

is well pleased, the same as angels echo round the throne.

It was hard for me to proceed with the service, for I knew that God Himself had spoken. The sacred bush was in flame before us as in the olden time, and the place whereon we stood was holy ground. The portion I had chosen for the reading was from First Corinthians, the apostle's great eulogy on love; and my voice faltered as I read some of its wondrous words.

Before I had finished it, my resolve was taken. I came down from the pulpit and stood before it, the elders all about me.

"Let us have our unbroken number," I began; "the kirk session is constituted, and I call upon such as have been chosen to serve within it, to come forward and assume the holy office. After this, the sacrament of forgiving love will be dispensed."

I paused—and no one of all the multitude seemed to breathe. But a moment passed, and then a sound broke the stillness. It was the sound of moving feet, and the elder-elect arose and came slowly forward, his head bowed as he came.

"Kneel down, Angus," I said softly. He kneeled, and I had almost begun, my hands outstretched above his head. He raised his face to mine, lowered to meet it. A moment told me what he wished to say.

"Stand up," I whispered.

When he had risen, I said aloud: "Angus Strachan,