

The Book of Books.

Milton from this exhaustless fountain, drew
His noblest inspirations and his themes—
Epics of angels and unfading dreams
Of that sweet Paradise that Adam knew.
Shakespeare, drawn hither by an instinct true,
As in a crystal gazing, in its streams
Man's subtle heart saw mirrored and, meseems,
Paid a rich tribute to whom tribute's due.

Raphael and Angelo and artists rare,
The most illumined souls of Western lands,
Stood rapt, and, gazing, found ideals there
All too sublime, e'en for their wizard hands ;
And Genius by those sapphire waters fair,
Entranced shall linger while her soul expands !