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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII., NO. 20

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NOTICE.

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TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE AT PEKING.

In the spring of every year the Chinese pay great honors to agriculture. The Emperor proceeds to the park surrounding the Temple of Agriculture, at Peking (a picture of which temple we give), and in a plot of ground reserved for the purpose, and in the presence of the grandees of the Empire, he guides the imperial plow, and uses the seed planter, rake, &c.

After this the Emperor and the attendant princes and officials proceed to the Temple of Agriculture, which is dedicated to *Shin-Nung*, or the "Divine Husbandman," the fabulous originator of the art. Here bullocks, swine and sheep are offered as sacrifice, and prayers made to *Shin-Nung*, and also to the god of the land, the god of the grain, the god of the ocean, the god of the wind, the god of thunder, and the god of rain.

Similar plowing and worshipping are performed by the leading mandarins near the south gates of all the principal cities of the Empire. After which the mandarins mount a platform, and calling around them the principal farmers of the vicinity, exhort them to the proper discharge of their duties as husbandmen. At the close of the addresses they present to each of the farmers, who have been selected to receive them, certain presents, or medals, in the name of the Emperor, in order to encourage and stimulate them to diligence in their calling.

Apart from the idolatrous worship, the conduct of the Emperor and his officials is very praiseworthy; but it is sad to know that while God has not left Himself without witnesses among them, that He does good, and sends them rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness, they yet do not recognize His existence and beneficence, but give His glory to others, and His praise to graven images.

WHAT MORPHINE DOES.

On August 2nd Charles Tyler was committed to the Tombs by Justice Wandell from Jefferson Market Police Court for stealing surgical instruments and morphine from physicians. Yesterday at the Tombs Dr. Erasmus D. Hudson, of No. 227 East Twenty-second street appeared before Justice Smith to complain against the prisoner for stealing an overcoat and a small morocco case, containing morphine, on July 10th. Justice Smith sent down for Tyler, but he was sick and could not answer the summons. Enquiries disclosed the fact that he was suffering from the effects of large doses of morphine. A *World* reporter visited him in the sick-room of the Tombs, which is a cell 10 by 15 on the ground floor. He was lying on a narrow bed, in a most uncomfortable position, but was asleep, breathing heavily. He looked like a corpse, his skin being devoid of all life-like color; but when he opened his eyes they were discovered to be brilliant and clear. He awoke at a gentle touch, with a frightened start and a cry of fear, and stared about him like a wild man. By degrees he was led into conversation, and became quite animated in his talk, showing few signs of suffering.

"My right name," said he, "is Henry L. Sanford. I was born in the District of Columbia and am twenty-eight years old. My

mother was a Tyler, of Virginia, but my father was a Northern man. They are both dead. I have brothers and sisters, though they came off long ago, on account of my habit of taking morphine. At twenty I graduated from the College of Pharmacy in Chicago. I started out as a physician, but before long I became addicted to drinking whiskey. I found that the habit was injurious to my business, besides, as in all cases, after awhile the whiskey failed to give me the satisfaction it did at first. It was then I began to take morphine. That had a splendid effect on me; made me lively and ambitious and gave me an amount of happiness I cannot express to you. It transformed me at once. I became strong and independent. Nothing was too hard for me to undertake. I speculated and made lots of money. At the end of two years my suffering began. I had to be constantly under the influence of the drug. I had married and lost

down to the wrists, were one surface of scars, and the skin was of a bluish tint. Many of these punctures were not healed, but Sanford declared he was totally devoid of feeling. One night, bore into his flesh with a red-hot iron, he said, and he would not feel it, and, as proof of this, he showed scars on his legs, some as large as a silver half-dollar, and told how he got them. It appears that adversity in its fiercest measure came upon him. He lost his hypodermic syringe, and so procured a common syringe. This he could not insert into the flesh without first cutting a hole. He used to take a razor and cut a gash in his thigh, and then with a scissors bore a hole into the flesh, into which he would insert the syringe and inject the morphine. All the fleshy parts of his body which he could conveniently get at have been cut and punctured over and over again.

During the last two years," said Sanford,

over on his miserable cot and sighed in a heart-broken way. "Even when asleep I have no rest. I am constantly dreaming of being thrown in among a lot of dead and being compelled to eat their flesh. I know, when I wake up, covered as I am with cold perspiration, that it is but a dream, but the effect of it makes my desire for morphine a torture." He got up again on his elbow and asked the reporter for some tobacco. The reporter had none to give him, and he fell back again like a dead man. He said tobacco was the only thing he could relish. Morphine taken in the mouth, he said, makes him sick.

Being asked to explain his present predicament, Sanford said that when he lost every means of making money he sold everything he had from time to time to procure morphine. When everything was gone, he profited a while on credit with druggists and dealers with whom he had acquaintance. When this means of getting the drug was denied him, he stole what he could, and with the proceeds got what he wanted.

"Knowing the ways of doctors and the value of their instruments," said he, "I devoted myself to this special way of raising the wind. Of course, I got caught. When I want morphine, I will do anything to procure it. I would kill my own father in a minute, if I could get enough for one dose. When the desire comes on me, I would not exchange the morphine for Heaven. Give me the dose, and then hang me, if you like. I don't care what they do with me after I have got the morphine."

Sanford's features are good and he has education. The keepers call him the "opium fiend." N. F. *Independent*.

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY.

Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so too. So he came to his aunt and said, "Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him, but she thought it very unsafe, so she said, "No, Harry, my boy. I think that is a very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

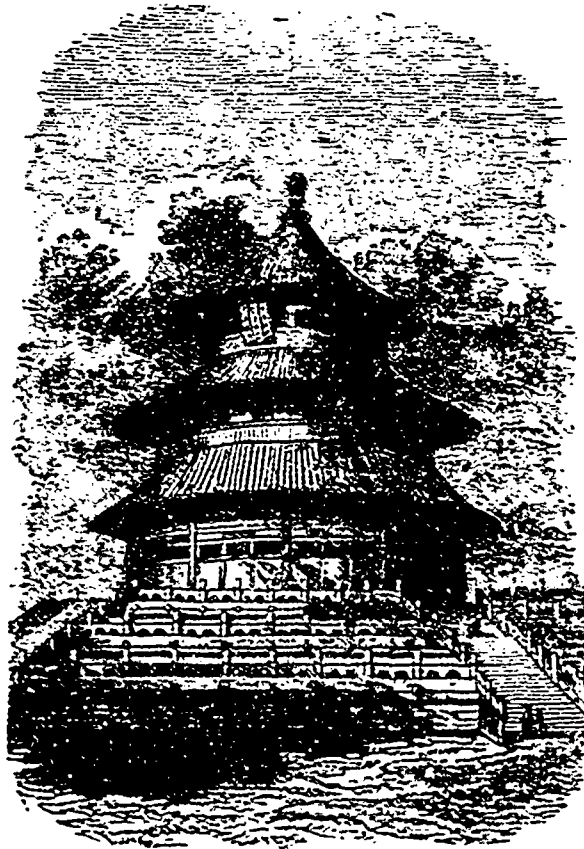
"Oh, yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for anything, his constant answer was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked, "Why can't I?" or, "Why mustn't I?" Harry had not only learned to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor. *Corner Dove*.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. *Prov. xiii. 20.*



TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE AT PEKING.

my wife, and this made it necessary for me to take stronger doses, until my mind became impaired. I was put into a lunatic asylum in Massachusetts, and the doctors said that they had never heard of any one who took so much morphine. I was allowed to leave this institution partially cured. My disease can never be totally cured. I again began taking the drug, and soon averaged forty-five grains a day. If I only had about thirty grains now it would make me so lively I could dance all around the room. The doctor gave me twenty grains morning and night, but that's only enough to keep me alive. I take it by injection. Long ago it failed to have any effect on me when taken through the mouth.

Here he bared his left arm and showed the reporter the effect of these injections. They were made by a hypodermic syringe, and from their frequency his arms, from the shoulders

I have taken over sixty grains of morphine a day. I have often taken over a drachm in one day. One drachm of morphine is equal to more than 500 grains of opium."

