THE HOME.

Just Beyond.

When out of the body the soul is sent,
As a bird speeds forth from the opened tent,
As the smoke flies out when it finds a vent,
To lose itself in the spending.—

Does it travel wide? does it travel far
To find the place where all spirits are?
Does it measure long leagues from star to star,
And feel its travel unending?

And caught by each baffling blowing wind,
Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind,
Till the courage fails and the sight is blind,
Must it go in search of its heaven?

I do not think that it can be so,
For weary is life as all men know,
And battling and struggling to and fro
Man goes from his morn to his even.

And surely this is enough to bear,
The long day's work in the sun's hot glare,
The doubt and the loss which breed despair,
The anguish of baffled hoping.

And when the end of all has come,
And the soul has won the right to its home
I do not believe it must wander and roam,
Through the infinite spaces groping.

No, wild may the storm be, and dark the day
And the shuddering soul may clasp its clay
Afraid to go and unwilling to stay,
But when it gives it for going

With a rapture of sudden consciousness,
I think it awakes to a knowledge of this,
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,
And only waits for our knowing;

That 'tis but a step from dark to day,
From the worn-out tent and burial clay,
To the rapture of youth renewed for aye.
And the smile of saints uprisen,

And that just where the soul, perplexed and awed,
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,
And finds that heaven and the great reward
Lay just outside of its prison!

—*Susan Coolidge in Congregationalist.*

Making a Home.

At a reception in Washington, according to the *Youth's Companion*, a circle of friends were discussing the characteristics of a women, famous in the last generation, when a gentleman remarked:

"To me, she was most remarkable for her ability to *make a home*. Put her (as I have seen done in the West) in a log cabin with nothing but some wooden chairs, a piece of muslin, an open fire, and the odds and ends which she had stored in her trunk, and she would turn it in a few hours into a charming dwelling place. Of all her gifts, that was to me the most attractive and womanly."

An American who saw in his youth an Englishwoman pre-eminent at that time for her learning and genius, was questioned as to his impression of her. "She overwhelmed me with her knowledge; her broad, liberal views, and her philanthropy opened a new world to me. Yet the most distinct recollection I have of the visit is the torn and dirty tablecloth, the greasy carpet, and the ashes strewn half-way across the floor."

Carlyle, who had been used to coarse surroundings in his early home, was deeply impressed by the refinement, the pretty "bits of plenishing," the gentlehood, in the home of the woman he afterwards married; and the most pathetic part of his wife's history is her heroic effort to give this dainty charm to the rough dwellings in which he placed her.

There is no trait in the Englishman stronger than his love of home, and hence he is apt to value in woman the quality of "making a home" above all others. The sailor's wife "makes the hearth clean" to show her joy at his return. It is the "household motions" of Wordsworth's ideal women that are "light and free," and all Shakespeare's lovable heroines are domestic women.

"Let me see your home, and I will tell you what you are," the Russian Paulovitch says to his countrywomen. Our American girls, in their zeal for music, art, or it may be authorship, are sometimes apt to forget this. They leave the oversight and the details of housekeeping to servants, forgetting that the soiled tablecloth and greasy carpet tell tales of character as loudly and emphatically as do neatness and taste.

They forget, too, that while their picture or song or story may prove a failure, a dainty, cheerful home is a poem which any woman may give to the world, and one which all men can understand and will certainly take to heart.

Traits the Girls.

The following bit of sensible advice is taken from the *Woman's Journal*:

When a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy.

Of course the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should increase, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement for their labor which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or a daughter who feels that she has to it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her is the work.

PUTTNER EMULSION CO., HALIFAX:
GENTLEMEN,—I have used PUTTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, etc., for a number of years, and found it a remedy of great use in many forms of disease, especially in PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, SCROFULA, ANÆMIA, and in fact in any state of the system showing a depraved condition of the blood, with a lack of tone and deterioration of vital forces. I have also used it with very much satisfaction, in WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN and some other complaints incidental to childhood.
Pugwash, Nov. 12, 1884. R. A DAKIN.

