

I was naturally a Congregationalist, my grandfather having been one of the first preachers in the village. Harry was an equally strong Methodist.

The temperament of the two churches was quite different. While the Congregationalists leaned towards conservative reserve, the Methodists went all out for expressed feeling and emotion.

At quite frequent intervals the Methodist church put on a series of revival services. A powerful exhortor was hired, handbills passed out, inviting the community to enter the "gates" (the Methodist church at the moment) and be Saved. The church was always full for these meetings, and as the week progressed and the tension grew, it was packed to overflowing.

All came to "see the show" and try the strength of their resistance to the revivalist's exhortations. These speakers were trained to the last word in emotional appeal and swayed that congregation as if the members were so many puppets.

It was inevitable that Harry would go to the meetings, taking me along. One night towards the end of the week, when the Preacher was reaching the climax of his ministrations, Harry and I sat in one of the back pews on the aisle. There had been the usual hymns - "Let the Harbor Lights Be Shining," "Just As I Am Without One Plea," "Onward Christian Soldiers," and finally dramatically - "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!" The congregation which had been standing for some time, relaxed with a gentle rustle, and for a moment there was