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Second Olympic ode.—109.

Elysium.

Equally by night always,
And by day, having the sun, the good
Lead a life without labor, not disturbing the earth
With violent hands, nor the sea water,
For a scanty living; but honored
By the gods, who take pleasure in fidelity to oaths,
They spend a tearless existence;
While the others suffer unsightly pain.
But as many as endured threefold
Probation, keeping the mind from all
Injustice, go the way of Zeus to Kronos' tower,
Where the ocean breezes blow around
The island of the Blessed; and flowers of gold shine,
Some on the land from dazzling trees,
And the water nourishes others;
With garlands of these they crown their hands and hair;
According to the just decrees of Rhadamanthus;
Whom Father Kronos, the husband of Rhea
Having the highest throne of all, has ready by himself as
his assistant judge.

Peleus and Kadmus are regarded among these;
And his mother brought Achilles, when she had
Persuaded the heart of Zeus with prayers;
Who overthrew Hector, Troy's
Unconquered, unshaken column, and gave Cyenus
To death, and Morning's Ἅθιοπ son.
OLYMPIC V.—34.
Always around virtues labor and expense strive toward a work
Covered with danger; but those succeeding seem to be wise even to the citizens.

OLYMPIC VI.—14.
Dangerless virtues,
Neither among men, nor in hollow ships,
Are honorable; but many remember if a fair deed is done.

OLYMPIC VII.—100.
Origin of Rhodes.
Ancient sayings of men relate,
That when Zeus and the Immortals divided earth,
Rhodes was not yet apparent in the deep sea;
But in salt depths the island was hid.
And Helius being absent no one claimed for him his lot;
So they left him without any region for his share,
The pure god. And Zeus was about to make a second drawing of lots
For him warned. But he did not permit him;
For he said that within the white sea he had seen a certain land springing up from the bottom,
Capable of feeding many men, and suitable for flocks.
And straightway He commanded golden-filletted Lachesis
To stretch forth her hands, and not contradict The great oath of the gods, but with the son of Kronos
Assent, that to the bright air being sent by his nod,
It should hereafter be his prize. And his words were fully performed,
Meeting with truth. The island sprang from the watery Sea; and the genial Father of penetrating beams,
Ruler of fire-breathing horses, has it.

OLYMPIC VIII.—95.
A man doing fit things Forgets Hades.

* The Sun.

OLYMPIC X.—
Hercules names the Hill of Kronus.
He named the Hill of Kronus
While Enomaus ruled, it was;
And at this first rite the Father
And Time, who alone proves Unchanging truth.

OLYMPIC X.
Olympia at Eleusis.
With the javelin Phrator stung,
And Eniceus cast the stone
Whirling his hand, above the earth;
And with applause it rushed,
Through a great tumult; And the lovely evening light
Of the fair-faced moon shone.

OLYMPIC X.—
Fame.
When, having done fair things,
Without the reward of some
To Hades' rest, vainly aspiring,
He obtains with toil some
But the sweet-voiced lyre,
And the sweet flute, bestow;
For Zeus' Pieria daughters
Have wide fame.

THE FOURTEEN.
To Asopichus, of Orchomeni,
O ye, who inhabit for your Streams, yielding fair streams,
Ruling bright Orchomeni,
Protectors of the ancient
Hear, when I pray.
Hercules names the Hill of Kronos.

He named the Hill of Kronos, for before nameless,
While Enomaus ruled, it was moistened with much snow,
And at this first rite the Fates stood by,
And Time, who alone proves
Unchanging truth.

OLYMPIC X.—85.

Olympia at Evening.

With the javelin Phrastor struck the mark:
And Eniceus cast the stone afar,

Whirling his hand, above them all,
And with applause it rushed
Through a great tumult;
And the lovely evening light
Of the fair-faced moon shone on the scene.

OLYMPIC X.—109.

Fame.

When, having done fair things, O Agesidamus,
Without the reward of song, a man may come
To Hades' rest, vainly aspiring
He obtains with toil some short delight.
But the sweet-voiced lyre,
And the sweet flute, bestow some favor;
For Zeus' Pierian daughters
Have wide fame.

