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MY PSALM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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 nor behind
I look in hope and 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 angels sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening 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-winds softly sigh,
And sweet calm 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 hands 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 wherese'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 trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blended 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 winrows of my heart
I open to the day.

FOUND IN THE SNOW.

'Halloo! This won't do. Move on.'—The speaker was a gigantic policeman. The object of his wrath was a boy who sat on a low stoop, with his face buried in his hands as if crying:

It was night and snowing fast. A bitter, bitter night, in which one would not wish even one's enemy to to be homeless and helpless. The boy did not stir.

'Halloo, I say!' cried the policeman, angrily advancing nearer. 'No shamming, young one. Get up, and move on.'

But as the lad, even yet, did not rise, the policeman stooped down and shook him. As he did this the boy fell over, senseless, in the snow.

'Great God!' cried the policeman.—'He's dead. Frozen to death, too; perhaps starved. Poor little fellow! An orphan, no doubt. Well, I must take him to the station, I suppose.'

But as he lifted the body, which he did tenderly—for he had children of his own at home, the seemingly inanimate form stirred.

'Fainted,' said the officer, 'but not dead yet. If the station house only wasn't so far off. Ah! maybe they'll take him in here.'

As he spoke, a close carriage had dashed up to the next house, footman sprang from the box, the coach door was flung open, and an old man, wrapped in a fur cloak, stepped out and took the servant's arm, to be helped up the high steop.—Seeing the policeman, however, with the little boy in his arms, he stopped abruptly.

'What! what!' he cried. A young tramp—a beggar? Not dead—

'No, not dead yet, Mr. Ascot,' said the policeman, respectfully, as he recognized the speaker, well known as the wealthiest and most influential householder on the beat, 'but I'm afraid will be before I reach the station. And he doesn't seem to be a common sort a beggar boy—

'Not a common sort, eh? Neither is he,' said Mr. Ascot, as he looked at the boy's clothes. 'Have him in here—have him in here. John, ring the bell; why the deuce do you stand there gaping—don't don't you see the boy's dying from cold and hunger? I can walk up the steps well enough alone.'

A moment more and Mr. Ascot himself led the way into a warm, spacious drawing room.

'There's a roaring fire ready,' he said. I always have one waiting for me when I come home from dining out. Where's the house-keeper? Didn't I tell John to bring her at once? Ah! here Mrs. Somers comes. Something to revive him, quick! Good heavens! if he should die after all.'

'Poor little dear!' said Mrs. Somers, as she poured a restorative down his throat. 'There, Jane give me blankets while I wrap him up. Ah! he's coming to.'

The boy opened his eyes, looked in a far-off way at Mrs. Somers, and then glanced, dreamily, about the room. Evidently his senses had not yet quite come back.

'Mother, mother,' he murmured. 'I can't find grandfather—and it's so cold. I'm so—'

His head dropped on her shoulder, and his eyes closed again. One of his hands which up to this time had been tightly closed, opened weakly, and a note fell to the floor.

Mrs. Somers did not see the note.—Something in the boy's look startled her. She gave a quick glance up at her master; then she began to tremble all over. Mr. Ascot, who had been standing by her full of interested anxiety, did not observe this for his attention had been attracted by the note which he now stooped to pick up.—Then he proceeded to take out his glasses in order to read the superscription.

'Perhaps this may throw some light on the matter,' he said. 'The poor lad has been sent out on an errand and has fainted from cold and perhaps hunger. What! What! Good God!' His hands were shaking like leaves in an autumn wind. In the deep stillness the paper rattled with startling noise. 'It can't be—It can't be! Mrs. Somers, your eyes are younger than mine—read, read: is that address—is it—mine—Thornton Ascot?'

As he spoke in choked, convulsive gasps, Mrs. Somers leaned forward to read. The motion roused the boy again, and he opened his eyes—this time with more consciousness in them—and he fixed a long, questioning, puzzled look on Mr. Ascot.

'Merciful heaven!' the latter said, staggering like one struck with palsy. 'It's her eyes—her eyes—'

With these words he fell back senseless, the half-open letter fluttering from his fingers to the floor. Fortunately the policeman was in time to catch him and lay him on the sofa. For a moment the boy was forgotten, every one pressing around the master of the house.

'Is it a stroke?' asked the policeman, anxiously. 'What does it mean?'

At any other time Mrs. Somers would have been reticent about family affairs, but she was too flurried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself she took her audience, unconsciously, into her confidence.

