

January—

(Jan. 3, 1873)

Dear Papa,

On this the third of January

All Wood. Lawn, I suppose, Is very merry

For Is it not the day on which its master

Sixty one years ago was born! Faster

And faster fly the years, and I can scarcely

Realise that my dear father is really

Almost an old man. Merry and glad

May you be on this birthday. Never sad

Through the year which is now beginnings—

This is a part of my birthday greeting--

A costly present I cannot send you,

Book, or slipper of gorgeous hue, Instead, my love, which is not at all better,

And this poor loving letter.

Sixty years and one have o'er your head

Passed with light and kindly tread.

Leaving behind but few gray hairs—

Many Joys, seme sorrows and cares

It hath been your lot to receive,

But through all, we truly believe,

With tranquil heart and peaceful mind

You have passed. Hat behind

In whatsoever man should do

To prove himself faithful, Just and true.

We would that Father Time might fling away

His scythe and hourglass) so that, as 'twere a day,

Might pass the months and years untold—

So would you then be never old.

May every blessing which a year can bring

Be yours. May all the hours for you ring

Out sweet Joy and comfort, rest and cheer—

Such is the wish of your daughter dear—

3rd Jan. 1873

Julie M. Pease