

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

ORDINARY DEGREE OF M.A.

LATIN.

FIRST PAPER.

WEDNESDAY, 11th June 1952.—3 to 5 P.M.

Candidates for Ordinary M.A. of the third and later years are required to write '(3)' after their names on the Examination Books.

1. For Latin Prose Composition :—

Abubeker had sent his letter out but a few days, ere the messenger that carried it returned, and brought him word that no one had received it otherwise than with the liveliest joy, and that all were ready to comply with his commands. Accordingly, in a short time after, a very considerable army, raised out of the several provinces of Arabia, assembled at Medina, and pitched their tents round about the city. Here they waited some time without receiving any orders from the general. But the weather being extremely hot, and the country barren, they were very hard put to it for provisions both for themselves and horses. In consequence, becoming impatient, they began to complain to their officers, and desired them to speak to Abubeker about it. Upon this one of them made bold to say to him, 'You were pleased to send for us, and we obeyed your commands with all possible speed ; and now we are come hither, we are kept in such a barren place, that we have nothing on which our army can subsist ; therefore, if your mind is altered, and you have no further occasion for us, be pleased to dismiss us.'

2. Translate into English :—

Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,
quae mihi supremum tempus in Vrbe fuit ;
cum repeto noctem, qua tot mihi cara reliqui ;
labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis.

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Quo facto unus eorum audace dixit, "Tibi placebat ut nobis mitteretur ; paravimus tibi quam celerissime. nihil habeamus quid exercitus edere possit. si opinionem mutavisti, igitur, ac nobis mittere uti non possis, nos, si vis, abutite

iam prope lux aderat, qua me discedere Caesar
finibus extremæ iusserat Ausoniae.
nec mens, nec spatium fuerant satis apta paranti :
torpuerant longa pectora nostra mora.
non mihi seruorum, comitis non cura legendi,
non aptae profugo uestis opisue fuit.
non aliter stupui, quam qui Iouis ignibus ictus
uiuuit, et est uitae nescius ipse suae.
ut tamen hanc animo nubem dolor ipse remouit,
et tandem sensus conualuere mei,
alloquor extremum maestos abiturus amicos,
qui modo de multis unus et alter erant.
uxor amans flentem flens acrius ipsa tenebat,
imbre per indignas usque cadente genas.
nata procul Libycis aberat diuersa sub oris :
nec poterat fati certior esse mei.