

cloth were attached. These were passed in and out among the long pews just before the benediction, to receive the offerings of the people.

Such were the furnishings of the quaint, old house of God, plain, homely it may be, but sacred. The Gaelic fathers and mothers who worshipped there have long ago entered into their rest. The churchyard holds their dust, but the old church is gone. Nothing of it remains but one bare, unsightly spot that the grass and brambles cannot cover. Tread softly, traveller, for this is holy ground. A little child once thought she saw God there, in the presence of his ministers. It was a childish fancy, but the Lord truly was gracious unto his people in this lowly tabernacle; many sought and found Him there, and worshipped Him in the Beauty of His Holiness.

KLEOS, '02.