

TOBOGGANING.

Oh, love, do you remember
That night in cold December,
 When down the chute,
 In transport mute,
Our swift toboggan glided !
As we the steps ascended
My doubts were far from ended ;
 To love or not—
 Tormenting thought—
O, pray, be not offended.

The guests had all departed,
With joyous song, light-hearted,
 Save one lone friend,
 Whom heaven defend,
Who our toboggan started.
Then downward, lightly speeding,
All thoughts of care unheeding,
 Into the night
 We sank from sight,
Like comet swift receding.

Some fault in gravitation
O'ercame our calculation.
 O dire upset !
 You can't forget
Our swift disembarkation !

'Twas then my doubt all ended,
My soul with thine was blended,
 Ah, doubly blest
 Was love confessed
As we once more ascended !

All in that wintry weather
We climbed the hill together ;
 I can avow
 That until now
We've ceased our journey never !