

TO MY SISTER, ON HER SIXTEENTH
BIRTH-DAY.

THOU art standing on life's threshold,
Looking forth with wondering eye,
On the varied fates and fortunes
Of the many passers by.

Some are clad in smiles and gladness—
Hearts untouched by grief or woe;
Others, bound by heavy sadness,
Weeping! weeping! as they go.

Some have walked a weary journey,
Furrowed brow and silvered hair,
Telling o'er the oft-heard story,
Of a life of toil and care.

Some are climbing hills of steepness,
Seeking glory and renown,
Trusting in a mortal's weakness,
Thus to win a Victor's crown.

Some are gath'ring from life's garden,
Clusters of its fairest flowers;
Never dreaming that their sweetness
Fadeth with the summer hours.

There are groups of smiling faces,
Happy in domestic peace;
Happy in the full enjoyment
Of unbroken blessedness.