

## 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 kiss  
The world with love and happiness,  
A fairy flower that somehow grew,  
A little lovely dream come true.

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bed earth to greet her mischievous things  
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.

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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 many age feel young again,  
The dreamed-of longest for Age of Gold  
Is just the age of Two Years old.

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