

eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man, he voiced the ideal of democracy everywhere. When Woodrow Wilson said, in his last days, to a group of people bearing birthday greetings to a broken old man: "I have no anxiety for the League of Nations. It will take care of itself. My only anxiety is for the people of this country"—when the great Virginian said that, he spoke like the older Virginians with the fervor and foresight of a patriot.

We cannot reproduce the past. We would not if we could. But we can still carry on in the spirit of great individuals of the older days. And after all, that is what your study here and elsewhere of the classic traditions of Virginia must have left upon your minds as an abiding memory. Each new time has its own fashions of speech and manners, but we never outgrow the heroes. The individual is still the magic standard by which we measure national and personal greatness.

J. C. METCALF

ROMAN CANTERBURY AND ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH

IT WAS a happy coincidence that my first experience with Roman antiquity should be associated with St. Martin's Church—the cradle of English Christianity. On a beautiful day in the latter part of June I made the pilgrimage of sixty-three miles in an open bus from London to Canterbury.

No city in the British Isles has the rich historic associations of Canterbury, from which the Primate of England takes his title, and certainly no other town in England is so wealthy in unique monuments of bygone ages. Practically every street and by-way within its confines has silent witnesses to its ancience. In its earliest days Canterbury was, according to historians, a village of ancient Britons. Later it assum-

ed importance as the Roman station "Durovernum." Next, as a Saxon settlement, it was known as Cant—wara—byrig. In Norman times it was subject to etymological variations until finally it acquired its present designation.

It was at Durovernum, the subsequent site of Canterbury, that the roads from the three Kentish coast fortresses of Reculver, Richborough, and Lymne united to cross the River Stour, and thence proceeded northwards through Britain in the one great military highway known in later days as Watling street. That the Roman settlement here was of importance is evidenced by the fact that five Roman burial grounds have been found in the immediate vicinity. The abundance of Roman tiles or bricks re-used throughout the city's mediæval buildings further emphasizes that assumption. The site has been practically in continuous occupation since the Roman conquerors abandoned Britain; consequently it is not surprising that Roman antiquities have not been found nearer than seven or eight feet from the present surface.

A most valuable discovery was made in 1868, during the execution of a drainage scheme. Over two hundred Roman coins were found. In St. Margaret Street, Sun street, and High street many remains of Roman walls or buildings were revealed. Foundations were brought to light in St. Margaret street of undoubted Roman origin, and so massive and solid were they that men were at work night and day for two weeks with sledges, wedges and chisels, breaking them up.

At the junction of Watling street a heavy buttress had to be cut through and several fragments of tessellated pavement were unearthed. In Sun street remains of Roman walls were laid bare. In High street, underneath six houses, including the Fleur-de-Lis Hotel, and under the roadway in front of them, were discovered the massive foundations of an important build-

ing, assumed by authorities to form part of the Roman citadel of Durovernum. In 1758, it is recorded, a handsome Roman tessellated pavement was found in excavating a cellar. It is distinctly interesting to reflect that the centre of activity in the Canterbury of today was the centre of civic and military life during the Roman occupation, as it was subsequently in the palmiest days of its mediæval history.

On a little hill to the east of Canterbury, looking down on the spires and towers of the Cathedral city, there stands an ancient church dedicated to St. Martin; a church of such remote antiquity that its beginnings are lost in the mists of bygone centuries. St. Martin's Hill, according to historians, was the site of an unimportant Roman encampment in the fourth century, and the writings of the Venerable Bede indicate that the church was erected during the Roman occupation. There is the authority of Bede that, in A. D. 597, members and converts of the mission of St. Augustine assembled in St. Martin's Church "to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach, and to baptize." Indeed, according to ancient tradition, it was within these sacred walls that King Ethelbert himself was baptized, probably at the old stone font associated with his name.

It will be realized, therefore, that this church was the cradle of English Christianity. For no less than fifteen centuries, with the possible interval of one hundred years, divine service has been conducted within its ancient walls with continuity. During the centuries succeeding the death of St. Augustine, in all probability it did not escape from the ravages of the Danes, who sacked the city early in the eleventh century. The church was, however, repaired by the Normans and to a large extent rebuilt, in the English style, in the thirteenth century, in the reign of King John or Henry III.

