

After a little while a vague feeling of uneasiness creeps over him, and he becomes restless. He has a craving for more light. If a dark day, he wishes to get near the window; or if at night he gets as close to the lamp as he possibly can, and so sits that the glare shines full in his face and eyes, as he has found by experience that he sees a little easier in this way as the pupils are contracted.

To his natural defect is added another evil. The glare irritates the eye, the lids become heavy and congested, and the face feverish and flushed. He spurs his flagging will, and makes an effort; but struggle as he may, it is of no use, and his head finally droops over the table, and he falls asleep.

He is shaken up only to be sent to bed with his lesson unlearned, and ten to one, if a city boy, with his dinner undigested, and his first thought in the morning is of past neglect and future punishment; and when, a little later, he presents himself at school, how many equivocations, prevarications, or downright falsehoods are forced from his young lips in order to meet and repel the cutting rebuke, or even the wrathful violence of his teacher, until he becomes, so far as his studies are concerned, habitually deceitful!

This unequal struggle between intentions and performance goes on day after day, until the boy, no matter how bright he may have been, originally, becomes in reality what he has always appeared to others, backward if not stupid, and from sheer discouragement idle and truant, if not mischievous and perverse. He loses the habit of application and the power of concentration, and he continues through life, as a rule, unobservant and unthinking, and all on account of a physical defect which might have been corrected before his education began.

But besides producing an effect upon the health and mind, this physical defect often leads to a personal deformity, for it has been shown that of those who are cross-eyed, eighty percent is due to the fact that they have too short an eye.

Nobody can tell who has not watched it, what an effect a physical deformity has upon the mind and character of a growing child, especially one which detracts in a marked manner from its personal appearance. It exposes the child to the taunts and cruel appellations of its comrades, which in sensitive children often drive them into solitude, and make them shy and suspicious of strangers, in whom, on the other hand, they excite suspicion. The turn in the eye gives either a wandering, doubting air to the face, or, if the gaze is fixed, a too intense expression, which is disturbing and perplexing, if not downright painful to the beholder.

I have known young boys of eight and ten years of age beg their parents to let them undergo the pain of an operation to rid themselves of a deformity which subjects them so often to the unfeeling remarks of their elders, usually friends of the family, as well as the uneuphonious but expressive titles bestowed upon them by their own contemporaries, of goggle-eye and cock-eye. Nor does this end with childhood. The deformity is a disadvantage to him through life. It pursues him in his business and in his profession. Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, he is often thought to be dissembling himself when nothing is further from his thoughts. How often do we hear people say of another, whom we know to be perfectly upright and trustworthy, that they do not like him because he never looks them squarely in the face. And it is a little curious that precisely here it is that the lesser degrees of the trouble produce the most effect. That peculiar expression which people complain so much of is generally due to a deviation in the axes of the eyes—a slight convergence which is never very conspicuous, and at times only to be detected by a trained eye, but which, nevertheless, produces in all a very disagreeable impression, although not marked enough to betray its cause.

But besides the above conditions, which may be described as regular and symmetrical deviations from the normal standard of focal power due to too long or too short an axis of the eye, there is another due to an unsymmetrical or irregular formation of the curves of the cornea, or anterior surface of the eye.

This deviation from the normal eye, or astigmatism, produces precisely the same effects as those which have been already described, only, as a rule, in an exaggerated degree, for, unlike the near-sighted eye, it cannot see clearly even when the objects are brought within its range, nor, like the too short eye, can it do so by any effort of its

own. It is doomed to see things not only darkly, but distorted, all its days, unless corrected by the proper glass. It is this condition which seems to have the greatest effect upon the sensorium, and whose symptoms resemble so closely those coming from actual cerebral disturbances, either of a functional, organic, or mental nature, even to the verge of insanity.

Having, I hope, by the preceding brief and imperfect representations shown the necessity of ascertaining the optical condition of the eye in early life or before the child's serious education begins, I would refer for a moment to a simple means by which the amount of sight can be ascertained, and by which an approximate idea may be gained as to the necessity of having the eyes more carefully examined.

The normal eye should read letters of the kind and size shown in Fig. 1 at twenty feet. Vision is then said to be normal. If the eye cannot do this at twenty but can at ten feet, then vision is ten-twentieths or one-half of the normal and so on.

To test the eyes, place the letters Fig. 1 at twenty feet distance, in a good light. Try first one eye, and then the other.

Any eye which cannot read the letters fluently at this distance deviates from the normal standard, and should have a thorough examination.

