

BOYS AND GIRLS

More Ways Than One.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Over Sea and Land'.)

Chloe Donohue lived in a little town in Idaho. She had lived there all her life, and very few peeps indeed had she ever had of the big world outside. Chloe remembered well the rainy summer day when a strange man had walked into her father's shop and talked about 'organizing a Sunday-school in the place.' She could shut her eyes now and see the mist-covered window panes and hear again the gurgle of the water through the rain spouts; she could almost feel the very same throb of excitement with which she listened behind her father's desk and wished



with all her heart that this delightful new thing might happen.

It did happen, and after that came the church, and by and by a preacher of their own and his family.

Chloe looked up to Mr. Clayton, the tall, grave minister, and revered him as the wisest and best of men, and his wife, plump, pretty, smiling little Mrs. Clayton, she loved devotedly.

Lately Chloe had been busy reading some papers that had come to the Sunday-school in a barrel from the East. There seemed to be more things in the world to think about than Chloe had imagined.

One day she was sitting on the floor with the Clayton 'big baby' in her arms, while the

'little baby' took its nap and their mother sewed their clothes.

'Mrs. Clayton,' asked Chloe suddenly, 'what are Home Missions?'

'Home Missions?' repeated the little woman, laughing and showing her even white teeth. 'Why, we are, Chloe—you and I.'

'Are we!' cried Chloe; and then she was silent, thinking over what she had read in the Eastern papers in this new light.

Mrs. Clayton waited until her patch was finished before she said:

'What is it about Home Missions?'

'Those newspapers out of the barrel had a lot to say about them,' answered Chloe. 'I never heard of them before. It said that

was a tiny bit of a sigh mixed with the laugh.

It set her to thinking, and by the time she got home she had a plan all made. She could hardly wait for the next afternoon to come, to tell it to Mrs. Clayton.

On the corner, half-way between Chloe's father's shop and Mr. Clayton's house, lived Miss Matilda Jenks. Miss Matilda was an inquisitive, good-humored, talkative old lady, who managed to see almost everybody and everything that passed her shining front windows.

'It seems to me,' said Miss Matilda, meditatively, one day, 'that that Chloe Donohue goes by to the preacher's mighty regularly lately. Right after school every Tuesday and most Fridays she passes, and she doesn't any more than get there before Mrs. Clayton starts out calling. I wonder what it means. It wouldn't be any harm to ask the child, I suppose.'

Chloe did not mind satisfying Miss Matilda's curiosity at all.

'I keep the babies and Mrs. Clayton goes and pays visits. I do it for Home Missions.'

'Home Missions?' inquired Miss Matilda.

'Yes,' explained Chloe. 'Everybody ought to give something to Home Missions. Our church is Home Missions itself; so if you give to it you give to them. So I thought if—if I helped with the children and let Mrs. Clayton go it would be the same—'

Chloe was beginning to flounder.

'Of course, it would,' put in Miss Matilda, decidedly—'just the same. And a real sensible notion, too, I call it. I always said that all the sense in the world wasn't in gray heads or bald ones. Young folks get hold of ideas every now and then that amount to a good deal if a person only thinks so.'

The next morning Miss Matilda 'stepped down' to Mrs. Clayton's and brought home with her a big bundle of half-made frocks and shirts. Being a very skillful seamstress, her offer of service was not to be despised. And meantime her tongue worked with her needle. Everybody who came in—and many did—had the benefit of long and lively exhortation on the value of church aid.

'Now you, Mrs. Stinson,' Miss Matilda would say, 'your children are all big and you've got a free hand, and you live next door to the church. It would help along if you'd work up a cleaning bee amongst the women and set the building to rights, put it in apple-pie order for once. I don't know why you shouldn't.'

Miss Matilda was very popular, and her advice went a long way.

Her brother-in-law drove up to Mr. Clayton's door with several bushels of potatoes, and his brother-in-law followed with apples. The contagion spread, and as it spread, for some reason, the congregation in the little church grew apace.

And the result was—or, rather, a result was—that, at the end of the year, a letter went to New York, saying that this church could get on with a hundred dollars less from the Board than it had been in the habit of receiving.

When Mrs. Clayton explained it to Chloe her delight was overflowing.

'That's giving really to Home Missions, isn't it?' she said. 'I am so glad that the barrel came and put us in mind of it.'

And when Mrs. Clayton wrote to a certain Sunday-school in the East one of the scholars said:

'Dear me, if so much good can come out of a barrel of old papers let's send some more!'

everybody ought to help Home Missions; it said that this country was our country and we ought to like it to be a good one.'

Mrs. Clayton had begun another patch.

'I didn't know how I could help anything that was far off,' said Chloe. 'But if we are it ourselves maybe I could think of something. Maybe—well, I'll see.'

When Chloe was putting on her hat and coat to go Mr. Clayton came in and was telling his wife about some of his visits.

'If the babies could just keep house for themselves,' said Mrs. Clayton, 'I could help you with your calls. Babies interfere dreadfully with church work.'

She laughed and gave them a kiss apiece as if in apology. Chloe thought that there