

Poetry.

THE WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

From school, and ball, and rout she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain fair
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorus stealing,
There's iron in your Northern winds,
Our pine are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing meadow,
And watched the gentle west wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening;
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in the damp, dark, looks, his face,
Had nothing mean or common—
Strong, manly, true, this tenderness,
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And laughing, said:—"You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter."

"To mend your frock and bake your bread
You do not need a lady;
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready—

Some fair, sweet girl with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly,
"Tis well," he said, "for one like you,
To choose for me so lightly.

You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you love has naught to do
With meanness or unmeanness.

Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion,
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

You think me dear and blind; you bring
Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle time
We two had played together.

You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheek of sundown's blushes;
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

The plaything of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me,
You cannot of your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me;
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison walls about me?

No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother;

Who loves you loses in that love,
All power to love another!

I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap,
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
So archly, yet so tender,
"And if I give you mine," she said,
"Will you forgive the lender?"

"Nor freck nor tan can hide the man,
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armor?

I love you; on that love alone,
And not my worth presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit,
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-sprung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle—
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers,
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cherrier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Felix—Happy.	George—A Farmer.
Victor—One who Conquers.	Grace—Favor.
Thomas—A Twin.	Helen—Alluring.
Rufus—Red-haired.	Henry—Rich Lord.
Adelaide—Princess.	James—Supplanter.
Agathe—Good.	John—Gracious.
Agnes—Chaste.	Leonard—Lion-Like.
Alfred—All Peace.	Margaret—A Pearl.
Alice—Noble.	Martha—Bitterness.
Emma—Tender.	Mary—Exalted.
Anna—Gracious.	Matilda—Noble.
Arabella—Beautiful Altar.	Nancy—Kind.
Augustus—Increasing.	Oliver—Peace.
Barbara—Foreign.	Phoebe—Light of Life.
Benjamin—Son of the right hand.	Phillip—A Lover of Horses.
Bertha—Bright.	Richard—Richly Honored.
Catherine—Pure.	Robert—Red Beard.
Charles—Cherl.	Ruth—Timid.
Charlotte—A Queen.	Sarah—A Princess.
Clara—Clear.	Susan—A Lily.
Daniel—A Judge.	Walter—A Woodman.
David—Well Beloved.	William—Defender of Many.
Edward—Truth-Keeper.	
Edwin—Happy Winner.	
Fanny—Frank.	
Fredrick—Rich Peace.	

If the names of any of our young readers are not in the above list, write to us and we will try to answer.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

The concrete stone manufactured in England has for several years now—since 1861—been subjected to every test that ingenuity could devise—to heat and frost—to water, fresh, salt and impure, to wash and attrition, and to every atmospheric exposure, and it is found that very few natural stones are as durable or as uniform, and the best of them are costly, and; in many localities, inaccessible.

But the comparative cheapness and durability of the artificial stone are of not greater importance in engineering than to architecture as a fine art. The enormous expense of cutting rock

into the exact and elaborate forms prevents the general adornment of structures. But when the beautiful form may not only be cast in a mould, but endlessly reproduced from the same mould, and when the most florid ornamentation may be more cheaply moulded than the plainest and most unrelieved outlines can be cut, there will be no further excuse for the monotonous and ugly buildings that characterize street architecture at present.

The general features of the process of making the artificial stone are described in London Engineering. Mr. Ransome's patent concrete stone consists of sand united, not by any mechanical sticking compound, but by chemicals which transform it into a new and homogeneous mass readily to be moulded.

When the required forms are produced they are treated with a solution of chloride of calcium, when the silicic acid and the oxygen of the silicate of soda combine with the calcium of the chloride of calcium and form silicate of lime, while the chlorine of the chloride of calcium unites with the sodium, and forms chloride of sodium (common salt) which is afterward washed out.

MARRY HER FIRST.—Many years ago, in what is now a flourishing city, lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of a blooming daughter, whose many graces had ensnared the affections of a young printer. The couple, after a session of billing and cooing "engaged themselves," and nothing but the consent of the young lady's parents prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged and the typo prepared a little speech to admonish and convince the old man, who sat enjoying his pipe in perfect content. The typo delated on the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics; and, taking the daughter by the hand, he said: "I am, now, sir, to ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed"—but feelings overcome him, and he forgot the remainder of his oratorical flourish, stammered, and finally wound up with: "from its parental bed, into my own." The father keenly realized this discomfiture of the suitor, and removing his pipe, and blowing a cloud, replied: "Well, young man, I don't know as I have any objection, provided you marry the girl first.—[Exchange.

"Bobby," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare cannot trot her mile in three minutes." They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion, and one inquired, "What is it?" "Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

The "wickedest dogs in the country," are kept in the township of Markham. The Council of that township recently paid \$1,760 for damages to sheep in that municipality by unknown dogs. This is the largest amount paid in any one year by any township in the province under the dog act.

LARGE GRAPES—A Yankee, who was travelling out west, was obliged to stay over night at a hotel of doubtful repute, in a border town, where bar-room fights were the staple amusements. During the night he thought he heard considerable disturbance, and in the morning on going down, found the landlord sweeping up what he supposed to be grapes. He said to him, "You have pretty large grapes out here?" "Grapes! grapes!" said the landlord, "them's eyes, that were gouged out last night!"

Two young ladies of Iowa have taken up land in the State under the Homestead Act, and propose removing upon it, to run a farm on their own account.