

To: Alice Ruth Moore (Mrs. Dunbar) (1)  
Brooklyn

From: Mr Paul K. Dunbar

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Washington, D.C. Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> '98 Department.

No, my darling:— You are met ahead  
time now— Saturday is the anniversary  
day of your trip to New York and  
our engagement. You came on  
the 5<sup>th</sup> and I sailed on the 6<sup>th</sup>.

One year ago you promised  
to try to learn to love me—to be  
mine. One year ago I told you  
that I loved you; but today I  
realize what a shadow of a feel-  
ing it was to this I experience  
for you now. Oh my darling  
you have kept your promise.  
haven't you, you have learned  
to love me.

I can look back and downward  
over this past year and see  
how your love has led me grad-  
ually higher and higher, you even  
out of the mud it has lifted me.  
I feel weak and inadequate

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in trying to tell you what your care has been to me. I feel in even lightly touching the subject like one unpurified laying sacrilegious hands upon what is most sacred.

Darling, I bless that night a year ago that gave you to me.

Shall I ever forget that warm room in the old house on Murray street, the soft crimson light and the flower face of the girl whom all the years my heart had been waiting for?

Shall I forget our first kiss & the promise I won from you, then? Oh Alice, Alice, my heart leaps even now as I review it all. What you have been to me since, only my own heart knows. How your letters helped

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me when my days were very dark in England. How the thought that I was working to win you held me up to my duty, when success seemed past hoping for.

How the knowledge that if I failed in England, I must do something that would more than retrieve my character in your sight drove me to write my novel to work at it with a persistence I had never before shown.

How the very impulses which your love gave me drove me on over obstacles that would have frightened me, and made me snatch success from the hands of fate. All these things I must tell over to you some night when you lie close-wrapped in my arms, my lips close to your

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~~See~~, the world shut out - only  
me two and God.

Dearest, I should like to lay your  
head on my breast now and kiss  
you silently. I am awed. I am  
overwhelmed by the revelations of  
love, by its grandeur, its sublimity.  
It is religion. My good angel.

My wife - my darling!

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