

Never Falletb.

Mrs. McTavish stooped to the floor to pick up something and to wipe away a tear.

"Found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, but that which is through faith in Christ," continued Kirsty softly, as though talking to an unseen presence.

"Don't be talkin' so, Kirsty," said Mrs. McTavish; "the tea ha' made ye better a'ready, Ye'll be the spryest o' the lot o' us when Colin comes; an' I ha' a feelin' he'll come for ye soon."

"Tell Colin should he come back, Agnes, that I'll be waitin' for him in that country where there are no misunderstandin's." Mrs. McTavish turned her back suddenly and looked hard out the window.

"Can ye no sing me a bit psalm, Agnes? Ye were always sich a fine singer in the choir. I doot I ha' the voice to help ye much, but somehow ma heart feels like singin', an' all mornin' it's been goin' over the psalm sung last Sabbath in the kirk—'God is our refuge.' Find it, Agnes; it's the forty-sixth," and she passed Mrs. McTavish the psalter, which was on a stand by the bed.

"Ah, Kirsty, I havna been brought up in the kirk all thae years an' needin' a bit buik to sing that," and Mrs. McTavish's rich contralto voice broke into—