

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

\$1.50 per Annum.

OTTAWA, MONTREAL, TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

Single Copies, 5 Cents

## GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

So you've brought me this costly Bible,  
 With its covers so grand and gay ;  
 You thought I must need a new one,  
 On my eighty-first birthday, you say ;  
 Yes, mine is a worn-out volume  
 Grown ragged and yellow with age,  
 With finger prints thick on the margin—  
 But there's never a missing page.

And the finger prints call back my wee ones,  
 Just learning a verse to repeat ;  
 And again, in the twilight, their faces,  
 Look up to me eagerly sweet.  
 It has pencil marks pointing in silence  
 To words I have hid in my heart ;  
 And the lesson so hard in the learning,  
 Once learned, can never depart.

There's the verse your grandfather spoke of  
 The very night that he died ;  
 "When I shall wake in his likeness,  
 I, too, shall be satisfied."  
 And here, inside the old cover,  
 Is a date—it is faded and dim,  
 For I wrote it the day the good pastor  
 Baptized me—I've an old woman's whim.

That beside the pearl gates he is waiting,  
 And when by and by I shall go,  
 That he will lead me into that kingdom,  
 As into the one below  
 And under that date little Mary,  
 Write another one when I die,  
 Then keep both Bibles and read them—  
 God bless you, child, why should you cry ?

Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,  
 With its wonderful clasps of gold.  
 Put it carefully into that drawer ;  
 I shall keep it till death ; but the old—  
 Just leave it close by on the table,  
 And then you may bring me a light,  
 And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages  
 To think of, it wakeful to-night.