

But in that darkness what glorious visions come to gladden the thoughts of men for evermore!

The memory of good Queen Anne is endeared to the English-speaking people, by her domestic virtues, and by the glorious victories that marked her reign. Her monument still adorns the churchyard in front of St. Paul's Cathedral; but her noblest monument is that her reign is designated in history as the Augustan Age of English Literature. The names of Pope, Dryden and Gay, in poetry; of Defoe, Swift, Addison and Steele, in prose, are nobler, worthier titles to immortality, than Marlborough's bloody victories of Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. While the English language shall continue to be spoken these immortal names shall live, "familiar in men's mouths as household words," when the name of the great soldier, and corrupt statesman, and moral poltroon shall be remembered only to be scorned.

Contemporaneously with Britain, France was enjoying her Augustan era, under the munificent patronage of the *Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV. A galaxy of great painters, poets, preachers, scholars and musicians, rendered illustrious that long and magnificent reign. While no *chef d'œuvre* of French literature will compare with the masterpieces of British genius, yet there were many great writers who conferred undying lustre on the Gallic tongue. Like the French civilization of the period, this seventeenth century literature was noted more for its elegance of form, than for its energy of character. But for literary grace and charm the French have an aptness and skill that amount almost to genius.

Among these writers must be mentioned the great divines: Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon; the great poets: Racine, Molière, Boileau and Corneille; the great prose writers: Pascal, La Fontaine and La Bruyère; the great artists: Le Brun, Claude Lorraine and Poussin. The most noteworthy of these was unquestionably Racine. His dramas are marked by their high moral character, which fitted them to be performed by the young ladies of the seminary of St. Cyr. One of his notable lines is noteworthy, as being an anticipation by over two hundred years of the much lauded recent utterance of Bismarck: "We fear God, and we fear only Him." Racine showed his appreciation of the lofty muse of Milton by translating into French his "Paradise Lost"; but the austere grandeur of the