

I, too, have dreamed of fame and glory,
And viewed the future bright with gold;

T was in the radiant summer weather,
When God looked, smiling from the sky;
And we went wand'ring much together
By wood and lane, lone and I,
Attracted by the subtle tie of common
thoughts and common tastes,
Of eyes whose vision saw the same,
And freely granted beauty's claim
Where others found but worthless wastes.

Life became a different story;
Wherever I looked, I saw new light.
Earth's self assumed a greater glory,
Mine eyes were cleared to fuller sight.
Then first I saw the need and might
Of that fair band, the singing throng,
Who, gifted with the skill divine,
Take up the threads of life spun fine,
And weave them into soulful rhymes.

And God unclasped the book of Ages,
And laid it open to our sight;
Upon the dimness of its pages,
So long consigned to rayless night,
He shed the glory of his light.

We read them well, we read them long,
And ever thrilling did we see
That love ruled all humanity,—
The master passion, pure and strong.

Ione

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Ah, yes, 't is sweet still to remember,
Though 't were less painful to forget;
For while my heart glows like an ember,
Mine eyes with sorrow's drops are wet,
And, oh, my heart is aching yet.

It is a law of mortal pain,
That old wounds, long accounted well,
Beneath the memory's potent spell,
Will wake to life and bleed again.

So 't is with me; it might be better
If I could curb my heart, and fetter
From reminiscent gaze my mind
Or let my soul go blind— go blind!
But would I do it if I could?
Nay! ease at such a price were spurned;
For, since my love was once returned,
All that I suffer seemeth good.

I know, I know it is the fashion,
when love has left some heart distressed,
To weight the air with wordful passion;
I ever held so dear a guest.

Love does not come at every nod,
Or every voice that calleth “hasten;”
He seeketh out some heart to chasten,
And whips it, wailing, up to God!

Love is no random road wayfarer—
In life, each heart holds some sad story—
The saddest ones are never told.