she has lost—for these reasons, I doubt not, it will be a great joy to you to learn that she is turning out worthy of her father, worthy of you, worthy of her grandfather. She is gifted with remarkable quickness, as well as discretion, and she loves me, which is a token of her purity. To this must be added a love of literature which she has conceived from her tenderness for me.

She has got my works, and studies them, and even learns them by heart.

"How great is her anxiety when she sees me going to speak in court, and how great her joy when I have spoken! She sets messengers about to report to her what favour and applause I have excited, and what is the result of the trial. Then, whenever I recite, she sits hard by, separated from us only by a curtain, and catches up with eager ears the praises bestowed on me. She even sings verses of my composing and sets them to her guitar, with no professor to teach her save love, the best of masters. All this leads me to entertain the surest hope of an unbroken harmony between us, destined to increase day by day. For it is not my youth, nor my person—things which gradually perish and grow old—it is my fame that she cherishes. Nor would any other conduct befit one who has received her education at your hands, who has been formed by your precepts, and who in your abode has witnessed nothing but what was pure and honorable."

Pliny was at this time about forty years of age, and in full practice at the bar as a successful advocate. The letter was evidently written soon after his marriage. He is so full of happiness and pride in the affection of his young wife.

Some little while later, Pliny proposes, in answer to an invitation from her grandfather, Fabatus, to take his wife on a visit to the latter, and to her aunt Calpurnia, who is residing with the grandfather. Pliny writes:—"You are desirous, after so long an interval, of beholding your granddaughter, and me with her. This desire of yours is mutually gratifying to both of us. For, on our side, we are possessed by an incredible yearning for you, which we shall no longer put off: nay more, we are actually packing up our traps, with the intention of hurrying as fast as the plan of our journey will permit. We shall make one stoppage, though only a short one. We shall have to turn out of the way to my Tuscan property.

... But we shall make all the more haste on the journey itself. May it only be our good fortune to find you and your daughter (the aunt Calpurnia) in health, for we shall be sure to find you in spirits if we reach you safely."

Pliny and his wife Calpurnia, named after her aunt, went determined to enjoy themselves with dear and honoured relatives, whom we may imagine they had not seen since their marriage, absorbed as they were in the busy life of Rome, and anxious to renew acquaintance with the delightful scenes of their youth. He writes elsewhere from Rome to a friend at Como, inquiringly:—"What of those cloisters, where it is always spring time? What of that most shady of plane groves? What of the lake which underlies and ministers to you? What of that bath-room which always catches the full sun on its way round. What of the resting-chambers for day and for night?" It seems that Pliny owned two villas, himself, "by the Larian Lake," the views from which he describes with enthusiasm. He says: "One enjoys a nearer, the other a more extended view of the lake; one, with a gentle curve, embraces a small bay, the other, situated on a lofty crag, separates two small bays from each other; there a promenade stretches for a long way in a straight line, along the shore, here it gently curves in the shape of a spacious terrace-walk; one of them does not feel the waves, and the other breaks them. From the former you can look down on the people fishing, from the latter you can fish yourself, and throw your line and hook from your room, and actually from your sofa almost, just as from a skiff."

Fishing was a favourite amusement with the Roman ladies when at their seaside villas. On the pictured walls of Pompeii we often see them represented so occupied. The site of this villa of Pliny's, by Lake Como, is still

* Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities."

shown: the one near the shore that "embraces the bay," the one that "breaks the waves"; and one could still, if one were so disposed, throw line and hook from the terrace walk, and angle for fishes the remote descendants of those which dangled at the end of the rod of Pliny's young wife, as she shared the amusements of her husband's leisure hours. While on their visit to Como, Pliny is distressed to find that his native town boasts no good school, and that the residents who wish for a good education for their children, are obliged to send them away to Milan to study. Pliny determines to found a first-class school in the town of Como, as he is anxious, he says, that "those who are born here should be educated here, and from their very infancy should grow accustomed to love and to inhabit their native soil," although no children had as yet been born to him who should share in these benefits.

Then, after the return to Rome, we have a touching letter of anxiety from Pliny to the aunt, narrating the serious illness of the young wife. "The worst is over," he writes, and he adds, "She is cheerful *now*, and restored to herself and to me; she begins to regain strength, and by her progress towards recovery to measure the crisis she has passed through."

After this illness, Pliny sends Calpurnia into the country to recruit her shaken health. We are aware how serious the illness was, by the extreme anxiety of husband, aunt, and grandfather about her.

Pliny was too much occupied in his profession to accompany the invalid into the country, which distressed him as much as it did his wife. He writes to her: "I never complained more than now of my occupations, which did not suffer me to accompany you when you started for Campania for your health's sake, or to follow close after your departure. For at this time, particularly, I desired to be with you to judge with my own eyes how far you are recruiting your strength and your dear little body, and, in short, whether you have passed through that delightful retreat and rich country without receiving any hurt." He is full of fears and anxieties for her. He says, "I apprehend everything, conjure up everything," and adds, "I beseech you, therefore, to have regard for my fears by writing me one, or even two letters a day."

