

has been raw and the pudding a cinder. The intellectual converse she pines for at the breakfast-table is sadly marred and interrupted by the fact that Edwin has his own views upon the subject of tea-making, and moreover insists upon their adoption instead of receiving even milk-and-water in grateful submission from the hands of his beloved.

Sometimes indeed the tables are turned, and a man of strong ideals marries a woman whose mental horizon is bounded by her home and the cares of domesticity, and whose mind seldom soars above servants and pudding, spring-cleaning and spinach. "Alas! poor Benedict!" we cry, "would that you had married Angelina!"

But on the whole, Benedict is better off as he is, for his dream-loving nature is kept within bounds by his wife's practical common-sense, and when he is ill he will probably find his ideal of womanly ministry and helpfulness more fully realised in his common-place little wife, than in the creature far too fine and good of his imagination, just as Angelina will find that Edwin will stand the wear and tear of daily life far better than her imaginary hero.

* * * *

But ideals are beautiful, let us cherish them. Shall we not be more tender in our compassion for our fellow-creatures when we wrap around them the mantle of ideality? We are over-

ready to find fault with the failings of those about us, forgetting that in them as in ourselves there is the material for an ideal character, only waiting the power of the master-hand to shape it into beauty. Not that they are always shapen thus. Alas, no! but the material exists and the power exists also, if only the character be yielded to its influence.

Up from humanity on all sides rises the cry, "Life is a failure!"

The artist says it as he sees in his imagination the wonderful picture which was to take the hearts of a nation by storm, but which he never finished because the face of the central figure never reached his ideal conception of it.

The sculptor echoes it as the chisel drops from his weary hand, and the figure of love which he intended to carve is yet hidden in the shapeless marble.

The singer repeats the cry as she realises that there is one note in the world of song she can never sing in its full sweetness.

The musician, as his noblest music falls short of the perfect harmony he had willed.

The student, as he thinks that the revelation of science he had intended to make is still unknown to the world.

The poet, as he leaves his work, with his chief message still unsung.

And we perhaps echo the mournful wail even though it has been good to live.

But hope on! oh, men; do your noblest

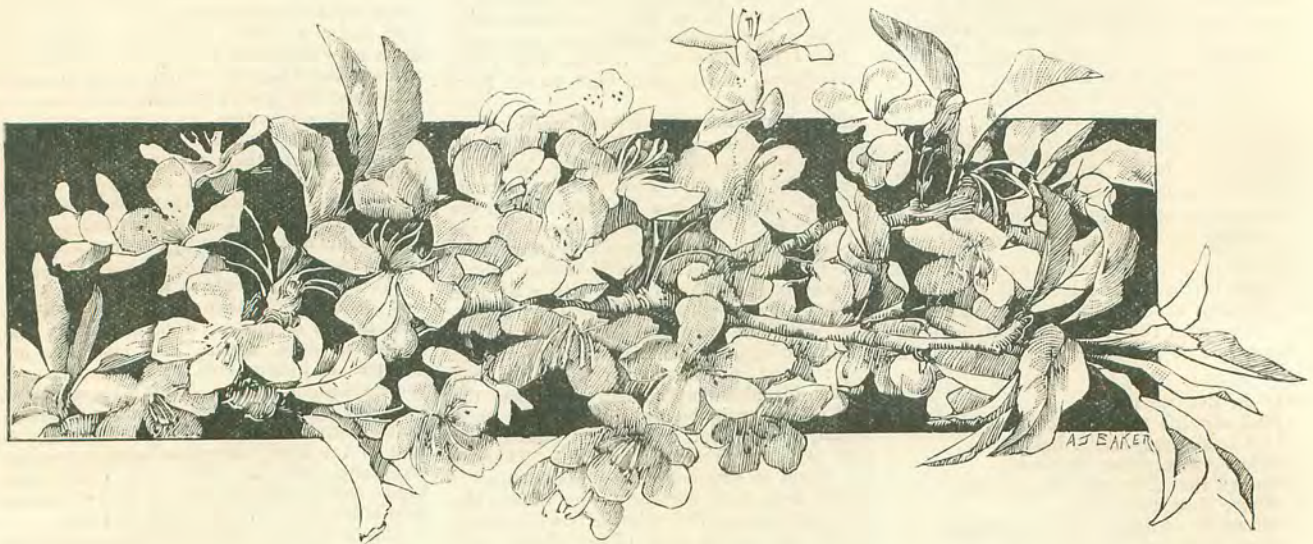
work in the service of God and of humanity; strong in the knowledge that we have—

