

away in the woods and recognized by a birth mark under his left breast. She was hanged in the face of the largest crowd ever known to come to a hanging in those parts. It was generally believed that the guilty pair had no other accomplice than the negro Ahab.

Milton's Last Poem.

The following beautiful poem is from the Oxford edition of Milton's works, and as the work is rare and the lines comparatively unknown, we reproduce them:

I am old and blind!

Men point at me as smitten by God's frown—
Afflicted and deserted of my mind—
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—

I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!

When men are fartherest then Thou are most near,
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me—and its holy light
Shines upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee

I recognize thy purpose clearly shown—
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear—

This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand

Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,
Which eye hath never seen.