

. . . Cyclopum educta caminis
Moenia conspicio, atque adverso fornice portas.

His demum exactis, perfecto munere Divæ,
Devenere locos lætos et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo : solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

VIRGIL, *Æn.* vi. 630.

They leave at length the nether gloom, and stand
Before the portals of a better land :
To happier plains they come, and fairer groves,
The seats of those whom heaven, benignant, loves ;
A brighter day, a bluer ether, spreads
Its lucid depths above their favored heads ;
And, purged from mists that veil our earthly skies,
Shine suns and stars unseen by mortal eyes.