

eight children going to school; and him and his missus a-teaching their children there is no God—and their children telling the other kiddies that it's no use praying; and then he is always after everybody with his ideas about the Bible. But I say I don't want *my* kiddies to be brought up like that; I want them to have the same chance as myself. Well, I'll come and the children too, every time I can. Sunday after next?"

"Yes," was the answer. "Good day; I have yet to see the school trustees and ask their permission to use the school house."

"Oh, yes! Johnston might not like it, but the others will back you up. Goodbye!"

With this the brave little woman turned into the house, while the missionary continued on his way to visit the other homes of the community.

The next house was Johnston's. In response to the cheery "Come in," the missionary stepped inside and quietly stated his business—to ask permission to hold services in the school house. To the visitor's surprise, the old man readily consented to the request, saying, "I may come myself, too, and the children here," pointing to a big family ranging in ages from about sixteen downwards. "It will be quite a curiosity for them; they have never been to a service." Then with his characteristic thirst for argument, he added, "We might have a little discussion afterwards."

From house to house the missionary went and everywhere he received the cordial welcome of the western settler. In nearly all the homes the same story was rehearsed of the "long, long time since I was in church," and "the children have never been to Sunday School," and "we have never had one here."

The final arrangements for the services made, the missionary was invited to stay over Saturday night at Sandy McPherson's place. It was seventeen years since Sandy and his wife had left their Ontario home to come out west, and to these two it was a link with the old times to have "the minister" stay at their house.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. The cattle in the meadows were browsing quietly, the tinkling of their bells sounding sweetly on the morning air; the robins tweedled in the orchard, and the humming bird busied itself in the honeysuckle around the house. Sandy, and Sam, the hired man, were bustling around the yard earlier than usual. The hens and pigs, the dog and cats, the calves and the colts, were quieter than usual, as if even they knew that there was something uncommon arranged for that day.

Soon the team was at the door and the start was made. No one ever thought of checking the time till the party was on the way, when Sandy looked at his watch and said that it was only ten o'clock yet. There was then a comparing of watches, and Sandy's time was found to be nearly right.