

From My Window.

THROUGH slender stems of swaying daffodils
A glimpse of yellow beach and boulders green
And snowy sails that flutter white between
A rippling sea and dreamy, quiet hills.
A fairer scene no eyes could long to see!
The sunshine sheds its glory over all,
And on the sands the children's merry call
Rings through the air in joyous melody.

