



Ambition

A LAD full of youth's effervescence
Romped, heedless of care all day long,
On his face was the smile of contentment,
In his heart ever waking, a song.
The days glided on, Oh! so slowly,
His spirit was restless within,
He saw the wide world spread before him,
And had only one wish—to begin.
The wise words of those more familiar
With life and her smile, glad and grim,
Seemed empty, and carried no omen,
For time spread abundance for him.

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An old man with tottering footsteps
And locks silvered white with the years,
Stands looking back o'er a pathway
Marked with victories, sorrows and tears.
Behind is a life he has honored,
Ahead stands the grim specter, Time.
The sands in the hour-glass remorseless
Run out—still the mystical chime—
Sounds on, on and on, and the traveler
Whose conquering hands palsy and fall,
Cries out for one moment to linger,
But the reaper cares not for his call.
The Angel of Death claims the victory,
The bright light of Life flits away,
And nothing is left of the worker
But cold and now tenantless clay.
The broad seas of Life for one moment
Are rippled—but soon close over all—
The waves roll along and the breakers
Dash high, shake the earth and then fall.

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