

"IN THAT NEW WORLD WHICH WAS THE OLD."

Once, like the Arab with his shifting tent
To some new shade of palms each day address,
My soul, a homeless wanderer, unblest,
Roamed all the realm of change, in purpose bent,
To find a happier world, with banishment
Of that dull pain which drove away its rest.
Through fruitless years my soul pursued its quest,
Until with longing it was well-nigh spent.

Then to my soul a low voice seemed to say,
"Seek in thyself the change," and soon a sweet,
Strange light illumined all the common day,
And there in house, and field, and in the street
From childhood trodden by my heedless feet,
The long-sought world in dewy freshness lay.