

IN MEMORY OF
MY GRANDSON, GOWAN, WHO DIED,
MAY 13TH, 1890.

My angel boy, my darling Gowan,
I feel thy presence very near,
I know thou see'st poor Grandma bowing,
Imploring strength, her grief to bear.

And while I'm at the throne of grace,
My spirit clasps thy snowy robe,
Thy wings wave o'er my tear stained face,
I feel it, as I talk with God !

No more you'll count your Morning Glories,
Here in your little garden bower ;
Or ask Mamma for Bible stories
In the quiet evening hour.

My lovely boy, I close my eyes
And look right through the pearly gates
At your new garden in the skies
Where well I know my darling waits.

Oh ! Gowan dear, God's gift divine,
My heart cries out aloud for thee !
I hear no other voice but thine,
No other face I care to see.

Forgive me Lord ! if I repine
O'er the flower you took to bloom in heaven ;
I know, the lovely flower was thine ;
And only for a season given.

Altho' no more, your lips can tell
The love you had for me,
You'r in Christ's fold, and all is well ;
Grandma shall go to thee !