THE WEALTH OF A WIFE.

"Khan! quam infortunii miserrimum est Fuisse felicem."

The wealth of a wife that will work for a man
Is the wealth I will have, nothing less, if I can!
Let others look out for the silver and gold,
But mine be the metal no miser has told.

"Tis not the hard hand that the husband need fear,
But the hand that is hapless when Poverty's near;
The heart but unchanged, be the hand as it may,
It is still the same hand that the heart gave away.

Poor mortals are they who regard as a sin
That a ray of God's sun should alight on the skin;
With a mouth it may render the sky less fair,
'Tis but an exchange for the rose that is there.

Oh, never be mine the say sprugh with her eye
For ever on nothing but life's realities!
One ye wonder, fair maiden, that love should grow less,
With so little, so often, to cherish or bless?

No; mine be the wife that will deem it a duty
To remember, while grateful to God for her beauty,
That he who first robed out the fields in their
Put one daisy therein for a grace and a guide.

And mine be the wife, though temptation surrounded,
That will seldom be far from her fireside
Who will see little charm in the home of another
While her own is all heaven, in each to the other.

Who will turn a dull eye to the trinkets and toys
For the which may the bosom have bartered its joys,
And in womanly pride, to her innermost blest,
Point, proud, to a brighter that hangs at her breast.

Ah, that is the wife that will cheer me in age,
When what I took back upon life's early page
Seems to my mind the dear days that are fled,
Will still, with a smile, bid me hold up my head.

Yes, when gray is the hair that is brown on my brow,
She will sit by my side as contented as now,
And tell me in looks, as no language can tell,
I never was happier, lad, than to-day.

FRANK JOHNSON.

Ascot, R. Township, Q.

MY COUSIN RALPH.

(BY LOIS SELDON.)

"I can't stand it another day—and what's more, I won't!"

"Can't stand what, dear?" asks my young wife wonderingly. She is not accustomed to see me in this irritated state. I consider myself a good-tempered man on the whole, but there are things even I cannot stand.

"It's abominable of the agent never to have had me about them, horrid brutes I But I'll not put up with it; we'll be out of the house to-morrow. I'll make a case of it. How dare they let a house with such a nuisance in"

At this my wife looks much alarmed, gets up from her seat and comes across to me, laying her hand on my arm, as if she were inclined to lay me on my pillow. We have been married just three months, during which time we have been hunting up and down the country for a "desirable residence," wherein to deposit ourselves for the next ten years at least. Last night we have signed a contract of North America invites us to examine her credentials when she professes to have the most important solution with any other country in the world. Certainly a superior breed of horses is nowhere to be found unless the indigenous stock has been elevated and improved by the infiltration of English blood. The American Continents, both North and South, claim to have the finest horses of their own in days long anterior to the voyage of Columbus. It is known that when Central America was first invaded by the Spaniards they left behind them many of the stately chargers whence a *caballero*, or Spanish "gentleman," takes his name. A cross between these animals and those of the mustang ponies of the Pampas of South America, of Mexico, and of Texas, produced an animal far superior to the ordinary and diminutive beasts which the Yucatans, according to Robertson, reared and drove. The race of ponies, or gallo-ways, throve and multiplied with amazing fecundity in a country abounding in the finest grass-rich in herbage, and the "Bonanza" horse of California, Arizona, and New Mexico is supposed to have sprung from the union of the Spanish sire with the mustang dam. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, and long before the outbreak of the revolutionary war which separated the thirteen American colonies from the British Crown, a few English horses of high class were transported from the Old to the New World. We may readily conceive that, when it was customary for a voyage across the Atlantic to extend over two months, its accomplishment there was not much temptation to run the risk of exposing a valuable horse in a sailing brig of three or four hundred tons, leaving him to be "pulled in the slings" and "walked up" for six, eight or ten consecutive weeks. But it is certain that the English bloodhorse, with 280 sheep to the square mile, existed long before the days of George Washington, and that the "fathers" of the nation had personal shortcomings in this respect, and have prepared themselves with important stud appointments in the neighborhood of the seat of government. But the creation of stock supported by the State, in England, on the other hand, we leave entirely to chance, in the natural law of demand and supply, and it would be amusing, were it not so serious a matter, to contemplate the perplexity and embarrassment to which our War Department would be exposed if called upon to furnish, on five or fifteen thousand additional horses within a few weeks. We know that during the last Autumn Manœuvres Lt.-Col. H. H. Phillips was compelled to take the Continent for fifteen hundred out of the two thousand horses that he needed, in order to fulfil his contract with the Government. What if we were to flow in this crisis of a general Continental war, that every great nation in Europe had simultaneously forbidden the export of horses from their shores, and that we ourselves were left without animals to drag our guns and caissons, mount our cavalry, and set our military train in motion? The power of gold, upon which, at a pinch, we are so apt to rely, would be impotent to help us in such a dilemma.

Under those circumstances, it is difficult to conceive a more embarrassing problem than is suggested by the question where were we to get horses in case of sudden need. In his "Clouds in the East" Mr. Valentine Baker enthusiastically describes the beauty, symmetry, and endurance of the Turkoman horses, and appeals to his fellow-countrymen not to neglect the opportunity of importing such valuable animals—with such a nuisance ?"

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