

The Larger View.

I stood upon a mountain top,
With distant landscape view ;
There stood another by my side,
A company of two.

The exhilarating air did blow
South-west against our face ;
Her garments fluttered in the breeze,
Her form was charming grace.

A blast much stronger than the rest
Caused me to proffer aid,
And as I took her in my arms,
Just guess the words she said.

"I could endure the greatest storm
If held in your embrace."
And then her rich brown tresses
Were scattered o'er my face.

Mountains and storms, e'en cruel blasts,
Are blessings from above ;
They carry off the selfish thought
And show the strength of love.

I ne'er enjoyed such landscape view,
Such breadth of rolling sea,
And never till that moment knew
That she cared aught for me.

WM. STRONG.