

## FROM MY STUDY-WINDOW.

I LOVE the white-capped, peaceful clouds, so still,  
 That travel down the blue aisles of the day,  
 Like young life's pure-souled hopes, fresh in the  
 play

Of golden sunbeams, shooting 'cross the hill.  
 I love the small voice of the little rill,  
 So baby-like crooning a welcome gay,  
 The green field near, holding the placid bay  
 In her strong arms, while sings the whip-poor-will.

Spring tunes her lutes to richest melodies,  
 On her pure soul the violet shelter finds—  
 And O, the light footsteps of scented winds,  
 That wander from the open, healthy seas!  
 O first love! yea, I prize thee much and more,  
 The song of glad birds through God's open door.