

however, in carrying out my programme, give you a specimen or two. What could be more feeling than his "OLD HANNAH?"

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm  
Drops down on the heart like dew,  
And the sun beams 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 grey stone  
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging o'er her head,  
And the burn is wimpling by,  
The primroses peep  
From their sylvan keep,  
And the lark is in 'he sky.  
Beneath that shade her children played,  
But they're all away with death,  
And she sits alone  
On the old grey 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 grey 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 Heaven 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 grey stone  
Has a peace the world knows not.

What an admirable reprimand does he not administer in "THE GREAT OLD HILLS," to those who can see nothing better in these beautiful objects than the deformities of nature?

To the hills all hail !  
The hearts of mail ;  
All hail to each mighty Ben !  
They were seated there—  
On thrones of air—  
Long ere there were living men.  
From the frozen north  
The storm comes forth  
And lashes the mountain rills,  
But they vainly rave  
Around the brave  
The great old hills.

They are fair to view  
With their bonnets blue ;  
They are Freedom's old grey guards,  
Each waving a wreath  
Of purple heath  
To the songs of Scotia's Bards.  
The tempests come  
And veil the sun  
While ire his red eye fills,  
And they rush in wrath  
On the lightning's path  
From the great old hills.

Men toil at their walls  
And lordly halls,  
But their labour's all in vain,  
For with ruin gray  
They pass away  
But the great old hills remain

While the lightnings leap  
From peak to peak  
And the frightened valley thrills,  
O'er storm and time  
They lower sublime,  
The great old hills.

In the "ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE POET TANNAHILL," it is difficult to decide whether the tenderness of feeling which it expresses, or the delicacy, elegance and poetical beauty of the language are most to be admired.

Lay him on the grassy pillow,  
All his toil and trouble's o'er ;  
Hang his harp upon the willow  
For he'll wake its soul no more  
Let the hawthorn and the rowan  
Twine their branches o'er his head,  
And the bonnie little gowan  
Come to deck his lowly bed.

Let no tongue profane upbraid him,  
There is nothing now but clay ;  
To the spirit pure that made him  
Sorrowing he stole away.  
Let the shade of gentle Jessie  
From the woods of old Dumblane—  
Innocence he clothed in beauty—  
Plead not for the Bard in vain.

Let the braes of grey Gleniffer,  
And the winding Killoch burn  
Lofty Lomond and Balquidder,  
For their sweetest Minstrel mourn :  
And the Stately turrets hoary,  
And the wood of Craigielee,  
Waft his name and mournful story  
O'er every land and Sea.

Let the lily of the valley  
Weep her dew above his head  
While the Scottish Muse sings waly (1)  
O'er her lover's lowly bed.  
Lay him on the grassy pillow,  
All his toil and trouble's o'er ;  
Hang his harp upon the willow  
For he'll wake its soul no more.

(The British Canadian Poets to be concluded in our next.)

## EDUCATION.

### On Elocution Generally Applied.

A PAPER READ BY MRS. SIMPSON, MONTREAL.

When the kind invitation to read a paper before this Association reached me, I at once felt a wish to accept it. I was sure of meeting with an indulgence which would take into consideration that I am not a public speaker, but only a teacher who loves her calling and desires at all times to reciprocate gratefully the good will of those who are one with her in the bond of a common profession, and to do what she may by example and precept to stimulate and encourage her younger sisters. I was asked to choose some subject bearing on Female education. It was not easy to make my selection, because for four years past I have devoted myself entirely to the study of the Scriptures and have lost sight practically of specialties of all kinds. Suddenly it occurred to me that a trouble which meets me in my own class, which is experienced by my assistant teachers, which exists, as I am told, in most schools and in girls' schools more particularly, might be profitably brought under your notice here.

(1) From the beautiful old Scotch ballad,—

"Waly, waly, up yon bank,  
And waly, waly, down yon brae."