

itants we find beauty too. There is something in a truly beautiful face that commands our admiration, but mere physical beauty is but skin deep and as a flower fresh and fragrant with the kiss of summer, withers and dies under the cold snow of winter, so beauty is fresh and brilliant in happy, healthy youth, but when old time with slow, stealthy feet approaches, he ruthlessly tears her from her pedestal and she lies crushed and broken never to rise again, but there is a beauty that time can never touch or sickness mar, a beauty that sits enthroned in the soul and grows brighter when tempests beat around it, a beauty that irradiates and softens and makes lovely the plainest face.

Here come two little children, too young to know the meaning of sin. Bright frank eyes, rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, cry! gaze on it, 'tis lovely childhood's lips and brow, an innocent soul mirrored in the face. Over yonder comes a young man full of energy and ambition, his eye beams with hope, his broad brow shows benevolence and his whole face says "Excelsior."

Just behind him is a man of different stamp, his brow is low and retreating, his eyes sharp but restless, his lips thin and compressed; that is the man "who has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf," and we can easily imagine him "cutting the Lord's Prayer on the back of a two cent piece his only regret that he had spoiled the piece." Oh! yes, we plainly see miser written on that face.

Here comes another, he is all smiles, his lips part, and honeyed words flow from his mouth; but ever and anon we can detect a sarcastic curl of the lips and a flash of the eye. The face of a hypocrite. And so they pass before us, sarcastic faces, stupid faces, healthy faces, homely faces, beautiful faces, coarse faces and refined faces; but here is a face different from those we have noted, the eye has a sad wistful look, the lips seem trembling with unsaid thoughts, it is a face refined by sorrow. In the midst of agony an angel hand wiped out the deep furrows; and left only the soft lines of patience and resignation.

Now comes the face of an old woman, "silver threads replace the gold," dim eyes and furrowed cheeks. Her feet are almost touching the river and she is "only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown."

She has seen many sorrows sunshines and shadows, ups and downs in life, but she has come out like gold tried by fire. How beautiful the face is! the features are not cast in classical mould, the nose has a tendency to aspire upward, the mouth is too large for beauty, but she possesses that beauty of soul, and we bow before it with love and respect. O, the pictured faces that hang on the galleries of memory!

How often the wrinkled old grandfather gathers his grandchildren around him and tells of the days when he was young—he pictures the old homestead with its gardens and orchards, he tells them of his school-master—he pictures the face of his father and mother, sisters and brothers, and then tells of the time when he first saw grandmother. Ah, yes, well he remembers the pure face of his young wife. Then he pictures his golden-haired darling, whose face was like a ray of sunshine. Her eyes always sparkling with mischief, her rosy cheeks dimpling with fun, the sun-light seemed to love to come and play hide-and-seek among the curls that always defied the efforts of mother to keep them in order. Then grandfather's voice grows low and tremulous as he pictures the merry little face cold and silent, the tangled tresses are all smooth now, looped back from the waxen brow.

Many a face of by-gone years does grandfather picture, and when we ask "where are they now," the old man shakes his head and answers "some few remain like yellow leaves clinging to the tree, but a few more winds and storms will loosen them, and they will rejoin those who have been transplanted to the garden on high."

Is it not our duty to do all in our power, not only to beautify our own faces, by storing our intellects with thoughts taken from the vast store-house of knowledge, by cultivating a cheerful and living disposition, and above all keeping the soul pure and unsullied; but to beautify the lives of those by whom we are surrounded, to make the sad face joyful by imparting sunshine, the hopeless face hopeful, the troubled one peaceful by lending a helping hand, or whispering words of consolation, and the face seamed by hard lines of passion gentle as that of a little child, by showing in our own lives the refining influence of goodness and purity.

LOUIE.