

PLUM'S PICTURE.

Red-golden hair with flossy wave,
 Two blue eyes filled with wonder grave,
 Cheeks tinted with rose-bloom,
 Sweet coral mouth pursed up in awe,
 For many fairy things she saw
 Up in the artist's room ;
 From out the simple little dress
 Bare in their baby loveliness,
 Two rounded shoulders come,—
 Two dimpled hands, so soft and fair,
 Holding the flowers with folded care,
 And there you have our Plum.

O, darling Plum, your three short years,
 Have held a charm to dry the tears
 Of many mourning hearts,—
 When dark the life, and deep the grief,
 No words, no help, bring the relief
 That baby-love imparts ;
 And, looking in your sunbeam face,
 Watching your ways, your winsome grace,
 Your little pleasures glad,—
 Hearing your questions, baby-wise,
 Your rippling talk, your gay surprise,
 Who, who, can long be sad ?

Dear little Plum, we love to trace
 Your likeness to another face,
 A something hov'ring o'er
 Your baby features, which recalls
 A portrait hanging on our walls,
 And brings him back once more ;
 Back to our life, as, in your eyes
 We see the father's likeness rise,
 His bright expression come,—
 And of all loves our hearts confer,
 We love you best because you were
 His darling little Plum.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.