The Family.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

WHAT OF AN AFTER LIFE?

'Twas at the hour of eventide as bound by wizard spell,
A holy hush seemed resting down, and on my spirit fell;
A questioning of worlds unseen, where hearts are never riven,
Beyond the sun, beyond the moon, beyond the stars of heaven;
To calm the struggle in my soul, to quell the feverish strife,
I called on earth and sky to tell what of an after life.

I asked the stars, those glittering gems with eye of golden light,
To tell me of eternal years without the shade of night;
They shone and dazzled with their light, but spake to me no word,
The song of immortality Heaven's stars had never heard,
Mine after life to them was nought for stars must set and fall.
And burning worlds and clouds of smoke enwrap them as a pall.

O lofty hills whose summits kiss the tinting of the sky,
Have ye not heard a whispering of future destiny?
Do spirits sometimes speed and gleam with beating and with strife,
Say towering mountains have they told you of an after life;
Say have they flitted on white wings o'er heaven's immensity,
And freighted with its mysteries brought tidings back to thee?

And as the yearning in my soul grew hotter with the strife,
I called the ocean depths to tell me of an after life?
To tell me of a shore beyond my vision had not scanned,
To tell me of unrippled waves where life boats never strand,
To tell me of a sea like glass that laves the evermore,
No angry surge upon its tide no wreck upon its shore.

O why this longing in the soul for brighter worlds than this,
Why do we pant for purer air and long for saintless bliss;
Why beat against our prison bars our freedom to regain.
Why soar away from mist and chill o'ersweeping time and pain,
O grasp the thought immortal mind and to us make reply,
O tell us of an after life? The mystic bye and bye.

I felt a thrill run through my soul responsive to the call,
It seemed unfettered for a while from all that did enthral;
I felt it leap the abyss of death nor tremble in its flight,
By everlasting arms upborne toward the eternal light,
But a glimmer from the sunlight was all that came to me,
Eye hath not seen its rapture, ear heard its symphony.

Still we're waiting in the valley where the shadows come and go,
Waiting till we cross the river that hath neither ebb nor flow,
Waiting where the flowrets blossom, bringing joy and gladness,
Waiting where the autumn changeth, all to grief and sadness,
Waiting till the veil shall sunder that now hides the unseen shore,
Waiting till the Master whispers, "I have work for thee no more."

M. J. S.

Truro, Nov. 10.

* * *

THE SMALL WORRIES.

The Christian world has long been guessing what Paul's thorn in the flesh was. Many of the theological doctors have felt Paul's pulse to see what was the matter with him. We suppose the reason he did not tell us what it was may have been because he did not want us to know. He knew that if he stated what it was there would be a great many people from Corinth bothering him with prescriptions as to how he might cure it.

Some say it was diseased eyes, some that it was a humped back. It may have been neuralgia. Perhaps it was gout, although his active habits and a sparse diet throw doubt on the supposition. Suffice it to say it was a thorn—that is, it stuck him. It was sharp.

It was probably of not much account to the eyes of the world. It was not a trouble that could be compared to a lion or a boisterous sea. It was like a thorn that you may have in your hand or foot and no one know it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of those little nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeeper finds it in unfaithful domestics; or an inmate who keeps things disordered; or a house too small for convenience, or too large to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or calls for 'more copy.' The Sabbath-school teacher finds it in inattentive scholars or neighboring teachers that talk loudly and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatic joint which, when the wind is north-east lifts the storm signal. Another, a business partner who takes full half the profits but does not help earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome because like Paul's thorn they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and mashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that may have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful, and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing it is another. If the stove does not smoke the boiler must leak. If the pen is good, the ink must be poor. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We cannot make up our robe of Christian character without pins and needles.

We want what Paul got: grace to bear these things. Without it we become cross, censorious, and irascible. We get into the habit of sticking our thorns into other people's fingers. But, God helping us, we place these annoyances in the category of the "all things which work together for good.' We see how much shorter thorns are than the spikes that struck through the palms of Christ's hand, and, remembering that he had on his head a whole crown of thorns, we take to ourselves the consolation that if we suffer with him on earth we shall be glorified with him in heaven.

