



INDIAN DANCE.

TWO LITTLE HEATHEN.

THEIR names are Peter and Patty, and their home is not in Africa or China, as you might suppose, but in a little house not many steps from that in which John and Mary live, whose father is the sexton of St. Bartholomew's Church, whose bell he rings every Sunday in the year. Grandmother Bean's cottage is on one side of the creek, and Mr. Hewitt's is on the other, and sometimes Peter and Patty meet John and Mary on the bridge, and play with them there. But their mother does not like to have John and Mary play with Peter and Patty, "for they are such little heathen," says Mrs. Hewitt.

Let me tell you about their Christmas Day. When they woke in Grandmother Bean's cottage that morning, nobody said to another "Merry Christmas!" That was a sad way to begin, I am sure you will say, but what will you think when I tell you that neither Patty nor Peter knew that it was Christmas?

Of course, as they did not know what day it was, they were not disappointed when they found no stockings stuffed with delightful presents at the foot of the bed, or when there was nothing better for breakfast than the potatoes they were used to having every day. Neither did they go to church. In fact, when they heard St. Bartholomew's bell ringing at ten o'clock, they ran to ask Grandmother Bean if it were Sunday. When she said no, they said that John and Mary's father, the sexton, must have made a mistake, and so went back to their play.

So you see there was no difference to them between this and any other day, until, indeed, they went in to dinner.

There, on the table between the dish of potatoes and the dish of cold meat, was a dish with something on it that was smoking, and looked

brown and round, and smelled quite unlike anything the children had ever smelled before. Now, we can be sure that Grandmother Bean knew it was Christmas Day, if Peter and Patty did not, for, of course, this was a Christmas plum-pudding, which she had planned and made, and for the plums for which she had saved pennies for the last month.

Grandmother Bean had forgotten a great many things. She had forgotten all about presents for Christmas; she had forgotten to teach the children to say Merry Christmas; strangest of all, she had forgotten what Christmas is, and why the church bells ring upon that day, but she had remembered her Christmas plum-pudding.

"What is that, Granny?" asked Peter, pointing with a dirty finger at the dish; and "What is that, Granny?" echoed Patty.

"That's a Christmas plum-pudding; don't you know nothin'?" responded Granny.

"And what's a Christmas plum-pudding?" asked Peter and Patty.

"A pudding to eat on Christmas, *stoo-pids*," said Granny.

"And what's Christmas?" asked the children.

"Eat your dinners, and don't ask questions," said Granny.

"It's a very good thing if this pudding is it," said Peter, as he tasted the piece Grandmother Bean laid on his plate.

And when Peter, aged six years, and Patty, aged five years, went to bed that night, the only idea they had of Christmas was that it was a very good kind of pudding. How much more of an idea Grandmother Bean, aged sixty, had about it, I cannot say.

Dear little ones who read this paper, you do not believe that there are any children in this Christian land who are so ignorant as this. You think they must all be as happy as you, and know that on Christmas Day our Lord Jesus came to the earth, born a little Baby, to live here, and to die for our sins, and to rise again, and that He is our Salvation.

Let me tell you that all about you there are children, many of them in poor homes, many in wealthy homes, who know nothing of Christmas, know nothing of Christ as our Lord and Saviour, who have never been baptized and made God's children.

Are there none whom you can bring to church? none whom you can help know about Christmas? What could make this Christmas time happier than to bring some little child to church who has never been there before? Are there some of the little soldiers who will try?

—*The Young Christian Soldier.*

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.