"What is your feeling now when supplied with the drug?"

"It is one of independence. That is as near as I can express it. No care for the past or future. Without it, my only desire is to kill myself."

He looked about his cell and called the reporter to witness that there were no means of killing himself within reach. "I can't even strangle myself," remarked Sanford. "Oh, if I wasn't so helpless, I'd soon be out of this hell I'm in. I have no fear of the next world. There is nothing in this for me. For over two years I have been dead. There is no blood in me. I can eat nothing, and that which would keep life in me I cannot get." And he fell



Temperance Department.

THE BRATTLEBORO' METHOD.

In the solution of the knotty problem which the control of the liquor traffic presents to society, help from any quarter is welcome. If, too, instead of deductions drawn by a priori reasoning from well-settled principles—which, to be sure, are valuable aid comes in the more tangible form of results derived from actual trial, faithfully carried on by competent experimenters and honestly reported, it is doubly welcome.

Brattleboro's method—for it is of this beautiful Vermont village that we write—is the very practical one of attempting no more than can be accomplished. The authorities of the village do not aim at making it a temperance village specially. They say that with the temperance question as such, they, as officers, have nothing to do—any more, for instance, than they have with religion or education. They claim, however, that so far as the habit of intemperance interferes with the good order of their village they have a great deal to do with it. It is their business, they hold, to preserve order, and when "drunk" disturbs order, they will disturb "drunk." So far, then, there is a warfare between the village authorities and the liquor-sellers, but the former maintain that the board of bailiffs is not a temperance society, they therefore decline to use the extreme power of the law, believing that in this way they obtain better results than in any other. The facts seem to bear them out in their course, for they have made the bustling village of Brattleboro' the quietest village in all New England. Their method of securing this result is as follows.

Under the law every case of drunkenness is capable of producing four distinct prosecutions,—one against the drunken man and three against the seller. The three against the seller are—first, a prosecution for the act of selling the liquor, second, one for the keeping it with intent to sell, and, third, one for the search and seizure and confiscation of liquor if found. It is the last two prosecutions which the Brattleboro' authorities decline to bring, but which are brought everywhere else where the enforcement of the law is attempted.

To detail a particular case that the practical working of this plan may be more clearly seen. A. is found in the streets intoxicated, and because of such intoxication a disturber of the peace. He is arrested and sent to the lock-up. When sober enough to be examined, he is brought before a magistrate and fined five dollars and costs. In default of payment, he is committed to the county jail, and stands committed until the fine is paid. During his examination he is compelled under the law to disclose where he obtained his liquor. (The law is imperative on this point, the magistrate must inquire and the accused must tell where he procured it.) The liquor-seller is then arrested, and if the offense is proved, he is fined ten dollars and costs. Infrequently happens, where the case is an aggravated one, that more than one offense is charged against the seller in the same prosecution. In such a case the fine may be for several offenses—ten dollars for each—according to the rulings of the magistrate and the pleasure of the prosecuting officers. At these trials for the sale of liquor—and here is another feature of the Brattleboro' plan—one or more of the village bailiffs are present, not as prosecuting officers, but in the interest of law and order. No statute compels their attendance, no custom even, but a sense of the responsibilities of their position incites them to see to it that the law is effectually put in force so far as it is necessary to preserve the peace. Public opinion requires this of them. The offender, too, is more sensibly confronted with the majesty of the law in the presence of an official of this character than he is by a constable, grand juror, or village policeman. The effect of such attendance by the bailiffs is very marked. Here the prosecution ends, the two further cases in which the seller may be involved are not brought, and he knows that they will not be. Consequently, he pays his fine and keeps on selling as before, but he is very careful to whom he sells. He keeps an orderly house, well knowing that if he is caught again the penalty will be heavier. Furthermore, he is well aware that what has been done to him has not been done out of any spirit of revenge, nor from what he is very likely to look upon as a spirit of fanaticism. It has not been done by the temperance people, as such, at all, in fact, the very persons who perhaps have been most active in punishing him have not unfrequently, it may be, bob-nobbed with him at his own bar. So he knows very well that what has been done has

been done by society, represented by the officers of the body politic of which he is a member; and that public opinion has compelled these officers to do it for the preservation of that society. He takes a common-sense view of the case, and while he feels that he has been severely dealt with, he knows that he has not been unjustly dealt with. The logic of the whole proceeding is very clear to his mind. He therefore submits with a good grace, and tries to do better in the future.

It is altogether likely that were the sentiment of the community in favor of the full prosecution of the law so as to drive him out of business entirely, he would be equally philosophical and submit to the inevitable just as gracefully, but so long as he knows it is not, he wars against the extreme penalties. Herein consists the gist of the Brattleboro' plan. It works up to the requirements of public sentiment, and there it stops. It can only go farther by the demand of public sentiment for an advance. It is such a nicely adjusted system too, that it can follow just as fast as public sentiment leads. The friends of temperance have the matter entirely in their own hands under such a system. They have only to educate the public up to total prohibition, and under the Brattleboro' system this final result is accomplished. It only falls short of total prohibition, because such prohibition is not demanded by the community.

Another marked feature of the plan is the adherence to the well-known principle that it is easier to execute the provisions of a prohibitory liquor law through the regular officers of the law than through any special officers designated for that purpose. In some places in the state, special constables (who, however, serve processes in other cases, are appointed to serve processes in liquor cases, and always with a bad effect. Brattleboro' resorts to no outside aid, but depends upon its own regular officers to enforce all its laws. Nor is it essential that these officers be temperance men. They know their duty as the soldier knows his, and they do it whether they approve the object or not. It is "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die" at the next election. The execution of the prohibitory law in Brattleboro' is practically in the hands of the board of bailiffs of the village. This body is to the village what the aldermen and common council are to a city, the selectmen of a New England town. They are not, as their name might seem to imply, simply police officers. Indeed, are not police officers at all, but have a corps of policemen under them. The general police duties of the village. In most incorporated villages in Vermont this body is called the board of trustees. Under the State laws, any board of trustees, the selectmen of any town, or the municipal authorities of any city, can exercise the same authority in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors that is exercised by the board of bailiffs of Brattleboro'. The system, therefore, can be extended throughout the State wherever public sentiment demands its introduction. It is capable, too, of a much wider application. Its main features are susceptible of imitation in all States where prohibitory laws or "local option" laws prevail, and had they been in extensive use in Massachusetts for a few years previous to the repeal of the prohibitory laws there, it is safe to say it could not have been removed from the statute book.

Brattleboro' had been through with that experience of New England communities in attempting the suppression of the liquor traffic common to most villages and large towns where prohibition is adopted as the policy of the law. Its temperance people had the usual tried methods of liquor-seizures, of arrests for keeping liquors with intent to sell, and of a general warfare against the traffic, and with the usual result. The sale was diminished for a time—it always is during these sporadic attempts to suppress the sale. The hopes of the temperance people are consequently crushed, the rigor of the prosecution is relaxed, the old ways are gradually resumed, and by and by matters resume their wonted condition. In such a state of things, the sale of liquor is practically free, there is no restraint upon it whatever, everybody who cares to sell it, sells it, keeping an eye out, however, for a possible "raid"—for in the deepest calm the liquor-seller knows there may be a storm brewing. He knows that in selling liquor at all he is a law-breaker, and that at any time he may be called to account. This makes him cautious in the display of his goods, but he keeps them on hand, nevertheless, and in sufficient quantities for his thirsty customers. It is this sort of an experience which has been chiefly instrumental in leading Brattleboro' to adopt the new method of stopping the indiscriminate sale usual in towns where the enforcement of the law is intermittent.

