

A GOAL

Oh! for the knack of speech!

A boon to gain!

What strife to stem to reach,

And strawed with pain!

A ladder broken, frayed,

The feet must test,

With falls checkered, dismayed—

Before the rest.

With every move to rise,

A baffling blow;

Even at times the skies

Deluge the snow.

For sorrow sullen, deep,

Preludes each sweet;

Anguish and broken sleep

For trail-torn feet.

The ideal beckons; Haste!

Dost wherefore drift?

Why shuffle, longer waste?

The cross uplift!

Life's Dardanelles are passed,

The seamless war;

Lo! in the East at last,

The Blazing Star!