

MISS TWO YEARS.

Think of the sweetest things you will
Miss Two Years Old is sweeter still:
A little darling dimpled thing
That sure should wear a cherub wing:
A tiny angel sent to bless
The world with love and happiness,
A fairy flower that somehow grew:
A little lovely dream come true.

Old Earth to greet her nursling brings
A myriad tender blossoming things:
She gives her meadows grasses sweet,
To kiss the little wandering feet:
She calls her bluest brightest skies
To smile into the childish eyes,
And teaches little winds a song
To sing to Baby all day long.

Miss Two Years rules by right divine
And all men worship at her shrine:
She knows that heaven and earth were made
To give her joy or lend her aid:
She makes sad hearts forget their pain
And weary age feel young again,
The dreamed-of, longed-for age of gold
Is just the Age of Two Years Old.

----- W. M. DOYLE