THE HAPPY DAY.

Oh! mem'ry brings us back again
To many a green and lovely spot,
And echoes many a soothing strain,
Perchance by others long forgot;
Some gentle link enchains the heart,
Some thought reflects the pleasing ray;
And thus while meaner things depart,
We live again—the happy day.

Oh! is there one who hath not felt,
That e'en amid a life of pain,
No scenes there were, where he hath dwelt,
He would not wish to know again!
Though dark adversity hath gloom'd
The flowers that seem'd in youth so gay!
He never can forget they bloom'd
Once—once upon some happy day.

When first I met some valued friend,
When first I breathed love's fervid vow—
When first my spirit learn'd to blend
With one who loves me dearly now;
When first I saw my infant smile,
Though time speeds on his rapid way,
These memories shall my heart beguile,
And call back many a happy day.

THE FAIREST LAND.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"Tell me, gentle trav'ler, thou
Who has wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide—
Say, of all thine eyes hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes, beside?
Tis where those we love abide—
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath press'd
Though it be a fairy space;
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though it were but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;
And thou could'st make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new born roses bloom."

A CHAMBER SCENE.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together press'd—
Her blue eye shelter'd in its lid—
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose fall upon the earth did press
Like a snow flake, soft and mute:
And there, from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her light and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh God! if souls unsoil'd as these
Need daily mercy at thy throne—
If she, upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper use have we?
How hardly if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

For Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

THE HOME BEYOND THE SKY.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

There is a home—a bright pure home,
A home beyond the sky,
Where living waters gladly gush
Forever to the eye.

A spot where angels congregate,
A path by angels trod,
A promised land where those shall meet,
Who love and worship God.

'Tis placed above the burning stars,
The far spread fields of heaven,
Oh! what a glorious heritage
To the pure hearted given.

The sick heart turneth from the earth—
The yearning, eager soul,
Stretches afar in anxious thought
To that eternal goal.

Yes—like a weary bark it comes,
The plaything of the wave,
Trusting its hopes to that one arm,
That but alone can save.

There is a home—a bright pure home,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Where the worn weary rest in peace,
The home beyond the sky.

THE PILGRIM CHILD.

A stranger child, one winter eve,
Knocked at a cottage maiden's door:
"A pilgrim at your hearth receive;
Hark! how the mountain torrents roar!"
But ere the latch was raised "Forbear!"
Cried the pale parent from above;
"The pilgrim child, that's weeping there,
Is love!"

The Spring-tide came, and once again,
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child
Knocked at the maiden's casement pane,
And whispered, "Let me in!" and smiled.
The casement soon was opened wide—
The stars shone bright the bower above;
And lo! the maiden's couch beside,
Stood love!

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,
Beguiled brief Summer's careless hours;
And Autumn's labor's sons to greet,
Come forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers,
But why grew pale her cheek with grief?
Why watch'd she the bright stars above?
Some one had stole her heart—the thief
Was love!

And Winter came, and hopes and fears
Alternate swelled her virgin breast;
But none were there to dry her tears,
Or hush her anxious cares to rest.
And often as she oped the door,
Roared the wild torrent from above;
But never to her cottage more
Came Love!

SHE TOOK HER LUTE.

BY LIEUTENANT G. W. PATTEN.

She took her lute from where it slept
And placed it in the breath of Spring—
But when the breezes o'er it swept,
A wanton Zephyr broke the string;
And, as its shriek died on the ear,
(That cord's wild shriek when snapp'd in twain)
With measured sounds 'twas grief to hear,
The musing maid prolonged the strain:
"Oh! thus—'tis thus with her who spreads
Her bosom cords for Love to wring;
His breath inconstant breaks the threads,
And leaves the heart a tuneless thing!"

She tore a flow'ret from the shade,
And bore it to the beams of day—
But while the light around it played,
It withered 'neath the burning ray;
And as she marked each fragrant leaf
Fast sinking in the noonday glare,
Again, with mellowed tones of grief,
She sang along the scented air:
"And thus—'tis thus with her, unwise
Who courts the sun of Passion's eye;
Mid lights that seem of heavenly rise,
The startled dreamer wakes—to die!"

