

ble that ma strength ma' sune give way, but a'll tell ye what a'm willin' to do."

The visitor waited anxiously to know what service he was going to render her and what comfort she might offer to him, but both were beyond her guessing.

"Sae lang as a've got strength and ma reason continues clear, a'm prepared to argue with you concerning the lawfulness of using anything except the Psalms of David in the praise of God either in public or in private."

Dear old Scot, the heir of many a covenanting tradition and the worthy son of covenanting martyrs, it was a strange subject of discussion for a man's last hour, but the man who could be true to the jots and tittles of his faith in pain of body and in face of death was the stuff out of which heroes and saints are made. He belonged to a nation who might sometimes be narrow and over-concerned with scruples, but which knew that a stand must be taken somewhere, and where it took a stand was prepared to die.

The visitor was as wise as well as gracious woman, and grasped the heart of the situation. "No, no," she said, "we will not speak about the things wherein we differ, and I did not know the feeling of the Scots about the singing of the hymns. But I can understand how you love the Psalms and how dear to you is your metrical version. Do you know I have been in the Highlands of Scotland and have heard the Psalms sung, and the tears came into my eyes at the sound of the grave, sweet melody, for it was the music of a strong and pious people."

As she spoke the hard old Scot's face began to soften, and one hand which was lying outside the bedclothes repeated the time of a Scots Psalm tune. He was again in the country church of his boyhood, and saw his father and mother going into the table seats, and heard them singing:

"O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is
Be stirred up His holy name
To magnify and bless."

"More than that, I know some of your psalm tunes, and I have the words in my hymn-book; perhaps I have one of the Psalms which you would like to hear."

"Div ye think that ye cud sing the twenty-third Psalm—

'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want'?

for I wud count it verra comfortin'."

"Yes," she said, "I can, and it will please me very much to sing it, for I think I love that psalm more than any hymn."

"It never runs dry," murmured the Scot.

So she sang it from beginning to end in a low, sweet voice, slowly and reverently, as she had heard it sung in Scotland. He joined in no word, but ever he kept time with his hand and with his heart, while his eyes looked into the things which were far away.

After she ceased he repeated to himself the last two lines:

"And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

"Thank ye, thank ye," he said, after a little pause, and then both were silent for a few minutes, because she saw that he was in his own country, and did not wish to bring him back by her foreign accent.

"Mem, ye've done me the greatest kindness ony Christian cud do for an' ier as he stands on the banks of the Jordan."

For a minute he was silent again, and then he said:

"A'm gaein' to tell ye somethin', and a' think ye'll understand. Ma wife and me wes married thirty-five years, and ilka nicht of oor married life we sang a psalm afore we gaed to rest. She took the air and a' took the bass, and we sang the Psalms through frae beginning to end twal times. She was taken frae me ten year ago, and the nicht afore she dee'd we sang the twenty-third Psalm. A've never sung the psalm since, and a' didna join wi' ye when ye sang it, for a'm waitin' to sing it wi' her new in oor Father's hoose the mornin's mornin', where there'll be nae nicht nor partin' evermore."

And this is how one Englishwoman found out that the Scot is at once the dourest and the tenderest of men.—*Westminster Teacher*.



Determination Wins Success.

IN a recent book, Orison Swett Marden gives the following instances of the power of determination, backed by hard work, to bring success.

"Do you know," asked Balzac's father, "that in literature a man must be either a king or a beggar?" "Very well," replied his son, "I will be a king." After ten years of struggle with hardship and poverty he won high success as an author.

"Why do you repair that magistrate's bench with such great care?" asked a bystander of a carpenter who was taking unusual pains. "Because I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit on it myself," replied the other. He did sit on that bench as a magistrate a few years later.

There is about as much chance of idleness and incapacity winning real success, or a high position in life, as there would be in producing "Paradise Lost" by shaking up promiscuously the separate words of Webster's Dictionary and letting them fall at random on the floor. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel; upon men who are not afraid of dreary, irksome drudgery, men of nerve and grit who do not turn aside for dirt and detail.

"Circumstances," says Milton, "have rarely favored famous men. They have fought their way to triumph through all sorts of opposing obstacles."

Determination, perseverance, sublime faith in God and in yourself, are the keys to success.