

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1908



Why speak of the scythe
 and the hour-glass
 As the bards so long have
 sung?
 Why should we notice how
 Time may pass
 So long as the soul is
 young?
 Let wrinkles come and the
 head grow gray—
 It's never a cause for
 tears,
 For Methuselah hoped and
 laughed, no doubt,
 When he had nine hundred
 years.

They fail to learn their lesson
 right
 And take the dross for gold,
 Who think gray hair, a wrinkle or two
 Are marks of growing old,
 Joy's songs may be as gladly sung,
 And e'en in better tune
 If the heart keeps time with the proper beat—
 In December than in June.

So, when it haps' in the run of
 days
 That we turn the New Year page,
 Why point to Time, with his dented
 scythe,
 Or other signs of age?
 What is it, in truth, that has been brought
 By the seasons in their whirl
 Where a boy, a light-winged promising lad
 Gives a good-bye kiss to a girl?

No talk of tombstones on
 Life's road;
 No milestones of the past,
 But dreams of Hope and
 songs of Joy
 Each merrier than the last,
 And whether we're eighty,
 or twenty, or ten,
 Let this New Year's praise
 be sung:
 Not Nineteen Hundred and
 and Nine years old;
 But that many years still
 young.

P. H. Doyle