

the old name clung to it, although Abe Brackett and his geese had long since departed.

Twenty years ago there were many localities in Southern Missouri where no Sunday schools had been organized, and a most inviting field was here offered for missionary work, which the enterprising dealers in "moral tales" and song books were not slow to recognize. And so it happened that when John Peters, Sunday school missionary, and agent for various publications auxiliary to the work, came into the district, he found an unbroken field. The juvenile ridgers sometimes attended the occasional services conducted by some local preacher, or circuit rider, or, better than all, a revivalist; but oftener the rising generation around Goose ridge spent Sunday in a grand rabbit hunt, a game of ball, or some similar amusement, and there were not a few of the elders who were opposed to Sunday schools.

On the opening day, all prejudices were buried long enough to gratify the curiosity of saint and sinner alike. Parson Meacham was to preach a sermon at 11:00 o'clock, and Sunday school was announced two hours earlier. Now, the good parson, on the occasions of his monthly visits, had been accustomed to waiting nearly an hour after the appointed time before commencing services. This was because his congregation, early in the day, literally observed the scriptural injunction to rest on the Sabbath. This morning the minister went to the ridge long before his usual time, in order to assist Brother Peters in the work of organization.

When the minister stepped up the aisle, between the rows of backless seats, with his usual deliberate tread, he was much surprised at the size and personnel of the congregation. There was Brother Hise, who always came late, up in the "amen corner," with three of his

boys a little further back. Tom Wilson and his boys, who never came to meeting, were also present. There were also many others out who had been more or less irregular in their attendance at service. The preacher smiled with satisfaction at the curiosity the missionary had aroused. Brother Peters himself was rather surprised at the outpouring of the ridgers, and felt that the day would be profitable in both the spiritual and financial sense. After all, the missionary was a good man, and, if the loaves and fishes were not very numerous, he was happy when he could advance the spiritual interest of the community. After the opening song and prayer, followed a short address from Brother Peters, supplemented by a few remarks from the parson. Then began the work of arranging classes. Parson Meacham organized the brethren into a bible class, and Mrs. Doran, a recent arrival, took charge of a class among the ladies. Brother Peters succeeded in getting four of the boys into the infant class, though they were rather large for infants. There were Ben Hise, fully twelve years old, and his brother, Pete, two years younger, and Johnny Sanders and Bill Proctor, who were about eleven each. Mr. Peters read and explained bible stories in a manner that riveted the attention and challenged the admiration of the class. They were in particular impressed by one of those numerous passages wherein the christian is likened unto a sheep. He explained that good little boys, who attended Sunday school and tried to do right, were little lambs, while the boys who spent Sunday in hunting and fishing and other ways of Sabbath breaking, would, in the last day, surely be placed on the left hand with the goats, and told to depart into everlasting fire.

Ben looked down at his blue suit of homespun jeans, then over to his brother