"The inward witness, the assuming sense
Of an eternal good which overlies
The sorrow of the world, love which out-
lives
All sin and wrong, compassion which for-
gives
To the uttermost, and justice whose clear
eyes
Through lapse and failure look to the
intent
And judge our frailty by the life we
meant."—*F. G. Whittier.*

For—

"God gives better things
Than thou hast asked in thy forlornest
hour.
Love's promises shall be fulfilled in power,
Not death, but life; not silence, but the
strings
Of angel harps; no deep, cold sea, but
springs
Of living water; no dim, wearied sight,
Nor time, nor tear-mist, but the joy of
light;
Not sleep, but rest that happy service
brings;
And no forgotten name thy lot shall be,
But God's remembrance."

F. R. Havergal.



THE EYES: THEIR STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

By "MEDICUS."

"As sure's I live the world's turnin' roon'!" This is what I heard an old Scotch wife say the other day, as she turned up her eyes and hands in amazement, on hearing of some wonderful new invention.

"The world's turnin' roon'!" Yes, certainly it is, once in every twenty-four hours, but it was not to this daily revolution of the earth that the good dame referred, but to social changes, and the advance of science generally.

Well, she could look back to the old coaching days, long before the railway ran as far north as Bonnie Aberdeen, and when villages and towns used to be isolated entirely

for whole weeks, in winter-time, from their neighbours; when there wasn't even a postman to bring letters; and telegraphs were not even dreamt of. Science used to jog along very slowly in those days, though always surely, but now she flies along on wheels, and nothing can restrain her speed. Yet curiously enough while science gives us medical men greater facilities for coping with the ailments that have existed for ages, by shedding new light upon them and their causes, she has invented, so to speak, several new troubles; nervous ailments for instance have been marvellously on the increase of late years; depression of spirits; loss of memory, strange

forms of insomnia. And again, we have what is called, "telephone ear," confined to a class of course. I may have a word to say about this at a future time. But more serious than this, are diseases of the teeth, the skin, the hair, especially baldness, and the eyes.

I am going to take the latter to-day as my text for a health-sermon.

* * * * *
The reader may probably feel inclined to turn to another page of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, having read thus far. "Oh," she may tell me, "my eyes are all right, I don't want any advice on this subject. Wait till I do."

No, I haven't the least intention of waiting

till you do, because ten to one it would then be too late.

"I have such splendid teeth," a person might say grinning at the looking-glass, "why should I bother about them?"

And that same person five years after may be grinning in a way not half so pleasant, while she sits in a dentist's chair, getting a plate fitted.

The best and most beautiful things in this world decay or spoil the soonest, if not looked after. I'll give you an illustration of this, and it isn't a parable either, though you might think so. I have a very superior sort of lamp in my wigwam, which gives a fair amount of heat as well as light, an advantage not to be despised when, as I write, the temperature is down to four degrees above zero. But the wicks of this lamp need very careful trimming. Cheeks, my marine, who "does," for me in the wigwam, can't do those wicks without leaving smoky corners, so for months past I myself have taken the job over. I took from one of my cases a pair of very fine scissors to trim the wicks withal. They had a cutting edge like the finest razor, the polish and sheen upon them was like sunshine on the sea (poetry), but la! you should see them now; dull, spotted and smudged, and blunt. Cheeks's fault, not mine, I told Cheeks to rub them every day with a morsel of chamois and a drop of oil.

