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A TRANSLATION OF CLEANTHES' HYMN TO JUPITER.

Greatest of Gods, far-famed, Almighty Zeus,
Author of Nature, Arbiter of Fate,
All hail! 'Tis fitting that the mortal race
Should call on thee; for we, of all thy creatures
That live and move on earth, alone possess
The gift of speech. Wherefore, in endless song,
Thy power, thy praises we will celebrate.
Thee, the celestial concave, gemmed with stars,
Which rolls around the steadfast earth, obeys.
By thee, whate'er thy mandate, it is ruled.
Such potent minister of wrath thou hold'st
Brandished in thy resistless hand,—the flaming,
Twice-pointed, ever-living thunderbolt.
When this thou hurl'st, nature congeals with fear.
Thus thou directest universal Reason,
Which penetrates through all thy works,
And curbs with law the shining orbs of heaven.
So great art thou in all the highest king.

Without thine aid, O Zeus, no work is done
In earth, or sea, or heaven's ethereal space,
Save what the wicked in their folly do.
Thou bringest order from confusion forth;
And jarring discords blend in harmony.
For thou hast so combined the good and ill
In nice adjustment, that in nature's plan,
Eternal Reason, all-pervading, reigns.
But from this rule the wicked would escape;
Ill-fated men, who ever long to grasp
Substantial good, but neither look nor listen
To God's great common law, which every man
Who wisely scans, and willingly obeys,
Shall meet the guerdon of a happy life.
But they, each in his chosen path, rush on
Unprofited; some, mad with lust of fame;
Some, by low arts, strive for dishonest wealth;
Some sink in sloth and sensual delights;
All eagerly pursue some fancied good,
Toil but for pain, and labor but for woe.

But thou, Oh Sire, of every gift dispenser,
 Lord of the thunder, cloud-pavilioned Zeus,
 Save us from stupid ignorance and folly;
 Disperse the brooding darkness from our souls;
 And grant us to approximate the wisdom,
 With justice joined, by which thou guidest all;
 That honored thus, to thee we may repay
 The honor due, and hymn thy works, as fits
 The mortal race, in never-ending strains.
 For neither gods nor men, who own thy sway,
 Can higher glory gain, than in fit songs
 To celebrate thy Universal Law.

THE SPARTAN YOUTH.

At evening, when the sun had sunk to rest
 Behind the western hills of Attica,
 Skirting the clouds with tints of golden hue,
 A youth, of talents rare, from Sparta came
 To sip the cooling draught that flowed from Athens,
 Its purest fount. He came to learn the lessons
 Of wisdom, taught by Socrates "The Wise,"
 Whose fame was heralded in every land.
 His heart was full of laudable ambition,
 And much he longed for skill in mystic lore.
 As he came near the city's gates, and saw
 The temples of the Gods, and the green groves,
 Where Socrates the youths of Athens met,
 To train them for their country's use, his thoughts
 Ran wild for joy. With eager haste he asked
 For Socrates; and when 'twas told him, that
 By the decree of his own countrymen,
 He had been forced to drain the poisonous cup
 Of hemlock to its dregs, his sorrow knew
 No bound, his heart with grief was broken up,
 And as he went, he wept aloud. The tear,
 That dared not find a course upon his face,
 Because 'twas thought too woman-like,
 Stole forth from his dark eye, and glistened bright
 Upon his burning cheek. His earnest eye
 Shot forth the flashes of the fire within,