

# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE REVIVAL

RELIGION, like everything else, had with us its periods of depression, and if occasional revival meetings had not been held it would have been touch and go between the devil and the divine.

*The Devil  
and the  
Divine*

The devil, as we knew him, was a resourceful being, cunning, artful and, beyond all other things, plausible. And we knew him well. For he passed much of his time in our midst, executing his designs in the most adroit manner and succeeding beyond our worst fears in corrupting an otherwise godfearing people.

He was a very sympathetic devil. As I recall it, many of us went to him without much provocation. For he could be found almost anywhere, and he had many agencies. The tavern was the most attractive. It we regarded as his headquarters. But he had other points of advantage. He could be found at threshings, logging bees, dances, paring bees, picnics, and I have heard it said that he had the audacity to enter the holy precincts of the church. As to that I have no conclusive evidence apart from the fact that old John Noyes became "possessed" one night during Revival because the leader started to sing "Throw Out the Life-line" while John was still praying. Everybody agreed that John had prayed long enough, that he was something of a nuisance, anyway, and that whenever he lost his temper, which he lost oftener than anything else, he became like the Gergesenian swine, a ready looking-place for the devil. But devil or no devil, John withdrew from the meeting, resigned later on from the church, and ever afterwards until he died, the year of the San Jose scale, he lived in quiet retirement, doing his few chores night and morning, and not bothering, as far as we could see, over religion, theology or his soul's salvation.

Salvation, of course, was the grand purpose of the Revival. It was intended also that there should be a great quickening

*Salvation  
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Purpose*