

THE CONVICTION OF PANG CHOU.

The sun was uncommonly hot for so early in the season; it streamed down unchecked by the leafless trees, and even made so bold as to pour into the library window of the Meredith Mansion, and dance coquettishly across the placid countenance and bald head of a gentleman reclining in an easy chair. An observer would have said he was asleep, but had he dared to state his opinions, Captain Meredith would have contradicted him flatly; yet when the sun, becoming more confident, threw a gleam of golden light straight into the open mouth of the sleeper, he opened his eyes suddenly, straightened himself up, and glanced furtively around, to see if any one was present, for it ill became an old sea dog like him to be found napping on a Sunday afternoon. Finding himself alone, he again sank into the depths of his chair, and remained quiet for a time.

The Captain was a large, portly person, with a round good-natured face, and merry twinkly eyes. For twenty years he had been Captain of an East Indiaman, and had with many misgivings resigned his position, on coming into a fortune left him by an aunt. An orphaned niece lived with him, and superintended his bachelor establishment, or rather made believe she did, for the old housekeeper considered her but as a child, and openly scorned her advice and assistance.

The sun sank lower, so did the Captain's eyelids, but hearing footsteps approaching he picked up a book, and was diligently reading when the door opened and a tall slender girl entered. She came languidly forward, tossed her hat and gloves on the lounge and sat down.

The Captain looked up, "Hello Toots! tired? How did you get on

with, Fang Doodle, to-day? he asked. The girl laughed rather listlessly. "It really seems like trying to write on the sands; you just get the letters all beautifully made, when a great wave rolls in, and washes it all away. Last Sunday I taught Pang Chou a verse of "I am so glad," and to-day he hadn't the vaguest idea of anything about it."

"I suppose opium and his other little failings are the big wave that swept "I am so glad" away," suggested her uncle mischievously.

"No, Uncle Silas, lazy and stupid Pang Chou may be, but good I am sure he is. Why to-day when I was talking to him, the big tears fairly rolled down his cheeks, and he seemed quite touched," said the girl stoutly.

"I guess his nerves were getting shaky for want of a stimulant," and Captain Meredith laughed slyly; he delighted to tease Elsie about the Chinaman she had undertaken to Christianize. "But you must remember, my dear, he added, that childlike innocence often makes the hypocrite."

"Well Uncle, she said rising and gathering up her belongings, it is of no use coming to you for encouragement and sympathy. But, she said as she turned the door knob, I have invited him here for Thursday evening to see if I can impress him any." She closed the door, and her uncle proceeded to complete his meditations.

When Thursday morning arrived, Elsie became a little apprehensive. How to entertain her guest she did not quite know. Suddenly a bright idea occurred, she would write her minister. He would be the very one, for he was always preaching missions, and surely this was a mission, although on a small scale of course. A note was despatched to the Rev. Arthur Kiddis, and Miss Elsie settled herself to enjoy the