

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1908

The Glory of the Dead

THE blue that speaks of youth and hope,
 And the gray that comes of years,
 Clasp hands and meet each others eyes
 In a sad-sweet mist of tears.
 Their souls grow bathed in Mem'ry's light,
 As when on autumn days
 A far-off view is dimly scanned
 Thro' evening's dusky haze.

They see again the field, the camp;
 And hear the cannon's roar;
 The voice of comrades and of friends
 Now silent evermore.
 They help to swell the mighty song
 That sings of triumph won;
 They hear their country's loud acclaim
 For duty nobly done.

So, marching onward, here they meet,
 Where white and silent tombs
 Are strewn by kindly, gentle hands
 With Nature's fairest blooms.
 Why should not, then, youth's heart beat high—
 Age proudly rear its head —
 In feeling they've a right to share
 The glory of such dead?

Peter H. Doyle.