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

To Asopichus, of Orchomenos, on his Victory in the Stadium Course.

O ye, who inhabit for your lot the seat of the Cephisian Streams, yielding fair steeds, renowned Graces,
Ruling bright Orchomenos,
Protectors of the ancient race of Minya,
Hear, when I pray.
For with you are all pleasant
And sweet things to mortals:
If wise, if fair, if noble,
Any man. For neither do the gods,
Without the august Graces,
Rule the dance,
Nor feasts; but stewards
Of all works in heaven,
Having placed their seats
By golden-bowed Python Apollo,
They reverence the eternal power
Of the Olympian Father;
August Aglaia, and song-loving
Euphrosyne, children of the mightiest god,
Hear now, and Thalia loving-song,
Beholding this band, in favorable fortune
Lightly dancing; for in Lydian
Manner meditating,
I come celebrating Asopichus,
Since Minya by thy means is victor at the Olympic games.
Now to Persephone's*
Black-walled house go Echo,
Bearing to his father the famous news;
That seeing Cleodamus thou mayest say,
That in renowned Pisa's vale
His son crowned his young hair
With plumes of illustrious contests.

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.—8.
To the Lyre.
Thou extinguishest even the spear-like bolt
Of everlasting fire. And the eagle sleeps on the sceptre of
Zeus,
Drooping his swift wings on either side,
The king of birds.

—25.
Whatever things Zeus has not loved
Are terrified, hearing
The voice of the Pierians,
On earth and the immeasurable sea.

PYTH. II. — 159.
A plain-spoken man brings advantage to every government.

* Cleodamus, the father of the hero, was dead.
To a monarchy, and when the
Impetuous crowd, and when the wise rule a city.

As a whole, the third Pythian Ode, to Hiero, on his
victory in the single-horse race, is one of the most memora-
ble. We extract first the account of

Excalopius.

As many therefore as came suffering
From spontaneous ulcers, or wounded
In their limbs with glittering steel,
Or with the far-cast stone,
Or by the summer's heat o'ercome in body.
Or by winter, relieving he saved from
Various ills; some cherishing
With soothing strains,
Others having drunk refreshing draughts, or applying
Remedies to the limbs, others by cutting off he made erect.
But even wisdom is bound by gain,
And gold appearing in the hand persuaded even him with
its bright reward.
To bring a man from death
Already overtaken. But the Kronian, smiting
With both hands, quickly took away
The breath from his breasts;
And the rushing thunderbolt hurled him to death.
It is necessary for mortal minds
To seek what is reasonable from the divinities,
Knowing what is before the feet, of what destiny we are.
Do not, my soul, aspire to the life
Of the Immortals, but exhaust the practicable means.

In the conclusion of the ode the poet reminds the victor,
Hiero, that adversity alternates with prosperity in the life
of man, as in the instance of

Pelops and Cadmus.

The Immortals distribute to men
With one good two
Evils. The foolish therefore
Are not able to bear these with grace.
But the wise, turning the fair outside.

But thee the lot of good fortune follows,
For surely great Destiny
Marriage gifts; and having exchanged the former toils for the favor of Zeus, they made erect the heart. But in course of time his three daughters robbed the one of some of his serenity by acute sufferings; when Father Zeus, forsooth, came to the lovely couch of white-armed Thyone. And the other's child, whom only the immortal Thetis bore in Phthia, losing his life in war by arrows, being consumed by fire excited the lamentation of the Danaans. But if any mortal has in his mind the way of truth, it is necessary to make the best of what befalls from the blessed. For various are the blasts of high-flying winds. The happiness of men stays not a long time, though fast it follows rushing on.

Humble in humble estate, lofty in lofty, I will be; and the attending demon I will always reverence in my mind, serving according to my means. But if heaven extend to me kind wealth, I have hope to find lofty fame hereafter. Nestor and Lycian Sarpedon — they are the fame of men — from resounding words which skilful artists sung, we know.

