

And charm with sweet unconscious wiles,
 So that the tears which still will start,
 Before they fall are lost in smiles,
 And you are folded to my breast,
 And patted and caressed;
 My hand runs through your golden hair,
 The world is seen in hues of love,
 There's not a cloud in heaven above,
 And all the earth is fair!
 Scorn and hate—each evil passion flies
 Before the beauty of your sinless eyes.

You—best of preachers I have seen!
 You steal into the heart, bid flow
 The dried up streams of long ago,
 The farthest shores of memory glow
 With fragrant flowers and tempering green,
 So that this truth I more discern,
 If moral beauty we would wed,
 We must, as the Great Master said,
 Of little children learn.

OTTAWA, April 17th, 1884.

