

AS THE YEARS PASS BY  
January 1951

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? Psalm 4:2

...the earth hath he given to the children of men. Psalm 115:16

The little New Year rode the midnight sky  
With belief in his future rising high,  
Till he caught a glimpse, through a moonlit cloud,  
Of the Old Year leaving earth in his shroud.

"You look weary and wan," the New Year cried,  
When their journey had brought them side by side.  
"Is the world then such a terrible place  
As I see by the anguish in your face?"

"Nay, nay, not the world," said the Old Year. "No,  
But it's man himself is his own worst foe,  
So I'm passing my message on to you,  
My work must go on, though my life is through.

"The glory of God, as the Psalmist said,  
By misdeeds of men becomes shame instead,  
For each is entitled, by right of birth,  
To the means of life on his home, the earth.

"Yet nature's bounty you'll everywhere see  
Held just by a few, through human decree,  
For pleasure or gain, while multitudes die  
For lack of the plenty there is nearby."

"Your torch kindles mine," the New Year then said,  
As close past each other they quickly sped.  
"I'll heed what you say as my light burns clear,  
To end this wrong for a Happy New Year!"

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