

WORLDLY PRIDE.

BY MRS. H. L. DEMING.

Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud—
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span.
How insignificant is mortal man!

—Kirk White.
How fading are the joys we dote upon!
—John Morris.
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
—Blair.

Life's a long tragedy, this globe the stage.
—Watts.
And the dreams in youth are but dust in age.
—J. Miller.

There's no contentment in a world like this.
—Willis.
Beggars enjoy where princes often do miss.
—Greene.

Man's yesterday may never be like his tomorrow.
—Shelley.
For days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow.
—Quarles.

Think not too meanly of thy low estate.
—O. W. Holmes.
They also serve who stand and wait.
—Milton.

Honor and shame from no condition rise.
—Pope.
The man forgets not though in rags he lies.
—Akerside.

And Oh! believe me, who have known it best.
—Madden.
'Tis not in mortals to command success.
—Addison.

Ye cannot know of what ye have never tried.
—Bulwer.
What fates impose that man must needs abide.
—Shakespeare.

Free will is but necessity in play.
—Bailey.
To which the gods must yield and we obey.
—Fletcher.

Man's but the toy of omniscient power.
—Stuart.
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.
—Byron.

Grasp not at much for fear thou losest all.
—Herbert.
One statesman rises on another's fall.
—R. Brome.

But wild ambition loves to slide not stand.
—Dryden.
The steps of its ascent are cut in sand.
—Robert Millhouse.

Ah, fool, to exult in a glory so vain.
—Beattie.
How little of life's scanty span may remain.
—Burns.

Honor's the darling of but one short day.
—Sir H. Wotton.
For the fashion of this world passeth away.
—Bible.

Why on such sands thy spirit's temple rear.
—Sigourney.
A sacred burden in this life ye bear.
—Francis Kimball.

The good begun by thee shall onward flow.
—Wilcox.
As falls the tree, so lies it, so shalt thou.
—Dane.

Death is the port where all may refuge find.
—Sterling.
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
—Goldsmith.

Serial.

ON THE BORDER-LAND

CHAP. I.—FAREWELL TO ALMA MATER.

It is the night before the Commencement at Sedgwick Hall, when we met a company of lively young girls assembled in the old school-room for the last time. There are ten, in the sweet flush of young girlhood, looking out upon the future with all the bright hopes of that sunny period of life when the sky seems cloudless, the path strewn with lovely flowers. They are graduates, and the conversation runs on, as that of all girls is wont to do out of the hearing of their elders—now gay, as they recall the merry pranks of their school-days; then sad, as they feel that it is a breaking up of all those ties that bind young hearts together—that it is one of life's crises.

They are very busy tossing their papers out of their desks and tearing up the letters that are found between the leaves of their note-books.

Two of the girls are especially attractive: Blanche Leicester is a beauty and a blonde, accustomed to flattery, the only child of wealthy parents, with never a thought beyond this short life. Marion Roscoe, her cousin, is not beautiful, but the eye would return to look again upon the sweet, thoughtful face of the young girl, lit up, as it often is, by the beams of intellect.

"See that, girls," said Blanche as she held up a letter; "that is from my devoted servant, George Tucker. He sent it to me under cover of Jenny Barnes's letter, but here it goes," and, lighting it at the gas, it was soon destroyed.

Then she held up her books of study one by one, saying, "Good-bye, stupid old Algebra! no more torturing

of one's poor brain, but to the horrid stuff."

Marion spoke a faint sigh in reply to the gay butterfly: "And you are really glad to bid good-bye to your studies, Blanche? I am not; and I expect to pursue a course of study every day when I am settled at home."

"Books for you, Marion, and pleasure for me," said Blanche; and, closing their desks, they joined the circle round the teacher's platform.

Marion sat with her arm around her cousin's waist, while Blanche chattered away about the pleasure in store for her at home.

"We've had some very happy days here," said Marion, "and, though I am so glad to return home, it seems sad to part from our kind teachers."

"You don't pretend to say that you are sorry to say good-bye to that cross old Miss Britton?"

"Yes, I am, Blanche, for we have often tried her patience when she had her dreadful nervous headaches."

"Oh, Marion, you're very good, but I am not."

Just then the door opened, and Miss Stanley entered.