The writer's individual experience in attempting to enforce the Vermont prohibitory law is in point here, as illustrating what takes place always when public opinion is not equal to its execution. It occurred in a little country town on the top of the Green Mountain range, where he lived many years. Here, though

the general sentiment was against the law, a few were in favor of it, and the representatives in the legislature generally (for political reasons, doubtless, voted to keep it on the statute-book. But, though public opinion was strongly against it, occasional attempts were made to execute it. Yet there has never been a fine paid by a liquor-seller in that town, though the law has been in existence more than a quarter of a century, and the town has never in that time been without at least half-a-dozen places where liquor was sold openly. It is commonly said by the advocates of prohibition that a few determined men in any town can insure the enforcement of the law, but in this town the few determined men could not be found. After repeated failures to put a stop to liquor-selling by a resort to the law, all attempts at enforcement were abandoned until an event happened which awakened the people to the evils of the free and unrestrained sale of liquor. A farmer from a neighboring town came up the mountain with his team for a load of lumber. He loaded himself up so heavily at the numerous establishments on the way up and while there, that he was unablenessfully to guide his horses with his double load on the way down. The consequence was that he rolled off his wagon, and the wagon rolled down the mountain, over him and over his horses, scattering the lumber in all directions, and ending in a general wreck. The farmer was picked up for dead, but it was soon found that he was not killed, though he was seriously injured. But the disaster and its cause was the town talk for many days. There was a storm of indignation against the liquor-sellers—a "fire along the whole line." The writer had seen many such scenes, though none so exciting, and he waited quietly for some one to move in the matter. And the people did move, a complaint, numerously signed, was made out and presented to a grand juror—the proper official—asking him to prosecute. He declined or neglected to do so, and it was at once decided to go to the State's attorney, also a proper official and of a higher grade. Now here came in the peculiar phase of things which is always more or less apparent under the old method of executing the law where public opinion is against it. The excitement began to subside, the liquor sellers began to put in a plea of extenuating circumstances—some stoutly denying any sale, and others admitting a drink or two, but all were so very innocent of all intent of wrong-doing, and so sincerely regretful at what had occurred, that the prosecutors began to waver. It was their neighbors and friends whom they were about to make criminals before the law, and for doing only in a greater degree that which they had often done in a less in their own behalf—for many of the prosecutors were drinking men themselves. The law makes it the privilege of every citizen to become a prosecutor—a modder, as it is considered in many communities, and so in this. Each man, therefore, said to himself finally, "It is not my business, any more than it is that of any one else, to complain of Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith for selling this farmer liquor. I shall only make enemies of these men, and do no good anyway. They will sell again if we do fine them now; it will not stop them. I will have nothing further to do with it." So the prosecution was abandoned, and the writer was left alone. Under the Brattleboro' method, however, the case is different. The officers of the law take up the matter, and press it to a conclusion. They fine the drunken man for getting drunk—a proceeding we had no thought of—and then fine the sellers, and stop there, and the community bears them out in it.

It should not be inferred that in all the back towns of Vermont the attempts to enforce the liquor laws are so abortive as the one described. In many of the smaller towns no liquor is sold at all, and public sentiment will not permit any selling, the law is strictly enforced. At least it is so stated by the prohibitionists, and they are probably correct, though the writer cannot from personal experience vouch for the truth of any such statements. We frequently have statements from Vermont that the law is generally enforced here, and clergymen and judges and governors are occasionally invoked to prove the diminution of crime in consequence of such enforcement. It should be remembered that these classes of persons do not come in social and business contact with that element of society which contains criminals and drunkards to so great an extent as the rest of us, and their testimony—of course given with the best of motives—must be weighed accordingly.

Another feature of the Brattleboro' plan is the closing of all the saloons and hotel bars on Sundays, so on any other occasion when in the judgment of the village authorities they should be closed. At the Soldier's Reunion held here in the summer of 1875, the places where liquors were kept for sale were closed at six o'clock every evening, by order of the board of bailiffs. There was no exception to this rule, no seller daring to defy this authority, which he well knew was the authority of public opinion. A grogery of the lowest class, with

its constant brawls and fights, does not exist in Brattleboro'. The strict prohibitionist will of course not admit this to be a gain, he looks upon all liquor-selling alike, and will admit of no degrees in its criminality. In fact, if anything, he thinks the "respectable rum-seller" a little worse than the other kind, on account of the higher position in the social scale which the former holds; but the civilized world generally will agree with the "Quarterly" that there is a real gain to society when, from any cause, the lowest class of liquor-sellers are forced to close their chops.

TAKING AWAY THE APPETITE.

In a recent article upon "Taking Away the Appetite," the Chicago *Interior* says.

"Multitudes of drunkards have been converted. They have been transformed from tipplers, periodical drunkards, habitual drunkards, and continual sots into men free from the course which had before enslaved them. What has become of the appetite?"

"The appetite for strong drink, when once cultivated, is somewhat different from the dominion of other sins. It is not only a passion of the mind, but a physical infirmity, often amounting to positive disease. It enters the blood and inflames it, it sends its poison along the nerves and shatters them, it mounts the brain and fills it with fire, and changes its very texture. When the man has been regenerated by the Spirit of God, has a new mind and heart, is in both these parts of his nature a new creature in Christ Jesus, what effect has this conversion on the blood, the nerves, and the brain? Is his physical nature so affected that it no longer makes that fiery demand which is the drunkard's uncontrollable appetite? Or is the spiritual mastery given to the man so absolute and commanding that in its supremacy he is forgetful of the physical passion, which, neglected, naturally dies? Is it the heart's new passion reigning on the death of the old passion of body, mind, and soul at once? Or, yet again, is it a prolonged battle, the appetite sometimes slumbering, sometimes aroused and terrible, which a manhood, enforced by the grace of God, holds in check, and at last overcomes? The answers of these questions in the experience of young converts are various, and furnish matter for most serious reflection."

The New York *Evangelist*, discussing the same topic, says.

"The other day we heard from the lips of a man who until recently had been literally steeped in liquor the earnest declaration that his only help in times of temptation was found at the mercy-seat. He denied the oft-repeated assertion that a converted man has no longer any appetite for strong drink, he testified, with tears in his eyes, that the old appetite sometimes came back with such power that he only could find safety by clinging to the divine arm for protection.

—The smoke-nuisance is becoming well-nigh universal. To escape it is each year more and more difficult. Those who do not smoke are treated by smokers as having no rights which the latter are bound to respect. The London *World* mentions that General Grant, who has done much by his conspicuous example as Chief Executive of the nation for eight years, and as a distinguished military hero, to popularize smoking in this country, scrutinized one of the clubs of that city by his license in smoking as its guest. At this entertainment, given by the United Service Club, it appears that "smoking was freely indulged in, not only in the drawing-room, but all over the house, General Grant and the Duke of Cambridge setting the example." The *World* adds that "on all ordinary occasions the use of tobacco is strictly limited to a room just under the roof, and this wide-spread contamination was a shock to many prejudiced." Thus, one by one, do the smokers rudely and selfishly break down the barriers which good-breeding and a due regard for the comfort of others should preserve intact.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

TEMPERANCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—It is cheering to see so many temperance-charts, with the goodly number of names enrolled, hanging on the walls of our Sunday-school rooms. The children, being included in the temperance revival that is now blessing the land. That is wise. It ought to be regarded as a part of the duty of every Sunday-school teacher to see that each member of his class has faithful instruction as to the evil and sin of indulging in intoxicating drinks. "Temperance" is expressly stated to be one of the fruits of the Spirit which the Christian is to produce. And certainly it ought to be one of the features of Sunday-school instruction. Superintendents and teachers, has the pledge been circulated in your schools or classes during the past year? Do not regard the subject as of little consequence. At least, let every member of the schools have the opportunity to enroll their names on the temperance pledge.—*Zion's Herald*.



THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

The use of wood or coal in stoves and ranges for domestic purposes is essentially wasteful and expensive. Taking anthracite, as used in our cities, for cooking, the cost to the consumer includes the cost of the coal at the pit's mouth, the transportation, commissions on sale, storing in the house, the labor of putting on the fire, and the expense of removing the ash and waste. If the full thermal value of coal could be utilized in a cooking or heating stove these items would not be worth considering. When it is considered that an ordinary grate gives only 3 per cent. of the heating capacity of the coal consumed in it, the matter assumes another aspect and it may well be doubted if coal is the best domestic fuel.