To test for the defect which has been mentioned in the foregoing remarks as astigmatism, place the drawing Fig. 2, showing parallel lines arranged vertically and horizontally, at fifteen or twenty feet, and be sure to test each eye separately.

These lines should appear equally distinct; that is, those running vertically should look as black and clearly defined as those which run horizontally, and vice versa. If, however, there is any difference between them as to shade of color or distinctness of outline, the eye is astigmatic, and the greater the difference, the greater the degree. Such an eye as this requires peculiar glasses, which can only be determined by a careful examination, and which have to be selected to fit each case. It may be that a person is not astigmatic for vertical or horizontal lines, but is for those running obliquely. To test this, turn the drawing so that what are ordinarily the vertical lines shall run obliquely, say, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

If, now, this were all, it would be a simple matter for the parent or teacher to determine just what children needed a careful examination, but unfortunately there is a large number of children who, as has been already explained, have a deficiency of optical power but who can, nevertheless, neutralize this deficiency by an effort, so that they can see at as great a distance and as clearly as those who have normal eyes. These are those who most suffer from headache, and from all the ills of a nervous nature which have been detailed in the foregoing remarks. The only satisfactory way out of the difficulty would appear to the writer to be that every child should have the optical condition of the eye and the amount of vision determined before school life begins, by some competent person trained in the methods of making these examinations.—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOW DORA LEARNED TO TAKE HER MOTHER'S PLACE.

Doubtless my young readers have heard of coffee-palaces, penny-readings, and other plans for keeping men out of public-houses? But have they ever considered that it is in the power of many of them to get up a counter attraction at home, not only for poor workmen, but for those of a higher class also? Let us see how Dora Fleming found this out. One evening she was amusing herself in the dining-room. She was often alone, for her mother was dead and she had no brothers or sisters. Sometimes she went into the house of a neighbor and played with the children there, and occasionally some of them came to her, and they had games in the school-room. To-day her Aunt Caroline had come to spend the afternoon, and she and papa were now having a talk in the next room. As the door was partly open Dora could not help hearing some things that they said.

"For the sake of your child, William," urged the aunt earnestly, "you should make an effort to give up your present habits, and be more settled at home. You would not have the same temptation to take glass after glass."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Fleming. "A dreary home makes many a

man forget himself as much as gay company could do. When my wife was living I seldom went out at night without her, and I did not care for wine. We used to be very happy in the evenings. I read to her while she sewed, and sometimes she would sing and play for me. But there is no one to take her place in any way."

"I hope Dora will be able to take it when she is older," said Aunt Caroline. "You do not care much for her society now, I fear."

"Well, we have a bit of play now and then when I am in the humor. Poor little thing! She is too young and too wild for anything else, I suppose. I wish she could be more of a companion to me, but she is naturally absorbed in her own amusements, and she enjoys her young friends' society more than mine; yet I must make an effort for her sake, and may God help me!"

This conversation gave Dora many new thoughts, and caused her to make many new resolves. Hitherto she had looked to her father for everything, and had never supposed that he needed anything from her, except that she should be obedient and truthful and learn her lessons well. Now she knew that his comfort and happiness depended very much on how she spent her evenings, and that there were dangers and temptations from which her little hand might rescue him.

"And I will try to do it," Dora said to herself. "It is not fair that poor papa should struggle for my sake, while I do nothing to help. Perhaps God will answer his prayer by teaching me how. O, if I could only take mamma's place, even a little!"

Dora knew that her papa loved music, but she was afraid that her playing was not good enough to give him pleasure; however, she practised her best pieces with a carefulness unknown to her before, and after a few days she asked her papa to listen to them. Mr. Fleming was quite delighted at the progress of his child, and though he had intended to go out that evening, he did not do so; and when Dora had done playing he amused himself teaching her to sing a pretty song with him. This was the first of many pleasant evenings at home. Dora got a prize at school for her music, and as it was a very nice book she read some of it to her papa one evening when he came home too tired to say much, and he liked it so well that she had to finish it for him next evening. Now, when her young friends came in, Dora did not spend all the time romping with them, but had some games in which her papa could join, such as quartettes, and she learned how to play chess on purpose to please him.

Mr. Fleming found himself much helped in his efforts to resist the tempting wine both at home and abroad. He succeeded, and became a better and a happier man. Dora only dimly understood the nature of the temptation overcome; but she did her best, and she won a great reward, not only through the good done to her father, but also in the improvement of her own mind and character and the skill in music which she acquired. When her next birthday came round her father presented her with the likeness of her mother, set in a beautiful case.

