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MY PSALM.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare:
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripened corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And calm, sweet days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hand shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,—
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back,—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good,—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight,—

That care and trouble seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair,—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day!

A Children's Lecture—The Fly.

Let us put a fly under the microscope and see how beautifully it is made. There is the head small and round, with a large round bunch of eyes on each side; not single eyes, like ours, but having many thousands in each bunch, so that the fly can see in all directions at the same time. The trunk is long enough to reach to the ground when the fly stands, because its neck is so short it cannot bend it, and, like the elephant, it has a trunk or proboscis, by which to lift its food to its mouth. The fly's trunk folds back on itself, as you would fold your arm when you touch your hand to your shoulder, or your leg when you draw your feet behind you up to your body. The trunk may be seen in full length by pressing the sides of the living fly with the thumb and finger. It will drop the trunk, so that with the naked eye or a microscope it can be seen distinctly. The lips of the proboscis are large and covered with coarse black hairs and when the fly sips liquids it covers the liquid with its lips and draws it up into the tube of its trunk, as the pump draws up the water when we pull down the handle that is, it sucks it up, or, as we may say, it draws it up by suction. When it eats solid food it first throws out a liquid from its trunk to dissolve it, and then it can suck it up. It is the pinching with these lips that causes the fly to tease and tickle us in warm weather, as if we were to take up a small portion of our skin between the thumb-nail and the finger-nail. The fly does not breathe through its mouth and nostrils and by lungs, as we do; but it has little breathing holes or pores all along down its sides, covered with a network of little fibers—*i. e.* threads of flesh—to keep out the dust, and one of these little openings is located under each wing, which, as you see, is made of little black horny threads, covered with a very thin skin or membrane above and below them. These horny threads are tubes filled with air, which makes the fly lighter and helps it to fly with more ease and swiftness. The upper surface of the wings is covered with black horny hooks or curved spines; and these too, may be and doubtless are hollow tubes and filled with air. Then the fly has two little thread-like wings, called balances, under the broad wings, which help it to balance and swing from side to side, in the same way that you would use your arms if you were walking a crack or the fence, or as rope-walkers use the long pole to balance and keep from falling. The foot is a curious piece of workmanship and shows with every other part how God has adapted every part to the wants of the fly and the fly to circumstances around it. Each foot has a little cushion of hairs upon the bottom, which excludes the air when the fly sets it down, causing the foot to stick to the wall, the ceiling, or the window glass, precisely as the "sucker" sticks to the table or the pavement when it is wet and slapped down, and this cushion of "tenent hairs" enables it to walk upon polished surfaces without slipping; but if you throw flour, or chalk, or dust upon the window-glass the fly cannot walk upon it and it is to keep the foot free from dust and to enable the fly to walk easily that it so often rubs the flat faces of the feet together and upon its body. All flies are covered with hairs and these serve as combs and brushes for the pulvilli, as the cushions of the feet are called. The eggs of the house fly are generally deposited upon the leaves and stems of plants, where the larvæ will find food when they are hatched. A single one is called a larva. In a few days after the eggs are laid the larvæ, or caterpillars, are hatched and begin to eat as soon as they are born. In a few days more the body is too large for the skin and it throws it off or creeps out of it; and beneath there is a new and larger one prepared. The skin is not a part of the body, like ours; but is thrown off three or four times during three weeks of the caterpillar's life, as we would dorp off our dress or as our new teeth push out the little old ones.

After about three weeks the larva wraps itself up in its last skin, stops eating and goes to sleep for a few days. This is called the pupa or sleeping state, because the insect is wrapped up like a baby in swaddling clothes. During this time the antennæ or feelers, the legs, the wings and the proboscis grow out; so that when the fly comes out from its old skin it has six long legs, two wings, two little balancers, a proboscis and many thousand eyes. Before it had a large mouth, now it has a small mouth and a long trunk; then it had short legs and large feet, now it has long, slender legs and feet, with cushions on them; then it had two small eyes, now it has many thousand; then it had no wings, now it has two broad wings and two little thread-like wings beneath them. This makes the round of the fly's life. First an egg; then a larva, or grub, or maggot, or skipper—for we give all these names to it as we find it in wood, or in meat, or in cheese; then the pupa or sleeper; then the fly or perfect insect. Flies are found all over the earth and you will be surprised to know that in some countries of South America they lay their eggs in the nose and mouth of some poor, dirty, miserable people while they sleep; and when the larvæ are hatched they cause great suffering and death to the poor wretches. In Africa one kind of fly stings the cattle, causing them to die in a few hours. In this country the bot-fly deposits eggs under the skin of cattle, and the gad fly lays its eggs in the nostrils of the sheep; and when the larvæ are hatched, the poor animals suffer and sometimes die from the effects. But the house-fly does no harm to man. It does us good when it picks up the crumbs and other waste particles, that would decay and make the air of our rooms less pure and healthful and when they come in great numbers it is because there is much there for them to eat.

