

gone through with, I ain't found a bit o' time to attend to it, and my mother'll be waiting a week to hear from me. I fear she'll go to worryin'. So you'll just look over all your beautiful pictures here and leave Katie to herself, won't you?"

But Daisy clamorously objected to any such arrangement.

"Write your letter, Katie," said Charlotte, appearing suddenly on the scene; "I will take care of this small nuisance for a while."

"Oh no, miss," said Katie, flushing and deprecatory; "I can do it to-night just as well when she gets asleep."

"You will be asleep then yourself. You must go to bed early to night, for you are tired.—Come on, Daisy, into sister's room and make her a visit.—And, Katie, tell your mother that if everybody were as good-natured and helpful when a rush of work comes as her daughter is, the world would be very much better off."

You may be sure that Katie delivered the message faithfully, her smiling lips working as laboriously over the construction of the words as did the pen in her slow, cramped fingers. When it was complete, she added this somewhat Irish comment, "I guess more of us gurls would be willing to oblige if the ladys would only take more notis of it."

It was wonderful how many Katies and Miss Gardners showed themselves in the course of the next few days. Charlotte was kept busy. On Saturday afternoon, on her way home from the Mission Band, she was joined by Miss Lansing, an eminently stylish young person, who chatted about her many social engagements at a rate that took Charlotte's breath away. Presently, however, she broke off with a sigh.

"But what a bore it all gets to be after a year or so! I feel about a thousand already at the very lowest. I am sick and tired of everything, myself in particular. Yet I'm not really any older than you are, and you are as fresh as a rose. What is your fountain of perpetual youth?"

It came so close to what had been uppermost in Charlotte's mind all those past days

that involuntarily she spoke out her thought with unsmiling earnestness,—

"The river of the water of life."

There was an awkward pause. Charlotte, painfully startled and embarrassed at what she had done, did not know how to break it, and Miss Lansing was silent until they reached her corner, which was near. There she stopped.

"Do you know," she said, "those five or six words are the first such that have been spoken to me in years? I often long for somebody to talk religion to me, but nobody does. It is a great mistake to suppose that butterflies never think, and would scoff at the person who tried to make them. It isn't by any means only in the highways and hedges that people are waiting for an invitation to come in."

The little girls in Charlotte's class were unusually quiet and attentive the next day.

"It was a lovely lesson, wasn't it?" said one of them to the other afterward. "Miss Charlotte made it so plain, and as if we really could live that way ourselves, not just as if all the things were done by make-believe girls out of the Lesson Helps."

And Charlotte said, "It was a good way. Personal experience is about the best commentary on the Bible I know."—Sel.

### HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

I read the Bible, said a devout man, as I eat fish. In eating fish I do not try to swallow the bones for fear that I may get choked, but I lay them under my plate and thus I relish and enjoy the fish.

In like manner, in reading the Bible, I do not perplex myself in trying to find the solution of insoluble problems and mysteries, or to answer inquiries that cannot be answered this side of eternity, but I feed upon the Divine promises, am instructed by precepts and examples, am animated by inspiring hopes, and thus the Bible becomes a lamp to my feet and a light to my path and precious food for my soul.

"Thou, God, seest me."