

lest of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

'Oh!' said Mr. Vaux, 'I understand.'

In the middle of that sunny afternoon there was a pretty scene in the 'Tea Garden' of Tiny Tim's home. Ten little girls, counting the hostess, were there. The 'Inasmuches' were little Japanese who belonged to the very poor class. They did not live near Hayi's beautiful home, but away off in a poor part of the city. The hostess had sent a jinrikisha to bring them to her party. At home they never had meat, nor rice, nor much of anything to eat, except a coarse kind of radish and a variety of sweet potato, and, of course, tea to drink; for tea, you know, is the Japanese national drink. These little girls had never been to a tea-party before, and so this seemed like a visit to fairyland.

Mats were spread upon the green turf, and up on the branches of the trees hung colored paper lanterns, which were lighted just before tea was served. The ten sat in a circle upon the mats. Before each little one was a tray of decorated lacquer work, standing upon four tiny wooden legs. Tea was poured out by the little hostess into beautiful china shells, which were passed to each guest in turn. Hayi had a small portable stove in front of her, upon which rested a porcelain dish, containing the rice, hot snowy white, which all Japanese love. She dished it out into tiny boats of porcelain, tossed some seeded raisins on the top, and passed a boat to each guest. Mr. Vaux was looking on from a distance. He thought it the most charming picture he had ever seen. Hayi's face was lovely; her hair, too, was beautiful. It was rolled back from her face, and done up in a coil through which a golden dart flashed. She was dressed in a crimson silk gown, which was spangled with stars.

After the rice was eaten, the servants came from the house with lacquered trays of cold meats and thinly sliced bread and butter; then wafers and cheese were served; after these came fruit, and, lastly, small frosted cakes and taffy. When it was time for the party to break up, each child was presented with a small basket filled to the brim with good things. Then the jinrikisha took them all home.—'Morning Star.'

Four Servants.

It was mid-day recess in Miss Herbert's school—a time when the little girls usually scattered through the grove, romping, snowballing, sliding. For Miss Herbert's was a country school and some of her scholars walked a long distance to reach it.

But to-day it was raining, and the hardy little lassies that could face the frost and wind and snow with a laugh, had to give up when it rained, and stay indoors. It was less dull indoors to-day, because there was a new scholar, and all the school was full of curiosity about her.

Edna Nelson's father and mother had just moved into New Chapel neighborhood, from the city, and this was their only child. Her clothes seemed very fine to our little country 'tackers,' and her long, beautiful curls excited great admiration.

Miss Edna was quick to feel her position, and well pleased to make her new companions acquainted with the superior style in which she lived at home. And as they were somewhat shy of questioning such a fine lady, she suggested topics of conversation herself, which led the way to the communications she wished to make.

'How many servants does your mother keep?' she asked Elsie Thornton, secretly expecting to overwhelm her listeners presently with the announcement that her mother kept three.

Elsie's face flushed painfully at the unexpected question. Her mother was a poor widow, who often eked out her scanty living by going out for day's work. It had never occurred to Elsie, as it had never been suggested to her, that this was anything to be ashamed of; but standing here by this fine little lady from the city, the question covered her with confusion.

'Elsie's mother keeps four servants,' said a sweet voice behind the group, and Mildred James, one of the older girls, came up and put her arm around Elsie's shoulder. 'They are the best servants I know,' she went on; 'faithful, obedient, skilful. They are never impatient, they ask no wages, they wear plain clothes, they eat nothing.'

'Why, Milly! what do you mean?' cried the children.

'Just what I say,' was the smil-

ing answer, 'and more; Mrs. Thornton deserves all the credit for her good servants, for she trained them herself. I am trying to follow her example, and I advise you all to do likewise.'

Miss Herbert raised her hand to tap the bell, as a signal for each scholar to take her seat and be quiet.

'O, Miss Herbert!' cried an eager voice from among the crowd, 'please wait a minute till Milly James tells us what she means by Mrs. Thornton's queer servants.'

Miss Herbert smiled, and held her hand in waiting above the bell.

'Why, haven't you guessed?' cried merry Mildred. 'I mean her two good hands and her two good feet.'

There was a little shout of applause, a soft clapping of hands, the bell tapped, and the new scholar took her seat, feeling that servants and fine clothes did not matter so much among these girls after all.

Elsie was a minute late at her seat, having stopped to give Mildred a wordless, grateful little hug. But Miss Herbert pretended not to see that she was tardy.—New York 'Observer.'

The 'Limited' to Poppy Land.

The first train leaves at 6 p.m.,

For the land where the poppy blows;

The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low sweet strain,
The passenger winks, and nods and blinks,

And goes to sleep in the train!

At eight p.m. the next train starts
For the Poppy Land afar,
The summons clear falls on the ear:
'All aboard for the sleeping car!'

But what is the fare to Poppy Land?

I hope it is not too dear,
The fare is this, a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,
'Take charge, I pray, of the train
each day,

That leaves at six and eight.

'Keep watch of the passengers thus
I pray,

'For to me they are very dear,
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer.'

—'Zion Watchman.'