

can conjecture nought but 'Zeus' to fit the need, if the burden of vanity is in very truth to be cast from the soul. Not he, who perhaps was strong of yore and flushed with victorious pride, could now be so much as proved to have had being: and he that came next hath found his conqueror and is gone. But whoso to Zeus by forethought giveth titles of victory, the guess of his thought shall be right. And Zeus it is who leadeth men to understanding under this law, that they learn a truth by the smart thereof. The wound, where it lies dormant, will bleed, and its aching keep before the mind the memory of the hurt, so that wisdom comes to them without their will. And it is perhaps a mercy from a Power, who came by struggle to his majestic seat.

Thus it was with the Achæan ammiral, the elder of the twain. A prophet, thought he, is not to blame, so he bent before the blast. But when his folk began to weary of hindering winds and empty cask, still lying over against Chalcis, where the tides of Aulis rush to and fro, while still the gales blew thwart from Strymon, stayed them and starved them, and penned them in port, grinding the men and making of ship and tackle a prodigal waste, and with lapse of time, doubled over and over, still withering the flower of Argos away; then at last, when the prophet's voice pointed to Artemis and told of yet one more means to cure the tempest's bane, a means pressing more on the princes, which made the sons of Atreus beat their staves upon the ground and let the tear roll down:—the elder then of the twain found voice and said:

'Sore is my fate if I obey not, and sore if I must slay my child, the jewel of my home, staining paternal hands with virgin stream from the victim at the altar's side. Are not the two ways woeful both? How can I fail my fleet and lose my soldiery? For eager is their craving that to stay the winds her virgin blood should be offered up, and well they may desire it. May it be for the best!'

So, having put on his neck the harness of Necessity, his spirit set to the new quarter, impious, wicked, unholy, and from that moment he took to his heart unflinching resolve. For to put faith in the shedding of blood is an obstinate delusion, whose base suggestion is the beginning of sin. Howsoever he did not shrink from slaying a victim daughter in aid of war waged for a stolen wife, a spousal-rite to bind unto him his fleet!

Her prayers, her cries to her father, mere life-breath of a girl, the spectators, eager for war, regarded not at all. Her father, after prayer, gave word to the ministers, while casting her robes about her she bowed herself desperately down, to lift her, as it were a kid, over the altar,