



## GORDON.\*



BEAUTIFUL boy, with golden hair,  
 Tell me what thou see'st there ;  
 Gazing on the western skies  
 With those far-off earnest eyes.

Just such an earnest, wistful smile  
 Had sainted Gordon of the Nile !—  
 Fond wishes crave a nobler field  
 Of fame than what a sword can yield.

God make you worthy of your sire,  
 To wield the pen with patriot fire—  
 I see in that broad, massive brow  
 The genius that fills it now.

I see in your angelic face  
 Early tokens of God's grace,  
 And trust 'tis God's eternal plan  
 To make of you a noble man !

Long may his mother live to see  
 How divinely sweet is he ;  
 A golden radiance covers her  
 As she clasps her Gordon Lorimer !

GRANDMA GOWAN.

\*Three year old son of the editor.