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

TO A FRIEND.

How sweet are youth's ideal dreams,
To thee my friend;
Hope, brightly o'er thy pathway beams,
And love's pure dews descend.

There is a smile in every eye—
On every brow;
And voices of rapt melody,
How they elate thee now.

Bright, vernal skies—forever clear,
Soft smile above;
No lowering clouds—no storms appear,
To hide the heaven of love.

Far distant years, to thy young thought,
Flow full of joy;
And every airy vision's caught
That savors no alloy.

Unconscious of the cares that spring
In after years,
Contentment, on her golden wing
Dispels life's gloomy fears.

But ah! the future,—who can tell
What's written there?
Will joy and bliss, thy bosom swell?
Or grief, and pain, and care?

Will clouds of sorrow overcast
Thy morning sky?
And disappointment's withering blast
Bid each bright vision fly?

Or will thy life's meridian sun
Be fair as ever,—
And lovely still to gaze upon?
To set in darkness never?

Prophetic vision is not given,
Thy fate to see;
But bright as angel bows in heaven,
I pray thy course may be.

May dark suspicion never rest
Upon thy brow,—
And radiant joy within thy breast
No sterling virtue bow.

May friends surround thee, and caress
With smiles sincere;
And every heart conspire to bless
One it esteems most dear.

And when thy brief, bright days are past,—
Life's sun declines;
May glory crown thy end at last,
Where truth forever shines. C.

"Remembered Beauty."

A holy image,
Shrined in the soul—for ever beautiful,
Undimmed with earth—its tears—its weakness—
And changeless. Anon.

Long years have pass'd; but yet, in silent mood,
When pleasure to the heart is but a dream,
And life with cheerless gloom is canopied,
Amidst my musings, when I stray alone
Through moorland wastes, or woodland solitudes;
Or when, at twilight, by the hearth I sit
In loneliness and silence, bursting through
The shadows of my reverie appears,
In undecayed perfection, the same smile,
The same bewitching and seraphic form—
It cannot pass away—it haunts me still—
From slumber waking on my midnight couch,
Methinks I see it floating beautiful
Before me—still before me, like a star
O'er the dark outline of a mountain steep;
And, when the glory of the crimson moon,
Tinging the honeysuckle flowers, breaks in,
There still it passes o'er the pulseless mind,
Revolving silently the by-past times,
Quiet and lovely, like a rainbow gleam
O'er tempests that have shower'd and pass'd away.

Long years have pass'd—we cannot soon forget
The lightning gleams that flash upon the heart;
Nor pass, amid the solitudes of life,
Its bright green spots unnoticed, or its flowers.
Long years have past—'twas on a festal night,
A night of innocent mirth and revelry,
When bounding throbb'd the youthful heart, and smiles,
Play'd meteor-like, upon a hundred cheeks,
As if contagiously; while sparkling lamps
Pour'd forth a deluging lustre o'er the crowd,
And music, like a Syren, wean'd the heart
From every grovelling and contentious thought,
From every care. Amid familiar friends,
The lovely, and the faithful, glad I stood
To mark them all so joyous.—As I gazed
An eye encounter'd mine, that startled me—
Sure never breathing creature was more fair!
Amid the mazy movements of the dance,
Accordant to the music's finest tone,
Sylph-like she floated; graceful as the swan
Oaring its way athwart a summer lake,
Her step almost as silent;—as she stood,
Again that heavenly eye encounter'd mine.—
Pale was the brow, as if serenest thought,
Quiet, and innocence, alone dwelt there;
But yet, around the rosy lips, there play'd
A laughing smile, like Hebe's, which dispell'd
Its calmness, and betoken'd life and joy.
Her golden tresses, from her temples pale,
And from her rounded alabaster neck,
Were filletted up with roses and gay flowers,
Wove like a garland round them; skiey robes,
The tincture of the young Year's finest blue,
Were thrown in beauty round her graceful form,
And added to its brightness; so that he,
Who dwelt on it delighted, almost fear'd
The vision would disperse into the air,
And mock his gaze with vacancy.—'Tis past.—
Years have outspread their shadowy wings between,
But yet the sound of that fair lady's voice
Hath been a music to my soul unheard;
The lightning of that glorious countenance,
The shining richness of that golden hair,
The fascination of those magic eyes,
The smiling beauty of those small red lips,
The graceful lightness of that angel form,
Have been to me but things of memory.—
Before that festal night, 'mid woman-kind,
That peerless form did never bless my view,
It was to me a blank—a thing unknown;—
After that festal night, my wistful eyes
Have never feasted on its loveliness;
I know not whence it came—or whither fled—
I know not by what human name 'tis call'd—
Whether 'tis yet a blossom of this earth,
Or, long ere this, transplanted into Heaven!
It is to me a treasure of the mind,
A picture in the chambers of the brain
Hung up, and framed—a flower from youthful years,
Breath'd on by heavenly zephyrs, and preserved
Safe from decay, in everlasting bloom!

