

Work Abroad.

CHICAGO, ILL.

enthusiastically, realizing the good of getting all the "little fingers" to feel their responsibilities and opportunities.

"We'll give an hour after school every night, and Wednesdays and Saturdays!" promised the child, recklessly beginning to wash dishes with a vim that astonished Miss Pettijohn, used to her ordinary, every-day, uninspired motions. "The power of a new idea, and especially of a Christian idea, is the open secret of miracles. The dull-est soul wakes up when it sees anything to wake for."

This was the beginning of it, and the end joined right on without break or piecing. Miss Pettijohn named it—with help of Charlotte's small joke of the morning, which she retailed for the sake of pleasing Miss Pettijohn. The good woman made her rounds with enthusiasm. More than twenty families were enlisted in the "movement" for "Nebuchadnezzar's Month," all the more, perhaps, because of the fun of making their "men folks" wonder why they had such a steady diet of "grass" all of a sudden. Even the minister was not let into the secret, and neither the *Hebraica* nor the *Expositor's Monthly* shed any light on the reason of his wife's hilarity at every fresh ring of the doorbell, till one day when she opened the door and found ten or a dozen ladies waiting all together on the doorstep. They all began talking at once.

"We had to come—the whole of us!"

"We weren't going to let any one woman have the glory of this!" said Miss Pettijohn, holding out a bagful of jingling quarters and ten-cent pieces.

All at once the minister's wife sat down sobbing, right on the doorstep. There is a point when fun dissolves in tears, like a rainbow bubble that bursts when it gets too big for itself. All at once it is gone, and there you are with wet faces!

"This'll make more'n a hundred!" said Miss Pettijohn, encouragingly.

"There's more than a hundred and fifty, with what we had saved to begin with!" said Charlotte, speaking as if she had a cold in her head, because she was so very warm at her heart!

"What is all this!" said the Rev. Mr. Barnes, coming to the door, and looking down wonderingly at his wife's back, as she barred the way against all intruders. "Who's bringing so much money, and why don't you let them in?"

"It's the Board money!" said Charlotte, solemnly, getting up and handing him the bagful. "The rest is up in the bureau drawer; more than we pledged—a good deal!"

"Where did you get it?" he asked in genuine astonishment. He thought he knew the West Parish.

"Out of the bank!" said Miss Pettijohn, seeing he looked at her. And it was some time before he could get anybody to explain lucidly that she meant the bank where dandelions blossomed, or to tell how they had been inveigled into drawing out their money.

"I thought I knew the West Parish!" he said again, for the second or third time, when they were all happily started homeward. "I declare it makes me feel sheepish!"

"You shall have some mutton for dinner!" said his wife, laughing, "Nebuchadnezzar's Month is over!"—*Life and Light*.

Psalm lxxviii, 38.—Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive.

Dear Link,—Were your readers out here this morning to shiver with us, you would believe there had been a change in the weather since I wrote that letter for the "M. & V."

But how much cold is required to make you shiver properly? When I got up this morning, the mercury registered 67 in the room, and we had slept with doors and windows open. Ethel dressed herself and went out to attend to the fowls, a part of her morning's work, and took the thermometer along, and there, the coldest place on the compound, and out doors, it registered 58°

This cold snap (isn't that the proper expression?) began last Saturday night, and we wish it would last three months instead of the three weeks it may possibly but not probably continue. I do not think it will go on at this rate ten days longer, and when the days begin to lengthen the cold does not strengthen, but the heat does, and how much good this does us all! Why, I have just heard this morning of a certain baby in the mission who is taking as much again milk as usual. It is no wonder the babies oft look like our wilted white lilies, but it is a wonder that they grow as well as they do. Sometimes I think the children, little and big, of the Great All Father, who live in these unfriendly climates require and receive a larger share of His attention than those who are in safer surroundings.

Have you forgotten about those S. S. pictures you sent me some time ago, or have you been praying that they might be used for the good of many?

We have a lady apothecary here, who has a sunny but bare room in the hospital, where she ministers to the wants of women and children. She is very kind and attentive, and is winning her way into the hearts of both sexes, and all classes. She allowed us to decorate her hospital walls with some of those beautiful pictures, and let the face of Christ be put anywhere, and it has an attractive power.

One of the first women who saw a picture of the resurrection, stood before it with the tears literally streaming from her eyes, as Miss D'Lilva told her about it. Another sick one came for medicine, and sat down at her feet, in the usual manner, to wait her turn, but her eyes fell on one of these pictures, and she ran to it with clasped hands and begged to be told who it was. Many people have already heard the Gospel from these pictures, as scarcely a day passes but some one asks about them. Frequently one of our Christian women is in the hospital, and Miss D'Lilva asks her to talk to those who are ever ready to listen, as she has not the time. A dancing woman was there the other day, and the woman at the well at-