



## THE IDEAL



A Legend of the Northern Lights

SWEET Evening passed—a maiden fair—  
Adown the Western hills she came,  
Behind her died the sunset flame—  
A single star was in her hair.

Beside the sleeping Night she stood,  
Strange wonder in her dreaming eyes,  
The tremor of a sweet surprise  
That moved her gracious maidenhood.

She stooped and kissed him where he lay,  
The rose-cloud from her shoulders fell,  
Calm silence breathed a magic spell—  
He dreamed the splendid dreams of Day.

Soft whispers moved the shadowy trees,  
The crimson faded in the West ;  
Her scarf was tangled in his crest ;  
She sighed—there rose the evening breeze.

Sweet Evening on the lips of Night  
Pressed one last kiss of soft farewell,  
The rose-scarf quivered where it fell  
With visions of departing light.

The last faint, melancholy ray  
Had faded from the darkened skies,  
When Night awoke, his sombre eyes  
With starry dreams alight for aye.

He sprang his armoured watch to keep,  
When, like an Angel's pinion gleamed  
The scarf that from his helmet streamed  
In light along the heavenly deep.

He gazed upon its rose and gold  
With reverence and tender awe,  
In evanescent flame he saw  
Divinely perfect thoughts unfold.

With steadfast strength that craved no rest  
He dared anew each high emprise ;  
Her dreams were ever in his eyes,  
Her token on his splendid crest.

And still afar its wonders gleam,  
A symbol set that all may see  
The half-lights of Eternity—  
The Selfless Quest—the Perfect Dream.

Minnie Bowen