

with him in Italy, with him when he stood within the dungeon walls, and gazed upon the blind old Galileo punished by the Inquisition for interpreting the handwriting of God in the heavens, and, at last, when his imagination was kindled in Italy by the wealth of scenery, sculpture and music, the dream became a purpose. He would write a great epic poem, founded upon Arthur of the table round, or some other hero of ancient British days, and not upon some Italian legend, for, although Italy with her scenery and her arts had deeply impressed his mind, there came to that young poetic nature with a rush of feeling the memory of the summer glades of Horton, and the thought that he was an Englishman.

Years of misrule and injustice had been sowing in England the seeds of discord and hate amidst her sons, and when the earliest murmurs of civil war reached Milton in Italy there was an immediate strife between ambition and patriotism. Ambition pointed to the completion of his continental tour, to Sicily and Greece, and to the beginning of his epic poem. Patriotism pointed to the