

said something of the kind to her brother, and he laughed, and replied that many things about the entire house were queer.

After Arthur had bidden her good night, and gone to his room, Renie came to him with shining eyes. A wonderful thing had happened. The strange lady, learning that she was a typewriter and hoped to secure work, had proposed that Renie stay with her for a week, and after that go to New York in her company, and she would help her to find employment. "She said she would pay my board here, Arthur, and give me six dollars besides! Only think of it! That will almost pay for the extra expense we have had, will it not?"

The next morning the sweet-faced lady wrote the following in a letter to her son:

"My dear, I believe I have found a prize. You will say that I am always finding them, but this one really is a treasure. She and her brother are on their way to New York in search of employment. They know just one person in New York, a shop girl in a third-rate store, who has secured the child a boarding place down on Canal Street; think of it, John! She is a refined, cultured girl of seventeen, an orphan; she and her brother are left alone in the world. She has a scrap of a typewriter which she manipulates rapidly and well; she has written two letters for me already this morning. I have engaged her to stay with me for a week and write letters and do some of my copying. Then I shall bring her on with me to New York, for I shall know by that time if she will please me permanently. I am sure she will. The two stopped here over Sunday on their way to town, simply because it was Sunday. 'Ah,' you will say, 'that is the reason mother was caught. She has found some more Sunday fanatics.' Very well. I am glad I have. They are troubled about the expense; they thought they were coming to a little country hotel where they could get beds and breakfasts for a dollar apiece! The brother is almost as prepossessing as his sister. He wants to get a chance in a doctor's office, and eventually study for a physician. He is willing to begin as office boy. I haven't said a word to him about your being a doctor. I only gave him your address and told him I thought you might be able to help him get work temporarily. I only hope you will like him as much as I like the girl."

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"Dr. Arthur Hammond?" And Renie laughed

as she read [the name she had been scribbling. "It sounds well; and the years will not be so many now before we can say it."

They were in the doctor's office, the young man working hard over his books, and the girl, her copying done for the day, watching and admiring him, and allowing her memory to run backward.

"Do you remember a year ago to-night, Arthur, and the rain, and the loneliness, and the Pine Tree Inn, and our dear Mrs. Mercer? How wonderfully everything came out for us! Oh, Arthur, tho' verse is true, isn't it? 'All things work together for good.'"

Said Arthur, smiling, without the suggestion of a frown on his handsome face, "You will be a worse little Sunday fanatic than ever, I am afraid."—Forward.

WHEN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

HOW old must I be, mother, before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old must you be, darling, before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms around her neck.

The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be to do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant, "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said, "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to Christ her little one, who wanted to be His.—The Children's Friend.