

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

In spite 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 hours 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. Merlin 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 his 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 weak bewilderment, how it came about that his wife and daughter seemed to be so much together now; why they would sit side by side and chat so much together in low tones, and why Sophy had lost that hard sullen look which had grown almost habitual to her fair, girlish face. And he wondered still more with returning strength as he saw what fast friends those two seemed to have grown. He wondered what had wrought the change, but, while rejoicing over it, he did 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 inquiringly—"You and Sophy seem great friends, dearest?"

And then his young wife answered, with a happy light in her eyes—"Yes, thank God! there will be no more dissensions 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," and her voice faltered, "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 cloud in my sky. Why, 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 MEDICUS.

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 referred—in one of the world's largest and wealthiest cities there lived and flourished, not a great many years ago, a 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

something very extraordinary had happened, the doctor stepped out of his carriage just as the hour began to strike; if something extraordinary had happened, his assistant 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 look at 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, the pills themselves small and perfectly round, and either gilded, silvered, or enamelled with sugar. His mixture-bottles were of the purest crystal, cut and adorned; the mixtures themselves were always pretty as to colour, and tasted more like liqueurs than anything else.

"Oh!" I think I hear some of my young girl readers 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 take physic, and he is merely giving us the sugar-plum beforehand." This makes me smile, because the guess is so very nearly a correct one. Nevertheless, I do not want my readers to take nasty physic, but I have taken in hand 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 physiology. Now, if they will 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 physic.

But all the physiology I shall trouble you with to-day shall have a very practical bearing. 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 had the curiosity to take a small telescope or opera-glass to pieces, you will have found that it consists of a tube or tubes, in which are placed many glasses or lenses of different size and shape. So likewise does the eye, 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. If when with a friend who was being photographed, you have during the momentary absence of the operator lifted that mysterious black cloth behind the instrument, and peeped in, you would see a small picture of your friend in colours—upside down—on the pane of opaque glass at the back of the camera. Now, your eye may be aptly compared to this apparatus of the



"AND THREW HER ARMS ROUND EVELYN'S NECK."

delicate and nervous class of invalids. Now, quite apart from his undoubted 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 rosy 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 elocutionist. He dressed well, and that is saying a deal. His carriage or chariot was a picture; it always looked new, and his horses were a constant source of admiration; they stepped as if they loved the labour; 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. If he said, "I will call on you again at two o'clock to-morrow," then, unless

photographer. It is a strong circular box, darkened internally by a peculiar pigment, having an opening in front to receive the picture, lenses to reflect it and bring it into focus, 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, to regulate the amount 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 nervous 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 and through this nerve the brain takes cognisance 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 eyelashes, and not only by these, for there is a gland fixed above it which secretes a constant supply of water, called tears, by which the eyeball 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, unless, indeed, they flow too abundantly, as when one laughs over-much or weeps; then they overflow, as a matter of course.

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

Some of these ailments are congenital; that is, they are born with the individual. The eye itself may be badly shaped, and this would result either in what is called long-sightedness or short-sightedness. On the other hand, the globe of the eye is moved by a set of muscles which draw it from side to side, or up or down, according to whichever way one wishes to look. If one of these muscles is too short, it will prevent the eye from moving correctly, draw it to its own side, in fact; hence squinting will be the result—a condition which a surgical operation, by no means a very painful one, will mitigate if not remove entirely.

Long-sightedness is more rare in the young than short. Little can be done for it, if the girl is in good and robust health, except by wearing convex glasses, which must be purchased at the shop of a scientific optician. Round glasses are not so nice; they should be so shaped that there is no difficulty in seeing over them. If the girl is not very strong, then I should advise the use of iron tonics—the dialysed iron of the shops—or quinine wine and steel drops, plenty of wholesome exercise, and the cold bath with sea-salt in it every morning. Cold water frequently applied to eyes and brow by means of a sponge will also do good.

Short-sightedness. This is a condition which also necessitates the wearing of double eye-glasses (not single). The sufferer should not delay consulting the head physician at some eye hospital. Good may be the happy result; and she should at all times avoid fatiguing either the eye or the brain.

