

## CALIFORNIAN MINER.

WHEN I was young, I wanted to go as a foreign missionary; but my way seemed hedged about, and as the years came and went, I went to live on the Pacific coast, in California. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys.

I heard of a man who lived over the hills, who was dying of consumption, and they said: "He is so vile, no one can stand it to stay with him, so the men place some food near him, and leave him for twenty-four hours." And added, "They'll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work; and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him, and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me: "Why don't you go yourself? Here's missionary work if you want it."

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, nor how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn't the kind of work I wanted.

At last, one day, I went over the hills to the little abode, or mud cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner, on some straw and colored blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful