

ed in the doorway of a dark room, where Dyer still lay stretched out on the couch, with a nurse sitting alongside him to watch his recovery from the chloroform. "Who are you looking at?" suddenly demanded Dyer, starting up. "I tell you I'm not going to have my eye out this morning." The nurse pressed him down quietly, and the house-surgeon, remarking that Dyer was "just coming to," let him into the operating theatre, where he showed him the electric light, and explained the uses of the various instruments. "What we do," he said, in course of conversation, "is on a small scale compared with a regular Eye hospital. I was at the London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, for several years. There they perform on an average, nearly ten operations regularly every day—3,560 in the course of a year. The attendances of out-patients amount to nearly 125,000 a year. The 100 beds there are always full, and they pass through the hospital every year over 2 000 patients!" "Dear me!" exclaimed the clergyman. "Yes, and they not only cure poor people's eyes for nothing but they give away spectacles to such as seamstresses, poor working men, and others, who cannot afford them. On an average each pair of spectacles costs the hospital 7s. 6d., and they gave away nearly £300 worth last year. Then, to those who can afford them, they try their eyes, and sell them the spectacles at almost cost price, so that a working man can be sure that he has got the right sort and is not cheated with inferior spectacles. In a smaller way we do the same thing here, the Samaritan Fund providing for the gift of spectacles to very poor people." "What a very good idea," said the clergyman. "I was thinking of preaching a sermon on the case of the poor man who was married at