Moreover, coal and wood as fuels are not sufficiently under control to be economical. To boil sufficient water to make a liter of tea often demands a bundle of wood and ten kilos of anthracite, because a less quantity of coal cannot be made to burn, and yet this amount of fuel has sufficient heating capacity, if fully developed and rightly applied, to raise over eight hundred kilos of water from 60° Fahr. to the boiling point, or 212° Fahr. The waste of domestic labor in building and tending fires, and removing the ashes, the waste of the fuel for hours after the work demanded of it is done, the waste of other materials, carpets and furniture, and the injury to health by reason of the dust and the excessive heat of the stove in warm weather, can only be roughly estimated. Every householder knows how grievous the burden. The cost of coal is, next to rent, the largest expense in domestic life, the cost of stoves and ranges is the largest single item in the expense of furnishing a house. It is a conventional form of expression to say that coal burns. Practically, it does not burn, it merely supplies gas, and the gas alone gives the flame, light and heat. In starting a coal fire, paper or other light material is burned (or its gas), and this heat compels the kindling wood to give up its gas, that escapes in singing jets, and this burning gas forces the coal to give up its gas in turn, and this burning coal-gas makes our fire. The process of breaking the gas out of the coal proceeds through each lump from the outside toward the interior, and the stony and useless matter that forms the bulk of the coal, and that makes the ashes resist the process and absorbs and wastes the heat of the burning gas. Besides this, the gas is accompanied by other non-burning gases, and these rob the flame of its heat, check the combustion and carry away unburned up the chimney much of the valuable gas.

These facts are well known. It has long been admitted that a stove is a most imperfect gas retort, or gas-making machine, but the abundance of coal and its apparently low price have made it a universal fuel. The abundance of coal is unquestionable. Its cheapness is only apparent and not real, and the question now raised is whether coal is either scientifically or commercially the best fuel. The question involves matters of the widest interest both in trade, manufactures and domestic life, and it is the most important question in the immediate future. Coal has been tried and has been found wanting. It is not a cheap fuel, and a cheap fuel is one essential factor in our civilization. The fuel of the future is gas, clean, non-luminous, heating gas, delivered in pipes at every stop and house.

Common illuminating or street gas is already extensively used as a domestic fuel during the warm weather, and many families use it all the time. There is a steady and constantly increasing demand for gas-stoves, and either in their present form or in some improved shape, they are the type of the future cooking-stove. The gas-stove gives the full intensity of its flame at the instant it is lighted, its flame intensity is uniform all the time, and the moment the work required of it is over, it may be extinguished. There is no waste of the heat before or after the actual work needed is accomplished, there is no dust or solid waste after the fire is out, and the light and invariable products of combustion are readily removed. Gaseous fuel requires only a match to give its full heating power, it is cleanly, safe, and does no harm to carpets or furniture. It saves all the cost and labor of handling a crude and rough material, it may be concentrated upon any desired spot, and by means of flexible pipes the stove in which it is used may be moved from place to place.

The advantages of a gas fuel are recognized in all our cities, as the general use of gas-stoves testifies, and it requires no further discussion. The important question in this matter is the quality, character, and price of this form of fuel. It must be cheap, it must have

a high heating capacity, and it need not be luminous. Of the different methods of making gas employed in this country, the most common is the retort system. Gas-works are a disagreeable adjunct of all our towns, and the process by the retort system is familiar and needs no special mention. The gas now used for fuel is almost wholly from this class of works. Among the other method of making gas that promise more in the way of a really cheap and high-class heating gas, is one that produces a water-gas. The manufacture of gas from steam, and thus indirectly from water has been under experiment for a great many years, and only within a short time has it been possible to make a water-gas upon a commercial scale. The plant needed to manufacture this gas differs widely from the huge structures used in making gas by the retort system and with the exception of the purifying apparatus and the gas-holder, only requires a few small constructions of insignificant proportions. The first of these is called a generator, and it resembles in appearance a small cupola furnace, or stack. It is built of brick, hollow within, and is of a circular shape, and covered on the outside with wrought-iron. This generator has a charging-door, or trap, at the top (on the level of the second floor of the building), a grate at the bottom, and inlet pipes below it for an air blast. Near the top is also an outlet pipe for the escape of the products of combustion. Near this generator is another brick stack, perhaps twice as high and of proportionate size, and lined on the inside with fire-brick. There is an open-work brick arch near the bottom, and above this the interior is entirely filled with loose fire-brick thrown in roughly, so as to be full of spaces and openings throughout the entire mass. Below the arch is an air-chamber, and above the mass of loose brick is a tall smoke-stack, or chimney, with a damper for closing it tight when it is necessary. Just below the top is an outlet with a large pipe for leading away the gas. A pipe extends from the top of the generator to the air space under the arch in this regenerator, or superheater as it is called, and opposite to this pipe is an inlet for another air-blast.

When the apparatus is to be used for making gas, the generator is filled about half full of anthracite coal through the charging-door, and this is fired in any convenient manner and the blast is applied. The blast quickly drives the fire up to a high temperature, and the products of combustion pass out through the pipe at the top and thence down to the bottom of the superheater and then rise through the mass of loose fire-brick and escape at the top. The outlet for the gas is kept closed, and in a few moments after the fire is started, the second air-blast is turned into the base of the superheater and fire is here applied and the whole mass of the superheater is instantly filled with flame.

By the time the coal is at a red heat, the brick-work of the superheater is at a white heat. At this point, when the loose brick-work is intensely hot, the smoke-stack is closed and the gas outlet is opened. At the same moment small jets of superheated steam (or a common dry steam, are turned directly into the mass of hot coals just above the grate-bars. The steam is decomposed and in a new form rises through the fire, goes over into the superheater and rises through the mass of white-hot bricks and appears at the outlet in the form of a water-gas. From the outlet the hot gas passes to the washer, scrubber, and other purifying appliances, such as are used in ordinary gas plants, and finally reaches the holder. In a short time the influx of steam checks the fire, and the process comes to an end. The steam is shut off more coal is charged on the fire, the air blasts are started, and the whole process begins again. In a few moments the fire is in condition to resume its work, and the gas-making goes on as before. To make the gas continuously, two sets of apparatus are used, and while one is making gas the other is being fired up. By this arrangement, one man can make gas at the rate of 945 meters (3,000 feet) in thirty minutes, and with only an expenditure of about fifty or sixty kilos of coal for the production of over 4,000 meters (15,090) of gas. By the addition of simple machinery, whereby hydrocarbons may be added to the water-gas during its manufacture, the same apparatus produces an illuminating gas of excellent quality.

None of the gas-works now in operation in this country and using this or similar processes make a simple, non-luminous, heating gas. It is only necessary to leave out the hydrocarbons to give up this enrichment for the sake of light and the apparatus will give the required gaseous fuel. It cannot be expected that gas plants for making a heating gas will be immediately erected, for the demand is yet to be developed. It certainly will be developed in time, for gaseous fuel presents so many advantages over the present system of domestic heating and cooking that this water-gas in some form is evidently to be the fuel of the future. The companies now making luminous water-gas will in time, no doubt, find it to their

advantage to lay two mains and to manufacture both luminous and heating gases, and to sell the non-luminous gas at a low rate that will make it commercially available. It is reported that such a gas can be sold at a profit at from 50 cent to \$1 per 315 meters (1,000 feet), and if this can be done, gas will ultimately replace coal as a domestic fuel.—*The Fuel of the Future, from Scribner's Monthly.*

POISONOUS SILK DRESSES.

In purchasing silk, many require that the material shall possess both weight and stiffness, these qualities adding to its rich appearance and allowing it to be draped more gracefully. Heavy silk is also commonly believed to be of better manufacture and to wear better, as the extra weight is supposed to be due to a thicker and closer fabric. While all heavy silks are not necessarily weighted, a large proportion of them are.

