

complete silence.

Then in a low voice, as though starting from far away, but coming nearer and nearer, the Preacher began his appeal to the Sinners to come up to the altar, confess their sins and be Saved. As his voice grew more impassioned and persuasive, I heard a faint sob as an old lady arose from the seat in front of us and stumbled up the aisle. She fell on her knees on the altar steps and cried in a quavering voice "I want to be saved!"

"Glory be," said the Revivalist.

"Yes, glory be" said the local clergyman, standing by.

"Amen! glory be" echoed the congregation, "Ma Perkins is Saved." That started the procession of sin conscious souls. Two went up, then two more, then three, until Sinners were fairly tumbling over each other for a place before the rail. The minister motioned to the organist to play and all joined in "O Lord What a Worm Am I" -

The movement towards the altar being well under way, the Revivalist began walking up and down the aisles, speaking personally to those whom he felt needed special prodding. He stopped beside our pew. I had been getting more and more petrified inside. We Congregationalists are frightened rather than wooed by so much emotion. The preacher selected Harry as a good subject for the softening process and began to talk to him in low coaxing tones.

Harry stood like a ramrod and gazed straight ahead. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye--the blush which covered his face had blotted out the freckles. I found