

needlework been put upon the accessories of the dining-room table and the wealth of the linen closet.

A little time ago most of the energy of womankind was expended in decorating chopping bowls, japanning pie tins, gilding old shoes and be-ribboning superannuated baskets.

The origin of the craze was simple enough, and it was commendable. Some women who had two chopping bowls and a taste for flower-painting, brushed some sprays of wild roses in one of them and set it against the marred place on the wall-hangings of her little front room.

Another woman wanted a paper-weight and money was scarce, but she had an extra flat-iron. She gilded it, tied a ribbon on it and rejoiced at her success. These two were only yielding to mother necessity. They made the best of what they had, and all the world should honor the women who

honestly do that. But these others—all the nine hundred and ninety-eight women who had just one chopping-bowl and no grease spot; a dozen paper-weights and no spare flat-iron, why should they copy the makeshifts and call their finished work art? Yes, bless you, and not only art, but “high art.”

Let us be thankful for the awakening of the cool, calm reason which has declared that makeshifts shall be countenanced only when they are necessary, and has relentlessly swept the unseemly “high art” rubbish into the furnace or the rag man’s cart, and let us rejoice in the acceptable doctrine of the new faith in art house-furnishing—that a little of the best that can be afforded, harmoniously arranged, is more artistic and more refined than either a poverty stricken jumble of makeshifts or a lavish display of the best that money buys.



A REVERIE.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD.

As a wondering child at the window,
Sits lingering into the night,
Her soul set deep in the shadows,
With the distant village light.

So often, I hear on the lattice
Faint murmuring rise on the gale;
Like sounds of a distant army
Whose trampling thrends the vale.

Dim, dreamy face at the window!
Dost thou know, whilst the eons roll
Sorrow will come with the morrow
In some measure to each soul?

The lamp’s far glimmer endeth—
Or follows the shimmering gloom
Of the midnight-ushering shrouds,
To the caverns of the tomb.

Come, come; for thy breath on the pane has
But hidden a face thou would’st see
Which the note of the whistling plough-boy
Will wake at the dawn for thee.