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A S T H E Y E A R S - C O B Y
(Psalms 4 & 115)

The little New Year rode the midnight sky,
With belief in his future rising high,
Till he caught a glimpse, through a moon-lit 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, by human decree
For pleasure or gain, while multitudes die
For lack of the plenty there is near-by."
"Your torch kindles, whether they quickly sped,
As close past each day, as my light burns clear,
"I'll heed what you say, A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"
To end this wrong, for

So do

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