The Rockwood Review.

MY MITHER-IN-LAW.

When I courted wi' Maggie her mither did cry That nane could be suited like Maggie and I; But since we've got mairret a chenge is owre '; Noo, I canna get on wi' her mither ava'.

When she tak's a rin up by the fireside she sits, An' gets on to Maggie for cleaning my buits; She says, "Dinna learn him sic fashion ava'." She's a middlesome lady, my mither-in-law.

She picks fauts wi' this, and she picks fauts wi' that; She even picks fauts wi' oor innocent cat. She scolds at oor wean when he greets on his maw; She's a heidstrong auld lady, my mither-in-law.

When she speaks o' our neebours she rins them a' doon, An' she thinks there's no mony like her in the toon; If she does ony guid turn fu' loudly she'll blaw, She's real fond o' herself, my auld mither-in-law.

Some nicht I will open my mind on her yet, An' tell her o' something she winna forget; I'll tell her she winna come here an' misca' Folks wha niver hae herm'ū her, my mither-in-law.

THAT "FELLOW" WHO CAME ON SUNDAYS.

Mr. Busyman Piper a family had, Of toddlers who rarely had seen their own dad.

For he went to his work while the morning was gray, And left them in dreamland all sleeping away.

And when he came home, always late in the night, The sandman had closed little eyes again tight.

Mr. P.per, of course, to the cribs often crept, To gaze on his treasures, who blissfully slept.

But only on Sundays those tots and that dad Could see one another, which truly was sad.

One Sunday at home Mr. Piper, so meek, Sat quietly reading the last Once a Week.

When Johnnie disturbed him with mischievous pranks, And got from strange papa a few little spanks.

With a glance that showed clearly he knew not his dad Johnnie rushed to his mamma, boo-hooing and mad.

And hiding his tears in her sheltering lap, He whispered, "Oh, mamma! he hit me a slap."

"Who hit you?" asked mamma. Wept Johnnie, "Boo-hoo, That fellow who comes here on Sundays—he do."