Poetry.

STAY WITH US.

At evening time.

How swiftly [illegible]
We [illegible]
Where [illegible]
On [illegible] over
[illegible]
They come—we do know them so well.

[illegible]
Gives a [illegible]
Let [illegible]
Your [illegible] shadows
Till the world [illegible] with shadows
Comes for to the sunshine and you.

We have not grown rich without money,
We have not grown poor without hope,
We have not made market and season
The [illegible] bounds of our scope;
The love of the wild flower and fairy
Still clusters, as it clustered in youth;
From mortals our truth learns to vary,
But doubt from nature and truth.

Perchance we are not what you knew us,
In hamlets where the woodbine yet climbs;
The cares of the world have come to us,
We have met with hard tasks and hard times
And oh! but the lights have waned slowly,
Away from the heart and the brain,
Since they left off their faith and their folly
To look after greatness and gain.

We know there is trade in the city,
We know there is war in the East,
And it neither worldly nor witty,
We know there are taxes at least.
But morning still purples the highlands,
And eve in a golden light set;
Through our days stand like desolate islands,
Sweet summer-time, stay with us yet.

THE NATIVITY.

BY AN IRISH YOUNG LADY AT THE AGE OF 12 YEARS.

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself."—Cor. v. 5.

Jesus! I delight to ponder
O'er the glories of thy birth,
Love, and joy, and praise, and wonder,
Swell my soul with holy mirth—
As I view Thee
Bowing the Heavens to ransom earth.

Majesty and meekness blending,
O'er this scene a lustre shed,
Strains celestial, from attending
Angels round the tidings sped,
Yet a Manger
Great Immanuel is thy bed!

Here the creature and Creator
(Vast distance!) in union ended,
Linked as with a golden tether,
In thy wondrous person meet;
Thus our broken
Bond of bliss thus might be completed.

With our nature then the burden
Of our guilt and misery bore;
From the Manger to the Garden
Sorrowful, and suffering, gore
Were thy portion—
Thine whom Heaven and earth adore.

Oh! thou great and gracious Saviour!
Blend my spirit into thine;
Fill me with thy love, and ever
O'er my soul in beauty shine,
Till thy glorious
And thyself dear Lord are mine.

Jesus! I delight to ponder
O'er the glories of thy birth;
Love and joy and praise and wonder
Swell my soul with holy mirth—
As I view thee
Bowing the Heavens to ransom earth.

E. E. S.

WHO MAKE THE BEST WIVES.

'By all means marry a woman with money,' say careful fathers to their sons; 'you'll find it as easy as not to get a suitable wife who has a little fortune.' 'Give me beauty, grace, and accomplishments,' is the mental answer of enthusiastic youth, 'and leave mercenary considerations to baser souls.'

We submit that neither is right. It is infinitely more important that a young man should chose a healthy amiable intelligent partner, than he should select either a beauty or heiress. The latter has usually expensive habits, and by the time she has been married twenty years, has cost her husband the amount of her fortune in superfluities. Besides, heiresses are generally brought up in idleness, spending their time in reading novels, lounging about on the sofa, or acquiring a taste for fashionable dissipation so that they are either absurdly romantic, or out of health for want of exercise or from late hours, and therefore entirely unfit to make good wives. Beauties, on the other hand, mostly are vain or giddy, if not both. If wives were designed for playthings or had no purpose beyond being parlor ornaments, a beauty might be desirable just as pictures are fine furniture. The man who marries an heiress sacrifices his independence, and end by finding she is out of pocket also. The lover who weds merely for beauty, ties himself to a doll, which has not even the merit of being sure to keep its painted cheeks.

These women make the best wives who combine common senses with good temper; who have been brought up to help themselves, and who bring sound constitutions, equable spirits, and a sincere affection, as a dower, to their lovers. A wife should be her husband's best friend—she should be competent to counsel him in difficulties, to cheer him in sorrow, to render his every-day hearth the pleasantest spot to him to be found anywhere. If she has confirmed ill health, she cannot be all this to him; neither can she if she has a crooked temper or habits of indolence, or is deficient in practical sense.

The women whose whole heart is devoted to show, to company, or to idle accomplishments, may possibly make an interesting belle, but she is sure to prove a very indifferent wife. We would not have young girls neglect the beautiful entirely; but that which adorns should be made subservient to some more solid superstructure. To know how to play the last new air, yet be ignorant how to compound the last new pudding, is merely unpardonable. A man might as well neglect to learn a business, as a woman refuse to acquire a knowledge of housekeeping.

It is useless to disguise the fact that girls are the often directed to attract lovers rather than to retain the affection of husbands. This is especially true of the daughters of families above the necessity of daily labor. Mrs. F., the successful mechanic's wife, makes a virtual slave of herself by drudging late and early, in order that Anna Maria may be 'brought up,' as the parents it, like a lady. The young miss accordingly is [illegible] with music, dancing, French and other [illegible] accomplishments, is told always to carry her shoulders back, and never to romp, and is taught to consider work degrading. What sort of a wife can such a creature make? If she married anybody [illegible] the man, her pride and expensive habits [illegible] a thousand ways do, can to [illegible] out of health, the consequence [illegible] to be patient, and, if the husband [illegible] to be a drunkard, to bear with it [illegible] to bring them up properly.—*Phila. Ledger.*

[illegible] Fourteen, from Jersey, James [illegible] of the late Alexander [illegible] of