What Rum did for Mr. Brick.

The celebrated Sum. Brick, of Augusta, made a speech at the Augusta Reform Club, which for pathos and humor is not often excelled. It is necessary to note the fact that Mr. Brick lost a portion of his nose some years since by a surgical operation. In concluding his remarks the speaker said:

When I think of what I am and what I might have been, I can well say that rum has done much for me. Little good and much evil. It has made me a handsome man; it has restrained me from extravagant living, costly clothing, valuable jewelry, fast horses, seaside mansions and yachts. It has prevented me from being called a bloated bond-holder, I may have been called a bloated '*bummer*,' but I am guiltless of bonds and stock. It has saved me from paying exorbitant taxes on real estate, and relieved me of the double expense of putting a cupola on my house and putting a house under my cupola. It has relieved me of a family and home. Washing days are unknown to me and my light key awakens no wife and children. It has prevented me from being swindled and robbed. Nobody borrows of me under the garb of prevented friendship. Nobody attempts to wrest from me what they know I haven't got—and the only thing I have lost after a series of years is a few inches of my nose, which I don't miss. Yes, rum has done much for me. You can all see what rum has done for me and let me tell all within the sound of my voice, that if you have anything to do with the vile stuff, it may do as much for you. Shun the bowl and above all things avoid the first glass.

DURING the past ten or fifteen years much attention has been given to the plants of various countries by paper-makers. Almost any plant will yield paper material; but in all there is some element which it is more or less costly to remove before paper can be profitably made. We have in our own country many plants which do tolerably well. The common rag-weed—*Ambrosia artimesiafolia*—has been rather extensively used the past year or two and promises to hold its own pretty well. But the plant which has become most popular in this connection is a grass—*Lygeum spartum*—known in the trade as Esparto grass and which grows naturally in the marshes of South Spain and the coasts of the Mediterranean. In England Esparto grass for paper-making is being consumed in immense quantities. The London *Times* is printed now entirely on Sparto-grass paper and it is the stoutest paper we receive. The native locations have been found too limited for the demand, and plantations are being made of it in various parts of Spain where it does not naturally grow. It is well worthy of trial in this country; but the seed seems difficult to get hold of. Commissioner Capron had his attention drawn to its value when he was at the head of the Agricultural Bureau and imported seed at some cost; but the plants died out during the heat of the following summer at the Government gardens at Washington. It was thought it would not adapt itself to this climate; but these experiments ought not to be regarded as decisive, by any means.—*Independent.*

Pay Your Fare.

Dean Richmond had a son whose habits and character were not entirely in accord with his father's wishes. He would not hold a pen behind his ear nor perch himself upon a stool poring over the books in the office, nor did he exhibit any of the qualifications for a successful bull or a bear upon the stock market. The father lost confidence in the son, and so strong became his dissatisfaction that he eventually ostracised him. He was allowed to labor and shift for his own means of support. He became a conductor upon his father's railway. Mr. Richmond told him that the least infractions of the rules of the company would insure his immediate removal and especially was he warned against allowing any person, whether friend or not, to ride without showing a ticket or pass, or paying the necessary fare. He had been employed in this capacity for some time and there had been no complaints, when, one day, Dean Richmond himself became a passenger upon his son's train. The conductor, while collecting tickets and fares, came to the old railway magnate when the following dialogue occurred:

"Ticket, sir!"

"Ticket? Get out! I am the president of this road. I don't buy tickets."

"That makes no difference. It's against orders for me to allow anybody to ride without he pays his fare, presents a ticket, or shows a pass. Come, hurry up."

"Well, sir, you know who I am and you know that I am entitled to ride on this road free. I could make out a pass but I haven't any blanks. You go on. It's all right."

"See here, old gentleman, it makes no difference who you are; give me a ticket, show a pass, pay your fare, or get off this train."

"Humph! young man you are getting mighty arbitrary. If you don't go on about your business I'll have you discharged."

The young conductor made no reply, but gave a vigorous pull upon the bell-rope. As the train checked its speed and the father saw he was about to be treated like any other passenger and was really liable to be set down beside the track midway between stations, he pulled his wallet and paid his fare.

The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 3, 1873.

