

The older maiden, Margaret,
Was only twelve years old,
She'd deep blue eyes, and golden hair,
A spirit firm and bold.

The younger one was Alice call'd.
She'd but ten summers seen :
Her eyes were dark, her hair was brown,
A little Highland queen.

They with their father lived alone,
High on the mountain side ;
Their mother died some years ago ;
He was their only guide.

But ere that mother slept, she call'd
The oldest to her bed,
And gave her Bible, old and loved,
To keep when she was dead.

" I have not long to stay, my child,
It is my last request ;
Oh, read and prize this precious book.
When I have sunk to rest.

" Dark times are coming o'er the land—
The scourge, the stake, the sword—
And they who love the simple faith
May suffer for their Lord.

" I see the clouds—I hear the roar
Of bigotry's fierce flood :
You, child, may suffer for your faith,
And seal it with your blood.

" Should ever that dark trial come,
Be firm for Christ that day ! "
So saying, with a faint, sweet smile,
Her spirit pass'd away.

But in that tender heart those words
Held long a mystic sway ;
And how she kept that last request
My story soon will say.

Dear friends, 'tis well for you and me,
We worship undismay'd ;