

fight for; who will help him fight; will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart to impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

### Happy.

An Irishman and his wife, who have grown up in the hills of Lawrence, Mass., illustrate in their little home the virtue of contentment. They have no children, and live alone in a tiny house. They have worked together for fifty years for their home, saving up little by little until it was paid for. They are rather feeble in mind and body, but possessed of wonderful patience. Their crowning ambition was to carpet the "fore-room," and that has just been gratified.

"An' what more can we ask?" said the wife to a visitor, pride and satisfaction shining in every line of her wrinkled face. "Now me an' Mike is ready to be waked respectable any day, an' he is as pleased with the carpet as meself; it's the two of us as is pleased together. An' ivery night, before we goes to bed, we jest peeks in at the blissid carpet—an' the table a-shinin' an' the pictur of the Virgin over the shelf a-smilin' down on us. Ah, mum, it's rich folks we're gittin to be, entirely!"

### Grumbling.

"There's your father, Johnny, run and open the door!" Johnny does not run, he goes. In he comes, as always he comes. Grumbler is written on his face, is worked into his comforter, speaks out in the creak of his boots. The shadows of the word has aged himself, aged his wife; his children are as mum as mice, and the hired girls steal tiptoe into the kitchen, and the nursery at the sound of his step.

Not that he flies into a passion, or kicks round the chairs, or does anything brutally offensive,—no, the coat is taken off in solemn silence; it is the silence, the awful silence that precedes the storm.

It begins in small things. Every thing is wrong. The children are dirty, or noisy, or impudent; his wife is stupid, or cross, or mulish. Last night, when she good naturedly tried to open a conversation at tea, he snapped out "yes," "no," "yes," like a bankrupt bear. To-night, he growls at her "because she has got nothing to say." If she looks at him, he asks her, "what in the world she is looking at,"—if she doesn't, "what in the world she means by squinting into the tea-pot." Tea winds up with a grand fight of words, that he has brought on step by step, through word, through look, through gesture, and to-night is just the picture of at least two hundred, out of the sad and weary three hundred and sixty-five.

Come here, Johnny, till I tell you something better about that cross bear of a father of yours, boy. He was not always like that, Johnny. I can remember when he would have lost an arm or plucked out an eye for your mother. That was when she was a girl, and a very pretty girl she was.

Here, the bear tells me not to be cramming his boy's head with nonsense. So I turn from Johnny jr. to Johnny sr. and drive on at him.

It won't do, John. Do you remember how you kept a flower that she gave you, until it became very mouldy and unsavory? How you counted time by appointments made with her at the corner of streets, in pie-smelling cake shops, and in shady lanes; and how you hated from the bottom of your heart, that other fellow, that was always making up to her? Do you remember how you brought her home, and how for years, you were so true and kind in love to her, and she was true and kind to you?

How did this ever begin, John, and how long is it going to last? I know she is not as pretty as she was, but neither are you, my boy. Admit it, that she is not as good tempered, but the less you say about that the better. Constant dropping will wear a stone, and you have dropped so often your

cantankerous remarks, your bitter sarcastic words: and above all, you have gone so often out of your way, to make the worst of everything,—that its little wonder her prettiness should fade, and that not merely a little twist, but a regular grecian bend has got hold of her temper.

John, this has gone on for years, try three months of the opposite. Come home to-morrow night, kiss Johnny when he opens the door. I know he'll think you are mad, but never mind that. Praise the tea, remark what wonderful good bread that is, pay a passing compliment to the butter that she has hunted for all day to try to please you, and give a joke to the children for once in your life.

Don't try it on too long, John—deal out the good spirit in Homœopathic portions, because you must reserve yourself "for to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." Be wise and cautious in your demonstrations, but always loving, and my word for it that in a week your home will look better than if you refurnished it from kitchen to attic. The grecian bend in the temper will disappear, just in proportion as you remodel yourself, and the nearer you get to your old self, the nearer will she get to hers, for if there is truth in proverbs, "Good words cost little and are worth much": and its never too late to mend, for its a long lane, John, that has no turning.

### Husband and Wife.

Husbands and wives are fellow travellers on life's highway, and they are brought together by choice, not by chance, in presence of God and man they have sworn to bear each other's burdens. They have not foreseen all the troubles and responsibilities that await them; they will find defects in each other which can only be rightly met by mutual consideration and forbearance. As the husband is the ruler of the family and sustains the same relation to the wife as Christ does to the Church, the husband is first in responsibility, and the wife, instead of denying this responsibility, as some women do, should force it upon the husband's attention if he is disposed to forget it. The husband is responsible for the support of the family, and no man is a Christian who does not do all he can for his family.

If a man gives the reins of government into the hands of his wife, and the family carriage is wrecked thereby, he is responsible for damages. Many men treat their wives like children. They regard their views and opinions as of no value, which is altogether wrong. The key to happiness is mutual confidence. Have no secrets from each other. But wives are to submit to their husbands only "as it is fit in the Lord." A woman is not to give up her religion nor her conscience. A good husband will nearly always make a good wife. A man does not take a wife because she is a philosopher, but to satisfy his cravings for the beautiful, the good and the gentle. Hence it is his duty to furnish his wife with the means of making herself as attractive after marriage as before. A neat, tidy house and a neat tidy wife are bound to exercise a powerful influence for good upon the family. Wives should never be slovenly in dress, and should make themselves and their homes agreeable. Home should be the dearest place on earth to a man, and it generally is when it is made pleasant and happy.

### A Cure for Styes.

Among the most troublesome and often noticed eye affections are what are known as hordeolum, or common sty. Dr. Fitzpatrick, in the Lancet, differs from some of his professional brethren who persist in ordering the applications of poultices, bathing with tepid water, etc. These no doubt do good in the end, but such applications have the great disadvantage of prolonging the career of these unsightly sores, and encourage the production of fresh ones. Dr. Fitzpatrick has found, after many trials, the local application of tincture of iodine exerts, a well-marked influence in checking the growth. This is by far preferable to the nitrate of silver, which makes an unsightly mark, and often fails in its object. The early use of the iodine acts as a prompt abortive. To apply it, the lids should be held apart by the thumb and index finger of the left hand, while the iodine is painted over the inflamed papilla with a fine camel hair pencil. The lids should not be allowed to come in contact until the part touched is dry. A few such applications in the 24 hours is sufficient.