The weighting of black silks with a compound of tannic acid and oxide of iron, far exceeding in quantity what is really needful for the production of a black color, has now been known for a considerable time, and has been carried so far as to deprive the material of its non-conducting power for heat and electricity, greatly to impair its strength and durability, and even to render it liable to spontaneous combustion. Consumers, however, till lately "laid the flattering unction to their souls" that white and light-colored silks were genuine. Alas! the depraved ingenuity of the age has introduced sophistication in this department also, and it is possible to buy white silks which goods, rather—consisting of about one-third to one-half the genuine product of the silk-worm, the remainder being made up with oxide or carbonate of lead. This stratagem is not merely a fraud upon the purchaser who asks and pays for one thing, and receives another very inferior in its properties but it is a direct attack upon public health, and (we learn from the *Chemical Review*) in that capacity has already brought forth evil fruits. Persians who are continually handling such weighted silks are liable to lead poisoning. Still greater is the risk for milliners and dress-makers who sew with silk, and who are in the habit of biting off the end of the thread, or of putting it in the mouth to make it the better enter the eye of the needle. A minute quantity of lead is taken into the system each time; it remains and accumulates, and, at last, colic, palsy, and other alarming symptoms make their appearance. Those are traced to lead poisoning, but it is no medical man in a hundred will suspect how the lead is introduced into the patient's system. He will blame water, wine, vinegar, food cooked in leaden vessels, etc. In the last guess he may often be right, for the tin with which sauce-pans are lined is no longer tin, but an alloy containing a large proportion of lead. The so-called tins in which most butter, fruits, etc., are now imported and sold are also no longer "tins," save in a "Pickwickian sense," but "leads."

But, to return, so long as the silk is not recognized as the source of the lead, the patient will go on using it, and recovery will therefore be impossible. This, it must be understood, is no mere matter of conjecture or probability, but of actual fact. Poisoning cases of the kind described have already occurred, and will certainly become more and more frequent if the evil practice is allowed to continue.

The detection of lead is not difficult. If a piece of the silk, or a little of the thread or yarn suspected of being weighted with lead, is moistened with pure water and then exposed to sulphuretted hydrogen gas (as obtained by putting a little sulphuret of iron in a cup and pouring dilute sulphuric acid upon it), if lead is present, it will change color and rapidly thicken. Ladies applying this simple test are, however, cautioned that if they have been made artificially "beautiful forever" with powders and enamels, their faces may possibly change color as rapidly as the weighted silk.—*Scientific American.*

COMPRESSED TEA.

At a late tea conference in London provision was made for a critical examination of the merits of compression and other methods of treating tea, with a view of ascertaining definitely, by comparison, the amount, if any, by which the tea is strengthened by the process, and what are the advantages to be obtained from its general adoption. The "compression" of tea referred to is a process of treating tea which was patented in 1871, and first brought to notice at the South Kensington Exhibition in 1873.

The operation is very simple, and consists essentially in weighing out tea to quarter pounds, and placing these in moulds on a revolving iron table a piece of metal exactly fitting the mould being placed in the top. As the table revolves, each mould comes under the stroke of a hydraulic ram which exercises a pressure of

about eighty tons on each quarter of a pound, reducing it to one-third of its bulk, and consolidating it in a mass marked by depressions into divisions of exactly half an ounce in weight. As the table revolves, each cake is ejected from its mould, and the process, in which not a particle of moisture is used, is completed.

The effect of this enormous pressure is said to be so thoroughly to break the cells and smaller vessels of the tea leaves that the theine and aromatic oil are set perfectly free, and the mass of tea is more easily affected by boiling water, in which it at once falls to pieces.

The practical result is that the liquor produced from consolidated tea after ordinary infusion is considerably stronger than that produced from loose tea, varying according to the quality of the tea subjected to the process; the higher the grade, the more marked the difference. The separation of the fibres and particles of the tea would naturally appear to produce the effect named. It is also asserted that the half ounce of consolidated tea will in five minutes give the same strength of liquor as the same weight of ordinary tea in four or five hours.

That the ordinary infusion of tea does not remove all the virtues of the leaves is shown by the fact that if such leaves be dried and submitted again to the process of tea-making, a liquor of considerable strength will be produced.

Another advantage claimed for the consolidated tea is its much greater convenience of transportation and packing, fitting especially for use on expeditions by land or sea. Sportsmen and travellers have used it to great advantage. It is also stated that the tea thus treated retains its strength a longer time.—*Bazar.*

The extensive manufacture of soap from bone grease, now carried on, has led to investigation relative to the effect of such an article on the human skin. It appears that in the preparation of this material, bones of every description, and in every stage of putrefactive decomposition, are ground into a fine powder, and submitted to the action of water boiling under pressure in a Papin's digester; the resulting mixture is then cooled, when the undissolved bone earth settles to the bottom, while fats or oils rise to the top, and between these exists a solution of bone gelatin in water. Out of this gelatin solution, by suitable processes, a patent mangle is manufactured for the production of soups and jellies, while the oil or grease is saponified and converted into soap. But in the soap thus produced there remain fine particles of bone-earth, which, when the soap is rubbed on the face, as in shaving, lacerate or scratch the skin, and the wounds caused in this way are, it is stated, poisoned by noxious matters originally existing in the bones, and which none of the processes have succeeded in destroying.

It has been calculated by Dr. C. W. Siemens that Niagara Falls do as much work as 266,000,000 tons of coal could do in a year at the rate of four pounds per horse-power consumption of fuel in an hour. Dr Siemens objects to so much force being wasted, and proposes that the water be made to drive an electrical machine at the falls, the current from which would traverse a copper rod. He has calculated that a rod three inches in diameter would transmit 1,000 horse-power as far as thirty miles, and that at the end the electricity could be used to produce motion or light, the quantity of electricity being sufficient for about 250,000 candle power. This view of a catamaran is not quite new, but it is sufficiently rare to be interesting.

Glass slippers have been produced by the cunning artificer of Vienna. The slippers are actually woven of fine flexible threads of glass. The novelty is quite as much in the effect as in the material. Not only do lines of colored light, in different hues and distinctly definable, traverse the body of the slipper, but with the motion of the foot of the wearer these hues so blend and intermingle as to produce a magical and beautiful effect, particularly when seen in the gas-light.

Chapels may well be close, seeing how little they are ventilated, and how the air they contain is inevitably vitiated by morning and afternoon attendances. A fainting case or two of an evening can excite but little surprise. The day may come when doctors will realize that they are appointed to consider the creature comforts of the congregation as well as to push collection-boxes into pews.—*South London Press.*

So many cases of skin disease were the result of heavy crapes falling over the face, that custom has at last pronounced the once indispensable widow's veil no longer a necessity. Of course this applies equally to other wearers of mourning. It is not considered unconventional among young people to dispense with a crape veil of any kind.

THE COW IN THE TREE.

BY MRS. A. F. RAFFENSPERGER.

"So you think it is too much trouble, Johnny, to go after the cow every evening and take her to the pasture every morning, even though she gives us such sweet rich milk and cream? Well, it is hard case for a strong healthy boy of ten years old, who has nothing else to do! I believe, though, you do not find it any great trouble to drink the milk and cream, do you? I am afraid you are lazy, Johnny. You ought to go and live where the cows always stay in one place."

"Are there any cows that always stay in the same place, mother?"

"Yes, indeed, Johnny."

"But then I think it would be as much trouble to carry their grass and hay to them as it is to drive our cow to the pasture."

"The cows I am telling you about never eat anything at all. And they can go without drinking water for months at a time. That is the very kind of a cow for a lazy boy; don't you think so, Johnny?"

"Are you telling the real sober truth, now, mother?"

"The real sober truth, Johnny. And I have not told you half, either. These cows grow as high as this house or even higher. They live in South America, and they like best the rocky sides of the mountains, quite high up. They have very large green heads."

"Green heads, mother! How funny."

"Yes, green heads, and sometimes their heads are covered with small beautiful flowers!"

"Just think of our old Daisy with her head covered with flowers!"

"If you go to live where these cows are fashionable you will have to get up very early, in the morning to get your milk, and I am afraid that would not suit you so well. They have to be milked a little before sunrise. The people who live in that part of South America I am telling you about are very lazy too, but just before sunrise they all start, men, women, and children, with great wooden bowls in their hands, to get the milk for their breakfast. Up they climb among the rocks till they come to the place where the cows are. Then they make little holes with their knives in the side of the cows, and the milk comes out in streams till they fill all their bowls."

