

## HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK IV.

The gods reclining on the golden floor  
High converse held, while in their midst  
The venerated Hebe nectar served;  
And each the other pledged from golden cups,  
With gaze directed towards the city Troy.  
Forthwith the son of Saturn Juno tried  
To irritate, while her he thus addressed,  
With words reproachful and with look askance:—

“Twain goddess-helpers still there are  
To Menelaus—Argive Juno one,  
The other the Alalcomenian-famed  
Minerva. These in sooth amuse themselves  
While sitting thus apart and looking on.  
But winsome Venus ever keepeth watch,  
And from her Paris wards impending fate.  
Even lately, thinking him about to die,  
She rescued him. And yet the victory is  
Indeed to Menelaus, friend of Mars.  
Consult we, then, how things as the-e should be:  
Shall we again excite destructive war  
And dreadful battle din, or concord throw  
Between the two? For if, perchance, to all  
The latter be a grateful, pleasing thing,  
Then, of a truth, King Priam's town shall have  
Domestic growth, and Menelaus lead  
His Argive Helen to his home once more.”

He spoke. But Juno and Minerva pressed  
Within their lips the murmurings of their breasts.  
They sat beside each other, planning ills  
Against the Trojans. Silent was indeed  
Minerva: not a word she spoke. Incensed  
Against her father Jove, the direst wrath  
Took hold of her. Still Juno could not check  
The rage within her breast, but thus spoke out:—

“Dread son of Saturn, what is this thou sayst?  
Why thus desire to render labour vain—  
The sweat of none effect, which I have spent  
In toil? For me, assembling thus a host,  
My steeds are tired—an evil though it be  
To Priam and his sons. Do as thou wilt,  
But we, the other gods, do not approve.”

Then cloud-compelling Jove, inflamed, replied:—  
“Strange one, how now do Priam and his sons