light red, even in the midst of her anxiety. Evelyn had only said, in acknowledge of her little attention to her, "Thank you, dear." But the tone had said far more than words could have expressed, and Sophy was more than repaid.

Out of all her anxiety, Sophy slept that night, and for a time forgot all sorrow in the happy oblivion of youthful dreams. But from these she was roused in the early morning by a light at her bedside, and woke to see Evelyn standing there looking down upon her with eyes full of happy tears.

"Thank God, Sophy, he is better," she whispered, in scarcely audible tones. "Dr. Martin says he has taken a turn for the better now, and the fever has gone. I must go back to him at once, but I could not help coming round just to let you know. And now you can go to sleep again with a happy mind." She bent down to kiss her as she spoke, and then glided away quickly and silently as she had come, leaving Sophy to weep out all her gladness, her thankfulness, and her relief in a burst of happy tears.

It was a long, weary convalescence, but the invalid gradually improved, and in the hearts of none of her dear ones did there seem to be any room for impatience. He was saved; he had not been taken away from them, and that was more than enough.

He used to wonder in the first days of his convalescence, in a sort of weariness, how it came about that his wife and daughter seemed to be so much together, and how they could sit side by side and chat so much together in low tones, and why Sophy had lost that hard, keen look which had grown almost habitual to her fair, gentle face. And he wondered still more at the strength of his love for Sophy, how he could sit over it, and not like to speak of it. Could it be a reality? Could it be that the old difficulties had melted away, and that in future peace and love were to reign supreme in his home?

At last one day, when he was far advanced on the road to recovery, and he and his wife happened to be alone, he said, half uncertainly, "You and Sophy are great friends, aren't you?"

And then his young wife answered, with a happy light in her eyes—"Yes, thank God! there will be no more differences in your home, Arthur. There were faults on both sides; we have both been to blame. But sorrow taught us both a lesson we are not likely to forget. When we thought we might lose you, we did not speak of it. We found each other, and that terrible time drew us close together, and now I think I can truly say we love each other more and more every day. Are you satisfied, Arthur?"

"More than satisfied," he replied, with a smile of utter contentment. "It was the one thing—that jealousy which I would gladly have suffered ten times as much as I have done to have brought this about and seen you and my little girl such good friends."

And so good came out of evil," she said, softly; "and there was a silver lining even to this cloud.

### THE EYES AND THE EYESIGHT.

*By Marcus.*

In one of the largest cities of the world, which must be nameless, else there are plenty of people living who would know at once to whom I refer—in one of the world's largest and wealthiest cities there lived and flourished, not a great many years ago, a gay and celebrated physician. He never would have been a great physician had he not had brains to begin with, and had he not devoted himself to study. When I knew him, his practice lay principally among the Upper Ten, and it is not too much to say that he was an universal favourite, especially with children, ladies, and the more delicate and nervous class of invalids. Now, quite apart from his undoubtably cleverness as a doctor, there is no doubt his extreme punctilio went far in enabling him to hold the place he did in the esteem of his numerous patients. This punctilio surrounded him, if I may so speak, like a ray cloud, and not only the man himself and his actions, but his belongings. He was pleasant to look at; that is, he was a perfect gentleman. Without any appearance of affectation, he talked the most beautiful English; he talked like a book that is read aloud by an orationist. It was clear, well, and the man himself and his actions, but his belongings. He was pleasant to look at; that is, he was a perfect gentleman. Without any appearance of affectation, he talked the most beautiful English; he talked like a book that is read aloud by an orationist. It was clear, well, and that sort of a thing was a picture; it always looked new, and his horses were a constant source of admiration; they stepped out; they held their heads as if proud of their kind master. Well, when this doctor made an appointment with a patient, he kept it to a second. He is said to call on you at two o'clock to-morrow," then, unless something very extraordinary had happened, the doctor stepped out of his carriage just as the hour began to strike; if something extraordinary had happened, he would be there to explain. Again, the very medicines which were brought to his patients were gotten up in the most elegant manner imaginable. It was a pleasure to them to have to get them. To look at them was too long to try them.

