

My Venture.

The day was warm, the weather fair—
We sought the shade, yes, you know why,
Near the rustic stair—the arbor there—
Just she and I.

We talked of school and college days,
Of the girls and boys we knew ;
I much admired her charming ways—
And you would, too.

Her comely form, her winning look ;
The seat was made for two ;
Beneath our feet the silvery brook—
Refreshing, I tell you.

A delightful hour ! ecstatic bliss !
Most opportune, you must agree ;
With impulse strong I did her kiss—
Can you blame me ?

We meet each other often, still,
And have experienced more of life ;
She shares my burdens up the hill—
My own dear wife.

WM. STRONG.