

THE IDEAL

*To Her, when life was little worth,
When hope, a tide run low,
Between dim shores of emptiness
Almost forgot to flow, —*

*Faint with the city's fume and stress
I came at night to Her.
Her cool white fingers on my face —
How wonderful they were!*

*More dear they were to fevered lids
Than lilies cooled in dew.
They touched my lips with tenderness,
Till life was born anew.*

*The city's clamour died in calm;
And once again I heard
The moon-white woodland stillnesses
Enchanted by a bird;*

*The wash of far, remembered waves;
The sigh of lapsing streams;
And one old garden's lilac leaves
Conferring in their dreams.*

*A breath from childhood daisy fields
Came back to me again,
Here in the city's weary miles
Of city-wearied men.*