

the moment of waiting. "Such a hotel out here in the woods!"

"It means two dollars a day, at least," her brother said gravely; and when they noted the luxurious appointments of their own rooms, he added, "I am afraid that it is more than two dollars a day." Then, seeing her anxious face, he said, cheerily: "Never mind, Renie, we shall not have to go to the poorhouse, even if it should be two and a half; but here they will not be likely to charge more than that. Let's get to bed, anyhow. We might as well enjoy all this luxury, since we've got to pay for it. If the meals are as elegant as the house, we shall live in style for once. Good night, Renie; don't worry. We'll get through with it, somehow."

The breakfast next morning was all that could be desired, and the young man was able to make a hearty meal; but his sister could not put away her anxieties. Unaccustomed until very lately to having to calculate her own expenses, she was always calculating, and being appalled over the little that money could buy. She pecked at her breakfast like a frightened robin, and could not keep from making mental calculations as to what the cost of it all would be. Suppose they should count it full two days, that would be at least eight dollars; and she was to have board in New York for six dollars a week!

She waited in the reception room, half hidden in the cushions of a great "Sleepy Hollow" chair, while her brother went to ask the terms, etc. He returned with the frown on his face that always came when he was troubled.

"Well?" she said anxiously as soon as they were alone in her room.

"Well?" he repeated, then he laughed. "We are in for it, Renie; might as well laugh as cry. This little bit of extra pledge-keeping of yours is going to cost us the pleasant little sum of sixteen dollars. Four-dollar rooms are the lowest they have here."

"Sixteen dollars!" her face was actually white with dismay. "Oh, Arthur! what can we do?"

"Why, we can do this, if you say so. The morning train for New York stops at this station, and we can take it and be in the city by two o'clock. That will save half of the expense. Shall we do it?"

"Oh, Arthur!"

"Well? What am I to understand that distressed 'Oh' to mean?"

"Arthur, please don't speak as though I were

the only one to be considered. It is you as much as I. We are Christian Endeavorers, and we are pledged, not only to our regular promise to do 'everything as He would like to have us,' but to a definite, special promise to do all we can toward bringing about a better observance of the Sabbath. I cannot think it would be right to spend half the day in traveling, even to save money."

"Very well, then, we will go on to the end. I am determined not to offend your conscience if I can help it."

"But Arthur, dear, isn't it your conscience, too?"

"Not at all. When I make pledges I foresee emergencies which may compel me to do, on occasion, what I would not do regularly; but we won't discuss it."

He really was kind, when one considers that he thought his sister a young simpleton. The frown disappeared presently, and he said, cheerily, that they would make the best of it. She reminded him of the verse, "All things work together for good," and although she knew by the look on his face that he thought the application foolish, he said nothing.

Then they went down to one of the parlors for family worship; for, hotel though it was, a short service was held each morning for all who chose to go; a hymn was sung and a few words read from the Bible and a prayer offered.

While Arthur went for a stroll through the pines, his sister made an acquaintance—a middle-aged lady, with kind eyes and lovely gray hair, and such a friendly smile that the lonely girl felt drawn toward her and found herself talking freely.

It happened that they met a number of times that day, on the piazzas, or in the reception room, or one of the parlors, and the young girl and the sweet-faced lady always had a little chat together. Renie could not keep all her anxiety from showing in her face, and under the spell of sympathy was more than usually communicative. While they stood together watching the sun break his way through clouds to say good night, she asked her new friend if that verse about "All things" applied to little every-day matters, to mistakes, even.

"It says, 'All things,'" replied the lady, smiling, "and, yes, it must certainly mean our mistakes, because we make so many."

Renie reflected afterwards that it was really queer in her to talk so much to a stranger. She