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Paraphrases

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modified. The notes on language are short, clear and sound. The common uses of the cases are well distinguished. The subject-matter is treated very briefly.

We have two other books for the same stage of progress, both of which have the merit that they are much easier than the texts on which they are based. S. E. Winbolt's *Caesar's Belgian Campaign* (Bell, 107 pp., 1s. 6d.) is successful in preserving some of the interest of the stirring story of *B.G.* II. The introduction is not very hopeful. There are short notes at the foot of the page, exercises and a vocabulary. In his *Books of Britain and the Emperors: Book I., Julius Caesar to Agricola* (Bell, 96 pp., 1s.), E. C. Marchant has attempted a

more difficult task. The book lacks unity of interest. We have stories of Julius and Augustus and many others, but we do not hear enough about any of them to become really interested. With Claudius we turn our attention to Britain, but, as the editor says, 'owing to the vagueness of the ancient historians it is impossible to follow the campaigns closely.' However, we are glad to see someone trying a new experiment. Let us add that the book is remarkably well produced; the print is large and clear, there are two maps and some well-chosen pictures. There are some misprints which will give a little trouble, e.g. *finitimibus gentis* for *finitimis gentibus*.

Σ.

PARAPHRASES.

Μάρκου Ἀργενταρίου.

Ἡσιόδου ποτὲ βιβλον ἐμαῖς ὑπὸ χερσίν ἔλυσσων
Πύρρην ἐξαπίνης εἶδον ἐπερχομένην.
βιβλον δὲ ρίψας ἐπὶ γῆν χερί, τοῦτ' ἐβόησα.
ἔργα τί μοι παρέχεις, ὦ γέρον Ἡσίοδε;

The point of the epigram lies of course in the double sense of *ἔργα παρέχεις*, 'Why do you worry me?' and 'Why offer me your *Works (and Days)*?'

Νικάρχου.

εἰς Ῥόδον εἰ πλεύσει τις Ὀλυμπικὸν ἦλθεν ἐρωτῶν
τὸν μάντιν, καὶ πῶς πλεύσεται ἀσφαλῶς.
χῶ μάντις, πρῶτον μὲν, ἔφη, καὶνὴν ἔχε τὴν ναῦν,
καὶ μὴ χειμῶνος, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀνάγουν.
τοῦτο γὰρ ἂν ποιῆις, ἤξεις κάκεισε καὶ ὦδε,
ἂν μὴ πειράτης ἐν πελάγει σε λάβῃ.

Μελεάγρου.

Σφαιριστὰν τὸν Ἐρωτα τρέφω, σοὶ δ', Ἥλιοδώρα,
βάλλει τὰν ἐν ἐμοὶ παλλομένην κραδίαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε συμπαίκτην δέξαι Πόθον· εἰ δ' ἀπὸ σεῦ με
ρίψαις, οὐκ ὁσῶ τὰν ἀπάλαιστον ὕβριν.

ἀπάλαιστον, a happy emendation of the meaningless *ἀπαλαιότεραν* of the original hand, clearly means (rudeness) 'against the rules of the game.'

Ἀδελου.

Ἐξ ὧρα μύχθοις ἱκανώταται· αἱ δὲ μετ' αὐτὰς
γράμμασι δεικνύμεναι ΖΗΘΙ λέγουσι βροτοῖς.

ΖΗΘΙ is '7, 8, 9, 10,' 'expressed in letters,' the numbers following the six hours to be given to work.

I pored on Milton one fine day,
When dearest Anna passed my way;
Her dainty form I spied.
Straight on the floor the book I tossed;
'My paradise shall not be lost
For yours, old John,' I cried.

To an astrologer there went
A merchant on a voyage bent.
'Consult the stars, and let me know,'
Said he, 'how safest I may go.'
A horoscope the wizard cast,
And pondered long, and spoke at last—
'The stars direct that you be shipped
On a stout vessel well equipped.
In summer, not in winter, sail;
Select a calm, avoid a gale.
If you obey, no harm befalls you—
Unless a pirate overhauls you.'

LOVE-TENNIS.

Love is my partner, dear, to serve
My bounding heart to you;
Be Cupid yours, to watch the curve
And take my service true.
Put me not rudely out of court;
Beware, or 'fault' I'll call.
My court is made in more than sport;
So play the game—Love all!

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS OF A SPELLING REFORMER.

Soe tu-dai I'm fifti-for;
Aul dhe best ov lyf iz o'r.
Stil, my yeez a kumfort giv;
For dhair numberz bid me LIV.

WALTER LEAF.