

THE WORLD.

'T is all a great show,
The world that we're in,
None can tell when 't was finished,
None saw it begin ;
Men wander and gaze through
Its courts and its halls,
Like children whose love is
The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
There are clouds in the sky,
Songs pour from the woodland,
The waters glide by ;
Too many, too many
For eye or for ear,
The sights that we see,
And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
Comes down on the mind,
So swift is Life's train
To its objects we're blind ;
I myself am but one
In the fleet-gliding show,
Like others I walk,
But know not where I go.

One saint to another
I heard say ' How long ? '
I listened, but nought more
I heard of his song ;
The shadows are walking
Through city and plain, —
How long shall the night
And its shadow remain ?

How long ere shall shine
In this glimmer of things
The Light of which prophet
In prophecy sings ;
And the gates of that city
Be open, whose sun
No more to the west
Its circuit shall run !