Calpurnia has written how much she, too, has felt this absence from her husband, and that she has but one solace, that of possessing his books; she places them on his seat, she says, and pretends to think they are himself.

Pliny owned several country villas, besides the two on Lake Como. He had one near Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, called the Laurentine Villa, where he liked to go best in the winter months. Another, the Tuscan villa, on the Tiber, sheltered by the Apennine mountains. This was his favourite villa, and here he delighted to spend as much of the summer as his profession would allow.

How gladly will he "turn his back upon all the bustle, the hurry-scurry, and utterly inane

drudgery" of Rome, as he himself expresses it, and rush off to the quiet country life of his villa, where he can "give himself up to study and repose," and "the charms of his wife's conversation and society," which he truly valued.

The Tuscan villa was deliciously situated. Pliny says, describing it in a letter to a friend, "It lies under the Apennine range, the most salubrious of mountains. The summers are wonderfully soft, the air is always stirred by a kind of breath; yet it is more often breezy than windy. Hence, old men are numerous, you may see the grandfathers and great grandfathers of youths already grown, you may hear old stories and old folks' talk, and when you visit the place you may fancy yourself born in another age." A delightful place both to rest in after city work, and for the invalid wife to recover health and strength in. Pliny devotes many pages to his description of the beauties of the scenery, and the conveniences of the villa, and the fertility of the soil, for he was very fond of farming, and liked to make all his country estates profitable. He describes the high mountains behind, that shelter his pleasant valley from cold winds, the lofty and venerable forests, the luxuriant vineyards that clothe the slopes of the mountains, the fertile plains below, and the meadows gemmed with flowers. Then he expatiates on the lovely view from the villa, the cloister or covered walk, for exercise in bad weather, the variegated terrace walk in front, with borders of box, and forms of animals cut out in box facing each other. A quaint fancy, which was revived in the last century, and which one may occasionally still see in very old-fashioned English gardens.

His dining-rooms and painted saloons, some facing north, to be used in the height of summer, some facing south for winter use to catch every ray of sun, the baths, the quiet sleeping apartments. Across the grounds there is a delightful harbour or summer-house, composed of two or three rooms, with couches, windows on every side, a luxurious vine that scrambles and mounts up the whole building to the roof; in front, a semi-circular seat of white marble round a polished marble basin, into which water gushes from an unseen source, shaded by vines. Here Pliny loved to recline at ease, and to have his pic-nic tray placed by the waterside, while the lighter dishes were set afloat in the water to keep cool. We can fancy his young wife joining him, and the fun they would have helping each other to fish the little dishes out of the water; they were often served in the shape of ducks and fishes. However hot the day, the food would come out all fresh and cool; and they would eat it together, sitting on the white marble seat in the shade of the plane trees, and "the vines that scramble about" over them. This was of course their morning meal, the *déjeuner* or lunch. They have probably come in tired from a ramble in the woods, or perhaps a drive in a carriage to see the different farm ten-nts. Later in the

day the dinner will be served in the *tri-cineum*, of which I have already spoken. During that meal, Pliny liked to have an interesting book read aloud, and after dinner, especially if there were friends to share the meal, some accomplished slave would perform on the lyre.

All the servants on the estate were slaves—some bought, some born the children of slaves. The farm tenants were perhaps slaves to whom their freedom had been given as a reward for faithful service; they were then called freed-men.

We may be quite sure that Pliny's kind-hearted wife, Calpurnia, was not one of those to ill-use the slave girls who personally attended upon her, as we hear sometimes of the aristocratic Roman ladies doing: beating a poor girl if she arranged one of their curls awry, or scratching her face, or sticking pins into her. Pliny would certainly not have loved his wife as fondly as he did, had she been capable of such cruelties. He often mentions his different slaves in his letters, and always writes kindly and thoughtfully of those who served him. To many he not only gave their freedom, but also the means to support themselves comfortably when free.

The Rev. Lucas Collins says of Pliny, describing his character: "It would not be easy to find in ancient literature, or indeed in modern, one who approaches more closely to the best modern ideal of a well-bred, cultivated, blameless gentleman." And we feel assured that the women who were connected with him by marriage or friendship are certainly worthy to be joined in the same eulogium.

In the year A.D. 103, Pliny was appointed by the Emperor Trajan, Proprietor (or Governor) of the important Province of Pontus, in Asia. His wife accompanied him and shared his fatigues. The previous Governor had carried on a cruel persecution against the large body of Christians whom he found in this place. In a most interesting private letter extant, Pliny appeals to the Emperor for advice and instructions, as to how he is to deal with "these inoffensive people," against whom he says "he can find no crime."

We know not whether either Pliny or his wife were in any way moved to embrace these new doctrines, which were "unto the Greeks foolishness, and unto the Jews a stumbling-block," but we know that all persecution against the infant Church was for the moment stopped. And we do also know, that humble as the movement then appeared to be, it was but 220 years later that the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had spread over the face of the heavens, and its waters had fertilised the whole earth. In the year 324 A.D. the Emperor Constantine the Great established Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, "exhorting all his subjects to renounce their old superstitions, and to adore only one God, the Saviour of the Christians."

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