

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers I*, 1885 – 1886 Oct 3, '85 to May 29, '86) The original is very badly faded.

Budget – Hinkle editor
April 24, 1886

Ambition

Slowly my work creeps onward to the end;
Too soon, unfinished, it will finish be;
When I must cross the everlasting sea,
Dividing life from life, and friend from friend.
But if, perchance, some ghostly breeze could rend
The mist behind me, leaving vision free,
Long ages hence, to wander back and see
How fares the world that once I partly kenned;
It would be pleasant slowly to retrace
My buried footsteps, and at last descry
Among the people of a stranger race,
Something of mine that had not chanced to die.
One deed that lived: one word that kept its grace;
Binding that life to this in immortality.

F. W. Clarke