It cannot be, that, for abiding place,
This earth alone is ours; it cannot be
That for a fleeting span of chequer'd years,
Of broken sunshine, cloudiness, and storm,
We tread this sublunary scene—and die,
Like winds that wail amid a dreary wood,
To silence and to nothingness; like waves
That murmur on the sea-beach, and dissolve.
Why, then, from out the temple of our hearts,
Do aspirations spring, that overleap
The barriers of our mortal destiny,
And chain us to the very gates of Heaven?
Why does the beauty of a vernal morn,
When earth, exulting from her wintry tomb,
Breaks forth with early flowers, and song of birds,
Strike on our hearts, as ominous, and say,
Surely man's fate is such?—At summer eve,
Why do the fairy, unsubstantial clouds,
Trick'd out in rainbow garments, glimmer forth
To mock us with their loveliness, and tell
That earth hath not of these?—The tiny stars,
That gem in countless clouds the midnight sky,
Why were they placed so far beyond the grasp
Of sight and comprehension, so beyond
The expansion of our limited faculties,
If, one day, like the isles that speck the main,
These worlds shall spread not open to our view?—
Why do the mountain steeps their solitudes
Expand?—or, roaring down the dizzy rocks,
The mighty cataracts descend in foam?—
Is it to show our insignificance?
To tell us we are nought?—And, finally,
If born not to behold supernal things,
Why have we glimpses of beatitude—
Have images of majesty and beauty
Presented to our gaze—and taken from us?—
For Thou art one of such, most glorious form!
A portion of some unseen paradise,
That visitest the silence of my thought,
Rendering life beautiful.

Song.

BY HALLECK.

The harp of love, when first I heard
Its song beneath the woodland tree,
Was echoed by his plighted word,
And ah! how dear its song to me;
But wail'd the hour will ever be
When to the air the bugle gave,
To hush love's gentle minstrelsy,
The wild war music of the brave.

For he hath heard its song, and now
Its voice is sweeter than mine own;
And he hath broke the plighted vow
He breathed to me and me alone.
That harp hath lost its wonted tone,
No more its strings his fingers move;
Oh! would that he had only known
The music of the harp of love.

Of the following poem, by the late Thomas Pringle, a Scotchman, who lived several years on the border of the British Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and who wrote it in reference to the desert in that part of the world, Coleridge says:—"I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language."

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain, like ghost of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanished to soon;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolded to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—forgone!
And I—a lone exile remembered none—
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush Boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high—
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away from the dwellings of men;
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild-vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the fleeting cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain by twilight grey;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest.
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away—in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child.)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!

DEATH: (AN EXTRACT.)

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'Tis good to think on death—it bends the will
From that stern purpose which no man can hold
And yet be happy; we must go and fill
Thought with affection, where pale mourners fold
The shroud around those chill limbs whose fair mould
Imaged unearthly beauty. Why not blend
With tears awhile, and leave that stern, that cold
Contempt of all that waits us, when we end
Our proud career in death, where all, hope-lifted, bend.

