

worship before we separated. So he took the Bible. But, before he opened it, he started one of the old familiar psalms, just as we had always done at home.

"We'll sing the one hundred and twenty-sixth," he said, with something of grandeur in his manner that reminded me of Harold's grandfather; for that is one of the sublimities of the Scottish race. I have heard both Gordon and his father declare that something could be found in the psalms to suit every occasion, no matter what. But I wondered what could express the emotion of such a time as this. "We'll sing the one hundred and twenty-sixth," Gordon repeated, already pitching the key to the "grave sweet melody" of a tune that bore the happy name of St. Andrew's. And we sat in silence as he sang

"When Zion's bondage God turned back
As men that dreamed were we;
Then filled with laughter was our mouth
Our tongue with melody."

Harold's head was bowed; my eyes were fixed on Gordon. For my heart was busy with the thrilling memory of that long distant night when I first had heard the power of that earnest voice, first learned the grandeur of these mighty songs. Gordon seemed unconscious of our presence. His eyes were lifted up, beyond the things of time: he was like one lost among the hills, transported by