

eign friend. Miss Meredith, and am quite prepossessed in his favor, I assure you," said Mr. Kiddis, after the knowing Pang had departed. "I congratulate you on his progress, he appears to my experienced eye quite enlightened, indeed I might even dare to say, he seems deeply conscious of his iniquities, and so determined to lead a better life."

"It is kind of you to be so very encouraging. I am sure I am very grateful to you," said Elsie thankfully.

"Pray do not mention it, my dear friend. I feel it is a duty, nay I might say a privilege, to assist you in your endeavor to lead a poor benighted soul into the light."

"I suppose you have to deal with some pretty droll characters in your pastoral work, Mr. Kiddis?" said the host.

"Well of course, sometimes, occasionally, now and then I do come in contact with queer personages, some very odd indeed, I might say indeed."

"Yes, yes, quite true, meet jolly little deacons, and grave old hypocrites, I suppose, suggested the old sailor with a smile.

"Well I have encountered some strange, odd, fantastical creatures, but I trust I do my duty by them all," and the clergyman laid his soft little hand in the big palm of the Captain, and bade his friends an elaborate good-night.

From that time Pang Chou made remarkable strides toward Christianity. Every Sunday Elsie came home more encouraged with the progress of her pupil. And yet time and again she heard of the dishonesty of the Chinaman. "It is false, I am quite sure, exclaimed the girl to her bosom friend, as the two were chatting together in Helen Etherwood's cosy chamber. "Why just last Sunday he told me so humbly, in his delightful broken Eng-

lish, that he had never stolen in his life, and I told him I believed him, and I do."

"Well I am sure I hope you are right, Elsie. But my brother gives him an awfully bad character. He may have just been teasing me, knowing I would take up the cudgels in the defence for your sake," said Helen comfortingly.

"Well don't let's talk about him now, if you please. I hear nothing but Fang Doodle, Fang Doodle, as Uncle chooses to call him, all day long at home; so when I came here I wanted to escape it you know," and leaning back in her easy chair, she changed the subject; graphically describing an episode that had occurred in the Meredith kitchen that morning. "Oh! it was too funny, she said, laughing merrily, to see Gretchen standing in the middle of the floor, wildly flourishing a huge frying pan, and the carpet-stretcher agent gabbling along, punctuating his speech with emphatic thumps on the floor with the big end of a stretcher. I just stood in the doorway, and laughed and laughed, till Uncle came down. He asked what was the matter? and she said 'Dot pig fool dink to make me py dot stick.' 'Indeed sir, said the agent, turning to us, it is the very best arrangement in all Christendom, and should be placed in the hands of every housekeeper.' I really thought he would talk Uncle blind; so I left, and called off the warlike Gretchen to tidy the drawing-room.

"How delightful it must be, being the mistress of such a lovely house," sighed Helen enviously. "Indeed, my dear friend, said Elsie in confidential tones, my being mistress is but fiction. Why! I believe Mrs. Thompson would box my ears if I dared hint at such a thing. She seems to think I am about ten, and young for my age. She'd make me