Cheeks didn't, and so they are spoiled.

Well, now, your eyes, I must admit, are at present very bonnie. They are brighter and clearer than—than a new gum lancet (more poetry), and you can see to read the finest type by the light of the moon, and distinguish faces and features a mile away. But will their beauty and brightness and utility last? No, not if you don't take proper care of them. Look at my scissors. What treatment can ever restore their pristine lustre.

Stay now, I suppose you imagine that all the harm which is to be apprehended from your carelessness as regards your eyes, is that the sight may become a little less acute.

Some girls there are, who would consider this a sort of an advantage, because it would give them an excuse for figuring around with a pair of spectacles, rove on to the top of a little shillelah, or whatever name women do call those bits of parasol-handles they attach their glasses to, and which are supposed to give an air of classic refinement and aristocratic grace to the wearer.

But it isn't simply a little less of keenness in seeing that a girl has to apprehend who does not take proper care of her eyes. No, for eyes that are badly-used, to put it in plain English, in course of time lose not only a portion of their utility as optical instruments, but they lose their beauty also.

I want to tell you in what this loss of beauty consists. It is a *tout ensemble* loss then. To give a description of the whole anatomy of the eye would take up too much time, but I may just state that it is in reality a very beautiful, and—in health—most perfect optical instrument. Each eye is, so to speak, a little opera-glass fixed under the eyebrow, with muscles specially placed in the socket to move it from side to side and up or down, muscles to focus it and to close or open the coloured iris or curtain and thus admit just the proper amount of light and no more. Inside the eye there is a picture of all we see, just such a picture as you may often have noticed in a camera when you have had an opportunity of putting your head beneath the dark curtain of the photographer. Well, the impression of this picture is conveyed to the brain by a special set of nerves, so that, please remember, the eye has two sets of nerves, one set proceeding from the brain to it, determines by will the movements of the eye, the other going towards the brain with the impression.

But the surroundings of the eye and its walls proper have also to be considered or taken into account, if we are called upon to judge whether a girl has pretty eyes or not. We don't simply look at the coloured curtain or iris, which may be himmel-blue or dark as sloes, nor to the black or centre pupil which may be small at the time, or large and languishing.

We take into account the appearance of the *conjunctiva* or white of the eye. This is the outer coat, and should be moist and nearly as white as snow, not congested, or yellow, or streaky, or with the inner coat shining dark through it.

Even this is not all, for if the girl is in perfect health the eyelids will be smooth, and white, and satiny outside, not at all puffed and pink, nor red inside.

A continual state of weakness, or puffiness, or congestion, in the eyelids, prevents the eyelashes from thriving, because they are then badly nurtured. They don't grow long and pliant, they may be mattery at the roots, and they pull out or even rub out too easily.

Is this all? Not quite. Early wrinkles around the eyes detract very much indeed from the beauty of the whole.

Well now, I shall devote the rest of my space to the mention of those things that affect the beauty and utility of the eye.

I. Derangement of the health. This may be either temporary or permanent. Various kinds of irregularities that I need not mention hurt the head or brain, and injure the eyes and all their surroundings. Indigestion has a marvellous effect for bad on the eyes. If this is combined with biliousness, as it so often is, the evil it causes is far worse.

A girl when bilious is sure to have a less clear eye than usual, for bile poisons and discolours the blood and tissues. Not only will the white of the eye be tinged and streaked, but the skin around it, and there may be slight puffiness also.

A bilious person is a very wretched being, the spirits are often down to zero, and the eyes have a worn and unhappy look.

Biliousness causes care. I don't know whether it be true that care ever killed a cat, but it certainly gives a worried and unwholesome look to one's eyes.