'Tis good to hold communion with the dead,
To walk the lane where bending willows throw
Gloom o'er the dark green turf, ere day is fled,
And cast deep shadow on the tomb below;
For, as we muse thus silently, we know
The worth of all our longings, and we pay
New worship unto purity, and so
We gather strength to take our toilsome way,
Which must be meekly borne, or life be thrown away.

Widow of the City of Nain.

By Thomas Dale.

"The spirit of her son to cheer,
With hopes, she now had ceased to feel;
From that dread stroke, which menaced near,
A few short bitter days to steal:
To sooth the languor of decay
She strove—all other cares were fled;
And midnight's gloom, and morning's ray,
Still found her watching by his bed,
To render, with unwearied hand,
All love could do, or pain demand.
The very firmness of despair
Had nerved her weaker heart to bear;
Or never had that mother borne
To seem him die—and thus to die—
Untimely wasting, ere the morn
Of youth had passed unclouded by—
While art essayed in vain to save,
Or smooth his passage to the grave.
Whate'er his inward pangs might be,
He told not—mute, and meekly still,
He bowed him to Jehovoh's will,
Nor murmured at the stern decree;
For gently falls the chastening rod
On him, whose hope is in his God:
For her too, who beside his bed
Still watched with fond maternal care,
For her he breathed the pious prayer—
The tear of love and pity shed.
Oft would he bid her try to rest,
And turn his pallid face away,
Lest some unguarded look betray,
The pangs, nor sigh nor sound expressed.
When torture racked his breast, 'twas known
By sudden shivering starts alone:
Yet would her searching glance espy
The look of stifled agony—
For what can 'scape a mother's eye?
She deemed in health she loved him more
Than ever mother loved before;
But oh! when thus in cold decay,
So placid, so resigned he lay,
And she beheld him waste away,
And marked that gentle tenderness
Which watched and wept for her distress;—
Then did her transient firmness melt
To tears of love, more deeply felt:
And dearer still he grew—and dearer—
E'en as the day of death drew nearer.
Noon came and fled—and evening gray
Cast o'er the room a sombre shade:
Alike to her were night and day—
Her eye was never turned away
From the low couch where he was laid.
She could not weep—she could not pray,
Her soul was dark—and with despair
Devotion mingles not—the prayer
Breathed hopelessly, was breathed in vain:
Her all of being centred there,
And dragged her thoughts to earth again.
Her's was that bitterness of wo,
Which sighs or tears can never reach,
Which mocks the bounded powers of speech:
A recklessness of all below—
Of all around—above—but one—
The dying youth she gazed upon.
So looks the mariner on the wave,
Which onward rolls his opening grave;—
On battle fields, with slaughter red,
Where friend by friend has fought and bled,
So looks the dying on the dead.
Her hopes, her love, her earthly bliss,
Her very soul was bound in his;
And now the fatal hour was nigh,
When all but life with him must die,
And what—when he had ceased to be,
Oh! what was life but misery?
A night with cheerless gloom o'ercast,
A maddening memory of the past;—
The desert of the joyless breast,
Death's apathy—without its rest.
Mute, motionless, as if he slept,
His head upon her breast reclined;
And yet, though horror coldly crept
Through every vein, she never wept,
Calm and resolved, but not resigned.
When Hope's last lingering ray was o'er,
Despair itself her heart might steel,
Through all that she had felt before—
And all that she was now to feel.
Ha! why that wild convulsive start?
The agony has reached his heart;
The parting pang, that throbs no more,
Has withered life, and all is o'er.—
No! still he lives; th'unequal strife
Still nature bears, if that be life—
A closing conflict—soon to cease—
A prelude to eternal peace.
A moment—as the fiery ball
Flashes, but darkens ere it fall.
A moment, waked from that deep trance,
His eye beamed forth, and in its glance
There was a fiery energy—
A lambent ray, life's last endeavor
To sparkle ere it fade for ever—
And summon all its strength to—die.
Still heavenly hope's undying flame
Shone 'midst the wreck of nature's frame;
And through the mortal could she see
The germ of immortality.
He strove to speak—he gasped for breath—
Not all in vain—though instant death
Had touched his heart; one faltering word
He spoke, and yet another;—
(The rest were as a dying groan,
An indistinct and hollow moan;)
And all he said, and all she heard,
Was, "mother! *dearest* mother!"
Life could no more: he sighed—he ceased—
His head upon her bosom lay;—
She looked—without a groan released,
The soul had passed away.
A smile was still upon his face,
A placid calmness on his brow,
Which Death itself could not erase,
Those might have soothed her once, but now—

