

TO AN INFANT.

SMILE on ! thou tiny mystery, nor ope
Those tear-fed eyes now curtained down by sleep.
Wake not nor start, thou mother's tender hope!
A mother's fond eye doth a vigil keep.
Now bends she o'er thee, and recalls the kiss
And throes which gave thee being on a time,
And made thee doubly dear. Be hers the bliss
Of building summer castles for thy prime.
'Tis left for me to sigh, yea I could weep
To think how Care and Grief may come and flood
Thy cheeks with tears—rough-visaged pards which creep
Into men's hearts and steal their vigorous blood.
Then wilt thou pray release from mortal pain,
And wish thou wert a sleeping child again.