

What face is this? O let my heart be dumb!
Is Alice named? Breathe not her name aloud!
She looks, and smiling, beckons us to come;
Looks o'er the silvery rim of bright cloud,
From every feature of her gentle-browed
Angelic face, long from this lone world riven,
Beam peace and joy, which to the wondering crowd
Of earth is mystery all. As snow new driven
She was a spirit pure, an angel now in heaven.

And she is not alone—two cherubs fair
Are sweetly smiling in her radiant face,
Dear ones on earth were they, a darling pair,
That only went before in God's good grace,
To spy the land, and sooth! prepare a place
Receptive in the heart, that seed be sown
To yield a thousand fold; till every trace
Of natural rebelliousness hath flown,
And all shall meet at last, round God's eternal throne.