But how could Paul positively rejoice in these infirmities? The school of Christ has three classes of scholars; in the first class we learn how to be stuck with thorns without losing your patience; in the second class we learn how to make the sting positively advantageous; in the third class we learn how even to rejoice in their being pierced and wounded; but that is the *Senior class*, and when we get to that we are near graduation into glory.—*Talmage.*

* * *

RAGGED TOM, THE SURETY.

One Sunday afternoon a big boy stood at the door of the Sunday-school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother brought him and begged he might be received in again. The superintendent said: 'We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example.'

'We know he is a bad boy at school,' said the parents, 'but he is ten times worse at home, and he will be lost if you don't take him back.'

We could take him back if we could secure his good behavior. 'I will see,' thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said. 'That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?'

A pause followed, the elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well, the others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard the little voice, 'If you please, sir, I will, sir,'

'You, Tom? a little boy like you? Do you know what is meant by being a surety, Tom?'

'Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy I am to be punished for it.'

'And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?'

'Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

'Then come in,' said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, 'I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—no, never.' God had graciously put that thought into that big boy's mind. He was helping Tom as a surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw the big boy and little Tom walking away together. He said to himself, 'I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived he said to his mother, 'Where is your son Tom?'

'Oh, he's just gone up stairs with a great boy he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing.'

'May I go up?'

'O, yes, Sir.'

The superintendent went softly and quickly up the stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying, 'O Lord, make this boy, that has been the worst boy in the school, O, Lord, make him the best.'

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them, and he made the big boy to become one of the best boys in the school, and raised up friends for 'Ragged Tom,' who put him to school, and after that sent him to college so that at length he went as a missionary to the heathen.

* * *

WOMAN'S WORK.

Darning little stockings,
For restless little feet,
Washing little faces,
To keep them fresh and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism,
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism.
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons,
Overseeing rations,
Soothing with a kind word
Other's lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets.
Coaxing sullen cooks,
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books.
Woman's Work.

Burying out of sight,
Her own unhealing smarts,
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
Healing of the sick,
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick.
Woman's Work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years,
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path,
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with which she hath.
Woman's Work.

Letting fall her own tears,
Where only God can see,
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience,
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway
Golden, pearly, ample.
Woman's Work.

At last cometh silence,
A day of deep repose,
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek,
A look of blessed peace
Upon her forehead meek.

The hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still,
The cold lips know no smile,
The noble heart no thrill;
Her pillow needs no smoothing,
She craveth for no care,
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

A grave in the valley,
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
Another lesson taught
That life may not forget;
A face for ever hidden,
A race for ever run,
"Dust to Dust," the preacher saith,
And Woman's Work is done!

A SWEARER ALONE WITH GOD.

A carrier in a large town in Yorkshire heard his carter one day in the yard swearing dreadfully at his horses. The carrier was a man who feared God, spent his Lord's days as a teacher in the Sunday school, and endeavored to promote the spiritual good of all his creatures. He was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard. He went up to the young man, who was just setting off with his cart for Manchester, and kindly expostulated with him on the enormity of his sin, and then added, "But if thou wilt swear, stop till you get through the turnpike on the moor, where none but God and thyself can hear.'

The poor fellow cracked his whip and pursued his journey, but he could not get over his master's words. Sometime after his master observed him in the yard, and was very much surprised to see him so altered. There was a seriousness and a quietness about him which he had never seen before; and he often seemed as if he had something to say that he could not get out. At length his master was so much struck with his manner that he asked him if he wanted anything.

'Ah! master,' said he, 'do you know what you said to me about swearing? I was thunder struck. I went on the road, and I got through the turnpike and reached the moor; and there I thought that though I was alone, yet God was with me; and I trembled to think how he had been with me, and had known all my sins and follies all my life long. My sins came to my remembrance, and I was afraid that he might strike me dead; and I thank God that I have been aroused to seek after the salvation of my poor soul.'

The master as may be supposed, was overjoyed to hear the young man's confession; and it is gratifying to know that his subsequent conduct gave proof of his having ceased to be a slave to sin.

A word spoken in due season, how good it is!—*English Paper.*

* * *

PAPERING.

