

## The Farm at Elmer's End.

(J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings'.)

Harry Bates was a settler in the far west of America. He had left England when little more than a boy, full of dreams of frontier life that had charmed his imagination. He had met with adventures, certainly—plenty of them; and yet on the whole he had found life on the frontiers of civilization dull and tame. His farm was out of the way, and sometimes for days and weeks he would see no one but the men he employed.

At last he heard from his sister. She had been but a little child when he left home, whom he petted and played with. Now she was a woman; her husband was dead, and she had a little girl to work for. At once he sent for her to come over.

He had prospered, and had a good farm,

looked, and declaring that nothing could be better or more comfortable.

But Nan—little Nan, her four-year-old child—took his heart by storm. 'She's just her mother over again,' he said to himself, and he soon began to play with her as in the olden days he had done with her mother, and he was surprised to find himself making errands into the house just to see her. He would take her out with him at times, and at others gallop away on horseback with her in front of him. But that which Nan delighted in most of all was to go with her uncle in his boat.

The farm was on a little river which rose among the distant hills. Just above the farm were the rapids, down which the stream came pouring, forming quite a cascade. She loved the gentle steady motion of the boat as Uncle Harry rowed it along, sometimes letting her hand dip into the wa-

sang some hymns together, and prayed, and read a chapter, and finished up with a little pleasant talk over it.

'Uncle Harry,' said Nan, as they sat at dinner, 'why did you not come to our little service this morning?'

'Didn't know anything about it,' was the answer. 'Where did you have it?'

'Oh! here,' was the prompt reply, 'and mother was the preacher.'

'Then I should have liked to be here,' said Uncle Harry, smiling; 'we'd better have it again to-night.'

And Nan clapped her hands at the thought of it.

'But, Harry,' said Mrs. Cooper, her face crimson at being found out; 'it was only a little singing and talk between Nan and I.'

'Well, I should like to hear some of the old hymns again. I have not heard them since I came here.'

'Then you will read if we sing,' she said.

'No, you do it all,' he said, 'and we'll call in the two men to join for we are all little better than heathen here.'

She shrank away from this more than she could tell, but dared not refuse. She thought of the church 'twenty miles off,' and her brother and his men forgetting all about Christ, but it cost her a great effort.

In the evening, when the men came in, they began with a well-known hymn. At first her voice and Nan's alone were singing, but presently her brother joined, and then the two men. She read the beautiful passage about the Good Shepherd laying down His life for the sheep, and then they all knelt down. At first she felt as if she could not pray, and there was quite a pause, and then at last she found courage and began, and poured out a very tender little prayer.

That was all. It seemed a very great thing to do beforehand. But when it was over she was glad she had done it; and on the following Sunday night it was done again, only they had more singing.

But it soon began to be talked about, and before the next week was out a farmer's wife, who lived about a mile off, called to see her. After a while she told her she had heard of this service, and said, 'I am so glad you are starting right. Do you know before I came here, Mrs. Cooper, I was a religious woman, and when we came to this place I was very troubled, but did nothing; and do you know I'm afraid I've lost my religion altogether. Oh! if I had only done as you've done!'

Mrs. Cooper could say nothing; it was so little she had done.

'And now I want you to let me bring my husband and two girls next Sunday night and join with you,' said Mrs. Terry.

'Oh; I couldn't possibly,' said Mrs. Cooper.

