

YOUTH

The world is but a g'owing rosary,
 Whose golden beads are told day after day,
Whose shadows dim and scarce perceptible,
 But emphasize the rightness of each day.

It glows unstained by tears of memory,
 Or life's inevitable touch of gray.
The world is but a glowing rosary,
 Whose shining beads are told day after day.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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