'No, it's not a stroke,' she answered with the experience of long years of nursing. His face isn't awry, you see; and he's only limp, and not paralyzed. There, I've opened his cravat; and now Jane bring some water. It's a fainting fit; he often, I mean since his daughter went away. She ran off, you know, 'most ten years ago. He's never forgiven her, or rather she's never—leastway of late years—asked to be forgiven. The last time was when she came herself just after she was married, on a night as bad as this.' All this time Mrs. Somers was busy in trying to revive her master, chafing his hands, holding smelling salts to to him, even ordering the window opened. 'He turned her from his door in a perfect rage—I never seen him so angry before or since. But he's been sorry for it many and many a time. I know I have heard him sigh so! He was thinking of her.—He'd had forgiven all years ago, if she would have come again; but she was as proud as him; I don't know which was the prouder. She went to foreign parts with her husband—that's what made Mr. Ascot so angry—and she has not been heard of these many years. There—he's coming to; what a sigh. Stand aside Mr. Policeman, please, and give him some air. Poor man, but he's nobody to blame but himself, after all. I don't hold up disobedience in children, of course, but a dearer, sweeter girl than Margaret Ascot never was. Many and many's the time I've carried her in my arms when she was a baby and her mother was alive.—How are you feeling now, sir?'

This last sentence was addressed to her master, who, with a deep drawn sigh, opened his eyes.

'What—what is the matter?' he said, looking vacantly from one to the other. 'Yes, I remember,' putting his hand to his brow, 'Margaret—'

His eyes wandering about fell on the boy who, during his episode, had entirely recovered consciousness and was now looking with a strange sort of wonder at Mr. Ascot.

'Please, sir,' said the lad, seeing he had attracted the old man's eye, "can you tell me where Mr. Ascot lives? I was to go to him—only I lost my way—mother's very sick—and she's had nothing to eat to-day—'

With these words he broke down with a great sob, the tears streaming along his thin, wan cheeks.

'Where's the note? Order the carriage, said Mr. Ascot, incoherently, rising to his feat. 'Is it from Margaret?' His poor, weak, shaking hands vainly tried again to unfold the paper which the policeman had handed him. 'I—I am not so strong as I used to be; I think I am getting old; and he looked piteously at Mrs. Somers and sank again on the sofa.

'Drink this,' said the housekeeper, handing him a restorative.

He drank it and rallied.

'Ah! it is her—her writing,' speaking to himself. 'She is a widow, and her only child is named—after—after—me.'

He stopped reading and turned to look at the boy.

'Are you grandfather?' said the latter timedly. 'I think you must be, for mother has a picture she looks at and cries over, and it's like you.'

The letter fell again to the floor. But this time it was because he opened his arms and the boy catching the meaning, came to him.

'You won't let her die, will you?' said the boy, looking piteously into the old gentleman's face.

'Die, die!' he cried, rising up; and his voice and air were that of youth. 'She shall not die. Where is the carriage? I will go at once and she shall come home to-night. The carriage, I say,' he cried almost angrily, and he turned toward the door, where the footman now appeared with the carriage.

'The carriage awaits, sir,' said the servant.

'Get your cloak and bonnet, Mrs. Somers, a few blankets—a bit of food—there's not a minute to lose. Good God! Margaret dying, and we wasting our time here. No, my brave little fellow, your mother shall not die.'

In a few minutes, during which the thoughtful Mrs. Somers had provided a biscuit and some hot tea for the boy, the little party set forth. While the carriage is rolling over the snow, its destination being one of the most obscure streets of the great metropolis, let us say a few words about the daughter.

Margaret Ascot had been one of those sweet-tempered, sympathetic natures that everybody loved. Beautiful, accomplished, wealthy and well born, she had crowds of suitors, but at nineteen she turned from all, and gave her heart to a penniless lover. This was not because she was foolishly romantic, like so many others, but because her suitor was worthy of her in every way except riches. He was only a poor music teacher, an Italian exile—for this in days now fortunately long ago before Italy was free, and to be an Italian patriot meant banishment or life-long imprisonment, or even death.

Andrea Fillippo had, when hardly more than a boy, joined in the insurrection of '58, and had been compelled after its failure to fly the country. He had come to America and being penniless, had been compelled to take up the first pursuit that offered itself. In his own land nearly everybody had some knowledge of music, but Andrea was an amateur of more than ordinary merit, and he naturally became a teacher of singing. Margaret Ascot was his favorite pupil. He saw in her everything that youthful manhood in its highest type admires; she saw in him a hero and a martyr. Compared with the prosaic young men of business or the cold, calculating lawyers, or the idle men of fashion, who constituted the bulk of her admirers, he was a prince in disguise, a young god.

