

"Anything you ask shall be done. I will even face Bridget in her den, and tell her that the coffee is atrocious and the bread a disgrace to Christian civilization."

"Oh, it is nothing so perilous as that; I couldn't afford to sacrifice you. I want you to take my place at the missionary meeting next week."

"Oh," groaned Helen; "and you call that less disagreeable than Bridget? Well, I suppose I can go if I must, though I don't see what good it will do the heathen or the missionary society either."

"But I am on the programme."

"What?"

"On the programme. We make it out at the beginning of the year, and they are depending on me."

"Aunt Mary, you don't mean to say you can be so ridiculous as to expect me to take part in a missionary meeting! Why, I never go, and I don't know a thing about missions—or care."

"There's time enough to learn; and as for caring, Helen dear, you were the brightest girl in your class; you could write, and talk, and sing like an angel. What are you doing with these talents of yours except to use them for your own pleasure? Don't you think in common gratitude you ought to bring a tithe to the Lord?"

Helen was silent, and Mrs. Seymour watched her with tender eyes.

"I was to be a herald. We have someone for each meeting to bring some encouraging news of the growth of the kingdom, or some interesting item about the country or the people. I have been saving up things that I thought I might use, and they are all on my desk. The thing I meant to do was to give a *résumé* of some articles on mission work in India from a Brahmin's standpoint, and Bishop Thoburn's reply to the objections raised. I don't think any of our ladies see *The Missionary Review*, and the reply was so strong and conclusive. But it would be a good deal of labor to condense it."

"Never mind," said Helen; "I'll find something that will do without condensing, just for you, Aunt Mary."

"And for the Master."

"No; I'll not pretend it is service; but I should be worse than a heathen if I would not do it for you."

Mrs. Seymour watched Helen through the next week, and found her own quiet amusement in noting the changing expression of her beautiful face as she passed from frowns to tears over the literature she was examining, and finally settled down with an air of triumph upon the copy of *The Missionary Review*.