

the miseries of the open air, the frosts and the dews. With no watch to keep they will sleep the whole night long.

Now must they pay due respect to the gods that inhabit the town, the gods of the conquered land, or their victory may end in their own destruction after all. Too soon belike for their safety, the soldiery, seized with greed, may yield to their covetousness and lay hands on forbidden spoil. They have still to bring themselves home, have still the backward arm of the double course to make. And if no sin against heaven rest on the returning host, there is the wrong of the dead that watches. Evil may find accomplishment, although it fall not at once.

But for all these my womanish words, may the good prevail, plainly, I say, and undoubtfully; for choosing so, I choose more blessings than one.

*A Conspirator.* Lady, no man could speak more kindly wisdom than thou. For my part, after the sure proof heard from thee, my purpose is now to give our thanks to the gods, who have wrought a return in full for all the pains. [*Exit Clytaemnestra.*

*Conspirators.* Hail, sovereign Zeus, hail, gracious night, high is the glory thou hast won, thou night, that hast cast over the towers of Troy meshes so close, that none full-grown, nay, nor any young could pass the wide enslaving net, one capture taking them all. Zeus, god of host and guest, I confess him great, who hath wrought this vengeance for Paris' sin, though long he bent his bow, that so neither heaven-high the bolt might go, nor short of the mark might fall.

*Elders.* Zeus' stroke it is which they dare proclaim. This thought we may follow out. As He determines, so He accomplishes. It was said by one that the gods deign not to regard sinners, when they trample upon the grace of sacredness. But impiously was it said. It is manifested, how pregnant is the insolence of a too defiant pride, when the fulness of the house grossly exceedeth the best. And this best shall be so much, as will let a man blest with sense live of it undistressed.

For there is no defence for that man, who in the pride of wealth doth haughtily spurn the fixed foundation of Right, whereby he may be unseen: though strong is that obstinate persuasion, servant of Blindness and shaper of her decree. Remedy is all vain. Unhidden the mischief glows with a baleful light. Like base metal beneath the rub and touch, he shows the black grain under justification (for his pursuit is idle as the boy's who follows the flying bird), and leaves upon his people a fatal mark of the touching. Deaf to supplication, the gods condemn for wicked whosoever is conversant with such.

Such was the sin of Paris, who came to that house of the Atridae and