

THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

("Oui, ce front, ce sourire.")

[Bk. V. xxii., November, 1825.]

That brow, that smile, that cheek so fair,
 Beseech my child, who weeps and plays:
 A heavenly spirit guards her ways,
From whom she stole that mixture rare.
 Through all her features shining mild,
The poet sees an angel there,
 The father sees a child.

And by their flame so pure and bright,
 We see how lately those sweet eyes
 Have wandered down from Paradise,
And still are lingering in its light.

All earthly things are but a shade
 Through which she looks at things above,
And sees the holy Mother-maid,
 Athwart her mother's glance of love.

She seems celestial songs to hear,

And virgin souls are whispering near.
Till by her radiant smile deceived,
I say, "Young angel, lately given,
When was thy martyrdom achieved?
And what name lost thou bear in heaven?"

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