"That is awful mean to treat the poor old cows in such a cruel way."

"Is it any meaner than it is for a little boy to hit poor old Daisy with a great stick because she wanted to stop and eat a few sweet clover heads?"

"But I could not wait all day for Daisy to get to her pasture."

"I have not told you the funniest part of the story. You know how well you like hot rolls and biscuits for breakfast. It is a great deal of trouble for Bridget to make them, and sometimes she does not like to do it, especially on washing days. Now I think when you go to South America to live you had better take Bridget along with you. The cows that grow there have a

I was just reading about these cows the other day, and I thought it would be a good idea to send you and Bridget there, where you would have so little to do. It is the very place for lazy people. The cows are Cow-trees, and the rolls I told you of are the fruit of the tree. The people call it Bread-Fruit. You see they do not need to raise wheat or corn. They do not have to plough the ground or sow the seed. They have no hard work of harvesting, no thrashing wheat or shelling corn. The boys do not have to go to mill to get the wheat or corn ground. Bridget would

had two or three Palo de Vacas growing in our yard."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE FIRST TIME.

SAXE HOLM, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

(Continued.)

I usually got home from school, Saturday noons, about half an hour before dinner. My mother was always sitting then in the sitting-room, at her little work-table. I gave her my report as soon as I came in, and, after looking it over, she laid it on the top of her work-basket. While the dessert was being brought in, my father always said:

"Where is my little daughter's report for this week?" and my mother would say:

"Run and bring it, Peggy."

"Oh, how slowly I used to walk back to that dinner-table when I had a very bad report to show! I daresay many a soldier marches up toward the cannon with less fear than I used, to go to my father's side, and lay that little piece of paper in his hand. When the report was more than usually good, he smiled, and said sometimes:

"Well done, my daughter! I see you are trying to give your parents pleasure." Oh, how happy I felt then! When it was bad, he only sighed, laid it down by his plate, and without speaking a word to me, went on eating his dinner. Then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up; and I used to say in my heart, "I'll never have another bad report as long as I live—never!" I even used to lie awake in the night, and think how pale and unhappy my father had looked at the sight of the report, and resolve that he should never look so again on my account. I remember once that we had the word "parricide" in our spelling lesson, and Miss Caroline told us it meant the murderer of a parent, and the thought haunted me for days that if I grieved my father so that he died I should be a parricide. The name seemed to me the most dreadful word I ever heard.

I am telling you all this so that you can partly understand the strength of the temptation which led me to tell my first lie. It was about one of these reports, the very worst I ever had. I never shall forget the Saturday when that report was put into my hand. I was not wholly unprepared for it. I knew I had played truant three morn-



GETTING THEIR MORNING BOWL OF MILK.

very convenient fashion of keeping rolls or biscuits on their heads. While Bridget is holding the bowls to catch the milk you could climb up into the head and get a basket of rolls for your breakfast. All you would have to do with them after you went home would be to boil them in hot water a few minutes like apple-dumplings, or roast them in the hot ashes a little while. Then your breakfast of fresh rolls and milk would be ready for you."

"Now, really and truly, mother, ain't you making up all that story?"

"No, Johnny, it is all true."

never have to worry because the yeast is not good or because she has no 'Dooley's Baking Powder.' All a person would need for housekeeping would be one or two Cow-trees. After you had eaten your breakfast you could lie down under the tree and sleep all day, if you wished, and your next day's bread and milk would be ready for you when you woke up the next morning."

"What is the name of the tree?"

"The Palo de Vaca. But it is a pretty hard name for a lazy boy to remember."

"Well, mother, I wish we

ings in succession, and I knew that I had behaved outrageously every day. Miss Caroline had kept me in at recess three times, had feruled me once, and had seemed more out of patience with me than I had ever known before. Still I did not dream that the report would be quite so bad as it was. In the example which I have made for you I have filled in the figures about as I think they were in that dreadful report. You will see that for four days I had had the lowest number in deportment, and a very bad record in punctuality. I always had "all fives" in Latin and geography. I liked those studies better than any others, and my Latin I studied at home with my father. Arithmetic I never could understand (and can't yet),—and I hated it so, I really did not try much. However, I never had had a cipher on my report before. The tears came into my eyes as soon as I looked at the paper, and I threw it down on the ground angrily, and exclaimed: "I'll never carry that thing home."

"I do not wonder you feel so, Peggy," said Miss Caroline's mild, low voice, just behind me; "I hope it will be a lesson to you to be a better girl next week." And she picked up the report and laid it in my hands again; she locked the school-room door, and walked away. I stood outside, leaning against the wall, my eyes fixed on the hateful paper. Ned Spofford ran up and looked over my shoulder at it.

"Whew, Peg!" said he, whistling; "that is rather rough on you."

I was too wretched to speak at first. The tears began to roll down my cheeks.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ned. "Don't be such a goose. What's the use of crying? Who cares about her old reports, anyhow?"

"Ch Ned," said I, "it's only showing it to my father. That's all I mind."

"Why, does your father look at them?" exclaimed Ned. "Mine doesn't; nor my mother neither, half the time. Lucindy signed mine last time. I guess they think they are all nonsense."

For the first time in my life the idea crossed my mind that I might have liked some other father and mother better than mine. But there was no comfort for me in any such speculation.

"I don't mean to go home at

all," I exclaimed. "I mean to run away. I'd rather die than show my father that report."

"Lor," said Ned, "I'm glad I aint a girl. I never saw such fools as you all are! Why, the worst that can happen to you would be to get a thrashing; and that's soon over. I don't mind 'em."

"That isn't the worst, either," said I, sullenly. "That's all you know about it, Ned Spofford. My father and mother don't thrash."

"Why, Peg! What is it they do?" said Ned, in an almost terrified whisper, evidently thinking he was about to hear of some horrible cruelty.

"My father just sighs and looks—oh, it's dreadful the way he looks!—just as white and sick as anything," I replied; "and once he said that he was afraid I should bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." I sobbed.

"Fiddlestick's end!" cried Ned. "Is that all? Peg, you're a bigger fool even than I took you to be. Come on. Let's go home. We're going to have boiled rooster for dinner. Come on."

But I would not stir, and he ran off without me. I stood leaning against the wall some minutes longer, and then I walked slowly towards home—our house was only a few steps off—our orchard came up close to the south wall of the school-house. A low stone wall separated this field from the street; usually I walked home on the wall; but I had no stone wall this day.

It was early in March; the snow had lain unbroken all winter, three feet on a level; now it was melting and breaking up, and swelling the rivers and brooks till they overflowed their banks everywhere. Roads were deep in muddy slush, and sidewalks were almost as bad. Little rivulets of foaming water, carrying along tossing fragments of ice and muddy snow, ran along the sides of the streets. Every child who lives in New England sees just such sights every spring; and I often see school-children now, with India rubber boots on, wading along in dirty streams of melted snow, just as I used to long to wade when I was a little girl, but never could, because in those days India rubber boots had not been invented. We had only India rubber shoes, and very hard it was sometimes to keep from getting our feet wet.

A few steps from our house a little bridge had been made in the sidewalk, and a ditch dug, to let the water run off the street down into our orchard. Whenever there was a hard rain, there would be a little brook under this bridge for a few hours—for we lived at the foot of a hill; but the greater part of the time the ditch was dry. On this day, however, of which I am telling you, it was a foaming torrent. The water came almost up to the planks of the bridge, and leaped and splashed on the stone wall. I stopped to look at it. The wind was blowing hard, and as I held my report loosely in one hand, it fluttered in the wind, and nearly blew away. "Oh," thought I, "how I wish it had blown away, where I never could find it!" and then and there, on that very instant, came the temptation to throw it down into the brook and say that it had fallen in. I did not yield at once. I recollect very well that I stood a long time on that bridge deliberating. I picked up an old dead raspberry-bush and whipped the muddy, foaming snow with it; I pushed the little bunches out of the corners where they had got wedged, and watched to see them sucked under the stone wall. All the time the words were going through my mind:

"Throw the report into the brook, and say the wind blew it in, and you could not get it out."

