

"I thank the Lord," Charlie began, and then he seemed to choke and all fill up. But presently he began again.

"I've been a terrible bad sinner in my day, I have," he began. "I've got drunk. I've sworn. I've lied. I've played cards and danced and committed sins not fit to mention. But thank the Lord, I'm saved."

"Amen!" shouted old Mr. Mullet, "hit or miss."

Here was an opportunity for Miss Pringle to start "We'll Cross the River of Jordan". And as soon as the singing died down the Member got up.

"All along," he said, "I was in doubt whether or not I was actually converted. For I had led a worldly life, but, thank the Lord, now I am convinced that I have been converted. Some have said that they could not convert me, but," he said, reaching into his pocket, like every good politician, for the certificate the revivalist had given, "if any person is in doubt about it, I have here the document to prove it."

"Hallelujah!" shouted the revivalist, and in the same breath he started to sing "There is a Fountain".

During the singing Henry Perkins came down the aisle, with his dicky sticking outside his waistcoat, and began to wrestle with Charlie, the agnostic. There were a number present who were known to be seeking salvation, and it had been whispered here and there that Charlie was one of them. Miss Pringle, Lizzie Lavery, old Mr. Mullet and Mrs. Pigeon were moving up and down the aisles asking for any who were not at peace with the Lord, and the revivalist by this time was intermittently singing and praying and shouting encouragement.

I could see Miss Pringle coming perilously near to me. I was sitting a little apart from the other boys, but close enough for them to overhear anything that might be said. I hung my head and waited for the onslaught, because I knew that Miss Pringle, having sung with me in the choir every Sunday for six months, was interested in my future estate. Bending over me, the gentle lady asked timidly yet distinctly enough to be overheard by the other boys,

"Don't you want to be saved?"

For a moment I was unable to answer. If I had answered that I wanted to be saved, then she would have started in to save me. And if I had said that I didn't want to be saved, I might have been struck down dead right then and there and

*"Amen!"
Shouted Old
Mr. Mullett*

*"Don't You
Want to be
Saved?"*