

THE GOAL OF DREAMS

When you have built in youth's unclouded
morning,
A wondrous City of exultant dreams,
Before the world has hurt you with its
scorning,
E'er you have tasted of Life's poisoned
streams :

And when, ah ! when your dream-built city
crumbled,
As, ardent—eager, you had entered there ;
And to your stricken spirit, stunned and
humbled,
There came the first dark shadowing of
despair.

If now, bereft of dreams, and vision-
haunted,
You face a desert future, grey and wan,
Robbed by the years of all you sought
or wanted,
Urged by a wild desire to hurry on.

Look to yourself, that in the long, cold
marches,
To Duty, sombre Duty, you be true.
Eyes to the goal, where God's blue Heaven
arches,
Beyond the clouds your City waits for you.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.