It is a matter of doubt why housekeepers, as a general rule, do most of the house papering in the spring rather than in the fall of the year. There does not seem to be any good reason why such a course should be adopted. In the spring there is enough out of doors to attract the eye; the windows are almost invariably open, and if one sits down in the house in preference to taking a seat on the lawn or piazza it is usually by the window, to get a view of the green fields, flowers, trees, or something outside of the house. The paper on the walls attracts little attention and deserves little. In the fall and winter every thing outside is dreary and bleak, and this should be made up by making the living rooms of the house as cozy and pleasant as possible. The paper that was put on in the spring has lost its attractions for the eye now, however much it may have been admired when it was first laid. It has become soiled in spots, and these untidy places are the first to catch the eye. If the paper had been put on in the fall its brightness would have remained until spring, and in the summer it is not essential. Paper in a room adds a great deal to its comfort. It is a poor conductor of heat, and will more than pay its cost in the saving of fuel. The paste fills many of the cracks in the wall through which the cold air of winter would drive, and prevents drafts from which cold and sore throat arise. In fall papering we have no appearance of the musquito corpses slain by a sleepless victim in a fit of desperation, nor are we constantly reminded of those pests, the flies. The wall remains brightest and freshest when we most wish to see bright and fresh things. Now, a word about paper. Cheap paper is always the dearest. Those cheap kinds costing from fifteen to twenty-five cents per roll are always a yard or two short, so that in reality, nothing is gained in purchasing those poor grades; and a paper that is worth less than thirty-five or forty cents hardly repays laying. If you wish to be frugal as possible, select a paper with a stripe "with no match" to it, and in place of a border take the remnants, cut out the stripe, and miter it at the top and bottom of the room. It gives a neat appearance, and looks like panel work. In this way your room is more ornamental—you save the border, and use up the waste-pieces that are of no value for any thing else.

Now, about putting on the paper. The first essential is a good paste, and the following rule for making that article is the best and far the cheapest we have ever seen or used: Take eighteen pounds of bole, finely powdered and softened in water. Then boil a pound and a quarter of common glue until it is thoroughly dissolved, and stir in the bole with two pounds of gypsum. The whole mass is then to be forced through a sieve. This may then be diluted with water to the consistency of a thin paste; it is not only better and cheaper than ordinary flour paste, but will adhere to walls that have been whitewashed. Cut enough of the paper in strips the desired length to cover the entire room. Take boards the length of the paper and place them upon stools the right height to enable you to reach across the board easily. Place the cut paper on these boards face down, and with a soft brush apply the paste. When a strip has been pasted, fold the lower end over, about one third the way up, to prevent its sticking to the wall at the bottom.

Take the strip by the two upper corners and place them against the wall. The paper will hang close to the wall, but will not stick at the bottom, and you can sight down the inner edge and see when you have it true with the casing or last piece laid. Then fasten it at the top. In working it against the wall don't use a cloth: take a whitewash brush and carefully brush the paper to its place. These directions may be old to some of our readers, but it cost the writer a vast amount of trouble and possibly some scolding before they were found out and put in practice. By following these directions, especially the one in regard to folding the lower end of the paper over and letting it adhere to the body of the paper, one can do the otherwise unpleasant job of papering alone, and all help is superfluous. By using the brush in the place of the cloth, air places will be avoided, and the paper will not be soiled by paste that sticks to a cloth.

* * *

Boots or no Boots.—The following good anecdote appears in Dr. Maurice Davies' 'Unorthodox London,' recently published:

'A lady sat at a Primitive Methodist chapel in London, close by a poor man who was remarkably ill-shod, and whose exclamations were in inverse proportion to his shoe leather. He kept crying out, 'Glory be to God!' until he quite annoyed the lady, and in leaving the chapel she told him so, and promised him a new pair of boots if he would restrain himself within due bounds. He did so for several days; but on some particular exciting occasion he started up in the congregation and shouted out, 'Boots or no boots—glory be to God!'

The Farm.

