

Poetry.

OLD HANNAH—AN AGED DISCIPLE.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN

Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
 Drops down on the heart, like dew,
 And the sunbeams gleam
 Like a blessed dream,
 Afar on the mountains blue.
 Old Hannah's by her cottage door
 In her faded widow's cap ;
 She is sitting alone
 On the old gray stone,
 With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging o'er her head,
 And the burn is whimpering by,
 The primroses peep
 From their sylvan keep,
 And the lark is in the sky.
 Beneath that shade, her children played,
 But they're all away with death,
 And she sits alone,
 On the old gray stone,
 To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
 And her eyes are waxing dim ;
 But the page is bright
 With a living light,
 And her heart leaps up to Him,
 Who pours the mystic harmony,
 Which the soul can only hear ;
 She is not alone
 On the old gray stone,
 Though there's no one standing near.

There's no one left to cheer her now
 But the eye that never sleeps
 Looks on her in love
 From the heavens above,
 And with quiet joy she weeps.
 She feels the balm of bliss is poured
 In her worn heart's deepest rut ;
 And the widow lone,
 On the old gray stone,
 Has a joy the world knows not.