ED. ELMIRA ADVERTISER.—*Sir:* I have been thinking for some time that a letter descriptive of one of our Soldiers' Homes might not be uninteresting to your numerous readers. Most accounts that have found their way into print have in general savored somewhat of interest or prejudice. I am an inmate on an equal footing with all the rest as to privilege though I hope not as to "moral status."—Well, this north-eastern branch of the National Home for disabled volunteer soldiers is situated about three miles west of the city of Milwaukee, the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad passing through the ground. The land was purchased in 1866, about four hundred acres of good agricultural land. This building now used as a hospital, size one hundred and forty by forty, three stories, brick, was built for the Home in 1867 but was found inadequate for the accommodation of the applicants and in 1869 the building now used was erected. It is brick, three hundred and fifty by eighty feet, with wing one hundred by forty, all four stories with basement. The farm is supplied with numerous fine springs and the water is fresh and good on every floor in the building; there are baths and hot and cold water wash rooms, and water closets upon every floor, and in fact it has all improvements to be found in any modern institution of the kind in the country. The gas is manufactured on the grounds. The clothing is washed in the building, steam power being used for that purpose as well as heating the building. The farm is made to produce a great deal toward the support of the institution, and all work is done by inmates—men who have been soldiers and have become incapacitated for outside life, some temporarily but most of them permanently. We have all phases of disease and disability known to the profession. The diet is of a very generous kind and is varied so that no two days in succession are alike in that respect. Those who require lighter diet are furnished with whatever their appetite seems to crave. Each man is furnished with clothing of the United States regulation pattern, his washing, his shaving, hair cutting, etc., is done free, he is furnished stationery and postage, and tobacco to a reasonable amount, gratis, *i. e.*, provided always that he is not a pensioner, when he must pay for the latter. There is a very good library, and all the newspapers and periodicals of the day are furnished free by the various publishers of the country. We have men here from all the States, but New York, I think, has the largest representation of any. Every nationality, almost, is represented—the German and Irish predominating largely. General Butler—with all his faults we must love him still—has, in identifying himself with this institution, handed his name down to posterity in a way that will warrant its lasting for generations at least. This place is truly named the Home. It certainly comes as near it as is possible without the presence of mother or wife. Our Deputy-Governor is Major-General Ed. W. Hincks, who has a good reputation as an officer and in his short administration has given evidence of executive ability together with humane attributes. The surgeon is Dr. Isaac H. Stearns, of Massachusetts, latterly from the Maine Home, a surgeon of very extensive experience, a physician of acknowledged skill and a gentleman of warm impulses. The chaplain is E. A. Ludwick, late colonel in the army, a young man of more than average attainments and who, though so situated that he could place himself in an enviable position outside of this place but chooses to waive all personal considerations and, making it a labor of love, stays here with us, is certainly my ideal of the Christian gentleman. The weather is quite cold here yet. We haven't had a warm day yet this season, so that it is dull. I am told that as soon as it is warm weather they have picnics and pleasure parties here from the city almost every day enjoying the cool shade and delightful drives. In order that one may be admitted all he is to do is to show evidence of his service, that he was honorably discharged, and then it is left to the board of surgeons to say whether he is physically disqualified to earn his own subsistence.

Very respectfully yours,
MICAWBER.

The Starry Snow-flakes.

It was snowing fast and five little noses were pressed against the window-panes, their owners looking out to see the white flakes fall. As they stood thus a voice upstairs shouted, "Come up here, young ones, and I'll make you see stars!" It was Uncle Ben, whose guests the children were. Five pairs of little feet pattered up the stairs.

"Show us the stars!" cried Franky, putting his head in at the door. "But you can't because it isn't night, you know."

"But there are stars that may be seen by day," said Uncle Ben, laughing with the rest. "Wait a bit!" Presently he put some snow-flakes under his microscope and Frank and the others looked through it and saw stars of most beautiful forms. "A snow-flake, you see, is a star," said Uncle Ben, triumphantly.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried Loo. "I shall hate to tread on the snow now! Just to think of trampling lovely stars under foot! But perhaps they are not always so beautiful!"

"Yes, my dear, they are," said Uncle Ben, "but I don't think they ever look twice alike, for their forms are endless."

"These are all just alike," said Fan. "No, they are a teenty-tonty bit different."

"Yes, and see," cried Frank, "they are changing all the while!"

"Yes, they change their forms as they melt," said Uncle Ben. "At one falling the flakes have about the same style of figure, but if it should stop snowing a while and then begin again the flakes would have a different form."