I mentioned the curtain of nerve filaments spread out on the back of the eyeball. This may come to be the seat of trouble, and a kind of nerve blindness be the result, in which the sight fails often without any apparent cause; especially does it often come on after long reading in a bright light, but sometimes the patient can only see in broad daylight, while there are occasional attacks of headache, and many other distressing nervous symptoms. I can hardly lay down exact rules for the treat-

ment of this disagreeable complaint, as it arises from so many different causes. But, as a general rule, the health must be most carefully studied; the diet should be nourishing, and partaken of with regularity; plenty of exercise in the open air is imperative; everything that distresses the mind or fatigues the body should be avoided, and if possible change of residence, either to the seaside or a bracing hilly part of the country, should be tried. These, with some nerve tonic, will often work wonders. Perhaps the phosphate of zinc, with diluted phosphoric acid and tincture of iron is the best tonic that can be taken. Dose according to age, but any respectable chemist could compound such a mixture.

Young girls often suffer from a kind of fatigue of sight, if I may call it so. I mentioned the muscles that move the eyeball. This ailment is caused by weakness in them. The symptoms most noticeable to the sufferer herself are a pained and confused feeling after reading for any length of time, or the letters get mingled up together, and the eyes feel weak and painful, and often spots and flying images like small transparent hairs appear before the eyes.

This condition of the eyesight shows that the strength of the body is far below par. Rest must be taken whenever fatigue of either body or eyes is felt. Frequent cold douches to the eyes do a great deal of good, and the cold salt water bath should be used every morning, and probably steel drops will be needed, and either cod-liver oil or the malt extract now sold in all chemist's shops; from five to fifteen drops of the tincture of steel is the proper dose, according to the age; five drops for five years, six for six, and so on. Spectacles may do good 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 most painful affections 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.

Girls suffer at times from what is commonly called weak or sore eyes. In these cases not only is the eye easily tired and pained, especially by a bright light, or by reading, or working on any white material, but if examined, the insides of the lids will be found red and 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 bathed three or four times a day with very cold water, and independent of this, an eye-wash should be used; I do not think anything is better than two or three grains of powdered alum to an ounce of rose-water. This should be used three times a day. A gentle laxative should be taken once a week, and cod-liver oil regularly three times a day. A warm foot-bath with a handful 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 zinc, three grains to an ounce of rose-water, 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. In-growing eyelashes is 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, and the eyes are nearly closed of a morning. The state of the health here wants seeing to, and once again I may recommend good pure cod-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 cod-liver oil. The eyelids should be smeared with a little nitrate of mercury ointment every night and a cold douche used three or four times a day.

Every girl knows what a *stye* is; many know to their sorrow. It admits of no harsh treatment, hot fomentations 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 treacle. Yes, I admit it is neither nice to take nor pretty to look at; there is neither poetry nor romance about it, *but*—I must add, in conclusion, that if you would preserve your eyesight and have it strong and good, 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 in the gloaming, nor in too great a glare of light, 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 be afraid to read the very smallest of print, nor to try to decipher even the most distant objects in a landscape. This is the best of exercise for young eyes; but give the eyes rest at the very first sign or feeling of fatigue.

## THE MOUNTAIN TOP. AN ALLEGORY



THE mountain top was all aglow in the sunlight.

Below the valley lay in shadow; dark, cool, and green, with the river winding through the verdant meadows and the trees forming grateful shadows from the noonday heat.

But on the bare rough sides of the mountain the sun shone with relent-

less brightness, and all the air was quivering in the sultry glow. No cool shade there; nothing but the blazing sunshine and the great granite boulders, the rough shale, the steep weary mountain paths, and the fierce pitiless heat. But the pathways of the toilsome ascent ended in the golden glory; in sweet glowing colours, that would soften and deepen as evening drew on, and would be shining in all their unearthly radiance, when the vale below would be wrapped in gloom.

And up the weary ascent many pilgrims were toiling, casting back no longing looks to the cool green shadows they were leaving 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 pitilessly fell the scorching blaze of the sun on the bare mountain side.

In the cool valley, Gustave was resting, leaning against a green bank, grassy and flower-bestrewn. 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