

BEAUTIFUL WIVES.—A lady being asked why she grew handsomer every year, replied at once, "Because I have such a good husband." And we sincerely believe husbands are responsible for the beauty of their wives, since beauty is not so much in the features as in the expression—i. e., the highest style of beauty. Love is the grand beautifier. It produces happiness, and happiness is the foundation of health. The same lady said: "I'm ashamed to be pettish and cross, as it is sometimes so easy to be; my husband tells me in return he never wishes to become loveless in little ways. For instance, if we've been riding, he does not wish me—because I'm his wife—to help myself out of the carriage any more than when he was my lover; he wishes to assist me now quite as much as then. 'Isn't his wife as dear to him, he says, as the young lady he hoped to make so? And doesn't he take as much pleasure and pride in waiting upon her?' And so I let him, and so we love each other better all the time, and are happier every year of our lives.' Now many husbands, most of them, I presume, love their wives as well as this husband did, but they are in too much of a hurry to tell them so, and so through the long hours at home they are hungering for "something sweeter than they have known"; and this hungering often leads to a search for comfort and happiness in other things and ways. Let every husband be a lover for the next year,—be as careful, and tender, and true, as in the days of wooing, and see if the effect in the household is not as if there were a new sun in the heavens.—*Interior.*

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DON'T FORGET THE SICK.—"Sick and in prison." Does it ever occur to those fortunate ones, who, if not always

perfectly well, can at least "gird themselves and go whither they will," that if one is sick one is virtually in prison also? that no torture of the rack or screw can be much worse to bear than the tortures of pain and weakness; and that no fetters are heavier than the wearying monotony of days and nights spent in one room, shut in from new faces, breathing no new air, hearing no new thing.

It is not easy to obey the injunction of our heading, not to forget these sick ones. They are out of our daily paths, and do not by acute suffering demand our sympathetic exertions. If we call upon them and they are not able to see us, we are apt to think that they desire nothing of us; and, while wondering a little at their whimsical taste for solitude pass on our way somewhat relieved—if the truth must be told—at finding, or thinking that we find, that nothing more is required of us.

Out of sight is out of mind, and it will require an effort for us to remember the sick whom we do not see. But let us make this effort as we would make an effort to do any other deed of Christian charity.

If we remember the sick, it is an easy thing to show them that we do so. It requires but an occasional flower; the loan of a picture or a book, the gift of a bunch of grapes or a magazine, the cutting of an interesting paragraph from a newspaper; the sending of a bit of news; the present of a pair of soft slippers, or a tiny bottle of perfume; suggestions for a new sort of light employment, suitable for fingers easily tired; a letter written without expectation of reply; any trifle, in short, which brings a bit of freshness from the outside world within the compass of the four dull walls. It is not the value of the thing given that imparts the pleasure; but the frequency and the variety of the small things, and the certainty of remembrance which they convey.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*