For virtue through repute Song is lasting. But for few is it easy to spread glory. Whence, in after time, to Euphemus, one of the Lycians, return home.

He knew and immediately smote
With his right hand, as a chance stranger
Nor did the hero dismiss
Stretching hand to him,
Received the mystic
But I hear it sinking
Go with the sea
At evening, accompanied
Often indeed I urged
Menials to guard it, being
And now in this island
Libya
Is spilled before its loss,
And he gives the muse
Bringing peaceful song
To the sepulchre of Phoebus.
For virtue through renowned
Song is lasting.
But for few is it easy to obtain.

PYTH. iv. — 59.

Origin of Thera,

Whence, in after times, Libyan Cyrene was settled by Battus. Triton, in the form of Euryphylus, presents a clod to Euphemus, one of the Argonauts, as they are about to return home.

He knew of our haste,
And immediately snatching a clod
With his right hand, strove to give it
As a chance stranger’s gift.
Nor did the hero disregard him, but leaping upon the shore,
Stretching hand to hand,
Received the mystic clod.
But I hear it sinking from the deck,
Go with the sea brine
At evening, accompanying the watery sea.
Often indeed I urged the careless
Menials to guard it, but their minds forgot.
And now in this island the imperishable seed of spacious Libya
Is spilled before its hour.

PYTH. v. — 87.

Apollo.

He bestowed the lyre,
And he gives the muse to whom he wishes,
Bringing peaceful serenity to the breast.

PYTH. viii. — 136.

Man.

(Γενεαν ἢ ἐδιωκτὸν.) The phantom of a shadow are men.
Pyth. IX — 31.

Hypsea’s Daughter Cyrene.

He reared the white-armed child Cyrene,
Who loved neither the alternating motion of the loom,
Nor the superintendence of feasts,
With the pleasures of companions;
But with javelins of steel,
And the sword, contending,
To slay wild beasts;
Affording surely much
And tranquil peace to her father’s herds;
Spending little sleep
Upon her eye-lids,
As her sweet bed-fellow, creeping on at dawn.

Pyth. X. — 33.

The Height of Glory.

Fortunate and celebrated
By the wise is that man,
Who conquering by his hands, or virtue
Of his feet, takes the highest prizes
Through daring and strength,
And living still sees his youthful son
Deservedly obtaining Pythian crowns.
The brazen heaven is not yet accessible to him.
But whatever glory we
Of mortal race may reach,
He goes beyond, even to the boundaries
Of navigation. But neither in ships, nor going on foot,
Couldst thou find the wonderful way to the contests of the
Hyperboreans.

Third Nemean ode. — 32.

To Aristocles, Victor at the Nemean Games.

If, being beautiful,
And doing things like to his form,
The child of Aristophanes
Went to the height of manliness: no further
Is it easy to go over the untravelled sea,
Beyond the pillars of Hercules.

One with an
Greatly pre;
Possesses ac
Aspiring to
Foot advance
A myriad vi

Yellow-hair
of Philyra
Being a boy
Great deeds
Iron-pointed
Swift as the
lions;
And he slew
Palpitating the
As soon as
Artemis and
Slaying stay
For he con

Whatever we
I well know
Will fulfil w
Pindar.

NEM. III.—69.

The Youth of Achilles.

One with native virtues
Greatly prevails; but he who
Possesses acquired talents, an obscure man,
Aspiring to various things, never with fearless
Foot advances, but tries
A myriad virtues with inefficient mind.

Yellow-haired Achilles, meanwhile, remaining in the house
of Philyra,
Being a boy played
Great deeds; often brandishing
Iron-pointed javelins in his hands,
Swift as the winds, in flight he wrought death to savage
lions;
And he slew boars, and brought their bodies
Palpitating to Kronian Centaurus,
As soon as six years old. And all the while
Artemis and bold Athene admired him,
Slaying stags without dogs or treacherous nets;
For he conquered them on foot.

NEM. IV.—66.

Whatever virtues sovereign destiny has given me,
I well know that time creeping on
Will fulfil what was fated.

