

Unattained.

Tired, tired, and spent, the day is almost run,
And oh, so little done!
Above, and far beyond, far out of sight,
Height over height,
I know the distant hills I should have trod—
The hills of God—
Lift up their airy peaks, crest over crest,
Where I had prest
My faltering, weary feet had strength been
given,
And found my haven.
Yet, once, ah, once, the place where I now
stand,
The promised land,
Seemed to my young, rapt vision, from afar;
The morning star
Shone for my guidance, beckoned me along
At break of day
The path looked strewn with flowers; in
that light,
Each distant height
Smiled at me like a friend—a faithful
friend—
Sure that the end
Would soon, ah, soon repay with sweet
redress
All weariness.
But when the time wore on, and in the
bright
And searching light
Of high noonday, I lifted up my eyes,
The purple dyes
Through which I had described my moun-
tain height
Had vanished quite.
Then, suddenly I knew that I did stand.
Within the promised land
Of youth's fair dreams and hopes; but with
a thrill,
I saw that still
Above and far beyond, far out of sight,
Height over height,
Lifted the fairer hills I should have trod—
The hills of God!

—Nora Perry.

Jubilate!

BY JULIA C. B. DORR.

Jubilate! Jubilate!
Christ is risen to-day!
Hear the mighty chorus swelling
Over land and over sea!
River calls aloud to river,
Mountain peak to mountain peak—
Jubilate! Jubilate!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day!
Waken, roses, from your slumbers!
Lilies, wake,—for He is near!
Happy bells in wild-wood arches,
Ring and swing in sweet accord!
Lift your voices, O ye maples,
Sing aloud, ye stately pines,
Jubilate! Jubilate!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day!
O thou goddess of the springtime,
Fair Ostera, thou art dead!
Never more shall priests and vestals
Weave fresh garlands for thy shrine;
But the happy voices ringing,
Over land and over sea,
Swell the mighty jubilate,—
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day!"

Afterglow.

Grandmother paces with stately tread
Forward and back through the quaint
old room,
Out of the firelight, dancing and red,
Into the gathering dusk and gloom.
Forward and back, in her silken dress
With its falling ruffles of frost-like lace;
A look of the deepest tenderness
In the faded lines of her fine old face.
Warm on her breast in his red night-gown
Like a scarlet lily the baby lies,
While softly the tired lids droop down
Over the little sleepy eyes.
Grandmother sings to him sweet and low,
And memories come with the cradle song
Of the days when she sang it long ago,
When her life was young and her heart
was strong.
Grandmother's children have left her now;
The large old house is a shadowed place;
But shining out in the sunset glow
Of her life, like a star, comes the baby's
face.
He lies where of old his father lay;
Softly she sings him the same sweet
strain;
Till the years intervening are swept away,
And the joy of life's morning is her's
again.
Grandmother's gray head is bending low
Over the dear little downy one;
The steps of her pathway are few to go;
The baby's journey is just begun.
Yet the rosy dawn of his childish love
Brightens the evening that else were
dim;
And after years, from the home above,
The light of her blessing will rest on
him.

—Christian Union.

The czar's body-guard is on duty day
and night. Anybody entering the bedroom
or the library of the sovereign would have
to pass 200 Cossacks. Two soldiers sleep
at the foot of his bed every night.

A Boarding School Club.

BY ELINOR ELLIOTT.

"Well, Mildred, what does she say?"
asked Dr. Clifford of his pretty eldest
daughter, as she came to the end of
her long letter; and the shower of
questions following showed how eager
were all at the breakfast table to hear
from the sister away at boarding
school.

"She says so much," laughs Mil-
dred, "that I will read it to you."

ELM BANK, — 13, 1880.

DEAR MILLY, — I am rejoiced to
know your first party was a success,
and that you were spared the ignomi-
nious fate of "full many a flower
born to blush unseen, and waste its
sweetness on the"—ball-room wall.

Your dress must have been a beau-
ty, but I do not envy you. "Fine
clo," I have forsworn, and I would not
exchange my jolly school-days for all
your festive parties.

Tell papa I must have some new
boots—very thick, with broad soles
and low heels—and entreat him not to
send them C. O. D. for I truly can't
pay the expressage.

We girls have formed a club for the
"Abolition and Extirpation of Grotes-
que Idiotic Style."

