

the light of a new freedom, showing him all that was empty and ignoble in the world that he lived in and blinding him to all that is real?

As a poet Shelley needs no advocate. His was true poetry. His very impetuosity, born of early restraint, he made poetic. He found inspiration in the air of Italy, in its west winds, and in its rippling waters. His whole soul was concentrated upon the message he felt himself constrained to deliver. His poetry was no artificial product. Above all it bears the stamp of nature. The author of "Adonais," of "The Revolt of Islam," and of "Prometheus Unbound" contributes a new quality to English poetry, a quality of ideality, of freedom, and of spiritual audacity. He strove ever to attain the truest and most impassioned expression for the thoughts that inflamed him. He employed less of that which is purely intellectual than any of his predecessors. Though his genius was greater in lyric poetry, he is credited with having written, in "The Cenci," the greatest tragedy of his time. He had a glimpse of something beyond more profound and more lofty than was dreamt of in his philosophy. This was his truest title to greatness. With the great realistic poet, he might have said, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp."

Shelley is called a dreamer and in much he was. His ideas, his principles were often vague and half grasped. Yet, as in his "Masque of Anarchy," when writing on political subjects, with an almost oriental excess and allegory, he showed an earnestness and a passion far from a dreamer's. At times, he has all the fire, the bitterness of Catullus. In many of his caprices he reminds us of the poet of Verona. But in these things Shelley is least himself.

Had he lived longer he might have given us more finished works. He could not have left a nobler memory. His death, striking and almost picturesque, was a fitting close for a life, extravagant and scarcely real. Even in death he was an outcast. His body, thrown upon the sand by the rude sea, was buried in a foreign land. Only thirty years of age, he died before the world knew him great. But Shelley old would have been Shelley no more. Fall of the exuberance of youth, he breathed its spirit into every line of his verse. With the poet, we can but say, "Whom the gods love, die first."

Loving truth with a martyr's love, willing to die to do the world a service, Shelley was no mere sentimentalist. In all things he was sincere. Gentle, loving, fearless, he was exposed to dangers that an ill regulated education and the feverish temper of his age served only to aggravate. Yet Shelley, the poet, will outlive Shelley, the dreamer and the iconoclast. Those that turn from what is most divine to shake their heads at the follies of a misguided youth injure but themselves. The memory of the true Shelley is beyond their reach.

#### The Human Eye.

GRANT CULLIMORE, M. D.

The human eye is an index to the soul. Hope, fear, anger, shame, and remorse are pictured by the glitter and position of the eye. To the skilled oculist, its physical condition is an open book. In 1851, Helmholtz discovered the principle which, executed in the ophthalmoscope, enables us to see the interior of the eye with the distinctness of a printed page. This instrument, simple as a toy, has yet produced stupendous results in the science of ophthalmics. It consists of a mirror perforated. With the mirror reflecting light into the patient's eye, the observer sees through the perforation, the delicate retina, and is enabled to determine if it is diseased or healthy. The necessity for glasses can be deter-

mined. Formerly all cases of blindness, the cause of which was unknown, were termed amaurosis, a condition in which the patient saw not, neither did the doctor see. Now, however, amaurosis is not known in medical nomenclature. The disease can be determined and its proper name given. As civilization advances, eye difficulties increase. Of 1802 school children in Springfield, Mass., 372 needed glasses. In Amherst College, of the students examined at entrance into college, and then at graduation, 125 were found at entrance with normal eyes. At graduation, 86 had remained so; 10 became far-sighted, 29 short-sighted.

Although nearly a perfect optical instrument, the eye is not always to be trusted in the impression conveyed to the brain. Turn any printed page upside down. Every S will appear smaller at the bottom than at the top. The letter is really made smaller at the top, for one's eyes naturally represent things larger at the top than they really are. The Greeks understood these optical illusions, and in architecture made allowances for them. The Greek column was in reality, bulged at the middle portion and then to the eye looked perfectly straight. Lines were curved slightly, so as to appear parallel. The Greeks were the most skilled of all architects. All efforts of the most exalted genius, except the efforts of the musician, appeal to our sentiments through the eye. And in all productions the mathematically correct must be subordinated to the impression as it will be conveyed by the eye to the brain.

#### Night.

The sable pall of night slowly rolls down before the eyes of men, and shuts out the glories of day. All is dark! The clouds will roll calmly by unseen. The stars peering down from the bosom of heaven are the only watchers.

How mysterious is night! How many of man's dark deeds are covered by the friendly mantle of night? Yet, withal, how grand is this provision of God! After the toilsome day, all things are hidden from view and the weary eye-lids are permitted to close in rest. The flowers have folded their petals and hung their heads on their slender stalks. The little birds have ceased their singing and are fast asleep on the boughs, each one with his head beneath his wing. There is no sound of voices nor trampling of feet. All is still! All is dark! Or in the words of the poet:

"Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou made us blind?"

Again, how mysterious is night! But the power of the Creator is supreme over all. The all-seeing, all-powerful God wraps in slumber every form of life for its own good.

Frank R. Stockton, the author, began life as an engraver. "The Faith Doctor," by Edward Eggleston, has reached its third edition.

Gladstone is said to be such a fine Greek scholar that he would be famous for that alone.

Mr. Renan is at present writing the fourth volume of his "History of the People of Israel."

The New York *Press* asserts that the novel is as necessary now, as it ever was in the history of the race.

By the death of Frederick Oser, on December 16, the German Swiss have lost their most popular religious poet.

It is understood that Lord Tennyson has declined the invitation to write an inauguration ode for the Chicago exposition.

*Public Opinion* of January 23, has a very interesting discussion concerning the condition and fate of Austria. The condition of all the European countries is also given.