

"Well, I must confess," remarked Ned, "that I never half believed there was any practical use in Christianity till now."

"Practical use of Christianity," repeated Seymour, disdainfully, "the commonest charity would have had the same result."

"And what is the commonest charity but the essence of Christianity?" asked Minnie.

"Fiddlestick!" replied Seymour, irreverently. "Religion is based upon the difference, in an ecclesiastical sense, 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

"Not the true religion of Christ," asserted Minnie, "not *my* religion."

"Then what is your definition of religion?" asked Charlie, who had been silent hitherto on the subject. "It deserves a voice, you know, since it has 'justified its existence by its success' in the words of father's favourite maxim."

"The religion of Christ does not justify itself by success," corrected Minnie, "since it is in itself the fountain of justice as well as of mercy, it requires no justification, but its adoption justifies all who receive it."

"Well, but tell us what it *is*, according to your interpretation?"

"According to my interpretation, which is also that of the New Testament," answered Minnie, "Pure religion and undefiled, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world."

"Well, that's simple enough at any rate. Is that your whole confession of Faith?"