

At length, with a sudden acquisition of resolution, the evangelist glanced at his watch, rose, and catching up a bundle of hymn books from the table, thrust them with unnecessary energy into the hands of a boy who sat on the side bench beside his mother. The boy was Lawrence Gwynne.

"Take these," said the man, "and distribute them, please."

Lawrence, taken thus by surprise, paled, then flushed a quick red. He glanced up at his mother and at her slight nod took the books and distributed them among the audience on one side of the room while the evangelist took the other. As the lad passed from bench to bench with his books he was greeted with jocular and slightly jeering remarks in undertone by the younger members of the company, which had the effect of obviously increasing the ineptitude of his thin, nervous fingers, but could not quite dispel the whimsical smile that lingered about the corners of his mouth and glanced from the corners of his grey-blue eyes.

The meeting opened with the singing of a popular hymn which carried a refrain catchy enough but running to doggerel. Another hymn followed and another. Then abruptly the evangelist announced :

"Now we shall have a truly *great* hymn, a hymn you must sing in a truly great way, in what we call the grand style, number three hundred and sixty-seven."

Then in a voice, deep, thrilling, vibrant with a noble emotion, he read the word :

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride."

They sang the verse, and when they had finished he stood looking at them in silence for a moment or two, then announced solemnly :

"Friends, that will not do for this hymn. Sing it with your hearts. Listen to me."

Then he sang a verse in a deep, strong baritone.

"Now try."

Timidly they obeyed him.