

My dear Sophie,

With kind compliments to Mr Van Druys I forward the translation of ~~the verses~~ he did me the honour to request. You will see they are freely translated, & very badly, but I had only so day I could give to them, & have been so constantly interrupted that I have never had one ten minutes quite to myself, so I hope he will excuse my poor performance.

On looking over my large pears I found so many with spots that I almost doubt if these I send you, will keep sound till you go to Ghent. They do not keep at all this year.

May God bless you, dear, & your sweet Babe, whom kiss for me. And may you all be preserved long to each other. With kind compliments to your kind Mamma

Believe me Yours very affectionately
Catherine V. Heron.

Mamma sends her very kind love.

Infant's smiles.

An. Infant smiles with angel smile
And gives us back our Eden's rest.
A sacred charm — as hymns beguile
Flows through the kneeling mother's breast.

Encradled now, he sleeps, how soft.
At evening breeze so lilies close.
His cheek now glows, he smiles more oft,
His dream's unsadden'd by earthly woes.

'Tis that around his peaceful couch
Plays a winged brother in soft embrace
Whose sainted kisses of Heaven vouch
And nectar drops from his dwelling place.

Mysterious smile which Heaven bestows
On the lips of the infant, young host of our world
Who in ecstasy dreams, for his dawn but knows
A fond mother's love around him furled.

He sees her again in his dream & his life
Recall his joy, in glad memory's strain
His brow as a lake ^{where} ~~which~~ no ripple dips
Reflects a peace which man seeks in vain.

But tears will flow down these dimpled cheeks
His mother with kisses must solace her boy
As she of elect ones piously speaks. —
— But alas! in his dreams he will see no joy.

Château de Vincennes
Oct. 31st 1843.