

1897. News carried (292 pieces)

GREETING.



1897.

A Happy New Year, friends! Old Father Time
Hath wrought me this occasion for a rhyme.
Methinks the old man looketh spruce and spry
For all the years he hath been ambling by.
Instead of a Saturnine apparel rude,
He hath the marvellous raiment of a dude.
What changes he hath sanctioned year by year,
From knight and monk and silken cavalier.



The little hours on little wings have flown ;
The days have passed, and into months have grown,
The months, on pinions light and soft, have fled ;
And here, behold, the very year hath sped.
How many chances we have let slip by ;
How many aspirations, bold and high,
Have come to naught their futile sails unspread ;
How many last year hopes are dead, dead, dead.