Parents do not sufficiently make allowances for the imaginative elements in their daughters. They fancy that at nineteen girls can feel as their mothers do at forty; that the dry husks of a matter of-fact life are sufficient for them. It is so, and Mr. Ascot, though a sensible man in other respects, could not understand why his daughter was cold to her wealthy lovers and had given her heart to the exile.

When Margaret, hopeless of altering her father's opinion, finally eloped with her lover, his wrath knew no bounds.—He refused to answer her letter announcing the marriage; and when, a few weeks later, she came in person, he had her literally thrust from the door.

After vainly trying to get some other employment—for Mr. Ascot's influence deprived Andrea of all his pupils—the young couple went abroad. For awhile they lived in London; but afterward Andrea returned to Italy and there struggled on till he died. He left his widow penniless; she had only money enough to pay her passage to America, whither she had resolved to come, in hopes by a last appeal to soften her father's heart. It was a winter voyage, and Margaret caught a violent cold, which threatened an inflammation of the lungs. She could only crawl feebly to the nearest lodging on the night she landed—a miserable attic.

The next day Margaret wrote a note to her father, trusting it to her boy to deliver it, as she was too ill to go out herself. Knowing that Mr. Ascot would be out during the day, she had deferred sending the lad until toward nightfall; but hardly had he left before she began to think of the perils he ran alone in that great city. Perhaps, she said to herself, he had fallen down some open area; perhaps he sank cold and insensible in some bank of snow. When eight o'clock struck from a neighboring steeple, and still her boy did not return, she became almost wild with fright. Ten o'clock came, but still no son. She listened intensely for the sound of his feet, but she heard nothing but the roar of the storm. At last her anxiety and fear rose to frenzy; she was sure her boy was dead. Eleven o'clock struck. Her candle had burned down into the socket and was almost on the point of expiring. Suddenly the sound of carriage wheels, muffled by the snow, was heard; the carriage stopped. Surely that was the opening of the street door; there were the steps ascending the stairs Yes, she could not be mistaken, they were the steps of her boy! The door of her room flew open and her son rushed in.

'Mother, mother!' he cried, flinging his arms eagerly around her 'I came as soon as I could. And oh! mother I have brought grandfather with me See,' he cried.

She looked behind her son, scarcely believing her own eyes. There, just behind her boy, stood her father. She rose up in bed: she held out her arms.

'Father,' she sobbed.

'Margaret, my child!' And then they were locked in each other's arms and both were in tears.

'I can die in peace now,' she murmured, after a while, as she clung to her father's breast, since you have forgiven me. You will promise to take care of Thornton?'

'Die!' cried her father, rising bolt upright, and fairly lifting her from the bed, all the strength of his youth coming back in that supreme moment. 'You shall not die. You are going home with us; we have brought blankets, food, everything. The risk is not so great as remaining another night here; physicians—the best—shall be called in. No, you shall not die! You have not come home to die.'

Nor did she die. Our simple story has already been too long in the telling, or we might narrate how the sense of rest and peace that grew up in her now, the skill of the best physicinns, and the knowledge that her boy's future was assured, all combind to work a cure that, otherwise, might have been regarded as almost miraculous.

To-day there is no more beautiful woman of her years in that great city than Margaret. She lives only for her father and boy; they come, at least, before everything else. But she does not exclude herself entirely from society. To the select and cultivated circle of which she is the center and chief ornament, she gives freely of her varied accomplishments and of her exquisite charm of manner. But the memory of her dead husband is still green in her heart and ever will be; and though men of high station and even world-wide celebity would woo her, if she would to be the light of their home, they know, one and all, that her first and last love lies buried in that lonely grave on the blue shores of the Riviera, to which every year or two, she makes a pilgrimage.

A GOOD HEART.

There was a great master among the Jews who bade his scholars consider and tell him what a man should always strive for. One came and said that there was nothing better than a good eye, which is, in their language, a liberal and contented disposition. Another said a good companion is the best thing in the world. A third said a good neighbor was the best thing he could desire, and a fourth preferred a man that could foresee things to come—that is, a wise person. But at last in came Eleazer, and he said a good heart was better than them all.

'True,' said the master, 'thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said; for he that hath a good heart will be both contented and a good neighbor, and easily see what is fit to be done by him.'

Let every man, then, seriously labor to find himself a sincerity and uprightness of heart at all times, and that will save him an abundance of their labor.

RESTING DAYS.—Among the national changes in Japan, it is now announced by a late proclamation, that the six regular resting days of each month are hereafter abolished, and that the number of resting days is reduced to four a month, which are made to correspond with the Christian Sabbath. The Japanese are also adopting the custom of using the latter part of Saturday for rest and recreation. It is said that all the foreigners in Japan are delighted with this new arrangement. But we are assured by some of our papers that foreigners, at Philadelphia, will be disgusted if we do not throw open the exhibition and keep all the vast machinery of the World's Fair in full blast on every day of the week. We have nothing in the country more characteristic and significant than our Christian Sabbath, and it would be a pity and a shame if we make the Centennial an opportunity to show the world that we are ready to surrender our most cherished habits and most precious privileges.

