

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest He, returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best 10
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

—*John Milton.*

"WHEN, IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND
 MEN'S EYES."

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—*William Shakspeare.*