The external walls are partly of Roman

tiles and various kinds of stones and flints, bound together by seashore mortar of remarkable solidity. The internal walls of the nave are two feet thick, built of roughly hewn Kentish ragstones, with occasional blocks of chalk, and are bonded together by courses of Roman tiles at irregular intervals, and faced here and there with pink Roman plaster, composed of pounded brick, carbonate of lime, and silicious sand. The chancel, in great part, is constructed of Roman bricks laid closely and regularly one upon another, but without Roman plaster. In the early part of the thirteenth century the chancel was lengthened and at a later period further additions were made to it.

The Norman piscina at the southwest corner of the nave is judged to be the oldest and most beautiful in England. This was where the priest used to empty the water after the washing of the sacramental vessels. The principal object of interest in the church is the famous barrel-shaped font, which consists of a rim, three tiers, and a base. The font is three feet in height and has a circumference of eight feet. Twenty-two distinct stones appear in the three tiers. Continuous scroll work decorates the lowest tier; the second tier is embellished with groups of interesting circles; and the third tier has a border of interesting arches. Tradition suggests that the original font was hewn and sculptured out of a single block. Shattered by the Danes in sacking the city, the fragments were reunited and the ornamentation subsequently added by Norman workmen to conceal the damage.

As one enters the chancel in the south wall there is a square-headed Roman doorway. A little further eastward is a round-headed Saxon one. This doorway may have been the one used by Queen Bertha when she came here to worship before St. Augustine landed. Next to this door is one of the finest samples of Roman work to be

found in the church. In the south wall is an early English sedile (or seat for bishops), which has a border of Roman tiles.

A brief account of St. Martin himself might not here be out of place, since he was a genuine Roman. St. Martin of Tours was born at Sabaria in Pannonia, Southern Hungary, in the year 321 A. D. His parents were pagans, but St. Martin became a Christian when quite a young man, being baptized at the age of eighteen. Some three years earlier he had been enrolled in the Roman army.

St. Martin became a tribune or commander of a legion when only twenty years old, and saw much service under the brilliant general, Julian, who was proclaimed emperor in the year 360. The following beautiful legend is usually associated with the name of the warrior-saint:

When riding past the gate of Amiens one bitter day in winter, St. Martin saw a beggar clad in rags and shivering with the cold. The kind-hearted young soldier was filled with pity. Taking off his cloak, he cut the garment in two with his sword and gave half to the beggar. The following night as he lay asleep, St. Martin beheld the Saviour on His throne in heaven, wearing the half-mantle given to the beggar. In his vision he heard Jesus say that the gift had been made unto Him.

In the year 355, when fighting under Julian against the Allemanni, a great change took place in the life of St. Martin. He begged to be released from military duties, saying that he could never draw sword again; being now a soldier of Christ, he had other battles to fight.

Julian called St. Martin a coward and placed him under arrest, but soon afterwards allowed him to depart, as the enemy had sued for terms of peace. Martin became a pupil of St. Hilary of Poitiers and was given the minor office of exorcist. He quickly established a wide reputation for piety, good work, and missionary zeal, and

became Bishop of Tours on the death of Lidorius in 370. At Marmoutier the saint established a monastery, which was notable for the valuable Christian workers it produced.

On the ninth of November, 401, St. Martin died at Candes. Although he was eighty years old, his last prayer was, "Lord, if I am still necessary to Thy people, I would not draw back from the work." With great state and ceremony the aged prelate was laid to rest at Tours.

JOHN A. SAWHILL

NEW HONORS FOR AN ANCIENT BARD

THIS modern, not to say modernistic, age which so easily takes up anything that is new and so casually discards the old, still finds time in its headlong pace to give a thought to the great moments of the past. The last few years have seen a long procession of celebrations in commemoration of the anniversary of some important event. Sometimes they have been purely local in their nature; sometimes they have been national or international in scope. Few, if any, of them have had the world-wide significance of the celebration which is taking place this year on the occasion of the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Publius Vergilius Maro.

Vergil's name is familiar today in every nation that traces the origin of its civilization, either directly or indirectly, to Greece and Rome. Yet it is no better known than it has been for twenty centuries. Vergil is one of the few great men of the past whose light has shone unceasingly up to our own times. Others suffered periods of oblivion or disrepute; the works of other poets and writers have been treated harshly by the ages or lost entirely—but Vergil's fame rose above the provincial prejudices or the blind

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