



First Child to Second Child—"Which lion would you choose?"  
First Lion to Second Lion—"Which child would you choose?"

### A YOUNG CHURCHGOER.

To-day's the firstest time  
I ever went to church at all.  
I couldn't go before because  
My mother said I was too small;  
But now I've had a birthday, so  
I'm plenty big enough to go.

I listened very hard to-day,  
And sat up just as still and good.  
The people sang such lovely hymns;  
And I sang, too, the best I could.  
The preacher read the Bible twice.  
I think that church is very nice.

My grandmamma when she began  
To go to church was only three,  
And she's been going sixty years;  
She says she guesses I will be  
Just like her—and I hope so too,  
I'm going to church my whole life  
through.

### AMONGST THE TEA LEAVES.

By Anna E. Jacobs.

Two little Japanese girls, wearing red petticoats and gay sashes, were bending over the tea bushes, picking rapidly the thin leaves and then throwing them into a deep basket. They had as many pins, and their sashes were arranged in the required form, just as though they had not been bending all the morning over the tea leaves. They talked and laughed together at their work.

It was the month of May; the young tea leaves were just out; the first gray pussy leaves of the tea plant are the finest, so the two little Japanese girls were careful not to lose any of them in the picking. "I do not like to stand in the sea weed," said Kioto; "it slips and moves like a living thing beneath my feet."

"But it is good for the roots of the plants," said Mimosa, whose sleeves were tucked up so that her round plump arms showed as she worked. "You are not used to it; that is all."

Kioto sighed, but kept on filling her basket, for was she not earning money to pay for the little home made of bamboo way up on the mountain side a hundred miles from the great tea plantation where she was working?

"My basket is full," said Mimosa.

"And mine too," said Kioto, standing on her tiny feet to pick the upper leaves; "and now let us go and weigh them."

"Four pounds of tea leaves make only a pound of tea," said Mimosa to Kioto, who had come that day for the first time, and therefore did not know about the tea-picking.

"Ah, is that so? But I do love to drink tea!" she exclaimed, dimpling prettily, for like all he Japanese, she was a true lover of the fragrant tea leaves.

"To-morrow is the day we celebrate here in honor of the man who first brought tea to Japan," said Mimosa again.

"Oh, tell me about it!" clapping her hands until her long loose sleeves fell down over her small fingers.

"Hundreds and hundreds of years ago a priest went to China from here as a missionary, and when he came back here to Japan he brought with him some tea seeds, which he planted on a hill in the west side of this country, and soon after he raised a large crop of tea bushes. One of his neighbors was sick with a dreadful toothache and sent for the priest, who took some hot brewed tea leaves to him. The neighbor swallowed the drink and felt immediately better, for the hot mixture, I suppose, helped the tooth. Of course the neighbor asked the name of the drink that he had liked so much, and then he begged some seed of the priest. A few years after, he had a beautiful tea plantation, and his tea leaves were everywhere sold for great prices."

"Oh, don't I wish I had some of them!" cried Kioto, "and I could sell them for a great price and take the money right home for my dear mother and little sisters."

"Yes, but that would be impossible. It is midday now; let us rest," and the two girls passed out between rows of tea bushes soon to be filled with the small, white, waxlike tea blossoms, which look much like a lovely wild rose.

Soon the tap, tap, tap of tiny sandals was heard along the street, for Kioto and Mimosa were going for a cup of their favorite tea in a bamboo tea house near by.—Morning Star.

### NO ANIMAL WOULD TOUCH IT.

In one of the interior counties of New York, a minister preached one Sabbath on the evils of intemperance and their

cause. Some of his hearers were so offended that by way of insulting him, on the following morning they sent him a demijohn of rum with the request that he would accept it from a few friends, as a testimony of their regard.

At first he was somewhat at a loss how to dispose of it, but at length he decided to make an experiment with it. So, having prepared a clean trough, he turned some of the rum into it, and first offered it to his horse; then to his cow; and lastly to his hog. Pony snorted and blew at it; the cow snuffed and shook her horns; the hog grunted and snuffed, then dipped his nose in and coughed; but none of them would drink.

Having made this experiment, he sent back the demijohn with a note to his "friends," thanking them for their friendship, but informing them that he had offered it to his horse, to his cow, and to his hog, and none of them would drink it. He could not think that what neither horses nor cows nor hogs would drink would be useful to man, he must therefore be excused from drinking it himself.—Ex.

### A NEW WAY OF NAMING.

The Indians have a queer way of naming their braves. An Indian who was not a fearless rider would be called "The Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses." One who had very keen eyes might be known as "Eagle-Eye." Another, whose blanket hung too low, would be very likely to catch the name of "Trailing Blanket," and a careless walker would be called "The Stumbling-Foot."

I wonder how this plan would do for naming children. I wonder if little Sue wouldn't be more tidy in her person if she knew she had to be called, "The Girl-With-Dirty-Nails." And what do you suppose Harry would think about telling some things so hard to believe, if everyone who met him on the street were to say, "Good morning, Mr. Tangle-Tongue." I am sure that Dick would try harder to be manly if his teacher called his name on the roll, "Richard April-Eves." And there would be no more books for mother to pick from the floor for Frank, if he were punished with such a name as "Everything-out-of-Its-Place," or "The Pitch-it-on-the-Floor-Boy."—Tidings.

### WILLIE'S LOSS.

Willie couldn't do his sums,  
Never read a story through,  
Failed in almost every task  
Father set his boy to do.

Mother looked perplexed and said:  
"What's the cause?" I heard her sigh.

"Lost his application, dear!"  
That was grandma's reason why.

If you've lost what Willie did,  
You can find it (he did, too),  
By completing every task  
That is set for you to do.