

you,' Mattie said, looking very much surprised. 'I wonder, then, if I shall ever be able to learn the art of "letter-writing made easy."'

'I hope so, but I also hope that you will not have to learn in quite so unhappy a way as I did.'

Mattie sat down and looked eager to know all about it, and Aunt Jennie went on.

'When I was just about your age, I went with my sister, your mother, to visit an aunt who lived several hundred miles away from our home. We never had seen her, although we had heard a great deal about her. She was quite wealthy, and very eccentric, and we both rather dreaded the visit. We had no need to, however, and before we had spent forty-eight hours with Aunt Betty, for that was her name, we had decided that it was just about the finest place to be sent to that any one could have desired.

'To be sure, Aunt Betty was as odd as she had been described, but we liked her from the first. Her children were all married, and in homes of their own, and although she would not give up her own home and go to live with any of them, yet she was often lonely, and I am sure that she enjoyed the month that we spent with her almost as well as we did.

'After we returned home your mother began to write to Aunt Betty every week. I thought that I would do so too; but I was not fond of letter-writing, and so I kept putting it off, and sent messages by your mother instead. I knew perfectly well that Aunt Betty would enjoy two letters a week just twice as well as she would one, but I think now that I was too indolent to exert myself.'

Mattie colored a little at this, but Aunt Jennie did not notice it.

'About a year after our visit we received word that Aunt Betty was very ill, and then, a few days later, that she was dead. We felt very sorry, of course.

'After a few weeks we were notified that she had left us some of her personal effects, and following the letter containing the announcement came the bequests: To your mother Aunt Betty had left her beautiful piano, and to me a pound of writing-paper!'

'O Aunt Jennie,' exclaimed Mattie in a tone of real distress.

'Oh, I can laugh about it now,' Aunt Jennie replied, 'but I did not feel like laughing then, I can assure you. But I went to my room and there I fought it out alone. I think I was more grieved than angry, and after a good cry, such as girls will sometimes indulge in, I began to think the matter over more calmly. The act was quite in keeping with Aunt Betty's character, I knew. I could see that I had been her guest for a month, had accepted all that she had done for me during that time, and yet had been too selfish to make her lonely hours brighter by devoting a half-hour a week to writing to her after my return.

'I was sure that she had liked your mother and myself, and that it was not partiality that had made the difference between her bequests. I felt sure that she had a reason for what she did; and so at last I was forced to conclude that the lesson she wanted me to learn was with reference to the letter-writing that I had neglected. Then it began to dawn upon me that the letters meant a great deal to her. In memory I reviewed Aunt Betty's life after the marriage of her children, and, before I knew it, was crying again, this time not over disappointment, but for real sorrow because I had neglected her.

'When I went downstairs I was ready to acknowledge that Aunt Betty had been right,

and that I thought in time my gift might prove the more valuable after all. And it has. By degrees I added to my list of correspondents, and by far the larger number of them were people who led lonely lives, and to whom my letters might help to bring a little brightness and cheer.'

Mattie was very quiet and thoughtful when Aunt Jennie finished speaking.

'I had never thought of letter-writing in that light before,' she said; 'but I am going to think about it; and although I never expect to become such a missionary in that line as you are, there are a few letters which I shall write to-day.'—'Advance.'

## A Word to Christian Young Women.

(By D. L. Moody.)

The Northfield Training School for young women begins its ninth year on Sept. 29. We hope it may be the best year in its history up to this time.

The success of the school has been most gratifying. A large number of students have attended, and many of them have gone out into positions of influence and responsibility. Some have become ordained pastors, others have gone into home missionary work, and still others into the foreign field.

It is the aim of the school to give just that practical training which young women devoting their lives to Christian work in city or country will most need. Besides a thorough course of study in the English bible, instruction in the preparation of bible readings and in personal work, the students are taught sewing, dressmaking, cooking and nursing.

Besides helping those who have already decided upon their life-work, we hope also to help many to find out what their life work is to be. I believe there are hundreds of young women who have a great desire to give their lives to Christian work who hardly know how to begin, or whether or not they are suited to such work. We would be glad to welcome many such into the training school and help them find out.

