

pamphlet was strong in its belief that God's children got all that there was for them at conversion. Aimee said "No". Conversion came first, then sanctification, and the fruits of the spirit. She ran through the Gospels to prove it, with the speed of a race horse. Her audience laughed and exulted with her and loved her as she covered the church's criticism at every point. There was no malice in her words. Everything she said glowed with good humor. She closed the service exactly at twelve thirty, leading the congregation in the old hymn, "Revive Us Again", and surely the Temple was filled with the sound of a rushing wind.

Aimee was a conductor of great ability. She understood the effect of sound and movement upon people. She knew that when people clapped their hands, when they sang, it loosened something in their hearts.

The woman who sat beside me was a staunch Presbyterian whom I had known in Manitoba. She told me she had been a member of Aimee's Temple for eight years. When I asked her what had led her away from John Knox she said she had been attracted to Aimee because of the great work she was doing for the young people of Hollywood.

"This Temple," she said, "is not only a great church auditorium. It is a Bible school, a college, a settlement house and a relief centre. It is open every night of the week and no needy person is ever turned away from its door. The young people come here because they have good fun and wholesome recreation mixed with instruction. Times change you know. John Knox's methods would not do for Los Angeles in this year of 1938. Churches here have to meet the competition of moving picture shows and dance halls. Aimee inspires people, gives us a vision, and makes us all feel important. She makes us work, but she works harder herself than any-