

LINES WRITTEN ON FINISHING THE LIFE OF MIL-  
 TON.

I closed the book, but fancied still  
 I heard, like distant music roll,  
 The far-off echoes in my soul  
 Of his great life. I listened till,  
 Entranced, I thought that I could hear  
 His grand old voice amid the gloom ;  
 And in the twilight-flooded room  
 I almost felt that he was near,

Thou didst not die, O Milton, when  
 Thy life on earth had ceased to be ;  
 They *never* die who pass, like thee,  
 Enriching all their brother men.  
 As often, on the edge of morn,  
 Lingers one star, its fellows gone,  
 Thou shin'st alone, and shalt shine on,  
 An age of ages yet unborn.

1882.

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ISOLATION.

A SONG AT SUNSET.

There's a lonely spot in the soul of man,  
 More lone than the moonless sea ;  
 And a gulf, that never a bridge can span,  
 'Tween him and all that be ;  
 And the lips we kiss, and the eyes we love,  
 And the glory of golden hair,  
 Melt like the stars in the mist above  
 And shed no sunlight there.