

THE SWEETEST BIRTHDAY.

LET us take a ride on the long swamp road;
It is forty years to-night
Since we drove there first from the old brown
church
In the moon's enchanting light.

The tall cedars held out their loving arms
In a dress of fleecy snow,
And the hemlocks grand from the hill looked
down
On the wondrous world below.

Our young hearts were tuned to the universe,
And the earth grew strangely new,
As my whole life glowed with the thought
sublime,
That the universe was you.

And I knew then first what the preacher meant
By the soul's rich overflow;
When the strong, clear light of youth's sacred fire
In my heart began to glow.