

ed to cast particular portions of "Paradise Lost" into Lyric measure, as Dryden, but the attempt completely and signally failed. The idiomatic power of the English Language is portrayed in its highest perfection, and every ancient and modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. Again, Milton has been most successful in the introduction of supernatural agencies into his poetry, giving them a being picturesque, mysterious and sublime. He does not describe them minutely, but gives a vague and general outline, which is to be filled out by the reader's imagination. They have just enough of human nature to be intelligent to human beings, and enough of the supernatural to fill us with awe and wonder. Everything that is beautiful in the physical and moral world has its place here. Milton used all that had gone before him, authors, legends, Pagan history and mythology, and joined them all into one harmonious whole in his own poetry.

We had intended to say something about his minor poems, but space does not permit. We close in the words of Dryden: "'Paradise Lost' is undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced."

ALPHA.

Endymion.

Low sank the god of day, and o'er the verdant hills,

Long shadows crept, increasing as the daylight died;

And silence fell o'er all, where the tinkling rills

Flowed through the dells adown the mountain's side.

Or the soft lowing of some wandering kine
Broke the sweet stillness of the twilight air,

While in the west, one long bright growing line

Betokened that the sun's last rays were there.

Tired with the toilings of the long bright day,
Upon a soft green bank and 'neath the shade

Of a wide spreading beech, Endymion lay,
Lulled by the music that the night winds made.

While all around, above him, and below
Reposed his flock upon the dark hill side,
Each like a bank of scattered April snow
Or lilies on a dark lake blowing wide.

Fair Cynthia sailing up the sea of space,
Shedding sweet radiance o'er the slumbering land,

Spies on the hill the sleeping youth's bright face;

Steals softly down to view him near at hand.

Naught dreamed he then of love or lover's lute,

Deep were his slumbers as a timid child's;
His youthful form she viewed wonderingly mute

To find such beauty in these mountain wilds.

And soon the seething torrent of her love
O'er comes control and quickly from her slips,

Soft stealing through the loose-laced boughs above,

She plants her soft caress upon his lips

So love comes ever, stealing unawares,

To those who dreaming least expect his dart;

To idlers thinking not of wiles and snares

Until each feels the arrow in his heart.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Positivism.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use obscure and subtle: but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.—*Milton.*

The interest in any religion centres around its founder. Without Mahomet, we would scarcely give a second thought to that great system of religion which bears his name. But this is not true of Positivism. Though some knowledge of M. Auguste Comte, its founder, might be desirable, yet it is not necessary in order either to understand or to embrace his doctrines. In fact, the fundamental elements of his belief are much older than himself.