* * * * *

'Tis eve—the sun's departing beam
Serenely sheds its purest gleam;
The liquid clouds of airy lightness,
Which tempered his meridian brightness,
That graceful thro' the fragrant air,
A thousand hues reflected there,

Day, like a virgin, whose young bloom,
Lost love, and blighted hopes consume,
Is loveliest in decline.
It beams for all—yet only he,
Whose breast from pining care is free,
(If such, alas! on earth there be,)
Will gaze on that fair eastern sky,
With bounding heart and raptured eye."

HE MARINER'S SONG OF HOME.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

The blue waves leap around me,
And thousand leagues away
Our proud ship on her outward track,
Breaks the wild billows spray.

She sports upon the waters,
She cleaves the whitening foam,
And the mariner again is borne
Far from his love and home.

I see thee in thy gentleness,
My fair and cherish'd bride,
My little ones around thy knee,
Frolic in childhood's pride.

And infant laughter on mine ear,
In many a mocking tone,
Breaks the sad silence of my watch,
Upon the seas alone.

No more I train the woodbine vine
Around thy lattice high,
No more my welcome and reward
I find within thine eye.

No more thy voice's music comes
Like song of mountain rill,
With strains of joyous happiness,
My bosom's depths to fill.

No more within thy dove-like clasp
My own rude hand doth lie,
As when together we have roved
Beneath the starlit sky.

Thy sailor braves the stormy wave,
He meets the billows roar,
That beacon guides him on the sea,
That lights him on the shore.

Then fare thee well—the sounding surge
Bears me afar from thee,
As the white gull, on soaring wing,
Sails proudly o'er the sea.

The bright blue summer sky's above,
Around—the lashing foam,
But the sweet picture's in my heart
Of thee beloved, and home.

From the National Ægis.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF DR. BANCROFT.

The old man is at rest; the full-ripe ear
Is gathered to the granary of God.
The noble relic of the olden time,
Beneath the weight of years, has sunk at last.
The shepherd, silver-haired and reverend,
Has gone to meet the flock of his first love,
By heaven's still waters and its pastures green—
The spirit's "father land." The living link
Which bound this generation to the last
Lies broken in that old man's new made grave.
That manly heart, which sorrows of long years
And lingering frosts of age could never chill;
That calm, clear eye, that mirrored to the last
The light of heaven; that earnest, fearless voice
To which our fathers lent a reverent ear,
Which fell upon our own as the deep tones
Of some old oracle; and that strong mind
That poured new light upon the word of God,
Which based its faith upon the adament,
And reared its structure from the living rock,
Are ours no more.
And yet we shed no tears:—
The work which God gave him to do, was done;
His weary spirit sigh'd for its repose;
The voice of death was music to his ear,—
An angel's whisper, which but called him home.
That soul illumined by the holy fire
Upon our earthly altar fanned by him,
Why should we mourn, that it is radiant now
With celestial light which from the throne
Of the Eternal pours its dazzling rays?
Or that with rapture it hath met again,
In closer fellowship, the loved on earth,
And with the wise and good of ages past,
In heaven made perfect, held communion sweet?

Calmly the good man sank to his repose;
There were few clouds around his setting sun,
And they were kindled by the golden light
His sinking orb upon its pathway threw.

Welcome and beautiful art thou, O Death,
When, in the tranquil evening of his life,
Thou comest gently to the good man's couch,
To loose the tie which binds him to the earth,
And bear his spirit homeward on thy wings.
Oft is thy form with awful terrors clad;
To HIM thou art arrayed in robes of light,
And in thy face his sinking eye beholds
An angel's lineaments, and on thy brow,
A seraph's holy smile.