

# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

## "A Little Bit of Everything"

### CHattel YESTERDAY

Brought to this land, enslaved, debased,  
 Crushed were all impulses for nobler things.  
 Under the lash of cruel masters, who  
 In their greed for gold, plunged on,  
 Wading through the blood and tears of black  
 men.

Men, made in God's own likeness,  
 Helpless in their misery:  
 Helpless did I say? No, for God  
 Was not asleep, upon His throne.  
 "He who notes the sparrow's fall,"  
 Eyed with displeasure, the servitude,  
 The misery of these, His children.  
 These children of ebon hue,  
 Whose hearts were wrung with anguish;  
 Whose backs were bent and bruised.  
 Their hopes for freedom and culture  
 Were not crushed, only dimmed  
 By haunting fears for their offspring,  
 So earnest prayers ever ascended,  
 At morn, noon and night.  
 From lips and hearts of  
 Men and women, chattel of  
 Greedy lords and masters of their lives.  
 "Lord, send us freedom," was their cry,  
 "Send us release from this degradation  
 And burning shame that is upon us."  
 Their plea was heard; they were freed.

### TODAY

Today they are half-free, half-slave,  
 Lynched, disfranchised as of old,  
 Pushed aside for aliens from other shores;  
 In the busy rush for work  
 To keep body and soul together.  
 Must they lose hope, or let  
 Ambition die, because of  
 Man's inhumanity to man?  
 Never! Never! Hope must be ever  
 Kept alive, God lives and reigns,  
 Master of men's souls and destiny.  
 And in His own time, and by His will,  
 All wrongs will be made right.  
 And crooked ways made straight.

—MRS. LILLIAN B. HARRIS

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### WE CAN'T FORGET

Can we forget in these few years  
 The suffering, sacrifice and tears  
 Of those who fought?

They fought for you; they fought for me  
 Our gratitude must never be  
 A thing that dies.

Who realizes or who knows,  
 Like they who endured the bloody woes  
 Of war's curse?

No monument can e'er portray,  
 To the world, the generations of today,  
 Those contrite hearts.

We honor them who live, who died,  
 Only a day, 'Tis Glorified, 'Twill ever be.  
 The fathers, husbands, brothers and sons  
 Who rallied to the cause of their dear ones  
 We can't forget.

—JOHN D. OWSLEY

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### THE TEACHER

Lord, who am I to teach the way  
 To little childrer day by day,  
 So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them KNOWLEDGE, but I know  
 How faint they flicker and how low  
 The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them POWER to will and do,  
 But only now to learn anew  
 My own great weakness through and through.

I teach them LOVE for all mankind  
 And all God's creatures, but I find  
 My love comes lagging far behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be,  
 Oh let the little children see  
 The teacher leaning hard on Thee.

—DR. LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

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### RONDEL TO EURICE

But still I yearn for my lost bliss,  
 For all my thoughts are of the past,  
 And of her thrilling burning kiss  
 Which thrilled those days that fled fast.

And then my heart in misery cast  
 Is cheered whene'er I think of this;  
 But still I yearn for my lost bliss,  
 For all my thoughts are of the past.

And though my yesterdays I miss,  
 I will never be downcast  
 When destiny makes all things amiss.  
 For 'til I die my hopes will last,  
 Though still I yearn for my lost bliss.

—RICARDO WEEKS

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### WORLDLY PREDICAMENT

One-half the universe in fire  
 The other half but fans the blaze;  
 Psyche withers in Thor's smoke,  
 Venus, now, an artist's joke,,  
 Ceres, come next spring, many choke;  
 While Mammon is the honored sire,  
 Cupid stumbles in a daze.

The world is like a tattered king  
 With a bloodroot in his crown  
 And a bottle to his lips;  
 With his eyes closed, long he sips  
 As his kingdom by him slips;  
 Man must halt this idle fling  
 Ere the flag of hope burns down.

—ARTHUR GLENN McLENDON

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### UNKNOWN

The hammer of life in monotonous beat  
 Is silent now. The church bells tone  
 Softly in the drownin' dust, no song  
 On ears of one deafened in endless sleep.

The moon with a sober glow, in visible tone  
 Shines inward and makest complete  
 A ghastly scene of walkless feet.  
 The earth is silent, and death remains un-  
 known.

—I. C. H.

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### EVENING ON THE FARM

In the quiet winter evenings,  
 When the dreary shadows fall,  
 From a tree-top of the nearby woods  
 I hear a robin call.  
 His songs of cheer and laughter  
 Make my trouble fade away.  
 And they always sound the sweetest  
 At the end of a winter day.

—JOHN HENRIK CLARKE