

## ONE WAY TO LEARN THE LESSON.

**C**HARLOTTE was standing at the counter waiting for her parcel to come to her. Suddenly the girl behind the counter spoke up sharply.

"Sam," she said, "there was a lady sick in here just now; they sent for water for her, and the cooler was empty."

The slouching, good-natured negro looked guilty.

"That was too bad. I'm sorry."

"The lady was sick," repeated the girl, with still greater emphasis, "and she needed a glass of water, and there wasn't any."

By this time the bundle was ready. As Charlotte made her way along the crowded aisles out of the great establishment, she was thinking of the little scene which she had just left.

"It reminds me of the cup of cold water," she said to herself when she reached the street, "and throws a new light on it. I always thought this just meant that every little helps, but, if this is a good illustration, it means more. I shall tell my Sunday-school class about it. Maybe this morning, or yesterday, or some time last week, somebody in God's big world was sick—heart-sick—tired, maybe, or lonely or discouraged, and needed a cup of cold water (the children understand that), and could not get any. Perhaps it was one of my own little girls who ought to have had it ready for her and didn't. Yes, I will certainly put 'Sam' in the lesson next Sunday."

She turned the idea over in her mind for a square or two further, and then another thought came.

"And meantime I might put him into my own daily walk and conversation. I could teach it better then probably."

Charlotte was nearly home when she met a tall, thin young woman, carrying several books under her arm.

"She is a typical school-mistress," thought Charlotte, as she bowed and smiled—"more typical than usual this afternoon: her eyes look more owl-like behind her gold-trimmed spectacles. She must lead a dreadful life with that mob of boys."

Charlotte walked on a few steps, then wheeled around, and, dodging a woman with a big market basket, hurried after the school-teacher.

"Miss Gardner," she said, "what have you done to my small brothers?"

"I beg pardon!" was the stiff response. But Charlotte knew that she had heard.

"Harry and Jack are getting on so splendidly with their lessons this winter; they really enjoy studying. You seem to have a genius for keeping them interested. I heard father tell the boys last night that he hoped they realized what an uncommon teacher they had. And they said, of course they did; she was all right all round—the fellows all thought so."

"Your father is satisfied with their progress, is he?" asked Miss Gardner, trying not to seem too eager.

"Satisfied! he is beamingly delighted, and is never tired of talking about it. All the family feel themselves very much in your debt."

"You are very kind to say so," said Miss Gardner. Then, losing some of her primness, she added, "I was needing a cheering word this afternoon. It has been a hard day, and as I walked home I was thinking that perhaps my work was a failure after all."

"Oh no. Never think that when you teach those growing boys so much every week, and teach it with a moral, too, which they respect and will remember."

"It helped her; she was thirsty," Charlotte told herself when they had parted; but she did not know how much it helped, how often the solitary, hard-worked woman thought of her words of praise when the pranks of "those growing boys" had brought her spirits to the lowest ebb, and how it rested her.

Charlotte's room at home was the next to the nursery. When she was putting her hat and coat away she heard Katie the nursemaid through the half-open door say coaxingly,—

"Now, Daisy'll be a good little girl and sit quiet a while, and let Katie get her letter done, won't she? It's a poor writer that Katie is; and what with the rushin' and hurryin' we've