

giving her life to missionary work. A thousand Miss Meads are wanted—at least a thousand such if China's women are to be reached in this generation.

Our Young Folk.

IT PAYS TO BE KIND.

BY MRS. ANNIE A PRESTON.

"DO you know anything about a dog that is sleeping under a stove?" asked Mrs. Prentiss in her usual voice, and Sancho the white and tan beagle, who is snoring like a sailor, opens his eyes, gathers himself together, very carefully backs himself out from under the cooking stove at the risk of bumping and burning himself, and gazes with great reproach in his big brown eyes at his mistress who has disturbed his nap; but when his master looks up from his book to observe very quietly:

"Were you afraid Sancho would have headache? He is a very good dog to mind," the comforted little canine betakes himself to his cushion in the corner, and with two or three lazy taps of his long tail is asleep again with one of his white paws curved under his head like a child.

Presently there is a soft rap at the piazza door.

"Enter," says the master, but instead of the expected near neighbor a disreputable-looking vendor of small wares pushes the door back, but before he can take one step even into the room Sancho has him by a leg of his trousers.

"He is a good dog," says the vendor, as Sancho, with very short hair erect, returns reluctantly to his corner in obedience to his master's voice. "But I guess I not come in this time."

"It would hardly pay you," said Mrs. Prentiss, "for I should not trade."

"And Sancho has an excellent memory," added her husband, "he knew you at once, but I did not recognize you until I heard your voice."

"I knew you. I see!" said the man, backing off the stoop. "I stop here no more. That dog bite me some day. You see it do pay to be kind everywhere. The creatures belong to God. I belong to God. They gets scattered around—I gets scattered, too, all about God's world. One day trade bad—I feel cross. I hit mit my stick one good-natured little dog over the hill and past the lake in the Rockville city, and some cold day that little tog meet me by the warm fire in the house where his home is, and he says mit his growl: 'I remembers you and your stick. I bite you if you comes in.' Oh, yes, it pays to be kind, I not come here any more." And the rough-looking foreigner trudged away in the rain.

That very evening, as Mrs. Prentiss and Sancho were the only inmates of the great roomy house, and were snugly ensconced by the library fire, there came a thundering knock at the piazza door. Sancho jumps up from the rug. His mistress looks at him, he stands alert, with his head and ears erect, and an expectant little wag in his tail.

"It is Mabel; she knows I am alone and raps in that way to startle me. She has a lantern, of course."

She crosses the dining-room and opens the door. No one is visible, but out of the blackness and silence of the night a harsh voice bursts:

"Where is the Squire? I want a burial permit. He can give me one, can't he?"

"Who is to be buried?" asked the woman, quickly stepping to the kitchen table for the lamp.

"Why, the old lady that lived at my house, don't you know? Of course you don't, for you didn't know me. Guess I scared you, didn't I?"

"Perhaps you would had not Sancho insisted that you were one of his friends. Come in. My husband will be here immediately."

"Well, it beats all, don't it?" said the man, stooping to pat the dog that was a wiggling bundle of delight, "how it always pays in the long run to be kind. That big surly mongrel of Cy Task's pitched on to this little fellow when he was a only a puppy. Nothing but a mongrel will do that—fight a puppy. I thought he would be killed sure, so I picked him up, tucked him under my coat, and put him into the Squire's buggy. I knew whom he belonged to, and he has always been glad to see me whenever he's met me ever since. It does beat all how much some little dumb critters know, and how they will remember. What should you have done, if I may ask, if Sancho had said there was a tramp at the door?"

"I should have kept still."

"And then I should have thought you was all gone away, and I should have had to go on three miles further in this rain. Well, I declare a good deal of Gospel comes out of the law of kindness to man and beast, don't you think so? And I may be mistaken, but I believe that every little act of kindness brings its own reward sometime, somewhere, and every little mean act just as truly brings its own punishment."

Along the Line.

BRITISH COLUMBIA CONFERENCE.

THE CHINESE WORK.

Letter from the REV. JOSEPH HALL, dated VICTORIA, B.C., March 10th, 1891.

I HAVE felt like writing you a few facts re our Chinese Mission here, as they are of so delightfully encouraging a character. In the first place, the good work of soul-saving still goes on. This is the most important of all. Four more Chinese have been converted, and will be baptized in connection with the dedication services to be held this week, and on Sabbath next.

In connection with a recent visit of Brother Gardner to San Francisco, partly for the purpose of adjusting some matters of family business, and partly for two or three weeks' holidays. Brother Gardner, in company with the Chinese Consul, called on the heathen Chinese merchants, who are, of course, not connected with any Chinese Mission in San Francisco, and told them of what was being done by our Church for their fellow-countrymen in British Columbia, and especially in Victoria. They gave him contributions towards the new buildings (a plan of which he showed them), to the amount of between three and four hun-