

ternal trouble are not present in every case, for no patient presents all the possible symptoms of any disease. Also, the physician does not ordinarily base his diagnosis on a single symptom, although he can do so in exceptional instances. On the contrary, he avails himself of every possible aid, whether it be in the eye or elsewhere. Finally, an appraisal of general health must begin with a careful routine physical examination. This should disclose what further investigations of particular organs are necessary.

Certainly no one should have his eyes examined purely to determine the state of his general health. On

the other hand, it is equally certain that no physical checkup is complete without a careful examination of the eyes. A study of the eyes will many times elicit data which cannot be found elsewhere. From an examination of the eyes, the ophthalmologist is often able to tell much more than the patient's state of health at the moment; he may bring to light maladies from which the individual has long since recovered, and he may even venture to predict with uncanny certainty disorders which will ensue in the months or years ahead. Thus the eye is not alone the "mirror of the soul" but a most remarkable reflector of sickness and health as well.



STRANGE BORDERS

BY M. LUDINGTON CAIN

THEY will walk slowly where they walked before,
Noting the well-worn steps, the elm trees' shade
Where once they loitered, and the church's door.

Let them remember slowly: do not thrust
The little thorns of old remembered joys
Into their hearts — too soon those joys were dust.

If some brief interval, their smile is lost,
Attend to silence; be a voiceless bird
Within a garden close . . . It may be they have crossed

Strange borders never crossed by spoken word,
Seeing what is not seen, hearing what is not heard.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Country Easter

IN ALL but some southerly sections of the world, to survive the winter is a formidable exercise in endurance. To live throughout the winter in a country region, particularly, is to experience ferocities of snow, gale, and ice: the silent insistent assault of sub-zero cold that reaches for a man's marrow: the worse assault (as it may seem to many) that is made upon a man's spirit, by a long and enforced isolation. In the northern winter, it looks as though nature has an intention to overwhelm and belittle us, demonstrating anew how tiny and impotent a mite we are, as against the gigantic process of her operations. A puff of the north gale, and our proud little power lines snap like so many trivial spider webs. A fall of snow, for just two or three of the little time-measurements we call days, and what were yesterday our shiny behemoths of snow-plows, roaring so mightily with mechanical confidence, are stalled and broken down and useless, and we are isolated and defenseless in a world that is white and beautiful and also terrible. (We are put in mind, as of the fear of God, of what would happen to us if the snowfall were to last, silent and whitely implacable, not for three days, but by

a caprice against which we have no guarantee but only a better's faith, for three weeks. We would all, of course, be dead . . . quietly erased from a world restored to the immaculate whiteness of a virgin sheet of paper.) The northern winter is a time of hazard, both to our bodies and, perhaps more dismayingly, to that pride which conduces to our supposing, when times are easy, that we are masters. We are not masters; we are creatures; and in the winter we know it. The rural telephone is dead, for the line has broken under snow-weight; the plows cannot stir; no mail can reach us, or any telegram or newspaper or ambulance if we are dying or hearse if we die in the night. In a snow-locked world, with the deadly fingers of the frost grappling at our every windowpane and trying every cranny of our little shelter, there is nothing existent but our own little flickering spirit, tiny and enfeebled, alone with that Great Spirit whose creature we are, and whose creature the snow is, and at whose mercy we are, like a snail under a poised heel. With such ruminations and acknowledgments are we to engage ourselves, while we lie beneath our quilts and battle our influenza.