

Another ^{glad} mile stone of life reached to day
That marks the swift-passing of years,
And times page as it slowly unrolls
Finds many joys, ^{and, perhaps, a few} intermingled with tears.
Backward, you scarcely see the first ^{markers} mile stone
For the haze of the distance is there
Gently spreading a soft-filmy mantle
Over pleasures, and ^{troubles} sorrows, and cares,
But ahead, many ^{mill stones} markers yet standing
Shine out in the path fair and bright.
A promise of comfort and blessing
Contentment, and peace from the strife.