"I give you this, Dora," he said, "not so much because your face reminds me of hers, but because you have lately learned so many of her little home ways, and have taken her place in being a dear companion to me."

Dora thanked her father with a kind of joy which she had never felt before, and she thanked God too.

Many little girls unfortunately know much more about the evils of strong drink than Dora did. I hope they will all try to make their homes as happy as they can.—*Adviser.*

MORAL VIEW OF THE TOBACCO PROBLEM.

BY META LANDER.

"But good men smoke and chew!" The more's the pity. There's no use in blinking the fact that a goodly number of our best Christian men, and not a few ministers among them, are not guiltless in this matter. The very utmost that can be made of the plea, however, is that some good men are not free from the dominion of very bad habits. This, unfortunately, is no new thing. Many excellent Christians, including ministers, have been in theory and practice upholders of slavery. Is that any justification of slavery?

Years ago the use of intoxicating liquors was practised and approved by the majority of clergymen, one or more of them being now and then taken home drunk from some association or convention dinner, where wines abounded; but precisely because drinking was in such good repute was there the more pressing need of bold leaders to raise the banner of reform.

Let us not use the goodness of a man as a garment to cover his sins, little or great. This very goodness brings upon him a ten-fold responsibility, when used as a shield to protect wrong-doing.

It can hardly be pleasant to a D.D., and perhaps LL.D. to boot, to have it bruited abroad: "He is an extraordinary man; but he is also an extraordinary smoker, his study being sometimes perfectly black with smoke." Or, "He is a great and a good man; but he will smoke a pipe." Or, "He is a fine preacher; but then he goes through the streets puffing a cigar."

Eloquence and tobacco flowing from the same lips—the eloquence, perchance, born of the narcotic! To many a hearer the edge of the sermon is blunted by his knowledge that the preacher has a quid adroitly hidden in his mouth. The more devout the man the more deplorable the sad conjunction.

Think of a tobacco pastor ministering to the sick and suffering! Think of him approaching the bedside of a dying member of his flock, and being feebly waved away because of the sickening perfume that radiates from his whole person! Think of him as standing at the sacrament table, whereon are spread the emblems of that self-sacrificing love which surpasses mortal conception!

What must those fetters be that such considerations cannot break? Earnestly implored to give up the filthy weed, a clergyman made answer: "Not I! I will use it if it shortens my life seven years. I will live while I live."

But the case of one who justifies himself in this course is extremely rare, while many and many a good man groans under his self-imposed bondage—a bondage not one whit less degrading because of the high standing and excellent Christian character of the victim.

Writes George Trask: "I have known men to dream and rage about tobacco as madmen, when deprived of it. I have known a temperance lecturer of great distinction positively refuse to lecture until he had been furnished with a pipe of tobacco, to screw his nerves up to the point of eloquence. I know an excellent clergyman who assured me that he had sometimes wept like a child when putting a quid of tobacco in his mouth, under a sense of his degradation and bondage. I know a man who told me that tobacco was 'the dearest thing he had on earth—dearer than wife, child, church or state.'"

Pitiable thralldom! Bound hand and foot! "Oh!" exclaimed a victim, "I need tobacco to give me resolution to give up tobacco!"

"You are wasting away under it," pleaded one minister with another. "Alas! my brother, it is true; but I cannot help it." "Would you take that excuse from a sinner?" "I cannot answer you. I cannot leave it off. It is out of the question. I cannot. I feel what you say; but—" The poor slave to this appalling appetite died not long after.

In contrast with this melancholy instance, it is refreshing to read the experience of the late Dr. Cox. "From about fifteen to thirty," he writes, "I am ashamed to say I smoke; my conscience often upbraiding me, as well as my best earthly friend. Still I made excuses. My physician, a smoker, helped me to some. So I continued, till once on board a steamer a drunken gentleman staggered up to me, exclaiming: 'Give me a—al—ight, Dr. Cox!' I handed him my cigar. He returned it. I threw it overboard, and since have never ceased to thank my Keeper that I have been enabled to keep myself from so foul and odious a sin."

A rich man, in acknowledging the receipt of one of George Trask's tobacco books, writes: "The best proofs of its utility should be its effects upon the clergy. We can hardly expect youth to refrain from tobacco when their moral teachers set them so bad an example. When you have reformed those of your own profession, if you will apply to me, I will give fifty dollars to reform the rest of mankind."—*N. Y. Independent.*