

## Children's Corner.

### The Company Who Try.

Yes, I love the little winner,  
 With the medal and the mark;  
 He has gained the prize he sought for,  
 He is joyous as a lark.  
 Every one will haste to praise him,  
 He is on the honor list;  
 I've a tender thought, my darlings,  
 For the one who tried and missed.

One? Ah me! They count by thousands,  
 Those who have not gained the race,  
 Though they did their best and fairest,  
 Striving for the winner's place.  
 Only few can reach the laurel,  
 Many see their chance flit by;  
 I've a tender thought, my darlings,  
 For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble,  
 If you're made of sterner stuff  
 Than the laggards who are daunted  
 When the bit of road is rough.  
 All will praise the happy winners,  
 But when they have hurried by,  
 I've a song to cheer my darlings,  
 The great company who try.

—Harpers Young People.

### The Test.

KINDNESS PAYS.

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 attain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better 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 examinations, 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 the 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

to them all as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was 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 selected 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 returned 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 the 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. Saffold.*

### Don't Send My Boy Where Your Girl Can't Go.

BY MRS. E. W. FROWNFEELTER.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go,  
 And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,  
 Because they all have wild oats to sow."  
 There is no more excuse for my boy to be low  
 Than your girl. Then, please do not tell him so.  
 This world's old lie is a boy's worst foe—  
 To hell or to heaven they both must go.

Don't allow him to go into places of sin,  
 And then to your hearts and home take him in,  
 Saying, "Oh, for a boy, there is nothing to fear,  
 And it don't matter much if he does drink beer;  
 He will stop by-and-by—it was always so—  
 All men and boys have wild oats to sow."

You tell them this, and they think it is so—  
 Not foreseeing that, sown, those seeds will grow;  
 To them the harvest is hidden from view,  
 Until, too late, the sowing they rue.  
 For at last their horror-struck souls will see  
 What the outcome of sowing wild oats must be.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go;  
 For a boy or a girl, sin is sin, you know.  
 And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white,  
 And his heart as pure as your girl's to-night.  
 That which sends a girl to the pits of hell,  
 Will send a boy's soul there as well.  
 —Good Templar Echo.