

Miss Willmott, organist to the little church and maiden aunt to all the boys in the neighbourhood, was playing Sunday School airs on a diminutive and short-breathed church organ which occupied the extreme right of the generous platform at the upper end of the room. The people, as they gathered in the front pews, joined in singing the familiar "gospel songs" which Miss Willmott was playing. The church filled up slowly with an unusually assorted congregation. The battalion of College boys, of greater age and more studious appearance than that term means to the general ear, sat, a solid mass, up one side of the room. The "godly women" of the neighbourhood, clothed with that plain severity which evangelicalism still requires of its votaries in the rural sections, made the large body of worshippers in the rest of the church. Their daughters accompanied them in many cases, and sometimes an earnest-faced husband, whose rapt attitude and nervous lips proclaimed him a man of marked religious fervour. The boys, when they came, showed a love for the back seats and a wistful enmity toward the "College chaps." The scholarly faces of a few College Professors, and the brighter dresses of their wives, were sprinkled throughout the gathering.

The meeting began; and hymns, laden with emotional reminiscence, and an impassioned prayer swollen by cries of "Amen, Lord!" "Do it, Lord!"

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