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(page 57)**



*"Cypresses Near Salo, Lago Di Garda,"
By M. McCrossan.*

HORACE

**Book I I I.
Ode xvi.**

THE GLINT OF GOLD.

Thick oaken doors, a brazen tower,
 With watch-dogs' trustful baying,
Were forces of an ample power
 To keep from midnight preying
Adulterous gallants; but they laughed,
Venus and Jove: they sent a shaft
That no known walls resist: god-sure
Were they! Acrisius might immure,
All anxious, Danaë: she fell
 Under a golden spell!

Gold loves to pierce the serried squares
Of arms; more forceful far
Than thunderbolts, no stone wall bears
Against her weight! Her star
Rose on the Grecian augur's fate:
His house fell. State and city-gate
The Macedonian cleft by gifts.
A bribe—The swart sea-captain shifts
His boats. A heartier hunger-health
Follows the wax of wealth.

Maecenas, noblest Roman knight,
Thus have I feared to flaunt
Too bright a front. Denial's might
Makes generous Gods! I haunt,
In poverty, Content's calm fold,
And quit the wealthy world; more bold
In humble fame, than if I held
All that in labour is compelled
By Apulian husbandry, that stays
Poor among golden ways.

A happy streamlet, running clear;
A little narrow wood;
Foreknowledge of fair crops this year;
These are my only good.
Rich Afric's shining Consul knows
No blessing half so blessed as those.
I smile; though the Calabrian hive
Be honeyless, though no wine thrive
In Formian casks; though no rich fleece
In Gallic fields increase.

Yet is sad Poverty not mine;
Far-dwelling still she stays.
No wish I made would you decline,
O patron of my days!
Oh, better will my wealth in-flow
If my desires more modest grow,
Than if I joined the Phrygian plains
To Lydia! More desired remains
The more is given. Well he fares
To whom Jove gives and spares.

Victor B. Neuburg.