

Our Little Visitor



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A little tiny bit of clay
Lies yon beneath the sod.
She came to visit not to stay,
And, then went back to God.
Her angel spirit—free and glad,
Shall never know a care;
Untouched by sin, no blight to bear,
She'll dwell with Jesus there.

A tiny bud, so sweet and pure
Just for a while to grow
Beneath life's hot and scorching heat—
Only a small pain know.
Now, she's transplanted by God's love,
Where she shall bloom for aye,
Never to wither nor to fade;
Never to pass away!

Though there's a pain within my heart,
'Tis blessed just to know
That where she is, so filled with joy,
We too can shortly go.
Father, when death creeps o'er our hearts,
Help us to be a pure
As this, our Darling Daughter, was.
We thank thee, Lord, for her!

Marie Fowler