

talization. If in the original text the article were "the" and not "a", as translated in the unrevised version, the comparison almost certainly was to the Needle's Eye, an aperture through which it was possible for a camel, after having its load removed, to stoop and squeeze through. Plainly, therefore, the inference to be drawn was that the rich man, throwing aside his riches, might squeeze into the kingdom.

*The Rich  
Man Might  
Squeeze In*

But riches with us was not a besetting sin. The incident, therefore, of the comparison to the camel having passed, conditions of more immediate interest were considered and our secret sins dissected, much to our discomfiture and chagrin. The local parson, we had reason to suspect, might have known or divined our peculiar weaknesses, but it was marvellous how directly a visiting revivalist could diagnose our individual cases and reveal sins that we long had believed to be outlived and forgotten. Not that he ever mentioned names, but everyone knew, for instance, when he emphasized jealousy, that he included all the members of the choir, when he charged pride and haughtiness he meant Lizzie Lavery; jealousy and two-facedness, Mrs. Simpkins; selfishness and vanity, Henry Perkins; inordinate display, Mrs. Ezekiel Brown, who always wore the puffiest sleeves and the largest bustle; secret sins, me. As a matter of fact, whenever it came to secret sins I hadn't a word of defence, and several times I was on the point of going forward.

Going forward was the sinner's avowal before the world of his sinfulness and his penitence. To some backward persons it was a hard ordeal. Others went without a qualm. But in most instances confession was a result of prayer. It was the practice to ask whether anyone present desired special prayers to be presented in his behalf. The request was made standing. And having once stood it was not so hard as it otherwise might have been to confess sin, step out into the aisle and go forward to the penitents' bench.

The bench never would have been crowded had it not been for those few gentle souls who realized most keenly their need of salvation and who, like deadhead applauders in a theatre, always could be relied on to give the movement a start. One of these was old Mrs. Bake. With her went also Miss Smith, the dressmaker, Mrs. Pigeon, who everybody said was on her last legs, and old Mr. Mullett, who never failed to start "Rescue the Perishing" without provocation and who shouted

*"Rescue the  
Perishing."*