
FORTY-NINTH WEEK.

SOME HOMES.

"The grand secret of the failure of many a married life is to be found not in the man or the woman, but in the Home—or rather the House. Too often the House becomes a hive in which a wife dissipates a soul in order that a man may rest a body. It seems a cruel thing that a woman in whom at the beginning a man sees a mystic Goddess throned in splendour, should cast away all that is worshipful and become the haggard waitress of a sleeping and eating outfit. Yet so it is. Behold Mrs. Smith-Robinson, her furrows, her wrinkles, and ill tempers, and underdone puddings! And the Smith-Robinson wrapped in his newspaper—wondering why he came home so early, or if it is not yet bed time. We like to keep it secret—yes! because it is unfit for publicity. Too often our homes are, not the birthplaces or resting places of culture and character, but the sepulchres of romance, the breeding places of ill manners, bad taste and refined cruelty."

(From 'Domestic Sketches,' by An English Husband.)