



## SMILES.

It was a smile, a fleeting smile,  
 Like a faint gleam through Autumn's shade,  
 That softly, sweetly, did beguile,  
 As it around her dimples played.  
 What are smiles, and whence their sway;  
 Smiles that, o'er the features stealing,  
 To the gazer's heart convey  
 All the varied world of feeling?  
 What are smiles?

Do they dwell in beauty's eye?  
 No! nor on her playing cheek,  
 Nor on wavy lip—though nigh  
 Seems the glancing charm they seek.  
 Where do they dwell?

Where?—their home is in the mind;  
 Smiles are light—the light of soul!  
 Light of many tints combined,  
 And of strong and sure control.  
 Smiles are light.

There is a smile—the smile of joy,  
 Bright as glance of May's fresh morn;  
 And one, that gleams but to destroy,—  
 'Tis the lightning smile of scorn.

There is a smile of glow-worm hue,  
 That glimmers 'ot near scenes of folly,  
 Pale and strange, and transient too,—  
 The smile of awful melancholy.

Like to the sad and silvery showers,  
 Falling in an April sun,  
 Is the smile that pity pours  
 O'er the deed that fate has done.

Dear is friendship's meeting look;  
 As moonlight on a sleeping vale,  
 Soothing those the sun forsook,  
 So does that o'er care prevail.