

only sung on very special occasions, and with the assistance of a special choir. The special occasion was the day the minister preached his "Jubilee Sermon." This sermon was an annual one, and was preached to commemorate "The Endowment." It was the same sermon every year.

As the minister read over the verses with stately grace, all eyes turned on Peter. He was painfully embarrassed and could not disguise the fact. A breathless silence filled the building as he went through the preliminaries with his tuning fork. The joiner winked to the blacksmith knowingly, and we sat and stared. Peter arose, and "Oh send thy light forth" came from his lips in jerky tones, but the congregation did not catch the swing. They did not recognize "Invocation" as the "Jubilee day Invocation." The minister looked down towards his family seat, in the corner; the postman coughed, a forced cough, and Peter went through the tuning fork preliminaries again. He started up once more, but just as he was raising his hand on the upward beat, he trembled and swayed. His face turned ghastly pale, and his voice dropped to faint guttural sounds. With a clash the tune book fell from his hands; he sank into his chair and swooned away. A stillness that was painful had now crept over all. The minister leant over the pulpit, quite horror struck, and James McRae of Whinnyglen rushed on tip-toe into the vestry. Gavin Shanks of Braefoot crept forward and was undoing Peter's collar, when the minister's wife, a gentle lady, slipped over, and, putting her bottle of smelling salts into Shanks' hand, whispered: "Try those, Gavin, try those." But—Gavin was a farmer, and had never in his life seen a bottle of smelling salts; concerning bottles he had only one idea, and that was "that in order to render the contents effective the cork must necessarily be taken out." So he undid the cork, somewhat clumsily, and was in the act of putting the contents into poor Peter's mouth when James appeared carrying the water jug from the vestry. He advanced and dashed the water in the fainting man's face just as Gavin shook the dregs of the smelling salts into the tailor's throat. The combined efforts of the two elders had, needless to say, an effect. Peter heaved frantically for a moment or so; then, with a great struggle he coughed—and even now, though many years have since rolled past, I still imagine I hear that cough. They carried him out into the vestry and the minister called upon the gardener to finish "Invoca-