

lying between the thwarts cursing and blaspheming me, the bilge water swishing about him.

Putting the craft before the wind, I hoisted a strip of close-reefed mainsail, and setting my course west-south-west, steered for home. A little before sunrise, when the dark sky above the Machars to the eastward was changing into light purple and scarlet and blue, I sighted Drumore, and the first of the fishermen going out to haul their crab and lobster pots. Eager questions broke from them, for never again had Drumore thought to see us alive, so violent had been the squalls. A glimpse of Kirke silenced them.

"Ay, ay," quavered Old Murdoch McDouall, as he helped his stalwart sons to lift him out of the boat and up the quay

steps, "ye've heard the Nine Tides calling, and cam back alive to dry land. Few have done that. Thank ye God, young sir!"

He and his sons carried Kirke home. I turned up the steep little village street, and tapped on the White Witch's door, and walked in on her as she was blowing on her peat embers to rekindle her fire.

She nodded in triumph. "And so," cried she in her shaky old voice, "ye've heard the Callin' o' the Nine Tides of *Sron-Na-Boghar, and seen the Ship forbye. Maybe ye'll think better o' this auld Scots spey-wife, noo, than that a' she tells ye be lies."

Old name for the Mull of Galloway, Wigtonshire, Scotland: meaning 'The Hill of the Wild Goats.'

God's Dwelling Place.

George E. Winkler

Some seem to think that God abides
Beyond the farthest, faintest star,
And with His ether-piercing eye
Looks down upon us from afar.

Some think He lives in boundless space—
Illimitably high and wide—
And none may say 'twas *here* or *there*,
The Deity did once reside.

To me He ever seems to dwell
Where Beauty most enthralls the Soul,
And teaches in the Silences
From out the Vast Created Whole.

He's speaking in the dewy rose,
The gleaming stars, the mountain rills;
And in the pale-grey mists that creep
At eventide across the hills.

He speaks in yonder snowy peak,
So changeless, solitary, high;
And in the melancholy pines
That reach toward the wintry sky:

So when I hear my brother's God
Was seen or heard *there* Yesterday,
I will not haste to mark the place,
For lo! He's *here* with me Today.