

IN THIS OUR WORLD.

The wood-box hath no sanctity ;
 No glamour gilds the coal ;
But the Cook-Stove is a sacred thing
To which a reverent faith we bring
 And serve with heart and soul.
The Home 's a temple all divine,
 By the Poker and the Hod !
The Holy Stove is the altar fine,
The wife the priestess at the shrine —
 Now who can be the god ?

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

SHE raised her head. With hot and glittering eye,
"I know," she said, "that I am going to die.
Come here, my daughter, while my mind is clear.
Let me make plain to you your duty here ;
My duty once — I never failed to try —
But for some reason I am going to die."
She raised her head, and, while her eyes rolled wild,
Poured these instructions on the gasping child :

"Begin at once — don't iron sitting down —
Wash your potatoes when the fat is brown —
Monday, unless it rains — it always pays
To get fall sewing done on the right days —
A carpet-sweeper and a little broom —
Save dishes — wash the summer dining-room

WOMAN.

With soda — keep the children out of doors —
The starch is out — beeswax on all the floors —
If girls are treated like your friends they stay —
They stay, and treat you like their friends — the way
To make home happy is to keep a jar —
And save the prettiest pieces for the star
In the middle — blue 's too dark — all silk is best —
And don't forget the corners — when they 're dressed
Put them on ice — and always wash the chest
Three times a day, the windows every week —
We need more flour — the bedroom ceilings leak —
It 's better than onion — keep the boys at home —
Gardening is good — a load, three loads of loam —
They bloom in spring — and smile, smile always,
 dear —
Be brave, keep on — I hope I 've made it clear.”

She died, as all her mothers died before.

Her daughter died in turn, and made one more.

A BROOD MARE.

It is a significant fact that the phenomenal improvement in horses during recent years is accompanied by the growing conviction that good points and a good record are as desirable in the dam as in the sire, if not more so.

I HAD a quarrel yesterday,
 A violent dispute,
With a man who tried to sell to me
 A strange amorphous brute ;