

Sing his praise, ye lofty mountains; rolling
oceans, mighty fountains:
Roaring thunders, lightnings, blazing, shout
the great Redeemer's praises.
Jesus reigns: he reigns victorious, over earth
and heaven most glorious, Jesus reigns.

The farmer, who had a soul full of poetry, although the only poems he ever read were in the hymn-book, led this first verse with a perfection of dramatic perfection never seen on the operatic stage; but he changed his tone as he led the next verse:

Come ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing —
Rebel sinners, royal favour,
Now is offered by the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, etc.

At the close of this verse a tin-shop apprentice, with a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to appear unaffected, hurried forward to the altar, and dropped at the bench with a groan. Immediately the pastor ordered another prayer, but Lem paid little attention to it; he stared at the seat the apprentice had left, and wondered why the young man, who was one of the principal evening lights of Micham's groggery, had gone to the altar. His reflections were interrupted by Brother Benkess starting the only hymn whose air he thought he knew, but about which he was lamentably mistaken; this musical failure was brought to an early end by Father Dilman, who sang—

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
When my last trial's over, Hallelujah:
I hope to shout glory,
When the world's on fire, Hallelujah.

This was followed by several verses of the old hymn beginning—

"Jesus my all to heaven has gone,"

with the second and fourth lines of the above chorus appearing between the lines of the hymn. As Father Dilman, who had once been a sailor, proceeded with the hymn, he unconsciously found his way into the aisle, and strode up and down, shouting the words in staccato, with tremendous emphasis, and looking at every one enquiringly, as if to ask if they were not going to assist him at shouting in the new world; so at least the old man's face seemed to say to Lem, and the poor boy's heart gave a bound at the thought. The world on fire? the last trial over?—oh, if it only were! and he and his father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, could stand around the great white throne he had heard of, and shout with joy over the end of all sorrow and trouble!

Suddenly the whole tone of the meeting was changed by some one who started the refrain:

Remember me, remember me!
O, Lord, remember me!
Remember Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

Numerous verses from different hymns were sung to the same music, the refrain following each verse. The first few notes sobered the congregation and made Lem shiver; as the song continued, each successive couplet sounded more and more like a beseeching wail; not a single false note marred the inexorableness of the harmony, and the couplets seemed finally to change to blows, each one more terrible than the last. Lem trembled—he grew pale—he grasped the rail of the seat before him, lest he should fall. His only comfort was that he was so insignificant and so uninteresting that no one would notice him. But he was mistaken; Aunt Bates turned her head as some disturbance took place at the door and saw Lem, and something in his appearance caused her to put on her spectacles and scrutinize him intently. The instant the hymn was ended her cracked voice was heard starting the hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

to the air generally known as "Pleyel's Hymn." The audience was in exactly the right humour to render this prayer—as both in words and music it was—in the right spirit. At the end of the first verse Lem broke down; the words:

"Hide me, Oh, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is passed,"

brought tears to his eyes, and though he dropped his head upon the back of the seat in front of him, he could not conceal his emotion. Father Dilman, who had not recovered from his excitement, noticed that Lem was greatly disturbed in mind, so he seated himself beside him, and said:

"Poor sinner, why don't you take up your cross and go forward for the prayers of God's people? There's the ark of safety—right up at that mourners' bench."

Lem still trembled and cried.

"Come right along," urged Father Dilman, laying an enormous hand on the weeping boy's shoulder. "There's always room for one more on the good ship Zion. There's a haven of rest for them that believe."

Lem only wept harder.

"Powerful convictions make glorious conversions," continued the old sailor, "an' you seem to have as much conviction aboard as a craft of your size can carry. Come along—