



Operating Theatre, Hotel Dieu.

BALLADE MEMORIAL.

BY LAURISTON WARD.

WHETHER in Persia or Cathay,
Or in some region farther yet,
Beyond the confines of the Day,
Its moon-encircled walls are set,
Whether its ramparts glow with jet
Or shine with every star that gleams,
I seek it still, beyond regret,—
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

The storm-tossed creeds of yesterday
Find harbor there. Its streets are wet
With tears of those who weep away
For Athènes, and for Olivet,
Visions of cross and minaret,
Of crucifixion that redeems,
It holds them all, tho' men forget,—
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

Whether its battlements be gray
With ancient sorrow and the debt
Of dead desire, who can say?
But still I think its parapet
Glow with a lustre yet unmet
And wide and wider throws its beams:
Its desperate triumph knows no let—
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

ENVOY.

Prince, tho' the far-enfolding net
Of circumstance unending seems,
Know well its strands shall never fret
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

—From *Harper's*.