NEM. V.—1.

The kindred of Pytheas, a victor in the Nemean games,
had wished to procure an ode from Pindar for less than
three drachmae, asserting that they could purchase a statue
for that sum. In the following lines he nobly reproves
their meanness, and asserts the value of his labors, which,
unlike those of the statuary, will bear the fame of the hero
to the ends of the earth.

No image-maker am I, who being still make statues
Standing on the same base. But on every
Merchant-ship, and in every boat, sweet song
Go from Ægina to announce that Lampo's son,
Mighty Pytheas,
Has conquered the pancratian crown at the Nemean games.
Pindar.

The Divine in Man.

One the race of men and of gods;
And from one mother
We all breathe.
But quite different power
Divides us, so that the one is nothing,
But the brazen heaven remains always
A secure abode. Yet in some respect we are related,
Either in mighty mind or form, to the Immortals;
Although not knowing
To what resting place
By day or night, Fate has written that we shall run.

The Treatment of Ajax.

In secret votes the Danaans aided Ulysses;
And Ajax, deprived of golden arms, struggled with death,
Surely, wounds of another kind they wrought
In the warm flesh of their foes, waging war
With the man-defending spear.

The Value of Friends.

Virtue increases, being sustained by wise men and just
As when a tree shoots up with gentle dews into the liquid air.
There are various uses of friendly men;
But chiefest in labors; and even pleasure
Requires to place some pledge before the eyes.

Death of Amphitaurus.

Once they led to seven-gated Thebes an army of men, not according
To the lucky flight of birds. Nor did the Kronian,
But to apparent destruction
The host made haste to go, with brazen arms
And horse equipments, and on the banks
Of Ismenus, defending sweet return,
Their white-flowered bodies fattened fire.
For seven pyres devoured young-limbed Men. But to Amphiaraus
Zeus rent the deep-bosomed earth
With his mighty thunder-bolt,
And buried him with his horses,
Ere being struck in the back
By the spear of Perielymenus, his warlike
Spirit was disgraced.
For in demoniac fears
Flee even the sons of gods.

Mem. x. — 153.

Castor and Pollux.

Pollux, son of Zeus, shared his immortality with his brother Castor, son of Tyndarus, and while one was in heaven, the other remained in the infernal regions, and they alternately lived and died every day, or, as some say, every six months. While Castor lies mortally wounded by Ida, Pollux prays to Zeus, either to restore his brother to life, or to permit him to die with him, to which the god answers,

Nevertheless, I give thee
Thy choice of these; if indeed fleeing
Death and odious age,
You wish to dwell on Olympus,
With Athene and black-speared Mars;
Thou hast this lot.
But if thou thinkest to fight
For thy brother, and share
All things with him,
Half the time thou mayest breathe, being beneath the earth,
And half in the golden halls of heaven.
The god thus having spoken, he did not
Entertain a double wish in his mind.
FIRST ITHMIAN ODE. — 65.

Toil.

One reward of labors is sweet to one man, one to another,
To the shepherd, and the plougher, and the bird-catcher,
And whom the sea nourishes.
But every one is tasked to ward off
Grievous famine from the stomach.

ISTH. II. — 9.

The Venality of the Muse.

Then the muse was not
Fond of gain, nor a laboring woman;
Nor were the sweet-sounding
Soothing strains
Of Terpsichore, sold,
With silvered front.
But now she directs to observe the saying
Of the Argive, coming very near the truth,
Who cried, “Money, money, man,”
Being bereft of property and friends.

ISTH. VI. — 62.

Hercules’ Prayer concerning Ajax, son of Telamon.

If ever, O father Zeus, thou hast heard
My supplication with willing mind,
Now I beseech thee with prophetic
Prayer, grant a bold son from Eribesia
To this man my fated guest;
Rugged in body
As the hide of this wild beast
Which now surrounds me, which, first of all
My contests, I slew once in Nemea, and let his mind agree.
To him having thus spoken, Heaven sent
A great eagle, king of birds,
And sweet joy thrilled him inwardly.