

THE TEST.

THE principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher, thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils, Charles Hart and Henry Strong, will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the best scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examination the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of their visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind, and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune when justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she secured was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the

fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control. Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he turned to the boys, and after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with this remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—*M. E. Safford, in The Christian Union.*

POLLIWOGS AND HEATHEN.

POLLIWOGS! polliwogs! five cents a dozen!" was the unusual cry from a small, squeaky voice that came in at the windows along Elm street one morning in early June. It brought all the children to the sidewalk, and even the older folks looked out, to see little Jimmie Stone trudging along with a tin bucket full of polliwogs, or tadpoles, as they are more properly called. The rubber boots were still wet with the wade in Still River, and the little curly head about as wet from the heat of the long tramp. He was soon stopped by the group of eager children that clustered about him, while questions and exclamations came thick and fast.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"O, just see 'em wiggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?" was the first that found an answer.

"Why, put 'em in a glass bowl of water and some sand and a stone, and see 'em turn to frogs," said Jimmie, with business-like brevity.

"Oh, Oh! will they, though, ever turn to frogs?" asked one with astonishment.

Another added, "I don't believe it."

But a big boy standing by, who had been to college, said they would in a few weeks; so that settled the matter.

And then, sure enough, when they came to look closely at some of the little fellows, there were legs already sprouting from the wriggly, black bodies.

There was a general scampering away after nickels, for every child wanted a dozen, so as to go into the frog-raising business at once. Jimmie said to some economical ones, who thought a penny's worth would do, that they *must* have at least a dozen, "'cause some was