

## AN INFANT'S SMILE.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

SMILE ON, sweet babe! would I could know  
 Whence came that soft and beaming glow,  
 On thy sweet features thrown;  
 What joyous thought that smile has wreathed,  
 What inward voice of gladness breathed,  
 To make that look thine own.

We held not forth a glitt'ring toy,  
 Nor woo'd thee with light song to joy,  
 Nor danc'd thee high in air;  
 But gently in the cradle laid,  
 'Thine own sweet thought that smile had stay'd,  
 And fixed its impress there.

Whence came it? tho' thy mother bends  
 Caressing, as thy wants she tends,  
 Thou dost not know her voice;  
 A stranger's arm might softly hold thee,  
 A stranger's breast in love enfold thee,  
 And yet thou wouldst rejoice.

Thou hast no dream of Love's strong power,  
 The ecstatic joy, yet anxious hour  
 Thine infancy doth claim;  
 Thou hast no mem'ries of the *past*,  
 No thought the *present* to o'ercast,  
 Nor dream of *future* fame.

Oh what seest thou? what fairy dream,  
 Doth o'er thine infant spirit gleam?  
 By darker souls unknown?  
 Hear'st thou sweet voices ling'ring nigh?  
 Canst thou thro' space and ether fly?  
 Make lovelier worlds thine own?

And in thine innocence, art twined  
 With purer beings of soul and mind?  
 That fly, when thou wilt know

This earth's o'erclouded tale of life,  
Of sorrow, and of sin and strife,  
And Love's deep rosy glow?—

Thou art immortal! God hath placed  
The breath of life in thee, and traced  
His Image, babe, on thine!  
Oh doth a rainbow colour'd thought,  
By ministering spirits wrought,  
Before thy fancy shine!

How may'st thou answer? Loveliest,  
Thou wilt forget what thoughts had rest  
On each forgotten hour;  
Thou wilt look back, in vain,—no dream,  
Of what thou *wert*, will faintly gleam,  
'Thro' more awakened power.

Vainly wouldst thou the past recall,  
What did thine infancy befall,  
Its joyance and its care;  
For we have smil'd perchance like thee,  
In vanished hours of infant glee,  
Yet only know—we *were*.

Smile! while we clasp thee, gentle one,  
Whom such sweet prayers are whisper'd on,  
Smile in thy baby glee!  
One lovely thought that smile expresseth.  
Babe as thou art, a FATHER blesseth,  
A GOD hath love for thee!

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### EARLY MORNING MEDITATIONS.

God of this universe, filled with wonders! let me look into my soul, and, collecting such powers as Thou hast endowed it with, concentrate them for a few moments upon contemplations of thy works and ways. The revolving earth will soon bear me in sight of the glorious and glory-spreading sun, whose appearance will