



Poetry.

My Psalm.

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

WOMAN'S LOVE: A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

As Gertrude Von Der Wartz sat humming the cradle-lyric which had lull'd 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 a lesson for you."

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. And to many persons the number and length of such missives received at this season quite destroy all ideas of merriment 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 place, when a pack of bygone harkens are to be defied, your log will be a long one.

An "Improved" Wedding Tour.

Mr. Newbury, of Iowa, like Burns, of Kentucky, is a practical man, under which quality he has the honor of being placed.

Consequences.

As an illustration, we give the following: The little cradle. Mr. Smith and the romantic Miss Jones.

The Friendship of Men.

I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist after such exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and of his friend. It is a happiness which postpones all other gratifications and makes politics and commerce and churches cheap.