Our initials, A. E. G. I. S., as you
see, spell "Aegis," which is to be our
shield (its literal meaning) from aris-
tocratic scorn. I dare say I shall not
be received in polite circles when I
go home, but when I look at my ring,
on which is engraved A E G I S, I
shall gain such invulnerability that
all sneers will glance aside ineffective.

There is a curious fact about our
club motto. Like the old Eng-
lish Cabal, we have five members
whose initials form the name, viz.,

Anna Clifford,
Enid Evans,
Gertrude Wood,
Ida Langford,
Sallie Peterson.

I have given up curling my hair,
and braid it. Of course it isn't be-
coming, but we Aegises stoop not to
vanity. I have gained five pounds
since Christmas; so when my spring
suit is made, tell the dress-maker to
put the extra material into the waist,
and not waste it (a pun, but very
poor) in puffs and paniers, for we have
abolished them. We try to get along
with the bare necessities of life.

I'd give a good deal to see you all,
but I'm not the least bit homesick.

Good-by. Give my double-and-
twisted love to everybody, and kiss
the dear pink of a baby a hundred
times for me.

Lovingly,
ANNA CLIFFORD.

P. S.—When you send the boots,
perhaps if you put them in a fair-sized
box, there will be room for a corky or
two.

A. I. C.

"Isn't that a happy letter!"

"Think of our dainty, exquisite
Anna so independent! her pretty
brown curls straightened out in a
braid, and her dresses shorn of puffs
and ruffles!"

"That's the kind of 'society' for
school-girls to form," says papa. "I'll
order the thickest boots I can find to

be sent up; also a chicken for Bridget
to roast; and as she has given us so
delicate a hint, perhaps you can find
something else to put in the box."

Afternoon finds the Clifford family
again assembled in the dining-room,
intent upon packing the boots and
"cookies," and from the size of the
box on the table one would infer that
the boots must be No. 17's, and the
cookies as large as cheeses, or, more
correctly, that something more is to
be added.

"Wouldn't it be fine to send five
things for the club individually?"
asks one.

"Capital!" "Good!" "Just the
thing!" cry all.

"And have their initials spell Aeg-
is."

"What shall the first be?"

"A—Apples!" sounds a full chorus.

"It is a vote. And the next?"

"E—Eels," suggests fourteen-year-

old Dick, whose suggestions are apt
to be more ludicrous than elegant.

"Eggs; hard-boiled eggs are always
dear to my heart in the scenes of my
childhood."

"Bridget put on a dozen eggs, to
boil ten minutes."

"G—Ginger-snaps."

"Grapes."

"Gum-arabic," from Dick.

It takes so long to decide this im-
portant point that Dr. Clifford calls
out the fourth letter:

"I."

A hush falls upon them, but, as
Dick would say, made no noise, and
did no damage in falling. No one
can think of anything but ice-cream.
And I challenge you: put your hand
over your eyes, and name two other
edibles beginning with "I."

At last Dick, in an ecstasy of inspi-
ration, starts up, and cries, "Inch-
worms!"

A peal of laughter, and each one
suggests some impossible or awful ar-
ticle; and then the dauntless Richard
again: "A few ideas."

"If we had them to spare," says pa-
pa, dryly.

"Irish potatoes would be like coals
at Newcastle."

"I feel it on my bones that Bridg-
et would suggest 'Isters.'"

"Apropos of that," says Milly, "I
think we shall have to adopt the
sound, and send English walnuts, as
Anna loves them dearly."

"Now for the last letter."

"S—Sardines."

The things are collected, and stow-
ed away in the box; it is sent off by
express, and in a few days the follow-
ing letter announces its arrival.

ELM BANK, — 16, 1880.

DEAR, DEAR, DEAR FAMILY, — I
know I can't show you my delight
better than by telling you all about it.

Yesterday we Aegises were out
walking all the afternoon, and when
we came home, hungry as wolves,
were cheered by a chorus from the
piazza:

"A Clifford box, a Wood box—
A Clifford box, a Wood box."

Perhaps you have no appetizing asso-
ciation with a wood-box; but the news
quicken our steps, and inspired us
with the elasticity of a quintette of
rubber balls as we bounded up the
steps, and fell upon our boxes with
all the love of a father upon a return-
ed prodigal.

I sat down on my box, and Gertie
on hers, and there we sat as happy as
two enthroned queens, with serfs and
vassals standing near. How every
girl in school idolized us last night!

