

"Pore upon the brook that babbles by."

Such are the men, with one exception, who form that great group; but where is he, the central figure—perhaps the greatest of them all? Down in Buckinghamshire, at his father's country house, lives John Milton, the poet. There, in his early manhood, for he is only twenty-five, the poet is beginning to send forth those gleams of light that bespeak a glorious genius in its dawn.

How wonderfully does verse reflect the scenes amid which it is written. Tennyson, in his early life amid the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridge, sings of the scenes that are common there:—

"And the silvery marish flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among
Were flooded over with eddying song."

Milton, in his poems, "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Arcades," "Comus," and "Lycidas," all written in this happy period at his father's home, caught the tints of rosy morning, shimmering moonlight, orchards thick with blossoms, and gardens gay with flowers; and, as in so many mirrors, reflected them upon us in this later age. What a