Dyspepsia or indigestion may be called the beginning of one-half the chronic ailments from which human beings suffer and die. Through this every organ in the body, ay and every muscle suffers, because it strikes at the very root of the constitution and life itself. Blood you know is made from food, and if enough of this be not supplied, or if it be poor and acid, one gets pale, sickly, and subject to every ill under the sun. And the eyes being so delicate and tender, are the first to show that something is not right with the blood supply; they become less round and prominent, because a cushion of fat on which in health they rest is being absorbed; the eyes, therefore, sink as it were. This causes incipient wrinkles, and it also gives a watery and lack-lustre look to the eye-balls themselves.

II. Over-study. It is the worry and tear of the cram-system that does so much harm to the eyes of young girls, especially if they are working up subjects for an examination, and it is an open question whether the so-called education of the present day is worth the expenditure of health it costs. I am of opinion it is not, and that a girl who can read and write well, has a real knowledge of geography and history, and knows enough of astronomy and cosmology, to give a cast to her thoughts and prove to her the infinite littleness of this moat of a world compared to the billions and billions of other worlds in space, has a greater chance of doing well in her day and generation, than the girl who has been taught a little of everything and therefore knows hardly anything of anything. But study—if

the appearance, the utility and beauty of the eyes are to be preserved—should go hand in hand with outdoor exercise and everything else that tends to promote good health.

III. Want of good sound sleep and enough of it. I do not say that this may actually spoil the sight of the eyes, but it certainly plays havoc with their beauty, and gives a jaded and old look that may become to some degree permanent.

IV. Poverty of blood or anaemia. From whatever cause this proceeds it ought to receive attention. From the very day a girl's blood becomes poor, she begins to "dwine." I fear "dwine" is not an English word, but it is a most expressive Scotch one. Did ever you notice a young tree that has been planted on soil uncongenial to it? How weak its stem is, how it is buffeted and twisted about by every wind that blows, how the sun parches its leaves, how the dust settles on them, and how it is attacked by blight, till even the birds don't care to sit and sing on it? That tree is *dwining*.

V. Other causes of injury to the beauty and utility of the eyes, are reading in a bad light, the glare of sunshine or reflected glare from the snow; the reflection of sunshine from the water as when one walks on cliffs high above the sea in summer time; exposure to high winds for a long time; and all these causes must be avoided. In reading, the light should come from behind, or it should be thrown down on the paper from a lamp for instance, and the darker the shade the better. A side light that strikes transversely through the eyeballs is most injurious. So is reading too much in bed or in the recumbent position. But mind that if teasing, worrying thoughts keep one awake it is better to read in bed, because this retains the mind on an even keel, to use a sailor's phrase.

Bad light puts an unwholesome strain upon the eyes.

A strong reflected glare produces an effect on the nerves of the eye that is most injurious. Exposure to storms and wind produces congestion, and I have known this lead to inflammation that caused total blindness in one or both eyes. Now in order to preserve the eyesight and beauty of the eyes, we must avoid everything that is likely to cause indigestion or biliousness. Sometimes a pill or two such as rhubarb or blue pill may be useful in opening the system. But remember this is only treating a symptom, and not striking straight at the root of the evil. The diet must be seen to and regulated. That is really the principal thing. It is not my intention here to write on dyspepsia, but just one hint. Girls after the age of seventeen should not eat quite so heartily, as they require less food then. Most cases of indigestion are brought on by over-eating and by eating between meals.

In cases of biliousness, the diet must be considerably lower. Lemon juice—real—is a most excellent thing in such a case. As many as five lemons may be taken in the twenty-four hours.

Rest and exercise should keep watch and watch, rest should go hand in hand with recreation, and exercise that is not pleasurable is not worth the trouble of taking, for it is then only a penance and a worry.

Good sleep must be secured by natural means. A little food before lying down is essential if one is weakly. The bedroom should be very well ventilated, and the bed-clothes not heavy.

Impurity of blood must be treated by your regular family doctor.

Poverty of blood should be combated by doses of cod liver oil, Kepler's extract of malt, small doses of iron, and an occasional mild aperient.

So shall your eyes acquire both strength and beauty.