"George has driven Madame over
to town, and won't be back till late,"
said Enid, coming from her expedition
to the basement in search of George.
(George is the servant man who does
the chores, and "plays hero" for the
school.)

"How can we get these upstairs?"
asked Gertie.

"Carry them ourselves," cried a
brawny girl; "we'll all help."

So with a girl at each corner of
each box, we struggled up stairs.
Mine was not very heavy, but Gertie's
was; and one girl let her corner slip,
which threw us all into confusion and
in the midst of the hurly-burly we
became aware of a majestic presence
at the head of the stairs, and there
stood—Miss Coningham, the first as-

sistant. Our hearts stood still, for we
had not asked permission; but Sallie,
whom nothing overcomes, saved us.

"Oh, Miss Coningham," she called,
"do come and help us," and she actual-
ly stepped down and caught it as the
girls were losing control of it, and en-
gineered it into our sitting-room.

You know we five Aegises have one
sitting-room with three bedrooms
opening out of it. As she turned to
go, I thought I saw in her face a
longing to stay, and be a girl with the
rest of us, and I said,

"Don't go, Miss Coningham; stay
and see what is in the boxes."

"Thank you; I know you will en-
joy yourselves more alone. Madame
told me to give you five young ladies
permission to have supper in your own
room to-night."

"Why?" we all cried. What made
her?"

"Because it is Miss Wood's birth-
day."

"My birthday!" cried Gertie, in
amazement. "I didn't once think of it,"
while the girls flew at her ears.

"I don't see how anyone could for-
get such a thing—do you, Miss Con-
ingham?" I asked, as she stood in the
door.

"No; I could not forget mine," she
said. "This is mine too."

When I told the girls it was Miss
Coningham's birthday too, they unani-
mously proposed to give her a pre-

sent, and ran to their rooms for their
purses.

"There are just ten of us," said
Enid, counting.

"Pass round a hat," said Ida.

"This will do," cried Sallie, seizing
an India rubber shoe, and taking up
the collection. "If you have little,
give a little, but if you've got a lot,
give a good deal. Six dollars and
ninety cents," said Sallie, counting it.

"Now what shall we get?"

"Flowers? They fade so quickly."

"Let's get something she can keep."

"Well, what?"

"A gold thimble. You know hers
rolled down the register, and was
lost."

We agreed upon the thimble. Then
Enid went to Miss Coningham, and
gained permission for us to go down
to the jeweler's. So the five other
girls left the selection of the thimble
to us and went down stairs.

"Wasn't 'Cony' good?" said Sallie.

"Little did she suspect our object."

"Would it be a bad idea to ask her
to feast with us to-night?"

"Not at all bad. Do you believe
she'll come?"

"Very doubtful. Who will ask
Madame if we may have the feast?"

"I," said Sallie; my life for my
country."

We bought a beautiful gold thimble
for six dollars, and spent the rest for
flowers; then hurried home to open
the boxes, and get everything ready
before study hour.

"What shall we do for a table-
cloth?"

"Take a fresh sheet," said Sallie.

"Isn't there anything better?" asks
Ida.

"Positively nothing," answered Sal-
lie, throwing a sheet at her. "Take
this, and be thankful it isn't sheet
lightning that strikes you. Now I
start for my interview with Madame."

"Good luck attend you!" Enid put
the flowers in the centre, with a lem-
on pie at one side and a mince at the
other."

"Here is a roast chicken," I cried.

"Ida put it at one end."

"Enid," called Gertie, "here's a
duck in my box; put him opposite
the chicken."

"Dido et duc," said Enid.

"Well," answered Gertie, "I'm
glad she didn't eat them all."

Here Sallie came in triumphant.

"I showed her the thimble, girls,
and told her all about everything,
and she says we five and the other
five and Miss Coningham—Elsie, she
called her—can come up here right
after prayers, and stay till ten o'clock."

"Could anything be jollier?"

"She says Elsie was our age when
she first came here, and was as full of
fun as we are."

Then I found your note, saying
there were Apples for Anna, Eggs
for Enid, Grapes for Gertie, English
walnuts for Ida, and Sardines for Sal-
lie. We saw how hard you were
for us, but we'd rather have the nuts
than anything.

We had just got everything in or-
der when the study bell rang. You
can scarcely mention a "goody" that
was not in one of those boxes. Gertie
had a birthday cake with fifteen ta-
pers on it, which we lighted.

