



Poetry.

My Psalm.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. I mean to more my wretched years; I mean to tender care, My April rain of youth and tears, My heart's young agonies again.

WOMAN'S LOVE: A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

As Gertrude Von Der Wartz sat humming the cradle-lyric which had lulled her babe asleep, she heard the tramp of men in the court-yard of the castle.

Farming in California.

The farmer in this State is a person of uncommon resources and ingenuity. I think he uses his brains more than our Eastern farmers. I do not mean to say that he lives better, for he does not.

To Whom It May Concern.

I want to begin our first talk for this New Year—the year to our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-four—with the words which closed our last talk for seventy-three.

Real Success.

Life is a struggle—how shall we meet it? By opposing force or gentle submission? There is a line between, I think, which might be divine.

Tyrolese House-Motives.

On the house-fronts, whether it be in village, town, or mountain-vale, you may read some pious prayer, or pithy sentence, or worldly-wise saw carved in quaint German for the edification of those who pass by.

Youths' Column.

Dick's Lesson. When good old Mr. Dick brought to leave his little, low, round, white-headed, old man, he said to me: "I have lived in all this great Union of States."

Varieties.

The panel game—drawing a jury. The turn of the tide—The divorce court. A noisy piece of crockery—The cup that cheers.

Miscellany.

Keeping Faith.

Promises to children, oh what hosts of them; countless ones to our fellow-men to the poor, to the sick, to the old—oh what an array! Among these are no many promises which upon an after-thought, seem to us too trifling to carry out.

Unpaid Bills.

One of the least agreeable reminders of the advent of the New Year is an unpaid bill. It is to many persons the number and length of such missives received at this season quite destroy all ideas of them as connected with it.

Most Extraordinary Longevity.

The Anglo-Brazilian Times claims the maintenance of a living Brazilian who was born on the 29th of May, 1693, and who is consequently in his 178th year.

A Solemn Thought.

Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years one-third of them will be gone.

A Welcome Man.

If the sight of a man is beautiful, it is when you first catch a glimpse of him through a black night, in a strange direction, when a pack of hyena harkens are to be heard howling about some lonely spot.

An "Improved" Wedding Tour.

Mr. Newbury, of Iowa, late Burns, of Gettysburg, is a practical man, under whose guidance the bride and groom are to be married.

Consequences.

This is a quiet game, and at the same time one of the most amusing ones which can be played. All the players assemble around a table, each with a half sheet of writing-paper and a pencil.

Jesus Christ has trod the world.

Jesus Christ has trod the world. The trace of the divine footsteps will never be obliterated. And the divine footsteps were the footsteps of a man.