

But finally someone began to sing, and all joined in an old and familiar melody. Then we sang together many of the choruses which are wont to be sung by a group of healthy, care-free lads on such occasions, such as "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and "My Old Kentucky Home." Then the phonograph was started, selections from which were interspersed with stories and readings, so that the rocks echoed with the unwonted sound of musical and literary classics. "The Stovepipe Hole," McNally's favorite recitation, never sounded more amusing than on this occasion, nor did we fail to appreciate some of the oft-repeated stories related by Whittaker. George had a pet yarn concerning a cave near the mouth of the St. John River, which he had explored thoroughly, discovering a second entrance, and finding various indications which led him to conclude that Captain Kidd had made use of it on at least one occasion. This, when told to the accompaniment of the beating surf, was quite realistic and thrilling.

But, to have closed our evening in this way would have been sacrilegious, in view of the solemnity of the surroundings. Accordingly, our leading spirit, L. B. Wilson, of St. John, read, by the waning light of the fire, from the 107th Psalm that beautiful reference to the sea, which seemed peculiarly appropriate on this occasion. As he read in his manly, sonorous voice, all of us were deeply stirred. I believe that the impression of that hour lives in the memory of all of us to this day:

"These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end."

We recalled majestic scenes that we had witnessed on stormy days, when the sea was in a fury, and we remembered nights when we had remained awake to listen to the thundering of the sea upon the beach. On such a night one could not help believing in God, and looking to Him for protection. As the reading proceeded, we could understand the words of the Psalmist:—