Apple Butter.—First, if you have cider, boil it down to thickness of molasses of syrup; if intending to make the butter next day, leave some of the cider to cool the apples; if not intending to make right away, put the apples to cool in water, or the weak cider, and as soon as they begin to cook begin to stir to keep from burning in the kettle; as the apples cook down fill up the kettle with raw apples or some that have been cooked in another kettle; and when the apples are all in and cooked smooth, without any lumps, then put the strong cider in and boil till it is as strong as wanted. If the cider is not plenty (some prefer when it is to make it without, using molasses or sweets instead) it is made the same way, always cooking the apples well before putting in the sweetening; for the apples will not cook smooth in strong cider or molasses. I will not give any particular measures or rules, as there are few people who like the same. Last year I had one barrel of cider; I boiled it down to four gallons and made six gallons of butter. The cider was not sweet enough and I added sugar and molasses. We made the butter at different times, boiling the last the longest to make it strong enough to keep. For a stirrer we used a narrow board, a little higher than the kettle, with a long handle and some holes bored in the broad end. Be sure to keep stirring and keep the stirrer on the bottom of the kettle.

Excellent Mince-meat.—Chop fine two pounds of beef suet; boil gently, but not too much, two pounds of the under side of rump of beef, and chop it finely; peel and chop also one dozen or two pounds of russet apples; stone and chop one pound of Valentia raisins, and wash and dry three pounds of currants; mince the thin peel of two lemons, four ounces of candied orange peel, the same of candied lemon peel, and two ounces of citron; mix the suet, beef, apples, raisins, and currants; then add the peels, with a quarter a pound of powdered loaf sugar, a teaspoonful salt, a quarter of an ounce of pounded mace, a quarter of an ounce of pounded cloves and a half a nutmeg grated. When all these have been well mixed, squeeze in the juice of two lemons, after which mix into a mass. The art of making this mince-meat is to pick, chop, and mix the articles carefully. The currants should be quite dry—to secure which wash them and dry them before the fire a day before mixing. The above will make eleven pounds of mince meat, or a middle sized tureen full. It should be closely covered and put in a cool place, and should be made at least a month before it is used. A plainer mince meat than the above may be made by omitting the meat, and substituting two pounds of good moist sugar; or the beef may be omitted, and in its place neat's tongue boiled, skinned, and finely chopped, may be used.

An Ice House for Five Dollars.—A neighbor of mine has an inclosure about six feet square in the clear, and six feet high. The walls are formed of old refuge timbers thrown carelessly together, with no regard to form or comliness. The roof is made of hemlock boards. The entire cost of this building did not exceed five dollars, and practically considered, it is a success; not ambitious of containing thirty five loads of ice, but simply five loads. Ten years this little, unpretentious house has been used for ice, and never yet dishonored a draft upon its crystal deposit. About six inches of sawdust was spread upon the ground floor, and in packing a space of about nine inches was left between the ice and the walls of the building for sawdust, and about nine inches of sawdust was spread upon the top of the ice. and the thing was fixed. The three main principles observed here will always insure a supply of ice, viz., good ventilation, good drainage, and plenty of sawdust. With these rules adhered to, a corner of an old open shed will prove quite efficient in preserving ice.—*New England Homestead.*

Cure for Corns.—Dr. Barbier, says the *Lyons Medical Journal*, reports the cure of the most refractory corns by the morning and evening application, with a brush, of a drop of a solution of the per-chloride of iron. After a fortnight's continued application, without pain, a patient who had suffered martyrdom for nearly forty years from a most painful corn on the inner side of each little toe, was entirely relieved. Pressure was no longer painful, and Dr. B. believed the cure radical.

Planting Currants.—You may plant your currant cuttings now. Many regard the fall the best time to do it, and if done now it will not take your valuable time in the spring. Select shoots of this year's growth for cuttings. Prepare a deep, rich, dry bed; plant in rows two to three feet apart, leaving but one bud above the surface; cover in winter with litter, which remove in spring. Do not give up currant culture because of the currant worm. So cheap, easily grown and healthful a fruit should be found in every garden.

To Catch Potato Bugs.—Take a tin pan or other suitable vessel, and pour a small quantity of coal oil, or petroleum fluid in it, hold it near the potato tops, and with a broad stick brush the bugs in the pan, shaking it all the time, or afterward, so as to wet the bugs; then, they will travel *some*, and you will be pleased to see them killed with so much less trouble than by hand-picking. Other bugs can be killed in the same way.