I can't begin to tell you what a
jolly time we had when we came
back up stairs. All our invitations
were accepted. Miss Coningham was
charmed with the thimble. We
"toasted" all you good people at
home who were the cause of our joy,
and sent the flowers to Madame when
our revelry was over.

By the way, the boots were exact-
ly right. Now, with the love and
thanks of the Aegises, I must close,
for I haven't touched a lesson for to-
morrow.

Lovingly, gratefully, and thankfully
yours,

ANNA I. CLIFFORD.

—Harper's Young People.

—God alone is perfect, good, beau-
tiful, and true; and heaven is heaven
because it is filled with the glory of
His goodness, His beauty, and His
truth. But wherever there is a soul
on earth led by the Spirit of God, and
filled by the Spirit of God with good
and beautiful and true graces and in-
spirations, there is a soul which, as
St. Paul says, is sitting in heavenly
places with Christ Jesus—a soul
which is already in heaven, though
still on earth.—Charles Kingsley.

—Better fail a thousand times, and in
everything else, than attempt to shape
yourself a life without God, without hope
in Christ, and without an interest in
heaven.

The Idyll of a Machinist.

A New England idyll, quite as
worthy of being the subject of a poem
as an "Idyll of the King" written by
Tennyson, is thus told in the Atlanta
Constitution:

Many years ago, there was a young
fellow, named Bigelow, sent by his
father to Yale College. The father
was very rich, and the youngster lived
in grand style at the university.
Suddenly the old gentleman broke,
and had to withdraw his son from
college. The boy, however, felt the
necessity of an education, and deter-
mined to have one anyhow.

He therefore went to work and
learned a trade as machinist. While
he was at his work, his old associates
cut him, and refused to have anything
to do with him.

The young ladies, with whom he
had been a great favorite, failed to re-
cognize him when they met him.

One day while going from his work
he met a wealthy young lady, who
had been his friend. He had his tin
dinner-bucket over his arm, and sup-
posed she would cut him, as all the
rest had done.

She smiled pleasantly, addressed
him as "Tom," and insisted that he
should call and see her as he had al-
ways done. She said, "There is no
change in you, as far as I am concern-
ed."

The years rolled on. The young
work-boy became immensely wealthy
and is now the mayor of New Haven,
with an income of one hundred thou-
sand dollars a year, and owner of a
factory in which fifteen hundred men
and women are employed.

The young girl grew to womanhood
and married. Her husband borrowed
a large sum of money from Mr. Bige-
low, and died before he had paid it,
leaving his family with but little
property.

Mr. Bigelow sent her with his con-
dolence, a receipted note for her hus-
band's indebtedness; and now the son
of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to
marry the daughter of the one wo-
man who was faithful and true to the
young work-boy at college.—Ex.

Beating The Bounds.

In England an old and curious cus-
tom is still kept up, called *beating the
bounds*. In London, some years since,
the writer had his attention arrested
by a great noise of voices and merril-
ment in a narrow street near St. Paul's
Cathedral. On looking out, he saw a
clergyman in his robes attended by a
procession of boys with willow sticks
in their hands, with which they went,
striking the pavements and buildings
as they passed. They were beating
the bounds of the parish, to which a
new vicar had been appointed. The
idea of employing young boys in this
ceremony was said to be that they
might have the prospect of living a
long time to remember what were the
metes and bounds of the parish when
they were young. The Philosophy of
this custom will be better understood
after reading a curious description of
what was done by the Israelites when
they crossed over the River Jordan
into the land of promise. See the Book
of Joshua, Chapter iv., verses 1-9.

Turkish Cleanliness.

Americans can learn two wholesome les-
sons from the Turk. First, a Mussulman
never drinks whiskey; second, he keeps
his skin clean. These excellent habits are
required by his religion; and there is no
reason why they should not be considered
an essential part of any man's religion.
They are really a part of genuine religion,
whether mentioned in the church creed or
not. The Bible enjoins both as religious
duties. There is a terrible amount of sin-
ning in these two directions in this coun-
try; and it may never be known how much
crime and misery are due, directly or indi-
rectly, to whiskey and dirty skins. The
Turk is required to wash not only his head,
face, neck, ears and feet, but also his teeth,
at each of the five daily calls to prayer.

—A cannon-ball passing through a four-
foot bore, receives its direction for the
whole range. So the Soul, in childhood,
receives its direction for eternity.