"There is no occasion," he used to say, "why physic should be nauseous. Therefore, his pill boxes were works of art, they pulled themselves small and perfectly round, and either gilded, silvered, or enamelled with sugar. His mixture bottles were of the purest crystal, cut and engraved, and the boxes themselves were always pretty as to colour, and tasted more like liqueurs than anything else.

"Oh!" I think I heard some of my young girls exclaim, "that is just the kind of doctor I should like to attend me when ill."

But I wonder," thinks another girl reader, "why our 'Medicus' is telling us this story. Perhaps he wants us to think of physic, and he is merely giving us the sugar-plum beforehand." This makes me smile, because the glass is so very nearly a correct one. Nevertheless, I do not want my readers to take nasty physic, but I have taken it in kind and promised to write for them a series of papers having relation to their health and comfort, and I may add happiness, and in these papers I must, in order to make things as plain as possible, sometimes mix up a little physick. If, then, the lively reader will not promise not to miss that portion of my papers, I think I can promise to prove that, to parody the good doctor's words, there is no occasion why physiology should be nauseous any more than delicacy.

But all the physiology I shall trouble you with to-day shall have a very practical bearing on you. You are blessed, I hope, with good eyesight, and I wish to tell you how to preserve it; or, on the other hand, your eyesight may not be very good, then I wish to show you how to make the best of it.

The eye is in reality one of the most delicate, perfect, and beautiful optical instruments in the world, far more perfect than anything that man could construct. If ever you have to take a small chandelier, or optic glass to pieces, you will have found that it consists of a tube or tube, in which are placed many glasses or lenses of different size and shape. So likewise does the eyes, and perfect sight depends upon the perfect shape and clearness of these.

But a photographer's camera serves better to illustrate the mechanism of the eye than any other instrument I can think of. When with a friend who was being photographed, you have during one of the pauses of the operator lifted that mysterious black cloth behind the instrument, and peeped in, you would see a small picture of your friend in compartments upside down—on the glass at the back of the camera. Now, your eye may be aptly compared to this apparatus of the
photographer. It is a strong circular box, darkened internally by a peculiar pigment, having an opening in front to receive the picture, leaves being just bent up at the corners, and a curtain called the iris, which is grey, hazel, brown, or blue, as the case may be, and a hole in the centre of this curtain called the pupil, which allows the passage of light admitted into the chamber of the eye. The picture of anything one looks at after passing through the lenses and pupil is painted on a curtain composed of many fine fibres spread out on the inner side of the back of the globe of the eye, and these fibres unite to form one large nerve which runs backwards till it joins the brain, and by means of this the image is traced. The appearance of light is the source of the picture painted on the inner curtain of the eye.

Were it possible for anyone to look through your eye from behind, that person would see in your eye a tiny picture of whatever you happened to be looking at at the time, just as you saw the picture of your friend in the camera of the photographer.

The eye is protected by eyelids and eye lashes, and not only by these, for there is a gland fixed above it which secretes a constant supply of tears, by which the ball is kept moist. These tears escape by two little openings at the inner corners of the eye, and find their way by a canal into the nose, under the nose, and they overflow the eyes too abundantly when one laughs over-much or weeps; then they overflow, as a matter of course.

Now, an apparatus so delicate as the eye must be, must be very liable to accident. I refer to a great many small ailments, and the eyes of young people, and especially girls, are more easily hurt than those of their elders.

Spectacles are very needful in a case of this kind, but I doubt it very much.

I will say nothing here about the more dangerous inflammations of the eyes. They form a class of diseases, also, by which it would be wrong of me to attempt to treat on paper. When anything of this kind takes place, rest must be enjoined, a dose of Epsom salts taken, and the eyes covered with pledgets of wet lint.

Nothing more had better be done till the doctor arrives.