Then other words seemed to try to crowd the first words out.

It was just as if two people were whispering, first one and then the other, in my ears. The other words said:

"No. It would be mean. It would be cowardly. It would be a lie. For pity's sake, don't do it."

The longer I listened, the louder the first words sounded, and the fainter sounded the others. That is always the way with these uncomfortable things called temptations: if you listen to them at all, they speak louder and louder, until finally you can't hear any other voice but theirs. At last, I said said to myself, "I'll do it," and in a minute more I had done it. I rolled the report up in a tight roll, and threw it in. I jammed it down with the raspberry-bush; it rolled over and over, and bobbed up to the surface two or three times. I had several chances to pick it out of the water, but I did not. I watched

it swirl in under the stone wall, and then I ran home as fast as I could go. I felt quite light-hearted for a minute, I was so glad to be rid of that report. But my light-heartedness did not last long. As soon as I opened the door into the hall, I saw the sitting-room door wide open; and my mother called out pleasantly:

"Why, Peggy, how late you are this noon! Dinner is just going on the table; have you got a good report to show papa to-day?"

Oh, how I did feel! I never dreamed that it was going to be so hard to tell a lie. It seemed to me that my very tongue grew stiff, and did not like to pronounce the words. It seemed to me an age before I could speak at all. Then I only said:

"I haven't got any report."

You see I was trying to put off the time for the lie to come.

"Haven't got any report?" said my mother, in a surprised voice. "Is Miss Caroline sick?"

"No," said I; and it seemed to me my voice grew weaker and queerer every minute.

"She made one out, but I lost it. The wind blew it into the brook."

All this time I pretended to be very busy wiping my India rubbers on the mat, and hanging up my things. Usually I would hardly wait to take them off, I was in such a hurry to run in and kiss my mother.

She did not speak again for some minutes. Then she said, in a grave voice:

"I am very sorry you lost it. Papa will be disappointed not to know how his little girl has been doing this week. Was it a good report, Peggy?"

Oh, dear me! Would there never come an end to the lies I should have to tell to prop up that first one?

I hesitated. The same wicked voice which had whispered in my ear, "Throw the report in the brook," whispered now:

"If you say it was a bad one, then she will be more likely to suspect you of having lost it on purpose."

But I could not make up my mind to say it was a good one. So I stammered out:

"I don't remember."

My mother did not make any reply. I think she had feared in the beginning, from the very tone of my voice, that I was not telling her the truth, and now she was sure of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROSPECTUS OF THE WITNESS FOR 1878.

We Canadians have before us the task of melting into one nation peoples of widely diverse origin and training. How to be most brotherly among ourselves and most friendly with all others is the double problem of patriotism. These ends, rather than the easy popularity of sectionalism, have been the aims of the WITNESS. Friends it has, very numerous and very kind, and we must add very disinterested, for all know well that it sacrifices nothing to friendship, and with some of the kindest of them, to whom it is deeply indebted, it has had to differ long and painfully. To be equally free from bondage to any section of the people, whether social, political or religious, has been its honest intention. No organization, school, or interest has been able to claim it as its organ. It is broadly the organ of Evangelical Christianity, and of applied Christian morality, and seeks to advocate without bitterness, but with the utmost constancy and firmness, those views of political, religious and commercial freedom which it believes to be for the good of Canada, however they may affect parties, denominations, or classes. It has had occasionally to face disfavor, and at times the open enmity of powerful organizations from the great hierarchy downwards. But as no kind of partizanship, time-serving or trimming can win the favor of all, nothing is lost in the long run by an out-spoken appeal from every form of sectional interest to the common conscience, which cannot forever refuse its judgment in favor of right.

Of the burning questions at present before the country the most important is probably the Ultramontane or absolutist movement in the Church of Rome throughout the world, and the concurrent growth in the Province of Quebec of an ecclesiastical domination, armed with curses and supported by mobs. Against this evil only the schoolmaster can wage effective war, for the Bible and the press are vain among people who do not read. To stimulate every process for the education of the masses, and to secure at length the education of all, is our aim, and in this we hope we have with us a growing proportion of the people. The part of every good citizen is to seek the highest and broadest education of his own children, that their refinement, liberality and success may throw neighboring ignorance into darker shadow. To this end nothing is more important than the careful choice of a newspaper for the home, and the promotion of the circulation of such well selected literature in all possible directions.

Another important matter of the day is the war against the liquor traffic, carried on in the moral field with astonishing intensity by what is called the Murphy or Rine movement, which will, it is said, centre in Montreal during the approaching winter, and in the political field by the Dunkin Law agitation, which is evidently destined to sweep the country rapidly. An improved local option measure, it is trusted in high quarters, will soon be provided, and the Dominion Alliance, into which all the Provincial prohibitory leagues have been consolidated, has promised its hearty adoption of such a measure. We propose to get out at Christmas a map with those regions marked in which a prohibitory law is at present in force, if we can by any means obtain the necessary information, which has not, it appears, been hitherto exhaustively collected by any one. We request our readers in all places where such a law is in force to favor us at once with its history in their own locality, as well as their own opinions of its advantages and defects, and suggestions as to its improvement. By a compilation of these we shall be able to make a fair statement of the condition of things throughout the Dominion. This map will be a splendid campaign sheet, and will be sold cheap by the hundred.

A third question has been brought into temporary prominence by the hard times, namely, that of protection. We regret much to differ with some of our kindest friends on this subject, but we feel that the war will not be a long one, as the hard times, which have raised in Canada a protection cry, have with better reasons raised one against protection in the United States. There out and out protection has long been the rule, and it has been found to have in good years stimulated production much beyond the permanent home demand, while it hinders the healthy development of an export trade.

More serious than this is the growth on this continent of socialism, and efforts on the part of trades-unions, abetted by an undercurrent of lawless communism, to rule society by force. The ignorance which makes workmen in the States a prey to unreasoning foreign demagogues is not entirely lacking here, and line upon line, and precept upon precept, are needed in enforcing the plain laws of political economy, that people may learn that just as iron sinks and wood swims, so the man who makes himself worth more than he is getting must under natural circumstances rise, while he who persists in making a machine of himself, to be worked as little as possible, must go down in spite of all the organization and force that can possibly be applied.

In all these matters the WITNESS has majorities against it, but it has the interest of the people, and we may hope, the moral sense of the people, in its favor. That in all of them the principles it advocates will one day triumph we entertain no doubt, as in that faith alone could we continue to urge them.

Another year has not passed over the WITNESS without bringing its changes. The hard times it has felt severely, both in its circulation and in its advertisement department, and the year's business so far has been a losing one. Forced at last to leave the dilapidated and scattered premises it occupied on St. James street, the WITNESS has found much more commodious shelter in a building in Bonaventure street, affording twice the floor room of the old place, partly built and partly re-built for its use by Wm. Glendinning, Esq., and although outwardly modest in appearance, fitted up internally with the utmost convenience, and we may almost add, splendor, under the superintendence of J. J. Browne, Esq., architect. The moving rendered necessary the purchase of a new press, without which the publication would have been for some weeks sadly deranged, and a magnificent eight cylinder Hoe rotary machine was bought from the New York WITNESS, at a price which has severely taxed our powers to meet. This press has been superseded in New York by one already set up in the building to which the New York WITNESS had moved. It secures the great desideratum of an evening paper, extreme speed, throwing off the DAILY WITNESS at the rate of sixteen thousand an hour, a rate which no other form of press can at all equal. With it came a change in the form of the DAILY WITNESS, which brings it more into keeping with modern taste, being that in general use everywhere out of Canada. It affords also a facility for a larger size on Saturdays and other occasions of particular pressure. Another change brought about by the necessities of moving, and which seems to have met with universal favor, was the substitution of the DAILY for the TRI WEEKLY edition, which latter edition was fast becoming like a fifth wheel on a coach. The former subscribers to that edition will, we hope, renew for the DAILY. Those who have not sufficiently frequent mails to make this desirable will probably fall back on the WEEKLY.

