

HEARTH AND HOME GLEANINGS.

JOSH BILLINGS SAYS: "One of the fussiest scenes I ever see'd wuz two old maids waitin' on one sick widower."

At a teachers' institute out West, recently, a lady teacher was given the word hazardous to spell and define, and did it in this style. "H-a-z, haz, a-r-d, ard, hazard, e-double-s, hazardess—a female hazard."

THERE is a kind of grim humor in the address of a devout deacon to his newly-settled pastor as he gave him the usual welcome: "The Lord keep you humble and we will keep you poor."

"I AM afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to that already," was the reply; "I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

A WISCONSIN paper publishes an appeal by a young lady for a situation as teacher, in which she says: "I was eddicated in one of our leading female seminaries, and have my certifikates, and so feel it my duty to teach somewheres, and if you can assist me, please rite and let me no, and ile get redy at onct."

In *Harper's Monthly* for April, we find the following among the scacious jokes on the first page:

"Another little woman being asked by her Sunday-school teacher, 'What did the Israelites do after passing through the Red Sea?' answered: 'I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves.' Why not?"

Supposing the last two words to cover an editorial conundrum, we suggest as a solution: "Because they didn't get wet." (*Vide Mosaic account—Exodus 14: 21, 22, 29.*)

THAT astute philosopher, Josh Billings, remarks that those who retire from the world on account of its sins and peskiness, must not forget that they have yet to keep company with a person who wants just as much watching as anybody else.

Poetry.

THE SETTLER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HIS OX.

For the ONTARIO FARMER.

And thou art gone, my poor dumb friend, thy troubles all are past;

A faithful friend thou wert indeed e'en to the very last,
The prop too of my house thou wert, my children's pride and pet,

Who now will help to free me from this weary load of debt?

Here single-handed in the bush, I've battled on for years,
My heart sometimes buoyed up with hope, sometimes bent down with fears,

I've had misfortunes not a few e'on from the very first,
But take them altogether, Bright, and thy death's the worst.

My great ambition always was to owe no man a cent;
To compass that by honest toil my whole strength I have bent,

Not for proud independence, no, of which the poets sing,
But for the very love of right, the justice of the thing.

To clear accounts within the year I saw my way so plain,
But losing thee it throws me back God knows how long again,

Just when I thought within my grasp I had success secure,
Here comes misfortune back again resolved to keep me poor.
I've no one to depend upon to do my teaming now,

There's the ten-acre piece to log, the fallow all to plough,—
How can I ever clear the 'and? how can I drag the wheat?
How can I keep my credit clear? how can my children eat?

O nothing in the shape of work was e'er a scare to thee!
Thou wert the hero of the field at every logging-pee,
The drags might be of double length, the maples monster thick,

But give thee but a rolling-hitch and off they went so slick!

'Twas but a tug, the monsters seemed to thee as light's a pin,
And how you wheeled them round about and how you jerked them in,

The very crookedest of all would hardly make thee strain,
And from the teamsters every one fresh laurels thou did'st gain.

A gentleness, a beauty too, within thine eye did dwell,
It seemed to me as beautiful as eye of the gazelle;
And how thy hide of tawny-white lost every shade of dun,
How thy brown streaks to velvet changed all in the summer's sun!

And all through Indian Summer, too, transfigure'd thou did'st seem,

A great dumb giant locking through her hazy amber beam,
And how you loved in spring-time too to browse beside the creek,

While all the air was laden with the odour of the leek.

How you would stand and ruminat like sage in thoughtful mood,

Or listen to the children's shout away in the greenwood,
While they were hunting flowery spots where spring had newly been,

Or gathering lilies red and white beneath the maples green.

Or far within the tamarack's shade where the great hemlock leans,

Above the salt-licks in the dell fringed with the evergreens,
Or climbing the o'erhanging bank or swinging on the tree,
Or starting with their ringing laugh in search old friend of thee.

And laden with the spoils of spring they'd follow up thy track,

And wreath thy horns superb with flowers and mount upon thy back,

And how you shook your tawny sides in absolute delight,
And I have stood and looked unscen in rapture at the sight.

It seemed a miracle to me—for thou wert never broke—
How willingly you always came and bent beneath the yoke,
And when Buck, as he sometimes did, would take a stubborn fit,

Then in some language of your own you coaxed him to submit.

'Tis clear to me that thou had'st got some kind of moral sense,
For never didst thou sneak and steal, or ever break a fence,
And when Buck would leap over one, for he was ne'er reclaimed,

How hurriedly you stole away as perfectly ashamed.

And thou wert so sagacious, too, so sensible and shrewd,
And every word I said to thee you fully understood;
No whip was e'er laid on thy back nor blue-beech, never I never!

While slaves and tyrants wrought and fought we lived in peace together.

I've no doubt but you learned some things, my poor old friend, from me,

And many a silent lesson too I also got from thee,
I ne'er could think thou wert a brute, but just a poor dumb brother,

And sure am I to fill thy place I'll never find another.