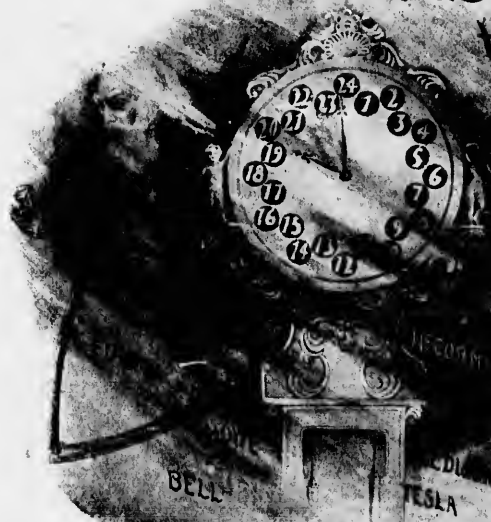


The Clock that Strikes the Years



As dim ages rolled away in Time's eternal scroll;
I heard the thunders of the past in muffled cadence roll,
Like celestial psalms' shouts from some triumphant soul,
Above the sea and the dim, beyond the shores of earth,
From the gates of the world, from old creation's birth,
The centuries rolled by with steady swing and tread,
Their banners complete—there are no heroes dead;
Their banners, though they are glinting in the sun,
They all file past, and every one I count them one by one,
But seen or not in shine or shade, their banners are unfurled,
In majesty to greet each breeze that plays across the world,
And listening ages bow before Achievement's Pioneers,
Proclaimed to every nation by the Clock that Strikes the Years.

The roll-call of the Century—what splendid names are those!
They made for peace and progress, they lessened human woes;
The wide world pays them homage—they have no worthy foes.
How clear it rings upon the ear, each well-remembered name—
Fulton, Whitney, Stephenson—undying is their fame;
Goodyear, Tesla, Ericsson—ye know them all full well—
McCormick, Bessemer, and Howe, Morse, Edison, and Bell.
These are the Giants of the Age—the Century that's past,
With heart and brain, and sturdy hands, their monuments were cast
In living deeds! Their work goes on forever and for aye,
Memorials of marble—bronze—these crumble and decay.
But—hence, hence, when Time grows old, these stalwart grenadiers
Will still be named and honor by the Clock that Strikes the Years.