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## OPINIONS OF MARY

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Kind memory, like a friend who tells  
Of only pleasant things,  
Omitting all unkind remarks,  
Recounting not the stings,  
Brings only to me now the tale  
Of what in youth was good—  
I might not like to be a boy,  
And yet—I think I would.

His wife, a motherly little body, excellent as  
a housekeeper and given to waiting on her husband  
and spoiling her boys, surely never relieved  
her rebellious mind by getting off the wicked  
parody that may be found lying at the bottom  
of an old work-box of hers! Here it is:

### HIS MOTHER.

(BY HIS WIFE.)

Who was it that was perfect quite,  
Of whom I hear, from morn till night,  
That everything she did was right?  
His Mother.

Who fed him always with the best,  
And on his plate sweet dainties pressed,  
And realized a man must rest?  
His Mother.

Who was it always brushed his clothes,  
And never left undarned his hose,  
And kept his slippers near his toes?  
His Mother.

Whose home-made bread was always light,  
Her pie-crust short, her pickles right,  
Her kitchen clean, her kettle bright?  
His Mother.