

and if we come to the conclusion that it would not be too much for us, let us begin operations then."

"O, Mab!" cried Minnie in dismay, "How calmly you talk of putting it off. Why, my hands are just aching to get to work, and then, what's the use of considering whether or not it will be too much for us; no amount of consideration will convince us as one attempt will, and of what use is our faith if we cannot make a practical use of it?"

"Perhaps I am over cautious," Mabel admitted, "but let us take at least till Saturday to make up our minds as to the best way of going to work, as you have already confessed you have not yet thought of a plan."

"Very well," agreed Minnie, kissing Mabel warmly as she bade her good-night, "Not a word more till Saturday, when we shall have time enough to give the subject the attention it requires. Good-night."

"Good-night," returned Mabel, as she ran lightly down the steps, and was soon lost in the gathering darkness.

