

That is why Amorita Ellen wanted an education, and why she was crying.

Mary Caledonia was thirteen, and she had been a year and a half at school. She had learned a great many things. She had told Amorita Ellen all about the pleasure of learning. She had even taught her the alphabet when school had closed the summer before. And it was one of Mary Caledonia's old dresses that Amorita Ellen wore. A Junior Christian Endeavor Band in a Northern church paid Mary Caledonia's way—little girls and boys who, had many, many blessings in their own homes.

Amorita Ellen dried her eyes and looked out over the mountains. It was a long distance to anywhere. -- it were not for leaving her mother and the children, she would run away and earn money to go to school. The poor mother would have been glad to let Amorita Ellen go. She loved her children dearly and wanted them to have the education their parents had missed.

That night a visitor came on mule-back. Seated behind him was a girl. Amorita Ellen could hardly believe her eyes when she saw it was Mary Caledonia. The man was the oldest brother.

"Mary Caledonia just would come back," he exclaimed. "She said she done had a year an' a half an' she war goin' to give th' rest to 'Rity Ellen."

Amorita Ellen's heart stood almost still. Was her dearest wish really to come true? Would Mary Caledonia really stay at home and tend the babies while she went to school in her place?

"I done had my turn," said Mary Caledonia. "It's yourn now." She forgot her school English for the moment.

Amorita Ellen flung her arms about Mary Caledonia. "An' you-uns give yer chanst to me?" she whispered.

"Yes," Mary Caledonia answered. "I done had a heap, an' you-all done had nary nothin'."

So the next morning it was Amorita Ellen who sat behind the big brother, to journey far over the mountain to the mission school. Mary Caledonia said good-bye without a tear.

The teachers and the matron had missed Mary Caledonia. They were very glad when word came that she was safe. She was a favorite with every one, but what were they to do? The money was paid for Mary Caledonia, not for little Amorita Ellen. Had they any right to take her in her sister's place?

The big brother left the little girl, dressed in Mary Caledonia's clothes, at the school. Then he went over another mountain to his own cabin. Amorita Ellen felt very strange in good clothes. Of course they were too big for her, but she didn't care.

That night she slept in Mary Caledonia's white bed. Amorita Ellen had never seen a real bed with sheets and pillow-case before. She felt like a queen. She was so happy her heart was singing—singing—singing.

The new arrival met the other girls at breakfast. She heard them call her a dear little thing. She heard them say they missed Mary Caledonia so much. She heard them say that the teachers had hoped to make of Mary Caledonia a great teacher. She heard them say that Mary Caledonia's heart must be broken, because she loved the school so much. They said she was noble.

And Mary Caledonia had done all this for her—for Amorita Ellen!

That night one little bed was empty at the mission school. It was Mary Caledonia's bed. Her little sister was not to be found. The matron and teachers were worried indeed.

Miles away in the woods, going toward home, was Amorita Ellen. She had a loaf of bread under her arm which she nibbled at when she was hungry. She slept on a bed of dry leaves, alone, under the stars. She had been born in the woods, and she knew the direction she had come.

Two days later Amorita Ellen arrived at the cabin.

"Sha'n't steal yer schoolin'," was all she would say. Neither her mother nor Mary Caledonia could persuade her to return.

So Amorita Ellen, with sobs in her little heart over her lost opportunity, but with great happiness at giving back to Mary Caledonia her "chanst," went to tending babies again in the log cabin.—Katherine Newbold Birdsall, in *Over Sea and Land*.

MISSION BAND—LESSON VI.

I. Opening hymn, "All along My pilgrim journey." No. 172 (Sacred Songs and Solos).

Scripture lesson—The Two Ways. All together, read: Matt. 7:13, 14.

(1) The Broad Way—

Is it easy travelling? (Prov. 13:15).