

If all who know His will would heartily, as individuals, earnestly do it, it would astonish us to see how soon horrible crimes, appalling accidents, business disasters, abject poverty, loathsome diseases, blighted reputations, and all forms of evil and misery, would be rooted out from among men—because evil would be overcome with good. This would be a very radical reform and also a very simple one, as it involves no machinery of committees, meetings, collectors, secretaries, &c., &c. It is more practicable than some of us suppose; all that we want is the wisdom to carry out the royal law, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

There is no use in saying this is Utopian; it is the only way to bring about Utopia, which is Heaven on earth. Surely we dare not doubt that it is possible to keep this law of life, for it is possible and necessary to keep all the commandments. In our first endeavours, it will doubtless be a struggle; but it is not in vain, and "Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter through the gates into the city," whose light is Wisdom and whose warmth is Love.

*Simplicia.*

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A HARD TROCHE.—A New York paper says that a popular doctor in that city, while escorting a lady home the other evening, attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a trousers button, with a note, saying that he must have given her the wrong kind of troche, and might need this one.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.—An Italian physician, writing on this subject, comes to the following conclusions:—

(1.) Phosphorus is a very useful remedy in the treatment of chronic alcoholism.

(2.) The medicine is perfectly tolerated in doses which no one has dared to give heretofore,—ten centigrammes (nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  grains) a day for many weeks.

(3.) The remedy gives to drinkers a feeling of comfort and strength, and furnishes the force necessary to carry on their organic functions, which they have been accustomed to get from alcoholic liquors.

(4.) The medicine seems also to have the properties of a prophylactic and an antidote, for it causes very beneficial changes in the system, even when the use of liquor has not been entirely stopped.

GLUCOSE OR SUCROSE.—No one need stop the free use of sugar for fear of being poisoned or injured in health by it. Some of the sugar refiners have a dispute with the Government. They are accused of tricks by which the revenue is defrauded. The investigation now going on will show whether there is any truth in these charges, or whether the Government is again hounding and annoying innocent men. The adulterations, if any, are also swindles upon the public, designed to increase the weight of the sugar by cheaper materials. These are frauds which should be punished severely by the courts, and ought to ruin the reputation and business of every person engaged in them. Until the evidence against the suspected parties is more complete than that usually obtained in one-sided Custom-House enquiries, we shall pin our faith on the statements now being advertised by the sugar-refining firms of New York. It remains to be seen who, if any persons, are adulterating the sugar we eat. We would now only seek to reassure the public on the vital question of health as affected by the supposed adulterations. The cheaper material said to be used by sugar refiners is glucose. Well—that is not poisonous. If it were a poison it would have slain its thousands in the form of beer, in some of the fine brands of which it is an important ingredient. It answers exactly the purpose of the saccharine principle in malt. It is one of the substitutes for malt, of which honey is another—the use of these alternative ingredients being regulated by their respective prices. Glucose also enters largely into the composition of syrups and preserves, and, doubtless, of some (uncrystallized) candies. It is deficient in sweetening power, and is more apt to sour than the crystalline or cane variety of sugar. But it is more than harmless—it is healthful. The consumer's pocket, and not his stomach, has the right to complain if glucose is palmed upon him in place of cane sugar. He would only be obliged to use so much more of the adulterated stuff to sweeten his coffee or for whatever other purposes he required sugar. Glucose, as a base ingredient, is better than the old-fashioned sand or *terra alba* at all events; for those substances put indigestible "dirt" into the human system, though no coroner ever traced a death to their use. The only harm ever done to the health by "doctored" sugar, so far as known, is that resulting from the use of poisonous colouring matter. Painted candies have undoubtedly killed off many children. But this kind of mischief is done by unscrupulous confectioners, not by sugar refiners. For the sake of argument we have conceded the adulteration of cane sugar by glucose as a possible variety of fraud. But while glucose may be mixed with soft sugars or used in syrups, it would certainly never be used by the refiners in the production of white sugar, which is the greater part of their legitimate business, for it cannot be crystallized. The refiner's work is to convert the raw product into granulated sugar for table use. For this purpose glucose would be as little suitable as flour, cheese, or any other article that cannot crystallize and assimilate itself to the true cane sugar. Fortunes have been thrown away in the vain attempt to turn the glucose (obtained cheaply from Indian corn) into sucrose, and chemists, who are not afraid of difficulties, now pronounce it "impossible." We would not go as far as that, but only deem it highly improbable that our sugar refiners are making any use of glucose in their own business, for that ingredient not being crystallizable would only obstruct the chemical processes in their establishments, and is therefore something of which they would naturally be anxious to be rid. Apart from the issue of commercial honesty and respectability—of which the sugar-refining houses of New York may properly boast—we do not believe, upon the present testimony, that those firms adulterate their products in any way.—*N.Y. Journal of Commerce.*

### THE PASSING YEAR.

Have you a tear  
For the Passing Year?  
No! No!  
More it leaves you  
Than bereaves you,  
Let it go!  
Yours forever,  
Stolen—never;  
Are they lost that you deplore!  
For the nearest  
Joys and dearest  
Shall another year restore!  
Only dearer,  
Better, nearer,  
Than they ever were before—  
Yours, and yours for evermore.

### DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

'*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' When  
For me the end has come and I am dead,  
And little, voluble, chattering daws of men  
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said  
By some one brave enough to speak the truth,  
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.  
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth  
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song  
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,  
He wrought for liberty; till his own wound,  
(He had been stabbed) concealed with painful art  
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned.  
And sank there where you see him lying now  
With that word 'Failure' written on his brow.  
But say he succeeded. If he missed  
World's honours and world's plaudits and the wage  
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed  
Daily by those high angels who assuage  
The thirstings of the poets—for he was  
Born unto singing—and a burden lay  
Mightily on him and he moaned because  
He could not rightly utter to this day  
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,  
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame  
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;  
And benedictions from black pits of shame;  
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;  
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.  
So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred  
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.  
Greatly he suffered: greatly, too, he erred;  
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.  
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become  
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;  
But smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb  
And all His arching skies were in eclipse,  
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,  
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed  
To see the august broadening of the light  
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.  
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—  
Plant daisies at his head and feet.

*Richard Realf.*

### "A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY."

[The following was published in *Chambers's Journal* more than twenty years ago, yet many are still hopelessly waiting an answer to the question without making an effort to solve it in a practical way.]

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life,  
What was I born for? For somebody's wife  
I'm told by my mother. Well, that being true,  
Somebody keeps himself strangely from view;  
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate,  
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state;  
For, tho' I'm not ugly—pray what woman is?  
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;  
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain,  
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.  
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my head is perverse,  
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse"  
To take the first booby who graciously came  
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.  
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,  
But why should I think of such chances at all?  
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,  
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?  
I know that in business I'm not an adept,  
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.  
But—this is the question that troubles my mind—  
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?  
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life,  
Why should I wait to be "somebody's wife?"