

Yet when I weigh life's strange compounds
The gold of good piles up in mounds
Full well I know.
And in this gold of good I find
Love, friends and truth that ever hind
Howe'er winds blow.

TO MARY

Dear tiny toddler, in thy baby way,
Prattling like the brook is soft droning day.
Rippled o'er with smiles when bright shines the sun,
"Cuddle down" thy song when long day is done.
Laughing rosy morn, waking from the night,
Not so fair as thou, my soul's sweet delight.
Happy as the hour, every joy is thine,
Tendrils of thy love all our hearts entwine.
Angels guard thee o'er, may thy years be peace,
Blessed thou of God, love will never cease.

TO BLANCHE

More dainty, for sweeter than what I enclose,
Is my dear little Blanche with a little pug nose,
With a quick little tongue and a real pretty wit
Who hits very hard, hut who cares not a hit
If she only gets peppermints, candy and gum,
Then life is all sunshine though others look glum,
But I'll never look glum, hut be happy alway
If she'll smile upon one in her sunshiny way
And be merry and cheery, she may habble and prattle
But when I steal kiss I hope she won't tattle
For a kiss for a sweetie, a kiss to one girlie
Is what I think *sweetest* to take late and early.
Now good-hy little sweet-heart, think sometimes of me
When sucking these peppermints under a tree.