

ON
A PORTRAIT OF MRS. JAMESON
BY HER FATHER.

In those young eyes, so keenly, bravely bent
To search the mysteries of the future hour,
There shines the will to conquer, and the pow'r
Which makes that conquest sure,—a gift heav'n-sent.
The radiance of the Beautiful was blent
Ev'n with thine earliest dreams ; and tow'rds that star
Of thy first faith, oft dimm'd, and always far,
Still hast thou journey'd on, where'er thy tent.
O, never yet in vain such pilgrimage !
Witness the poet-souls of every age :—
Long ere the Magi hail'd the prophet-beam,
Or Worship own'd an altar and a shrine,
The few who felt how real the divine,
Thus gazed, and thus imbibed th' ' etherial stream.'

A. L. NOEL BYRON (1841).