"Well, girls," she said, "it seems sorrowful to think that this is our last evening. I shall miss your dear, bright faces in the school-room, I know; but I suppose you are all thinking of the future, just on the border-land of your young lives. I remember such an evening in my life, but I will not sadden you by telling how early it was clouded."

Marion looked thoughtful as she replied.

"The border-land, Miss Stanley, sounds very serious to me, for in a few years we shall leave girlhood behind."

"It seems pleasant to me," said Blanche. "I am an only child, and papa never crossed me yet. I shall have hosts of friends, with nothing to do but to enjoy myself; it's time enough for me to have serious thoughts."

"Do you never think, Blanche, what a serious thing it is to live?" asked Miss Stanley.

"Life is very bright to me," she replied, "and I mean to enjoy it."

Opening a small satchel, Miss Stanley handed each a little book entitled *Finding My Place*, saying, "That is a very suggestive book, girls. I have written my name in each, for I must not be forgotten by my old pupils. Do not think that life's duties ever make its pleasures less, girls, for real happiness always follows a faithful performance of what is laid upon us by our Heavenly Father; but it is of the greatest importance that we should know what those duties are, and no doubt we shall find them lying around our daily paths in the quietness of domestic life."

Then the talk ran into a livelier channel, and an hour of pleasant intercourse soon passed away.

Miss Stanley was much beloved by all the girls, and, not willing to make a public display of their preference, they had chosen this quiet hour to bestow their parting gift, which was a handsome brooch set, with pearls, enclosing the hair of each, with their names engraved on the back, and presented by Marion Roscoe. It was quite a surprise to Miss Stanley, and she received it with grateful expressions of thankfulness, saying:

"The brooch is beautiful, dear girls, but the love is far sweeter."

"Come, girls," said Marion, as she opened the piano; "let us sing our parting song of 'Auld Lang Syne'."

Each with her arm around another's waist, they encircled the piano and joined with much tender feeling in singing the soul-touching words:

"Should and acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should and acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?"

The song had subdued their spirits, and, bidding good-night, they sought their rooms, wondering if the ten would ever meet again. Marion and Blanche occupied a room together. Stretched out upon the bed, with hands clasped over her head, Blanche ran on at a merry rate about the gay winter at the metro, until a late hour, Marion at length reminding her that there was much to do next day,

and they must not oversleep themselves.

Blanche hurried through a few words of prayer, and Marion read her chapter and committed herself for time and for eternity to the covenant-keeping care of the Good Shepherd, for she was truly one of his lambs.

Next day was one of great excitement, for parents were hourly arriving to take their children home—Marion's among the number, and Mr. and Mrs. Leicester soon following.

The exercises were conducted in the chapel, where a large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony. The procession of ten young ladies in their white dresses was of course the chief object of attraction; for, even though all were not beautiful, the sight of ten young creatures just on the border-land which separates girlhood from womanhood is always touching, for one cannot help asking what lies in the path of each.

Each young lady contributed her portion of the entertainment on the piano, Blanche on the harp, and all in highly finished vocal music. The president bestowed the diplomas on the graduates, and Marion Roscoe delivered the valedictory in her own modest and dignified manner; then, closing with a hymn, in which all joined, the class bade farewell to their Alma Mater.

Then followed the change of dress, tearful farewells to the Faculty and to the pupils, with girlish promises never to forget each other; and the two girls turned their backs upon Sedgwick Hall, waving a last farewell as the carriages drove out of sight—Mr. and Mrs. Leicester proud of Blanche's beauty and grace; Marion's parents, of her talents and her modest worth.

CHAP. II.—THE ROSCOES.

It was a pleasant home in the city, the house presented to Mrs. Roscoe by her uncle on her marriage. Built when ground was plenty, there was a large back yard, where Mrs. Roscoe had her garden of lovely flowers, in which the children were deeply interested, and under mamma's direction kept in perfect order—the boys repaid for their toil by their rosy cheeks and strong muscles of perfect health; the girls, by the refining power of this world of beauty.

The house was convenient and comfortable, neatly but not richly furnished, and well kept by a careful housekeeper.

Mr. Roscoe was an officer in one of the city banks, but, living on a salary, with the expense of a large family it required all the management of his faithful wife to keep out of debt.