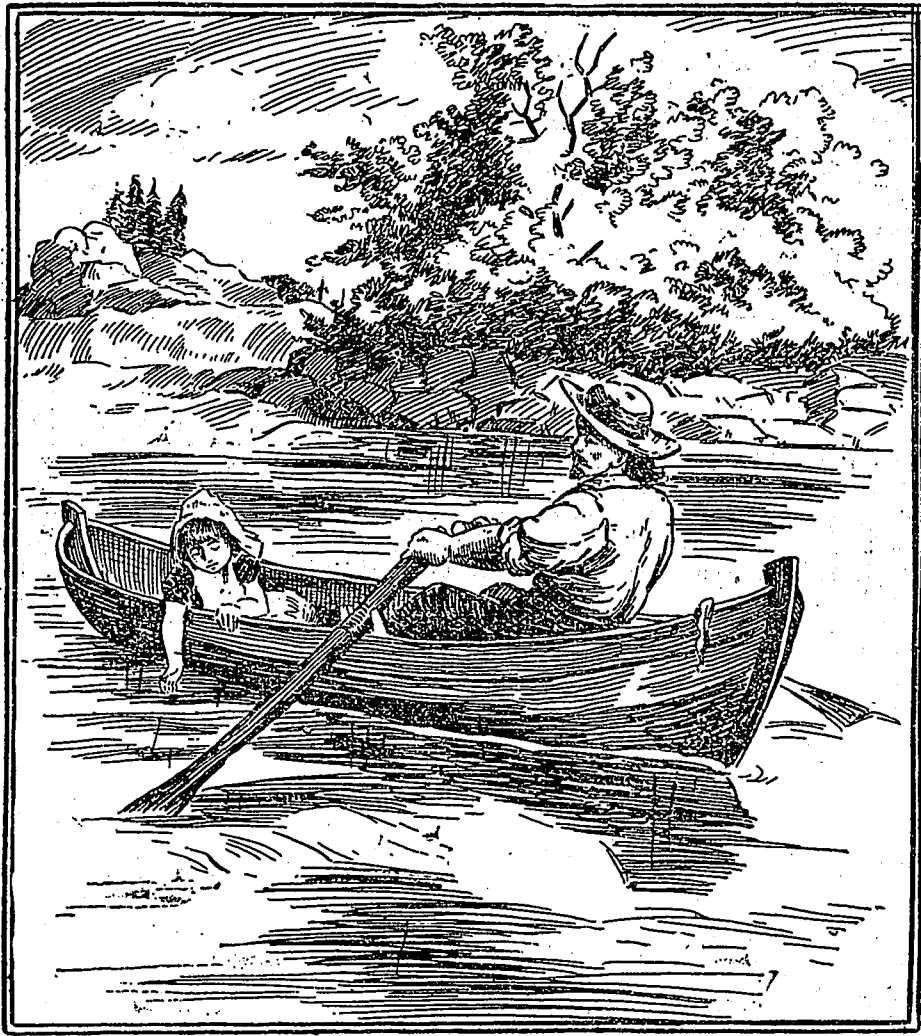
'What! not for Christ's sake?'

She paused. Yes, for Christ's sake she could, and, though she shrank from it, she would for Christ's sake.

And that was the beginning of the new church at Elmer's End. One after another begged to come, until the room was too small and they had to meet in a barn. She never did more than read God's Word and pray, and lead them in the singing, but many a soul in that wild frontier was led to seek the Lord Jesus Christ.

And when Bessie died, which was not long after, the people joined together and built a new church, and had a minister, but many of them felt the sweetest services were those she had conducted.

'I think it was your mother's brave faithfulness, Nan,' said her Uncle Harry, 'that first led me to Jesus Christ. Nothing so much as that.'



NAN WAS DELIGHTED TO GO WITH HER UNCLE IN HIS BOAT.

and thought not only that her coming would be a provision for herself, but would bring a new comfort into his own life.

As soon as he heard she was on her way he set to work to enlarge the house, for it was little more than the shanty he had found it when he came, and he went over to the neighboring township for furniture, and hoped he had made a suitable home for her.

Often he wondered while he was waiting for her whether he had done wisely in asking her to come over—whether a woman brought up in London would settle down in that far-away farm and be happy. But Bessie Cooper was a bright sensible woman and she remembered this big brother of hers, who as a little child had made much of her, and she loved him. She was coming ever purposing to make him a happy home life.

So when she got into the house she at once pleased him by saying how nice it

ter, at others chattering away in her simple loving child's talk.

But Mrs. Cooper was greatly dismayed when she learned there was no place of worship nearer than twenty miles off. 'But what do you do on Sundays?' she asked her brother.

'I'm afraid we do without,' he answered.

She did not say much, but she was troubled, and he saw it. 'I'm afraid we cannot help it to-morrow, Bess, but next week I'll see what I can do.'

Mrs. Cooper was a good woman. She loved her Saviour sincerely, and that night in her anxiety prayed very earnestly. She wanted to find out what was her duty. 'Twenty miles off' was a distance she saw no chance of bridging over. So the next morning, which was Sunday, when her brother had gone out, she called Nan and told her 'that, as there was no church for them to go to, they must have a little service by themselves.' And the mother and child