

Allen, as with a broken heart he bade the grave of the wife he had loved so fondly a last good-bye.

For five years he travelled in foreign lands, then returned to his native city and renewed the practice of his profession; and it is here we find him at the beginning of our story. Although of recognized ability and skill, his practice was largely among the poor; and the most of his work was unpaid for and freely given. All for her sake, he often said. As he sat in his office after his last visit at Mrs. Mason's he pondered a long time then said aloud, "I will do it; there are many weary, worn workers in this great city who are dying for want of pure air and a glimpse of trees and flowers, and I who have wealth at my command will establish a home where they may breathe in life and health."

With Dr. Allen, to decide was to perform, and a site was purchased in a picturesque country spot, a handsome build-

ing erected, and Mrs. Mason and little Agnes, with many more, weary, worn toilers in the busy city were given rest and a quiet home where, during the hot summer months, they regained strength and health.

"Mamma, God answered my prayer," said little Agnes one day as they were enjoying the beautiful scenery from their window.

"Yes, dear," said her mother. And as the words were borne out on the breeze to Dr. Allen as he paced the terrace walk, he said:

"Surely, 'a child shall lead them.' The prayer of my Agnes is answered, too," and as he spoke the tender words of Dickens came to his mind and softly he repeated, "Oh, Agnes! oh, my soul! so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward!"

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

First of all forget that you are writing a letter. In the days of boarding-school the hour for writing home was one of wails and biting of pen holders. Probably the teacher grew tired of it for at last she said, "Could you girls find anything to say to your mothers if you saw them now?"

"Why, Miss Smith, of course we could. Girls can always talk to their mothers."

"Very well. You have only to imagine that sheet of paper your mother's proxy. Put on it whatever you would say to her, and your letter hour will be only too short."

Talking with a pen is largely a matter of habit, and, like all other things, grows easier the more it is done. A letter is not a little thing. It is the bit of cheer to a homesick soul, the tie which unites absent friends. It is asking too much of your friends to love you tenderly when you excuse your neglect of them only with "you know how hard it is for me to write a letter." Unless you can consider those who care for you enough to send them tidings of your good or ill, you can but blame yourself if their and your interests grow in different lines, and your affection becomes more of a memory than a living reality.

Answer your letters when they are fresh, and you are in accord with the writer. If pen and ink are at hand, as they should be in a well conducted household, you can sit down and tell the bits of news, the books you have read and liked, the funny things you have heard or seen, the thousand little things which come so easily to the lips and which make a letter a part of one's personality. If your letter is laid away with others to wait for a more convenient season, that season will not come. It is we who make our opportunities, not they which come to us.

You can use to advantage a plan which one mother-loving girl took. She had a note-book and in this she put the topics that occurred to her between letter times, and when her regular day for writing came, a glance over the note-book brightened up her memory, and her letter, too. Her mother and she had no dropped threads to pick up when they met again. They had lived together, though their bodies had been miles apart. To keep one's self in communion with home people is worth thought and care, is it not?

In all articles of advice to girls about letter writing it is

usual to say, "Be very careful what you write to your lover." That is a miserable speech. If you have promised yourself, your life with its infinite hopes and possibilities, do not fear to add your confidence with it. A refined, modest girl is not apt to suffer from letters which are the exponent of her nature. Every man or woman is made better by being trusted and loved, and worse by being suspected. If you have learned to love a man, trust him. Do not write love speeches, but let your letters have a current of strong feeling under the surface talk. You cannot hinder it if your affection is strong, unless you constantly guard your words. It is the letter which carries one's self with it which finds the warmest welcome, and which bears the greatest influence.

When one is away from home the habits and restraints of home life become lax. Things seem trifles that once seemed faults. One feels that he is out of the family circle, of no special importance to anybody, and that is the time when temptation steps forward. Your letter may be just "the word in season." Unless you have been a stranger in a city, with four narrow, bare walls, the comfortless shelter of a cheap boarding-house to cover you, you cannot know how dreary and discouraged it is possible to feel, nor how readily temptation comes. People do not tell the dark side of living when they have been forced into the world to make a place. One does not care to sadden the mother left behind, but only one who has been through such an experience knows the comfort of letters which show that there is a little niche in a heart which only he or she can fill.

Make your letters of friendship full. Put in them a part of every day. Indirectly, you help yourself to write a good letter when you read a good book. Whatever develops you, makes you broader in your outlook upon life; any experience which gives you sympathy for others' troubles, or adds to your own culture, serves to round out your character, and your individuality you will give unknowingly, unintentionally to all with whom you come in contact. Then your letters will be not only interesting, but a help—and there is nothing better than to help another upward.

Perhaps a good rule for you who wish to write letters well is to love your neighbors as yourself. Seeking their happiness, you will make your letters interesting.

—D. M. MORRELL.