Spectacles differ at times from what is commonly called spectacles. One is, indeed, not only the eye easily tired and pained, especially by a bright light, or by reading, or working on any white material, but, if examined, the inner lining of the eyelids is found to be somewhat inflamed, there is often a little matter about them in the morning, and the eyelashes do not grow as they ought to.

The eyes should be held three or four times a day with very cold water, and indepen
dent of this, an eye-wash should be used; I do not think anything is better than two or three grains of powdered alum in a teaspoon of rose-water. This should be used three times a day. A gentle friction should be taken once a week, and cold-liver oil regularly three times a day. The liver should be half a
ful of mustard in it should be used every night, care being taken not to catch cold during the day. The work should be light, the exercise in the open air abundant. Too much care cannot be taken of a girl suffering thus; the loss of sight is a terrible accident, and this ailment may be the forerunner of that calamity. Sulphate of lime is a very useful article in treating of rose-water, it is a very nice application for sore eyes, and so is cold green tea; it should not be too strong; it ought to resemble pale brandy in colour. It is not given as a very painful complaint, but they must not be cut, but extracted with a fine forceps. Sometimes a kind of eruption comes out on the margin of the eyelids, which, however, goes off by itself in a morning. The state of the health here wants seeing to, and once again I may recommend good pure cold-liver oil. That purchased from the fishmonger is not only the cheapest, but it is free from adulteration. If money is no object, get the light-brown cold-liver oil. The eyelids should be smeared with a little of rose-water cream ointment every night and a cold douche used three or four times a day.

Every girl knows what a sty is; many know to their sorrow. It adheres to the inner margin of the eyelid, hot presentations by day and a bread poultice at night, and when it breaks it ought not to be squeezed. A dose of Epsom salts will tend to remove the inflammation. But depend upon it, if you are constantly taking styes one after another your blood cannot be in a very pure condition. You might try the old woman's remedy of a mixture of sulphur, cream of tartar, and tincture. Yes, I admit it is neither nice to take nor pretty to look at; there is neither poetry nor romance about it, the sulphur glows red, in which state, perspiring would preserve your eyesight and havest it very good, and you must live well and regularly, avoid cold and damp either in the feet or body, rise early, and do not forget the bath; in fact, obey all the rules that regulate the health of the human frame.

Never fatigue the eyes. Do not work too close in the glaring light of a lamp, and do not read in a railway carriage.

Exercise in the open-air strengthens every part of the system, and the eyes as well. Do not spend too much time in the reading of the print, or to try to decipher even the most distant objects in a landscape. This is the best exercise for young eyes; but give them the benefit of the very first sign of feeling of fatigue.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

AN ALLEGORY

The mountain top was aglow in the

Below the valley lay in shadow:

blackness, the sunsh

and green, with the river wind

the verdant moun
tains stretching away, the

trees forming graceful

shadows from the moonlight.

But on the bare crested hills where the mountain the sun shone without rest

less brightness, and all the air was quivering in the golden glory before. Not the blinding sunshine and the great granite

boulders, the rough shade, the steep weary

mountain paths, and the fierce pitiless heat. But the pathways of the tallmen Serbia ended in the

golden glory; in sweet glowing colours, that would soften and deepen as evening drew on, and would be shining all their unceasingly

brilliance, when the vale below would be

wrapped in gloom.

And up the weary ascent many pilgrims were toiling, casting back no longingly looks to

the cool green shadows to the left. They

left behind them, but directing their gaze to the golden glory before. And in watching its brightness, to which their every step was bringing them nearer, they forgot to notice how steep and weary was the way; how the stones and slippery shale hurt their tired feet, and how pitiless fell the blinding blaze of the sun on the bare mountain side.

In the cool valley, Gustave was resting, leaning against a green bank, grassy and flower-bedecked. Birds were singing overhead, cool fruits hung within easy reach of his hand; deep was the shade around him; a little stream went singing and gurgling over the