Drain First and Then Irrigate.—This will double or treble your grass crop and not injure the quality. There are many streams that might be easily dammed up and the water diverted over acres of grass land at small cost. It is a mistake to suppose that irrigation is only necessary in dry weather. It does great good on grass lands early in the spring.

Deep vs. Shallow Pans for Milk.—Col. Warning in *American Agriculturist* states that after two years trial he is decidedly in favour of the deep pails or cans for setting milk, believing them as decidedly superior to the large, shallow pans, as these are to the common small shallow pans. He uses cans 25 inches deep and 8 inches in diameter.

Potting Plants.—A plant newly potted must never be exposed to a strong sun. It should be watered and placed in the shade immediately, and there remain till it is rooted, which may be known by its starting to grow.

Water for Plants.—The best water for plants is undoubtedly rain water; if this cannot be obtained, river water will do; pond water is not so good, but worst of all is hard spring water. In winter, and for delicate plants even in summer, water should be placed in the sun until it becomes tepid before it is used.

Whooping Cough Remedy.—The following is said to be a good thing: Take plaintain leaves; wash and bruise them well; now strain through a cloth, and sweeten with honey; for an adult one tablespoonful is a dose.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac,

NOVEMBER,* 1873.

Full Moon 4th day, 11h. 34m., morning.
Last Quarter, 11th day, 8h. 34m., afternoon,
New Moon, 19th day, 11h. 22m. afternoon.
First Quarter, 27th day, 3h. 58m., morning.

D. M.	Day Wk.	SUN. Rises	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises.	MOON. South.	MOON. Sets.	H Tide at Halifax
1	Sa.	6 42	4 45	3 41	9 35	2 12	4 14
2	SU.	6 44	4 44	4 3	10 25	3 29	5 23
3	M.	6 45	4 42	4 27	11 16	4 47	6 17
4	Tu.	6 46	4 41	4 55	morn.	6 5	6 59
5	W.	6 48	4 40	5 28	0 10	7 25	7 40
6	Th.	6 49	4 38	6 10	1 6	8 44	8 22
7	Fr.	6 51	4 37	7 0	2 4	9 58	9 4
8	Sa.	6 52	4 36	7 58	3 1	11 2	9 44
9	SU.	6 54	4 35	9 1	3 58	11 58	10 24
10	M.	6 55	4 34	10 7	4 51	A 4	11 10
11	Tu.	6 56	4 33	11 11	5 42	1 17	11 10
12	W	6 57	4 32	morn.	6 27	1 43	A 29
13	Th.	6 59	4 30	0 16	7 11	2 6	2 21
14	Fr.	7 0	4 29	1 18	7 51	2 24	3 32
15	Sa.	7 2	4 28	2 20	8 31	2 42	4 31
16	SU.	7 3	4 27	3 21	9 10	2 59	5 38
17	M.	7 4	4 26	4 26	9 52	3 18	6 13
18	Tu	7 5	4 26	5 30	10 34	3 38	6 54
19	W	7 7	4 25	6 36	11 20	4 2	7 20
20	Th.	7 8	4 24	7 48	A. 10	4 32	7 55
21	Fr.	7 10	4 23	8 52	1 3	5 14	8 37
22	Sa.	7 11	4 22	10 1	2 1	6 1	9 1
23	SU.	7 12	4 22	10 59	3 0	7 1	9 42
24	M	7 14	4 21	11 48	3 58	8 8	10 22
25	Tu.	7 15	4 21	A 26	4 55	9 24	11 8
26	W.	7 16	4 20	0 58	5 49	10 40	morn.
27	Th.	7 18	4 19	1 21	6 39	11 57	0 3
28	Fr.	7 19	4 19	1 45	7 28	morn	1 8
29	Sa	7 20	4 19	2 7	8 17	1 11	2 22
30	SU.	7 21	4 18	2 28	9 6	2 27	3 40

The Tides.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 11 minutes *later* than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes *later*, and at St. John's Newfoundland 20 minutes *earlier*, than at Halifax.

For the length of the day.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

For the length of the night.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

* In this month the length of days decrease 1h. 6m.

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