

has his eyes opened to the agency of superhuman powers of evil.

Then I look back and see what force is left to support me.

All had gone, worn out, or with a bound from the ramparts

Cast their wearied limbs, or to the fires had resigned them.

Now I alone was left, when, by the temple of Vesta,

Silently lurking hid in a secret seat for asylum, Helen I saw—for now the flames to my wandering footsteps

Give bright light, as I cast my eyes on all that is round me—

She who the Trojans feared her foes for Troy that is captured,

Nor with less cause the Greek, and wrath of the lord she had injured,

Hid herself there and, hated thing, sat close to the Altar.

Flashed the fire in my soul, and anger prompts in a moment

Vengeance for fatherland and fit reward for the guilty—

—Goes she to Sparta safe, to her native home at Mycenæ,

Then like a Queen, to move in royal grace to a triumph,

Husband and home, and sons and parents there to revisit,

Girt with Trojan girls and Phrygian slaves to attend her.

Priam be slain with the sword, and Troy be sunk into ashes!

Shores of the Dardan land be soaked with blood, and so often!

Never! altho' it gain scant praise to punish a woman,

Nor is there ought of fame to win where this is the conquest,

Yet shall it be to my praise to have crushed the thing that is evil,

Giving to guilt its meed, and sating fatherland's ashes.

So I exclaimed, and still with maddened mind was borne onward—

When to my gaze, before not seen, so beautiful ever

Shone amid cloudless light my goddess mother before me.

All-divine she seemed, and as to the dwellers in Heaven,

Such and so fair revealed, and with her hand as she held me

Stayed she my steps, while thus with roseate lips she addressed me :

S ! what grief can prompt in thee such measureless anger,

* * * * *

No fit mark for thy hate the fatal beauty of Helen.

Blame not Paris for this; the Gods, the Gods, in their anger

Wrought this ruin, and brought on Troy this terrible ending.

See, for I lift the veil which from the eyes of a mortal

Hides the world unseen, and thou, refuse not obedience

Due to a mother's word, nor scorn to bend to her bidding.

Lo! by the shattered piles, and rocks from rocks that are rifted.

Here where the smoke upcurls with waves of dust intermingled,

Neptune shakes the walls, and deep upheaved with his trident

Smites foundations down, and from its centre the city

Far and wide overthrows. By the Scæan gate in her anger,

Juno sits supreme, and from the ships to the foeman

Girt with the sword she calls.

* * * * *

Said she, and shrouded her form in densest shades of the darkness.

Terrible forms appear, and boding ill to the Trojans

Powers of the mighty Gods!

If in our Universities more stress were laid on the rendering the Greek and Latin authors into not merely literal, but adequate and correct English, much more might be permanently assimilated. Even to the English student access to an English version of Virgil, not translated into the manner of Pope, nor of Chaucer, nor of Scott, but aiming to reproduce the rhythm of the original, and as far as possible the spirit and flow of the original words, will give some flavour of that old wine of the world's culture, of which those who have drank deepest of the new, will avow that "the old is better."