

ON A PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

A BOY! yet in his eye you trace
The watchfulness of riper years,
And tales are in that serious face
Of feelings early steep'd in tears;
And in that tranquil gaze
There lingers many a thought unsaid,
Shadows of other days,
Whose hours with shapes of beauty came and fled.

And sometimes it is even so!
The spirit ripens in the germ;
The new-seal'd fountains overflow,
The bright wings tremble in the worm.
The soul detects some passing token,
Some emblem, of a brighter world,
And, with its shell of clay unbroken,
Its shining pinions are unfurl'd,