
OPINIONS OF MARY

their own satisfaction; they may have quickly given up the endeavor, but moved by the stress of some inward stirring each has essayed to give voice to his song—and in most cases the productions are different from what one might expect from the singer.

For instance, there is a family living across the street from us. The father is a middle-aged man who has made money and rather likes to impress you with the fact, while not caring to have the circumstances of his youth referred to. Bald-headed and stout, enviaibly successful in business, a good husband and father, though a trifle impatient of his youngest son's want of attention to his books—apparently enjoying his prosperity to the full—one might almost be surprised to find such retrospects as the following stored away in his desk. Yet there they are.

MY YOUTH

When I was but a growing lad,
A little shaver quite,
With coats that always got too short
And boots that grew too tight,
I had to split the kindling-wood,
And clear the snow away,
And bring the cow, and go to school,
And didn't get much play.

I used to hate to clean my boots,
And wash my hands for school;
I thought the boy who liked his books
Must be an awful fool;