After the children had looked through the microscope as long as they cared to do so their uncle took a book from the table and in a moment their eager little faces were bending over it as it lay opened upon his knee.

"Oh! oh!" cried the children, "what lots of pictures! Are these all snow-flakes?"

"Yes," said Uncle Ben.

"They're nice to look at, because they don't melt," said Franky.

"Yes and some of these are prettier than the *lice* snow-drops," added little Gus. "Just count how many points they have!"

"Ah! these were seen up in the cold polar regions," said Uncle Ben. "I have been up there myself, you know, and I was sorry enough that I could not handle my pencil so as to draw the beautiful star-flakes I saw. They take more varied forms in the Arctic regions than in our temperate clime."

"It isn't very temperate here now," laughed Frank; "it's cold enough for mittens."

"Tell us how many kinds you saw uncle," said Loo. "But may be you didn't keep account."

"Yes, I made crosses in my note-book," answered Uncle Ben, "and there were forty-two crosses in all. But I have read of a Captain Scoresby who counted up to ninety-six varieties. Sometimes the flakes take the form of darts or pyramids, but I think the stars are prettiest—Come, now let us go down-stairs and make a snow-man." Then they all marched out of doors, their Uncle at their head, and the boys fell at once to piling up snow, but Loo, as she stepped out on the soft white carpet of the earth, kissed a snow-flake as it fell, saying softly to herself, "I love you, beautiful white star.

The Use of Children.

For what are these child-angels made that are sent down to this world to bring so much love and rapture and then go from us in such bitterness and mourning? If we believe in Almighty Love, we must believe that they have a merciful and tender mission to our wayward souls. The love wherewith we love them is something the most utterly pure and unworldly of which human experience is capable and we must hope that every one that goes from us to the world of light goes holding an invisible chain of love by which to draw us there. Sometimes I think I would never have had my little Daisy grow older on this earth. The little child dies in growing into womanhood; and often the woman is far less lovely than the little child. It seems to me that lovely and loving childhood, with its truthfulness, its frank sincerity, its pure, simple love, is so sweet and holy an estate that it would be a beautiful thing in Heaven to have a band of heavenly children, guileless, gay and forever joyous, tender spring blossoms of the Kingdom of Light. Was it of such that He had left in His heavenly home that our Saviour was thinking when He took little children in His arms and blessed them and said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

To Restore Scratched Furniture.

Scrape one pound of beeswax into shavings in a pan; add half a gallon of spirits of turpentine and one pint of linseed oil. Let it remain twelve hours, then stir it well with a stick, into a liquid; while stirring add one quarter pound shellac varnish and one ounce alkanet root. Put this mixture into a gallon jar and stand it before the fire or in an oven, for a week (to keep it just warm,) shake it up three or four times a day. Then strain through a hair sieve and bottle it. Pour about a teaspoonful on a wad of baize, go lightly over the face and other parts of mahogany furniture, then rub briskly with a similar dry wad, and in three minutes it will produce a dark brilliant polish unequalled.

Another preparation may be made as follows: Make a mixture of three parts linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores wood to its original color and leaves a lustre upon the surface. Put on with a woolen cloth and when dry rub with woolen.

Prohibition in Maine.—Decrease in Crime.

We sometimes hear it said that there is more liquor drank now in Maine, under prohibition, than there was forty years ago under license. But every candid man knows better. Indeed, a comparison of Maine to-day with license states shows that there are not one-fourth as many places in Maine where intoxicating liquors are sold as a beverage as there are in license states and not one-eighth as much liquor sold per inhabitant. The last report of the Attorney-General of Maine shows ninety per cent. of our criminals are made by the liquor traffic and gives us some interesting statistics of the decrease of crime in this State growing out of prohibition and its enforcement.

During the year 1866 the prison, jail and reform school received 204 criminals. The number sentenced in 1867 was 157; in 1868, 114; in 1869, 189; in 1870, 150; in 1871, 152; and in 1872 only 100. Estimating the average of commitments for the seven years under review we find it 152. The result indicates the remarkable fact that the crime during the last year (1872, in which the reform movement has gone hand in hand with prohibition,) is thirty-three per cent. less than the average of the last seven years. It should be noticed, moreover, that the number convicted and sentenced last year is fifty per cent. less than in 1866 and thirty-three per cent. than in 1871.

Of course no one will claim that our prohibitory laws are thoroughly enforced in all parts of the State, for that is impossible everywhere until the public sentiment of every locality shall have been brought up to the requisite standard.—*Lewiston* (Maine) *Standard.*

A CHIN that's never shaved—An urchin.