

INFANCY.

WEAK, helpless wanderer from an unknown shore,
Frail infant bark, but lately set adrift
On life's rough waves, beneath it's angry lift.
To dare its strife, and meet its tempest roar,
Thy very weakness were thy richest store.
Thou puny tyrant, love's own gladdest gift,
Thou blossom fallen down the world's blue rift,
How thou dost coil about the heart's deep core.

O crowing lips and dimpled, clinging hands,
Clear, laughing eyes and chubby, baby face,
This world without thee were an empty place.
Thou makest paradise of all earth's lands,
And bring'st a boon no other joys can grant,
Thou latest bond in love's sweet covenant.