

❖ The Garden and Lawn. ❖



MORNING GLORYS.

LAUGHING sunshine, summer showers,
Freshen all our leafy bowers,
Each baby creeper firmly clings
To its tiny leading strings.

Morning Glorys ope their eyes,
And look up where the glory lies,
With steadfast gaze the livelong day,
Until the hour when cherubs say

“Our Father,” and sweetly sink to rest
Until the hour of all the day the best,
The hour my gentle “angel boy”
Sprang from his little couch with joy,

To count his morning glories o’er,
And laughed as “Flora” added more.
One day our darling did not rise,
His “glories” gazed up to the skies,

Where he had fled on angel wing
Right to the “Palace of the King.”
God knew his holy love for flowers,
And gave him everlasting bowers,

Where beauteous buds and blossoms spring,
When’ere they hear the seraphs sing,
As the morning stars together sang
When Eden was prepared for man.

GRANDMA GOWAN.