

1874.

us, in "our house" at least, forget the end in the means, or subordinate the greater to the less, by making the points of household doctrine, order, cleanliness, regularity, all important, and put of sight the comfort, the health, the happiness of the family, for whom all these exist, and for whose benefit they were created.

Make "mother's store-room" precious for mother's sake, and no disturbing element will ever enter therein.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

To Mr. J. B.

BY MRS. J. L.

NE can easily see his wife is away, He wanders so restlessly through the livelong day, Ever and ever down and up, up and down, Where there's usually a smile, there's now nought but a frown.

OR, let me tell you, he has to get his own dinner, And that's perfectly dreadful, you know, for a male sinner, Fancy his washing potatoes and preparing the meat, And so on *ad infinitum*, in order to get something to eat.

AM informed, on reliable information, He despises cooking, like all true lords of creation; Considering it beneath his dignity as a man To touch the dish-cloth, much less the dish-pan.

GAIN, it is whispered, the birds that he cooked Resembled dry cinders, instead of birds looked; Cooks generally read not the affairs of the nation, Whilst a dinner is undergoing preparation.

THIS housekeeping I would like much to get a sight, Everything, I dare say, in a very, very sad plight; Dishes no doubt piled high in the pan, With chaos ruling supreme as when the housekeeper's a man.

UT there seems no chance for such a peep, 'Tis evident his secret he means to keep; For when about to go out, the curtain descends; To shut out the questioning eyes of his friends.

HE is a very nice man, very quiet and so on, But indeed 'tis not edifying the sight of the demijohn Which he carries about; and I heartily wish his wife would appear, For when she's around, of that he shies clear.

ARE very good neighbors, this Mr. J. B. and I, Very good indeed when his wife is by; We talk, and laugh, and joke, as friendly as can be; But when she's away, it's quite a different thing, you see.

HE goes past my house some four, or six, or eight times a day; I smile, but never to him a word do I say, Deeming it well, in the absence of wives, With the lonely husbands not to sympathize.

O be sure, he has his dog, his gun, and his pipe— Ah! what would he do without that last solace of his life; And then besides there's the carpenter's shop, Where nought goes on, those idle days, but smoke and gossip.

WELL, those few days of keeping solitary "Bachelor's Hall," Will increase his love and appreciation tenfold, that's all; 'Tis a little strategy of us wives, I guess, To give our husbands thus a taste of "Single Blessedness."

HOW MRS. BRIGHTWELL WRITES FOR MAGAZINES.

TRUMP! writes for magazines, does she? that tells the whole story— neglected children, husband the same, shirt-buttons off, stockings out at the heel, breakfast late, dinner late, no supper. Of course, *her* clothes suffer—I know her dress looked well enough when she passed, but I will venture to say she was slipshod, and her stockings as bad as her husband's—*blue* at that—all them literary women wear blue stockings. I am happy to say *my* husband and children are not in such a condition. They have plenty of good wholesome food. I never wrote a piece for a magazine, nor I don't mean my Matilda Jane shall. If I thought she would, I would lock her up—*my* family shall never be reduced to that.

Softly, my dear madam. I saw Mrs. Brightwell's two boys as they passed to school this morning, and I assure you, I never saw children looking more healthy, or more neatly dressed than they. You think her husband's clothes are out of order; whose husband was it that I heard, only this morning, complaining of a shirt buttonless, and a vest ditto? *Yours*, was it not?

"See to it, then, that ere thou throwest stones at the glass houses of thy sister, thou protectest well thine own." As for her shoes and stockings, that is the first charge I think that would have aroused the ire of the lady in question—for her husband and children show and can speak for themselves; but a lady's feet are not supposed to be always on exhibition, and my dear madam, you would always find them scrupulously neat, no matter what the dress is, a plain calico or muslin, neatly made, for summer, and a black alpaca; or at least a black silk for winter. The *shoes* are always faultless, the stockings snowy white, and if you surmise that the meals are not punctual, the cooking good, I assure you, that when seven, twelve, and six o'clock come, the husband finds each meal upon the table as punctually as if he were at the best hotel or boarding-house in the land. The cooking also, though plain, is of the best. In regard to your writing for magazines, I do not remember to have seen any of your articles of late. I am very sure none of your compositions were published while we were school-girls together—nor do I think Matilda Jane will ever be guilty of an indiscretion of the kind; but believe me, mother, it would be better were her time thus employed, were she *capable* of writing for magazines, than as it now is, for either *you*, her mother, are too *indolent* or too busy with the affairs of others to know how your daughter's time is employed, and her disgrace and ruin may be upon your head. And now, that I have shown you that Mrs. Brightwell is remiss in none of her duties, I will tell you how *she*, performing them all, still writes for magazines. Let me commence, Yankee-like, by asking you a question: What is your hour for rising? Seven o'clock, you say, early enough for me; but Mrs. Brightwell says she finds that by arising at four o'clock, she has had sufficient sleep. Physiology certainly teaches us that some natures require less sleep than others, and by arising at this hour, she has nearly three hours every morning for writing, and when the children awaken, she is ready for them; so if she prefers to write while we sleep, shall we object? And oh, my friend, let us pray for more of that God-like virtue, *charity*, for "charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity vaunteth not itself, speaketh no ill of its neighbor."

CELESTE.

PENCIL PARAGRAPHS.

BY MATTIE M. BAKER.

SECRETS.

It is often the case that the thoughts and purposes which the heart most desires to keep secret, are those known and read of all.

Mrs. W. H. Maxwell.

Nothing in this world is hidden forever.—Wilkie Collins.

Nothing is quite so hard to poison as secrets.—Anon.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift does money, for the purposes of circulation.

Anon.

SLEEP.

IN a sound sleep the soul goes forth to recruit her strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.—Rahel.

Some dreams are more than all the pleasures that life ever gives our hearts to enjoy.—Anon.

That great threatening ferule, laid—like a mighty man asleep—on the desk.

Virginia F. Townsend.

Blessed be the man who first invented sleep, and blessed be heaven that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself.—Cervantes.

The long, refreshing sleep that makes one mouthful of the night.

The Country Parson.

Give at least twenty-four hours' thought to any important decision, and let a night's sleep intervene between your first conception of a plan and its adoption.

Charles Lever.

In what other painful event of life has a good man so little sympathy as when overcome with sleep in meeting-time?

H. W. Beecher.

Night dreams are the many-colored mental patchwork, made from the spare clippings of our day thoughts.—Anon.

SORROW.

It is only after gloom and storm that we truly enjoy the sunshine, and feel how beautiful it is.

Anon.

Sometimes, suddenly, the sudden sense of a past, forever gone, comes over one like a physical sickness.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier days.

Anon.

Sorrow shared is half relieved.

Anon.

What strange sweetness, pure affection, can mingle even in the communion of sorrow.

Elizabeth Wetherell.

When sorrow can be brought to describe itself, the worst is over.

Anon.

Better the heart should ache too much,

Than never ache at all.

Eliza Cook.