☞ A physician in Utica, N. Y., discovered that the severe illness of a little boy was owing to the wearing of brown stockings dyed with a solution of picric acid. This picric acid is not used alone for purely brown stockings. It is also used to dye striped hose in which that color appears. But all brown stockings are not poisoned. There is one sure test to apply to detect its presence. Stockings dyed with it, placed between the teeth and against the tongue, impart a bitter taste which cannot be mistaken.

☞ At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked:

"When does [illegible]?"

"When [illegible] propose and are rejected,' was the [illegible] that greeted the questioner.

LUCK.

I have known very intelligent people who were afraid to set out on a journey, or begin any new work on Friday, because they believed it to be an *unlucky day!*

It is curious to observe how many such silly superstitions have gained a foothold in the world. Sailors consider it ill-luck to whistle during a storm, as they think this would be sure to increase it. On the other hand, during the prevalence of a calm, they whistle for wind to speed them on their voyage.

The Jews consider the fourth day of the first month lucky, since it ended their captivity in Egypt, while the tenth of August was accounted ill-omened, because on that day the first temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzer, and six hundred years later, the second temple, by Titus.

Louis XI., of France, thought it a bad omen if anybody spoke to him on Holy Innocent's Day.

As four of the Tudor line of monarchs had died on Thursday, (beginning with Henry VIII.), this day of the week began to be regarded with superstitious fear.

From very ancient times Friday has been called unlucky, and is often spoken of as "Hangman's Day."

I could fill quite a good sized volume about such superstitions, but I shall be obliged to confine myself to a single point: *Friday as an unlucky day.* To show the absudity of this notion, I will mention a few facts in American History.

On Friday, August 31st, 1492, Columbus set sail on his great voyage of discovery. It was on Friday, October 12th, that he first saw land, in this western hemisphere.

On Friday, January 4th, 1493, he started on his return voyage, and had it not been prosperous, the knowledge of his discovery would have been lost; and the Centennial Year of our Republic might not have been celebrated for some time to come.

Columbus reached Spain in safety, Friday, March 15th; and again, on Friday, November 22d, 1493, he landed at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America.

On Friday, February the 22d, George Washington was born.

The British army surrendered at Saratoga on Friday, October 7th, 1777. On Friday, September 4th, 1780, the treason of Arnold was discovered. It will be enough to give one date more: Friday, October 19th, 1781, was the day that Lord Cornwallis delivered up his sword at Yorktown. So much for Friday as an unlucky day. God's good providence watches over us always, by night and by day; and we may attend to our business, or engage in harmless pleasures, without stopping to ask the silly question whether the day is lucky, or not.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path." (Proverbs iii, 6).—*J. N. N., in the Young Churchman.*

☞ He sat in a railway car. His head was thickly covered with a mass of red hair. Behind him in a seat was a man with hardly any hair on his head. He said to him—

"I guess you wasn't around when they dealt out hair?"

"Oh yes, I was," replied bald head, "but they offered me a lot of red hair, and I told them to throw it into the ash bin."

☞ John Bannisters, the comedian, was presented to an old lady proud of ancient and noble blood. The old lady asked a wit of the day, who was present, 'Who *are* the Bannisters? Are they of a good family?'

'Yes,' said the wit, 'very good indeed; they are closely connected with the *Stairs.*'

'Oh,' said the lady, 'a very ancient family of Ayrshire—goes back to 1450; I am delighted to know your friend.'

☞ 'My dear Ellen,' said Mr. Eastman to a young lady whose smiles he was seeking, 'I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, but hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart. I declare to you, my dear Ellen, I love you most tenderly; your smiles [illegible] shed—would shed——'

'Never mind the wood-shed,' said Ellen, smiling sweetly, 'go on with that pretty talk.'

☞ An English doctor, traveling in the East, was excessively anxious to increase his reputation at home by learning certain native methods of treating disease of which he had heard wonders. On one occasion, when on the confines of the Great Desert, he asked an old sheik:—"What do you do with the sick people when they can't sleep?" He received the very practical reply: "We put them to watch the camels."

☞ "Ah, Jimmy," said a sympathising friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough."

"Yes, I did," said Jimmy; "but I didn't start soon enough."

☞ The [illegible] lawyers—keeping one's own [illegible]

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