

before the hour of opening the regulars began to come down the sloping runways in formation, eight hundred young people, the students of her Bible school, with jaunty little boat-like caps of different colors. They had gone upstairs first to make this spectacular entry from the front and sides of the auditorium. Meanwhile the surpliced choir filed into the two choir lofts, one on each side of the pulpit. The orchestra, in the pit below the pulpit, strikingly robed in Russian blouses of bright blue with sashes of yellow, were playing one of Sousa's marches under the direction of a slim young person with a head of curly blonde hair.

When Aimee came in the great congregation broke into applause. She was dressed in white, with a rippling cape of blue lined with white. Her golden hair shone with the sheen of ripe wheat and her whole personality radiated health and happiness. She carried a sheaf of crimson roses which she laid on the pulpit. The morning sunshine poured in from eight stained-glass windows, four on each side of the pulpit. A crucifix stands high above the pulpit, with three women in postures of grief at the foot of the cross. Above that is a beautiful mural of the Sower who went forth to Sow.

The service lasted from 10:30 to 12:30, and held everyone's attention every minute. No one seemed to know what was coming next. The choir sang; the orchestra played; an Episcopal minister visiting the city sang "The Lord's Prayer". The sermon lasted for forty minutes and it revealed Aimee at her shining best. She was defending the Four Square Gospel against the criticism of some Church which had issued a pamphlet warning its people not to attend Angelus Temple on pain of expulsion. The point of disagreement seemed to be a matter of timing: Did the gift of the Holy Ghost come with conversion or at a later period? The church