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#### MY PSALM.

BY JOHN. G WHITTIER.

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.

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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 blending in a psalm, And all the angels 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

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