Yet, with her economy and industry, they lived comfortably; and it was often said that John Roscoe must have had something more than his salary for his family to make the appearance that they did among their neighbors. But with her heavy family cares Mrs. Roscoe's health was delicate, and her husband often looked upon the pale face of his wife with many silent apprehensions and most earnest prayer.

In the summer months, however, they closed their house and boarded with Farmer Dolby out of town, near enough to the steam-cars for Mr. Roscoe to go in and out daily. Thus released from the cares of housekeeping, the wife enjoyed the quiet and fresh air of the country for three months of every year; and she often said she should not know what to do without this break in her life of constant care and toil. During her absence a gardener from a neighboring green-house stepped in to look after the flowers, for she could not neglect her lovely plants.

She was the mother of eight children. Marion, the eldest, nearly sixteen years of age, promised to be a great comfort to her mother, and much pains had been bestowed upon her education, for the mother often said that much of the well-doing of the others depended upon the training of the eldest child. George, a boy of fifteen, very fiery and impulsive, but generous to a fault, with bright talents, gave his parents much anxiety. Richard—or rather Dick—a boy of thirteen, was a bright, gifted fellow, boiling over with fun,

not fond of study. Helen, a sweet girl of eleven, was retiring, gentle, sensitive, with a heart clinging fondly to those she loved, ready at all times to make any sacrifice for her brothers and sisters. Sophy, a black-eyed, dancing girl of nine, was Dick's companion in all his pranks, but a most truthful, winsome little girl. Bessie, a child of seven, not very healthy, often peevish, secretive, was inclined to be selfish; sometimes the mother felt misgivings when she discovered Bessie's want of perfect truthfulness. Fred, the little boy of five, was everybody's pet—such a merry, laughing child, but always in mischief. Baby Harry had not yet developed into anything but a romping, frolicsome darling, a perfect beauty. But it might be said of all, save Bessie, that whatever their faults were, falsehood in any shape was not one.

With truly Christian parents, these children were trained in the love and fear of God. The father was like the elder brother of his boys; the mother, her daughters' only confidante.

Mr. Roscoe had a Bible-class of men, but mother's were home-duties, for she was not inclined to step over eight children and go out into the highways to seek work for the Lord. She often pondered over the words of the apostle in his loving salutation to the brethren, it seemed so sweet to read: "Likewise greet the church that is in their house," for she knew their was one where John Roscoe was the family priest and the little flock his precious charge.

And this is the family ready to welcome Marion home. The children had been uneasy all day, Helen tripping now and then into sister's room to see if all was right.

Yes; everything was in order. As she looked around Helen said to herself, "It's all lovely, and won't I be a happy girl to have sister always with me?"

She had brought in all her clothing, arranged it neatly in her own bureau, hung her dresses in the wardrobe, and, looking at her watch, she saw it was four o'clock. Down stairs she skipped, and, seating herself at the front window, watched the carriage to turn the corner. It was not long before she saw it rapidly approaching.

"Here they are!" she cried out, and flew to the door, soon followed by the family group.

"I'm the oldest," George called out, as, seizing Marion around the neck, he had the first kiss, and then the others followed.

By the time Marion had reached the parlor her hat was off, and she was literally carried in and set down in the rocking-chair. It was a noisy Bedlam for a while, little Fred turning somersaults, while Helen more quietly took her seat by sister, holding her hand, kissing it now and then. Jack, the pet dog, with paws in Marion's lap, joined in the family welcome.

"This is jolly, papa," said Dick; "won't we have good times now?"

"If this storm is a specimen," said Marion, "I think I shall have to keep clear of boys; for, see, you've pulled all my hair down among you."

"You might be very glad," said Dick, "for it's really becoming to you, sister."

"With your permission, I think I'll go up stairs and rest a while, boys, for I'm very tired."

Laying aside her hat and satchel, after refreshing herself with cool water she rested a while upon the lounge, talking to Helen about their happy home and the joy of being together once more.

Kneeling beside her, Helen leaned upon her sister, who folded her in her arms and poured out the love of her warm young heart. And thus they chatted until supper-time. When assembled at the table the father looked around with a beaming smile as he said:

"Here we are all together around the family table; we ought to be very happy, my children."

"And so we are, papa," said Dick. "I don't envy the king upon his throne while I have my father and mother and all their olive-plants around the table."

(To be continued.)

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