
INWORLD.

[In consequence of a mistake, the first part only of this poem was inserted in the last number of the Dial. It is therefore now given entire.]

AMID the watches of the windy night
A poet sat and listened to the flow
Of his own changeful thoughts, until there passed
A vision by him, murmuring, as it moved,

Opening mines to thee
 Nought can destroy.
 When the blast moans to thee,
 Still doth the wind
 Echo the tones to thee
 Of thy own mind.
 Laughter but saddens thee
 When thou art glad,
 Life is not life to thee
 But as thou livest,
 Labor is strife to thee,
 When thou least strivest : —

More did the spirit sing, and made the night
 Most musical with inward melodies,
 But vanished soon and left the listening Bard
 Wrapt in unearthly silence — till the morn
 Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit-world
 From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

OUTWORLD.

The sun was shining on the busy earth,
 All men and things were moving on their way —
 The old, old way which we call life. The soul
 Shrank from the giant grasp of Space and Time.
 Yet — for it was her dreamy hour, half yielded
 To the omnipotent delusion — and looked out
 On the broad glare of things, and felt itself
 Dwindling before the Universe. Then came unto the Bard
 Another spirit with another voice,
 And sang : —
 Said he that all but seems ?
 Said he, the world is void and lonely,
 A strange vast crowd of dreams
 Coming to thee only ?
 And that thy feeble soul
 Hath such a strong control
 O'er sovereign Space and sovereign Time
 And all their train sublime ?
 Said he, thou art the Eye
 Reflecting all that is —
 The Ear that hears while it creates
 All sounds and harmonies —
 The central sense that bides amid
 All shows, and turns them to realities ?
 Listen, mortal, while the sound
 Of this life intense is flowing !
 Dost thou find all things around
 Go as thou art going ?

Dost thou dream that thou art free,
 Making, destroying all that thou dost see,
 In the unfettered might of thy soul's liberty ?
 Lo, an atom troubles thee,
 One bodily fibre crushes thee,
 One nerve tortures and maddens thee,
 One drop of blood is death to thee.
 Art thou but a withering leaf,
 For a summer season brief
 Clinging to the tree,
 Till the winds of circumstance,
 Whirling in their hourly dance,
 Prove too much for thee ?
 Art thou but a speck, a mote
 In the system universal ?
 Art thou but a passing note
 Woven in the great Rehearsal ?
 Canst thou roll back the tide of Thought
 And unmake the creed of the age,
 And unteach the wisdom taught
 By the prophet and the sage ?
 Art thou but a shadow
 Chasing o'er a meadow ?
 The great world goes on
 Spite of thy dreaming.
 Not to thee alone
 Hearts are making their moan,
 And tear drops streaming,
 And the mighty voice of Nature
 Is thy parent, not thy creature,
 Is no pupil, but thy teacher ;
 And the world would still move on,
 Were thy soul forever flown.
 For while thou dreamest on, enfolded
 In Nature's wide embrace,
 All thy life is daily moulded
 By her informing grace.
 And time and space must reign
 And rule o'er thee forever,
 And the Outworld lift its chain
 From off thy spirit never ;
 But in the dream of thy half-waking fever,
 Thou shalt be mocked with gleam and show
 Of truths thou pinest for and yet canst never know.

And then the Spirit fled and left the Bard
 Still wondering — for he felt that voices twain
 Had come from different spheres with different truths,
 That seemed at war and yet agreed in one.