

### The Ideal

We are unsatisfied, and know not why;  
We seek for the ideal of our dreams,  
And strive to reach it, guided by the beams  
Of truth and faith. Setting our standard high  
We struggle on; but when the prize is nigh  
We find that it eludes us, and it seems  
To beckon onward, mocking with its gleams,  
Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky.  
With eyes blind to the glory here below,  
Our thoughts forever turned towards the earth,  
We see no beauty round us, and the worth  
Hidden in humble things we never know.  
We grope, and pass unheeding on the way  
The good that we are seeking day by day.

—The Irish Rosary.

