

*Regained*, which he produced when he was in retirement in his blind old age, must not be allowed to overshadow his shorter poems that were produced in the height of his poetic fervor. I refer to *Il Penseroso*, and *L'Allegro* particularly, which are gems of their kind. The descriptions of scenery, of customs, and of moods, whether grave or gay, are delightful to read. What can be more graphic than this scene of the early morning on a farm:---

“While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack or the barn door  
Stoutly struts his dames before.”

¶ Or who ever told of the effects of organ music as Milton does:

“There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness through mine ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.”