

received more admiration and loyalty on the one hand, derision and persecution on the other. If Aimee had been a homely woman dressed in rusty black, with her hair pulled tightly back unbecomingly, and carried on her missionary work down a back street in unattractive surroundings she would have passed into history as a great saint. But Aimee was beautiful and knew how to dress and did not let the passing of the years destroy her beauty; she was also a great showman and a great financier and so the world in general found it hard to forgive her success.

I regret to have to record that she was bitterly criticized by many of the "good" people who failed to see that she used all her talents and all her powers to spread the Gospel of the Lord. She educated missionaries and supported them in India and China. It is true she attracted people to the Temple by her dramatic and spectacular methods, but she never disappointed them when they came, nor did she ever cheapen or soft-pedal her message. She preached to her congregation the words of life.

The last time I heard her speak she read the story of the Pentecost, for the scripture lesson and took her text from it.

"There was the sound of a rushing wind." When she read these words she stopped and smiled at her congregation. Then she leaned over the desk and said confidentially:

"I like sound. I'm not one bit afraid of sound, even in a church service. It is a good thing to make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

We had good seats in the front row of the gallery, and so had the pleasure of seeing the congregation arriving. The galleries filled first, and I was a bit disturbed at all the empty seats on the ground floor, but at five minutes