embody all things, and are what things cannot be separated from. When they cause mankind to fast, purify, and dress themselves, everything appears full of them. They seem to be at once above, and on the right, and on the left. The ode says, The descent of the gods cannot be comprehended; with what reverence should we conduct ourselves! Indeed that which is least, is clearly displayed. They cannot be concealed.

VIA SACRA.

Slowly along the crowded street I go,  
Marking with reverent look each passer’s face,  
Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace  
That primal soul whereof he is the show.  
For here still move, by many eyes unseen,  
The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept,  
Through every guise these lofty forms serene  
Declare the all-holding Life hath never slept;  
But known each thrill that in Man’s heart hath been,  
And every tear that his sad eyes have wept.  
Alas for us! the heavenly visitants,—  
We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,  
Answering their smile with hateful looks askance,  
Their sacred speech with foolish, bitter jests;  
But oh! what is it to imperial Jove  
That this poor world refuses all his love!  

C. A. D.