

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

The following sublime and affecting lines were discovered amongst the literary remains of the great epic poet:—

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted by my kind!
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless; I the more belong
Father, Supreme, to Thee.

O, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy Chariot, I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is but the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it, I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand
Trembling; where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of that sinless land
Which eye hath uer seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a pure clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break o'er me unsought.

Give me now my lyre;
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Set by no skill of mine.