

our body, whatever that may be, will be preserved and raised. This question is a mystery, and is not contrary to reason, but is an object of faith.

A Canadian poet has well sung—

“Mystery! mystery!  
All is a mystery!  
Mountain and valley, woodland and stream,  
Man's troubled history,  
Man's mortal destiny,  
Are but a part of the soul's troubled dream.”

CHEMIST.—If I were inclined to be a little jocular on so grave a subject, I would say that man is trying hard to create new mixtures and substances for the purpose of making money and deceiving. If you buy a drug now-a-days, you are not sure that it is pure; if you buy loaf-sugar, it often contains 20 per cent. of flour; if tea, a poor quality is dyed to look well; if a piece of cloth, it is possibly made from dirty rags, and is sufficiently tender to fall to pieces of its own weight, and is properly called “shoddy,” just like those upstarts in society who think themselves “some” but are “trifles light as air”; and even milk is adulterated in large cities when it is dear, by means of chalk and water. A few years ago hundreds of cows were kept in the city of New York on the gathered refuse of the city, and they were even fed with the corrupt poultices from the hospitals. They were covered with ulcers, and their tails rotted off. Mortality among children became so prevalent that chemists were led to examine the milk they drank, and found it to contain a large percentage of putrid matter. An illustrated newspaper contained pictures of these unfortunate beasts, and so enraged were the people that riots ensued and they were destroyed. A company was formed, and by means of it good fresh milk is brought into the city every morning by the cars, from a distance of over a hundred miles around.

SANDIE.—That's terrible, an' maks' my flesh creep, but ye a' ken I like a wee drap noo and then, an' I'm tauld that a' the liquors is filled wi' drugs and that is the reason there is so muckle *delerium treemens*, as the Dominie would say. I'm sure it hasna the same taste as Glenlivet or Lochnavar whiskey, and gaws tae yer heed twice as fast. Weel, they say the temperance folk is gaen to thrapple the hale thing and choek it dead. When I canna get my wee drop, I'll just gang hame to auld Scotland, and shak' aff the dust frae the heels o' my brogans against sic a forsaken lan'. Let them hang the loon that puts stuff in the barley brae, but let them no presume to say what I'll eat or drink. I see it's near nicht, for the ghwamin's coming on, so I'll just stride my Shetlan' pony and creep awa hame. Sing afore I gang, “Good nicht and joy be we' ye a'.”

This was sung with enthusiasm, even the ladies joining, and as the club did not allow liquor to be used during its sitting, Sandie gave a sly wink to the landlord, which “mine host” understood, for Sandie was a few minutes after found at the bar-room-door quaffing with