

can it be—can it be—that like as a father——?”  
the rest lost in the billow of an overflowing heart.

Murray had already announced the closing Psalm. The forty-sixth was the one he had chosen; and he had already read the opening lines.

But Dr. Seymour, who was standing now, beckoned him to stop. Murray leaned over from where he stood and the older man whispered something in his ear.

“We’ve decided to take a hymn instead,” Murray intimated a moment later to the audience. He announced it, reading it through to the end.

And there may still be found, in the Kootenay some, some amid the snows of the Yukon, some on the golden slope of the Pacific, those who strive in vain to describe the wondrous burst of melody with which the service closed that night. For Leonard stood beside his father—and Henry Hawkins, glorying in his tears, had crept up beside them both. And about the father and the son there surged the mighty strain from strong men’s throats, rude toilers of the woods, grimy delvers of the mines. Deep and triumphant came the swelling tide of song, touched here and there by the silvery colouring of a maiden’s voice. Every head was lifted high, every