But the piercing sweetness of this flower's look in its nuptial hour conquered even his obtuseness. He stood before it a long time, sad, soft, and silent. I believe he realized the wants of his nature more than ever he had done before, in the course of what is called a life.

Next day I went out to look at the plants, and all the sweet glory had vanished. Dull, awkward, sallow stood there in its loneliness the divinity of the night before.—Oh, Absence!—Life was in the plant; birds sang and insects hovered around; the blue sky bent down lovingly, the sun poured down nobly over it,—but the friend, to whom the key of its life had been given in the order of nature, had begun to decline from the ascendant, had retired into silence, and the faithful heart had no language for any other.

At night the flowers were again as beautiful as before. Fate! let me never murmur more. There is an hour of joy for every form of being, an hour of rapture for those that wait most patiently.—Queen of night!—Humble Flower!—how patient were ye, the one in the loneliness of bounty,—the other in the loneliness of poverty. The flower brooded on her own heart; the moon never wearied of filling her urn, for those she could not love as children. Had the eagle waited for her, she would have smiled on him as serenely as on the nightingale. Admireable are the compensations of nature. As that flower, in its own season imparted a dearer joy than all my lilies and roses, so does the Aloe in its concentrated bliss know all that has been diffused over the hundred summers through which it kept silent.—Remember the Yuca; wait and trust; and either Sun or Moon, according to thy fidelity, will bring thee to love and to know.

INWORLD.

[A wild and mystic lay—to which his thoughts
And pen kept time, and thus the measure ran:—
All is but as it seems.
The round green earth,
With rise and gleam.
The sun and the moon;
Of the busy busy press;
The world's great fever;
Throbbing forever;
The creed of the sage;
The hope of the age.
All things we cherish,
All that live and all that perish,
These are but inner dreams.
The great world goeth on
To day dreaming;
To thee alone
Hearts are making their moan.
Eyes are streaming.
Thine is the white moon turning night to day,
Thine is the dark wood sleeping in her ray;
Thine is the winter chills;
Thine is the springtime thrills;
All things bind to thy—
All things come to thee
If thou art dreaming on.
If thy dream should break,
And thou shouldst awake,
All things would be gone.
Nothing is, if thou art not.
From thee as from a root
The blossoming stars upshoot,
The flower cups drink the rain.
Joy and grief and weary pain
Spring aloft from thee,
And toss their branches free.
Thou art under, over all;
Thou dost hold and cover all;
Thou art Atlas—the art love:—
The mightiest truth
Hath all its youth
From thy enveloping thought:—
Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.

Nature keeps time to thee
With voice unbroken:
Still dost she rhyme to thee,
When thou hast spoken.
When the sun shineth to thee,
'Tis thy own joy.

[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.]
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
Rear'd 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
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 pined 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.