I do not know why many women who do not expect to devote their entire time to Christian work, but who would be glad to do more effective work in their home churches, should not spend a winter in study to that end. I am constantly receiving inquiries from pastors and others for young women qualified to be city missionaries, church visitors, etc., and I think very often just the workers needed are in their own churches if they could only be found out and given some training for the work.

The doors of the training school are wide open to such young women as I have tried to describe. The expense is very small, and I shall be glad to correspond with any who may wish to enter.

## Correspondence

Listowel.

Dear Editor,—I have enjoyed my holidays very much this year, but I was too busy to write and tell you all about them. I can ride a bicycle now, and I am very proud of it. I learned on my friend's wheel when he was learning. He has a nice new bicycle, and it runs very easily, but turns rather stiffly and as a result of this he often rides along with his arms folded.

One Sunday morning he was riding along in this manner while the people on the sidewalks were going to church. I watched him with some envy I confess, for he is of a more daring nature than me, and I am not able to compose myself so much when riding. As he neared the parsonage, he increased his speed, and was just lifting his hat to the minister's wife, when he rode over some stony ground. Down went his hands

to the handle-bars, but they never reached them, for his machine became unmanageable, and after a jump and a lurch, fell heavily to the road, sending Tommy forward on his hands and knees with some damage to his Sunday clothes.

He has learned a lesson from this, however, and it is, indeed, a case of necessity that causes him to ride on the Sabbath day. His attendance at Sunday-school has been more regular since then, too. Your interested reader,

FRED.

Scandinavia, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have read the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' and so I thought I would write one too. I am a Swede boy, born in Sweden. I was only one year old when I came to this country. I have lived in Manitoba for ten years. The most of Manitoba is prairie, but where I live it is solid bush. There are lots of creeks up here, and in some of them there are fish. I will now tell you something about my pets. I have a dog and I like to play with my kitten, but sometimes it will scratch me. I am going to school and I like it very well. I read in a book called 'Evangeline.' There are not very many children in school now because some have to stay at home and help their parents with the hay. I must close my letter now. Your reader,

ELJE.

Dunville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday at our Sunday-school, and think it very nice. I like to read the Correspondence, and think it very interesting. I have a sister, but no brother. My brother died about three months ago. He was five years old. We all grieve for him very much. My father is a tinsmith of the town. He is also the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school at which I attend. I thought Emily was a very pleasant and pleasing writer, to all who read her interesting sayings. My next letter will be longer. Your little faithful reader,

EMMA, aged 12.

Portage du Fort.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness,' and are always delighted with the beautiful and interesting stories that are in both papers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday morning and then to church afterwards. I teach a class in Sunday-school, and find the lesson that is illustrated in the 'Messenger' very interesting. We live on a farm and have fourteen cows; I milk two at night. I walk two miles to school. We have a large orchard, there are plenty of apples on the trees this year. The post-office is over five miles from our place. I belong to the Jubilee Mission Band; we have not many members yet. I remain your friend,

MARY.

Proton Station.

Dear Editor,—I am only nine years old, but I thought I would write you a letter. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger,' there. Our Sunday-school is going to have a picnic this week. I live on a farm. We have a lot of horses and two Indian ponies, for driving, which we call Billy and Jack. We have a lot of visitors at our house now from Detroit, and Teeswater, but they will soon be going home for school. I remain your little friend,

MILTON N.

Georgiana Island, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber of the 'Messenger' over three years. I am an Indian boy, twelve years of age, belonging to the Ojibway tribe. We live on an island, in size four thousand acres. It is an Indian settlement; most of the Indians are farmers. There are over forty head of the best blood horses, and as many more horned cattle, sheep, and pigs, here. We have five cows; I bring the cows in every morning and evening, and milk them too. My mother died when I was five years old. I live with my grandfather; we live close to the lake; I go out in the evening with our boat and catch black bass and perch. My grandfather keeps the post-office. I go to school every day, and attend Sunday-school; our school teacher is an Englishman and teaches in English.

THOMAS.