

CHRISTIAN OR HEATHEN?

NOW much," asked Charlie, looking up from his book, "does it cost to support a missionary for a year?"

Katy was delighted. She had tried time and time again to interest her brother in mission work, but he had always turned a deaf ear. Perhaps he was even going to offer to give some money to the cause in which she was so much engrossed; but if not, it was something to have him even ask a question about it.

"Why, I don't know, exactly," she answered; "but if you really want to know, I think I can find out for you from Miss Dora, at our next meeting."

"I don't believe you need bother," said Charlie; then added, "I only thought it might be a good plan to engage one to preach to you a little; it seems to me you need it as much as some of the heathen. You're as cross as two sticks when mother asks you to do anything for her; you growl if a fellow wants a button sewed on; you are always 'busy,' if one of the children wants to be read to; you miss your lessons because you have 'other things to do,' and, as far as I can see, you act more like a heathen than a Christian."

For an instant after he had ceased to speak Katy stood still, too surprised to move, the tears rushing into her blue eyes; then she turned and fairly sprang from the room.

"If she's a heathen, you're a barbarian!" exclaimed her elder brother, Rowland. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, speaking to a girl like that? My advice to you, young man, is to look out for the beam in your own eye; and what is more, you need not take the trouble to come my way till you have apologized to her."

Up in her pretty room poor Katy lay, sobbing, on the little white bed. It was cruel, cruel of Charlie to say such things; such horrid, mean, untrue things! But wait. Horrid they certainly were, mean, too, perhaps; but untrue? *were* they untrue?

Up into the face hidden in Katy's hands the color began to creep. No, she could not honestly say that these horrid, mean remarks were untrue; and as she thought them over, hurt and angry as she was at Charlie, she was forced to acknowledge that he was not without excuse. What had she done to show him any good results from her mission work? Had her conduct at home been such as to make him feel kindly toward it?

Suddenly, into the little girl's mind flashed some words which she had read somewhere: "What have I done to-day that I might not have done had I been a heathen?" and they seemed to make her understand more clearly what Charlie meant.

Yes, she had, as he told her, been acting more

like a heathen than a Christian. But it proved that Katy was a Christian and not a heathen, that, slipping from the bed to her knees, with the tear-stained face (tears of penitence now) still hidden, she breathed a little prayer that she might have strength, first to forgive Charlie, and then so to live that she would be a help and not a hindrance to him. Rowland and Charlie were still reading in the library when the door opened to admit a very humble-faced little girl; and as she came in quietly, and took the chair which Rowland rose to offer her, she did not see him glance at Charlie, or hear a low, "Now, sir."

Charlie, to do him justice, was heartily ashamed of himself by this time. Not that what he had said was less true, but that he, who plumed himself upon being a "gentleman," should have so forgotten himself; and then Rowland's words about the beam had recalled several things in his own conduct to which Katy might have taken exception with as much justice had she felt so inclined.

And so he came forward, and like the manly boy he really was begged her pardon for his rude words; and Katy, holding out her hand, told him, very humbly, that they had been true words, and that she would try to do better in the future.

That was more than Charlie could stand, and with a hasty glance at Rowland, and a muttered "Brute!" which was evidently meant to apply to himself, he wheeled about and went out of the room; while Rowland, crossing over to Katy, leaned down and kissed her, whispering, "Well done, my little Missionary."

"Oh, Rowland, I don't deserve it!" cried Katy, smiling through her tears.—*By Annie L. Hannah, in The Young Christian Soldier.*

I HAVE been enabled to commit my soul to Him who says: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and who is "able to save to the uttermost." These two texts have been as sheet-anchors, by which my soul has outrode many a storm when otherwise hope would have failed. "In no wise" takes in all characters, and "to the uttermost" goes many a league beyond all difficulties. I recommend these anchors; they are sure and steadfast.—*John Newton.*

DAVID Livingston make this resolve in early life: "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given or kept, as by keeping or giving it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes both for time and eternity."