

I want to begin my thousand years' work right now.'

And she did. In the weeks that they stayed at Atlantic City Ellen's pretty room, hitherto shut off from all visitors, became an attractive place to which all were made welcome. The new spirit within her brought for a time new bodily strength to the invalid, and she was soon able to be dressed and laid on a couch, where she courted the visits that were gladly made.

And such skill she developed for her new ministry! Not Sister Phoebe herself, though wise-hearted in such ways, had so much tact as this snowdrop of a girl in cheering the sad, helping the needy, turning light-thoughted young minds to earnest things, and everywhere speaking a word for her Master. Sister Phoebe's consecrated life, though this was told in sweet lawful secrecy when the nurse was not by, was the theme that easily and naturally led to 'Mrs. Solomon Smith's business,' as Ellen called it. And all unexpectedly a new happening followed. Among the chance acquaintances that thronged the place that long, hot summer were two whose hearts took fire from Sister Phoebe's example; one was an old maid, to whom life was a dull, empty affair, who had tried hard to become absorbed in Ladies' Societies and Sunday-schools without seeming to fit any such placés. 'But I know I can nurse,' she said to Sister Phoebe. 'I have always been counted good at that. Won't you get the doctor to try me too for hospital service and poor-nursing?'

Along with this sere and yellow leaf came a fresh girl of nineteen, blooming like a rose and full of eager enthusiasm. 'Oh,' she said, 'I've always wished I could be a sister of Charity, but never could see that sisterhood and vows, even Protestant ones, were right; now I want to belong to your sisterhood, my sweet Lady Superior. I even want to wear your gray serge and soft white muslins. Please, please write to the doctor and ask if I may belong.'

Sister Phoebe wrote, and immediately received this brief reply: 'I will employ any one belonging to Sister Phoebe's Salvage Corps.'

To-day Sister Phoebe is nursing a man who had his leg crushed between two freight-cars. His wife's last baby was only a few days old when the accident happened, and Dr. Haywood could hardly wait the short ten minutes for the nurse. The people are very poor, but in the two years since Sister Phoebe began to nurse Dr. Haywood has put in the bank to her credit several handsome sums, handed him by patients grateful for her services, and this does a great deal to help the Hirsts bear their misfortune cheerfully.

Mrs. Hirst, too, as she lies on her poor cot, is learning valuable lessons about tidy ways. The nurse has read her no lectures on neatness, but she found a bit of red string with which to hang up an old broom in the closet behind the door, putting under it a topless tin box contributed by ten-year-old Tim, and now Mrs. Hirst sees how easy it is to get rid of the litter every little while.

During long, sunny September days Sister Phoebe takes a little work-box out of her valise and mends the little Hirsts' rips and tears. She had told them bible stories every day, to which the father and mother listen too, and if they resist her gentle drawing towards God their Father, and his purpose for them, they will be the first of Sister Phoebe's patients who have been unmoved by her.

And about the Salvage Corps? It numbers now five, besides Sister Phoebe, to whom they report as a sort of directress, though

there is no formal organization. Dr. Haywood and several other doctors who have learned his secret go to Sister Phoebe when they are in straits, and she either supplies their need herself or finds out which one of her fellow-workers can go, judging which one is best suited for the place.

It is well there are no vows to be taken, for the pretty girl who found Sister Phoebe at Atlantic City, after doing some very good and enthusiastic work, married a young doctor, as was natural and right. Another devoted worker found her health would not stand nursing, and had to find some other direction for her 'helping' work.

But among all the many Christian workers, organized and unorganized, to whom the Lord has divided out talents, one and two and ten, none are gathering a more blessed increase than the little band who have learned from Dr. Haywood to call themselves 'Sister Phoebe's Salvage Corps.'—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Wrong's Wrong, and Right's Right.

(Friendly Greetings.)

'Here's a lark!' said Charlie Allright, joining his wife on the platform at Fenchurch Street Station. They were going to spend a bank holiday at Southend. 'That fool of a clerk's been and given me a sov. too much change.'

'A sovereign too much!' exclaimed Lucy,

ped at the first station; 'why that's where Amy's living. I didn't know as we were going anywhere near it. I should like to see her again.'

'What, my little blue-eyed cousin Amy, as I used to call my little wife afore I ever see you, Lucy? Well, I haven't seen her these five years; she was a slip of a girl then, looking very delicate. P'raps she's stronger now she's married and got a baby. What's her husband, Lucy?'

'Something on the railway, I was told—guard or something; I don't know, but they live at 6 Nelson street, Stepney. Couldn't we stop and see them going home, Charlie?'

Charles Allright pondered for a few minutes, and then laughed as he said:

'To be sure. I'll take an extra day's holiday on the strength of that sov. We'll come quietly home with the swells on Tuesday, and we'll stop at Stepney and call on Amy. I should like to see her again. I used to be terribly fond of her; she was a sweet little lass!'

That brief August holiday was to the full as delightful as Lucy's brightest dreams had pictured it. 'I wish I could get country work,' said Charles; 'the fresh air suits you two wonderful.'

'I wish you could,' said Lucy. 'But there,' she added, 'it is a shame to say a word; why, lots of folk, worse than we, can't even have a day or two like this to set 'em up. It has been lovely, Charlie—something to think about all winter.'



CHARLIE JOINED HIS WIFE ON THE PLATFORM.

her eyes opening wide with astonishment. 'I think I should take it back to him, Charlie; perhaps it'll get him into trouble.'

'Not I!' replied her husband. 'The company'll make it all right, never you fear; and if we don't hurry, we'll lose our train.'

Baby woke up just as they were getting into the train, and occupied all Lucy's thoughts and attention until after they had started; and then she was busy looking at the places they were passing, and did not think any more about the wrong change.

'Stepney!' she exclaimed as the train stop-

'And it ain't over yet, little woman. We needn't go till the four o'clock train to-morrow; that'll give us plenty of time to call at Stepney, and see Amy; it'll be growing cooler then.'

But the pleasant holiday came to an end at last, like everything else, and on Tuesday afternoon the long train went whirling towards town, and Lucy took her last lingering look at the green fields and the shining river, before the closely-built houses shut them from her view; and soon after the train drew up at Stepney.