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DREAMS.

Flashing through our plastic minds
Comes something we call--dreams.
From whence they come, or where they go,
Or what their purpose means
Is often lost and soon forgot
By many a dreamer spent.
But Oh! the things we might have done
With stuff the dreams were lent.

No great reform, no work of art
Was ever yet begun,
Unless some dreamer held his dream
And staked his all upon
An inspiration, which he knew
Could mold from substance things
So rising from a nether plain
He gave his soul--wings.

That soared and dipped and rose again
Beyond the bounds of men
Who could not glimpse the greater height
To which they might ascend.
And those brave souls--those pioneers,
Who blaze a path that gleams
Put sign posts on the great highway
From whence we catch more dreams.