The present circulation of the WITNESS is: DAILY (average) 15,000 WEEKLY 24,000

The WITNESS has never made much money, and this year it has lost considerably. A large increase in the subscription lists, and a return of advertising patronage, will be needed to save us from retrenchments which would sensibly affect the attractiveness of the paper. The brighter times, which seem to be about to shine out like the sun after rain, should bring us this. The value of the WEEKLY WITNESS as an advertising medium has never been sufficiently understood.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER

has been improved in appearance during the year and has held its own in circulation, being in this respect far ahead of every other Canadian publication. One press works incessantly on this periodical, turning out each fortnight 50,000 copies.

THE AURORE

is a weekly newspaper which has for many years been doing for the French people what the old WEEKLY WITNESS did long ago for the English of Canada. At the beginning of 1877 this paper was amalgamated with the WITNESS, making use of the reading of the celebrated French column of the DAILY. It is a very pretty little paper, with a circulation of 1,000 copies.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

has been an exception to the general rule of stagnation. From September, 1876, to September, 1877, it has increased from 3,375 to 4,000 copies.

This is due to the great improvements which have been wrought in the magazine itself, which in larger size and in higher literary and artistic character is ever adapting itself more and more to the needs of Canada. Its mission from the beginning has been to develop a Canadian literature, and we hope that its twenty-second volume may prove more than ever efficient to this end. The difficulty of competing in so small a field as Canada offers with magazines of world wide circulation is very great. We have hitherto attempted, at considerable annual loss, to reach a comfortable circulation by means of cheapness, both publishers and writers having been large contributors to the effort, with, as will be seen, only partial success. We think that we are now surrounded by a sufficient number of really patriotic readers to be able to appeal to them to assist in the enterprise by meeting an increase of price which will be very slight to each, but life to the magazine. Our proposal is to add one-third to the number of pages and one-third to the price. There would be, according to this plan, a somewhat larger margin—we hope sufficiently so to make ends meet—while it would provide that increase of accommodation, the need of which is very much felt in a magazine with so many departments and with so much valuable matter pressing for insertion. The lack of room is most felt when we desire to find place for articles on subjects of vital interest to Canada which appear in the leading magazines of the world. The insertion of such was always meant to be a feature of the magazine, but they have of late been crowded out by the difficulty of finding room for anything covering more than a few pages. The price will, from the new year, be \$2 per annum for a magazine of 128 pages.

The prices of the WITNESS publications are as follows:—

- DAILY WITNESS, (including postage) \$3.00
WEEKLY WITNESS, 1.10
When an old subscriber remits with a new one the price is, each, 1.00
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, enlarged to 128 pages, (including postage) 2.00
NORTHERN MESSENGER, .30
THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, when clubbed with the WITNESS is 1.50

TO OUR FRIENDS.

It may be taken for granted that the vast majority of the subscribers to a newspaper intend to renew their subscriptions, and some there are who make it their business not to send their own subscription alone. There are few, however, who have not much experience of the way in which good intentions lose their opportunity by delay. The harvest time for newspapers is the new year, and the hardest time is that before the annual flood-tide sets in. In years like this it is not unnatural that newspapers should desire to hear from subscribers as soon as possible. It is also most advantageous to subscribers themselves to get their names properly entered before the rush comes, which makes it impossible to enter money up as fast as received, much less to answer letters of complaint, and therefore cause, at times, misunderstandings as to the receipt of remittances. We therefore pray all our readers to remit for 1878 as soon as possible, and "to take time by the forelock" in doing, that their kindness may prompt in securing the continuance and growth of the circulation of our publications among their neighbors. All new subscribers remitted for before the first day of November will have the Publications subscribed for for the two months following, in addition to the year 1878.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TWENTY-FIVE FINE CARDS (SNOWFLAKE, DANMARK, &c.), no two alike, with name, 10 cents, post-paid. Three Packs for 25 cents. Canada Paper Money taken as pay. Send no Post-Office stamps. Address: NASSAU CARD COMPANY, Nassau, N.Y.

MR. JAS. I. FELLOWS, Chemist, St. John, N.B.:—DEAR SIR,—Having used your Compound Syrup for some time, in my practice, I have no hesitation in recommending it to my patients who are suffering from General Debility or any Disease of the Lungs, knowing that even in cases utterly hopeless it affords relief. I am, Sir, your sincere friend, H. G. ADY, M.D.—St. John, N.B., Jan., 1868.

WHO WANTS SKATES?

PLEASE READ THE WHOLE ADVERTISEMENT.



THE EUREKA SKATE.



THE CANADIAN CLUB SKATE.

All canvassers to the WITNESS. NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and NORTHERN MESSENGER.

who send us in \$10 in NEW Subscriptions to these publications, marking the list "IN COMPETITION," will receive almost immediately a pair of Eureka Club Skates to fit them.

A pair of CANADIAN CLUB SKATES, to fit will be sent to all who forward us \$9 in new subscriptions to those papers.

MARK THE DIRECTIONS.

Be sure in sending in your subscriptions, to mark the list "in competition;" unless you do, no record for the skates will be taken of it.

Send in the names and subscriptions as you get them, and when the full amount is received, state the fact, and also give the length of your foot in inches from heel to toe.

Begin work at once. When you begin, work systematically, thoroughly and persistently, drawing out some specified plan of action, and then following it till successful.

Write to us before you begin work and get sample papers, &c.

WHAT KIND OF SKATES ARE THESE?

The Eureka Skate is held to be the best and really the only perfect self-fastening skate manufactured. It differs from other self-fastening skates in that it never leaves the skater and goes alone. It is always ready for any size of foot, requires no setting of clamps, and has no pieces to lose. It is impossible to jump it off your boot, and can be taken off or put on in a moment without any trouble.

LETTERS FROM CANVASSERS WHO RECEIVED THE EUREKA SKATES LAST YEAR.

"I am highly pleased with them. On the ice they have behaved beyond description." A. T.—Waterford, O., April 2nd, 1877.

"I received the skates all right. They are a splendid pair, and fit nicely. Two other boys living here have got the Eureka Club skates beside myself. They are the best I have ever seen, and everyone who sees them says the same. I think I am well repaid for getting those to subscribe that I have got." A. B.—Beaverton, O., March 20, 1877.

"I got my skates all right, and I think that they are a nice pair, and worth all the time I took in getting the papers. I would not take \$10 for them." K. H. R.—Wolf Island, O., March 8, 1877.

"I received my skates on the 9th, and am very much pleased with them; they are better than I expected, and fit well." F. P.—Canning, O., March 20, 1877.

"I received by mail this evening your Eureka Club skates. I am highly pleased with them, as also is every one that has been seen. My highest ambition has been obtained, and now I am going to work for another pair for my sister." J. N. W. C.—Markham, O., March 26, 1877.

"I have just received the skates. They are a splendid pair, and fit nicely." D. A.—Kiddonan, Man., Jan 18, 1877.

"I think they are a first-rate pair, and everyone who has seen them says the same." J. W. S.—Cedar Grove, O., April 10, 1877.

TESTIMONIALS TO THE CANADIAN CLUB SKATES.

I have used Fenwick's Improved Patent Skate during three seasons, and have put them to some very severe tests; they have stood admirably and are in every respect a very good design. I prefer them to any other skate I have used." C. W. DOUGLAS, M.D., Surgeon Major, Army Med. Dept. Melville Island, Oct. 6th, 1876.

I have used your improved "Canadian Club Skate" all last season, and find them to be very convenient, both to adjust and attach to the boot, comfortable to the foot, and thoroughly secure and reliable." R. A. WHITE. Halifax, Nov. 4, 1876.

I have used your skates for a season, and have found them in every respect satisfactory. They not only look much better, but the steel is of a finer quality; they are more readily adjusted to the boot, and remain more firmly attached than any other I have hitherto used. Yours truly, P. C. HILL, Jr., 32 South street. Halifax, 19th Oct., 1876.

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Address all communications to JOHN DUGALL & SON, Montreal.

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