THE FARM.

Salting Butter.

If fresh made butter be drained to some extent and salt added in this wet condition, we get perfect salting, for the moisture in the butter will saturate the salt and dissolve it, so that each little globule will be encased in this salt saturation, and when the butter is worked over, the surplus moisture will be pressed out, leaving the dissolved salt evenly distributed throughout the mass. Any more salt than can be dissolved in butter, remains in the butter as salt crystals, and does not aid in preserving it. The film of dissolved salt about each globule seals it, so to speak, from the air, and holds its color fast for the time. The addition of more salt than this, is to cater to a taste for salt flavor acquired by habit. As soon as one becomes accustomed to the salt solution salting, about half an ounce to the pound, he discovers that butter flavor, and the sharper salt flavor in butter are not in degree, but of kind, and so prefers the former. Butter, like buckwheat cakes, should be eaten when young. The practice of making butter and then keeping it for months for a "rise," is wrong. Butter never is as perfect as it is the first week; and if possible, the production of butter should be so equalized that the consumption should keep pace with production, and do away with the Summer over-supply that loads down the market, brings low prices, and consigns thousands of tons of good butter (in its day) to the grease rendering factories.—*American Agriculturist.*

—THE weeds at the sides of the cultivated fields, if there are any, and those along the hedge-rows, should be cut this month, or at any other time when they are large enough. Cut them down on a damp day, or when wet with rain, and gather them into heaps where they can be burned when dry enough. This process will destroy the greater part of the seeds in them and save much labor in killing weeds in future years. It is poor economy to use weeds for bedding, or to put them in the yards. Certainly they are worth something when converted into manure, but the weeds which will spring up where such manure is used will take more value from the manure than they will give it. The farmer's motto should be, "Let no weed ripen its seed;" but while it would not be easy to follow out that principle literally, it is comparatively easy to greatly reduce the number, and a half dozen years of careful cultivation will get a field to a tolerably clean condition where no weed seeds are carried out in the manure, and it is equally true that one year of neglect will make another half dozen years of hard hoeing.—*American Cultivator.*

—A botanist has estimated the number of seeds in some of the common weeds of the United States, as follows: Shepherd's purse, 37,500 per plant; dandelion, 12,108; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7000; common thistle, 65,866; camomile, 15,920; butter weed, 3587; rag weed, 4366; common purslane, 388,800; common plantain, 42,200; burdock, 38,068.

—AGAINST LIQUID MANURE.—Mr. L. F. Scott, of Litchfield County, Conn., says he has carted out hogsheads of liquid manure, but no more of that for him, as it is more work than will pay. He thinks a cistern may be a good thing to save the liquid, but that to separate the solids from the liquid is unwise, as nature designed them to act together. Take all the fats from milk, and then make it into cheese, and you have a parallel case. Let the solids and liquids go together, and then add absorbents enough to have it handle well, and you have a pile of manure that is incomparably superior to any speciality that man ever devised.

—A POINT IN CABBAGE CULTURE.—As most farmers are aware, as cabbages increase in growth by the heading process they have a tendency sometimes to split open, which greatly diminishes the value of the head. J. J. H. Gregory, good authority in the matter of growing vegetables, recommends going over the ground and starting the cabbages that appear to be nearly mature, tipping them to one side. He says this tends to increase the size of the cabbage heads, and prevents their bursting. It is certainly a very simple operation, and one well worthy of a trial.

TEMPERANCE.

Table Wine.

"You are very foolish, Eleanor. What harm will a little wine do?"

"It may do a great deal, John. I should dislike very much to see it on the table."

"Let them think what they please. I value your happiness and mine more than I do the gratification of a few friends whose convivial habits will in no way be improved by its presence.

"What do you mean, Eleanor? You know I drink, but never more than a glass at a time. You can not fear my becoming a drunkard."

"Men as temperate, with as strong a will as yours, John, have before now fallen. In time a single glass may become two, the two four, and my husband may be a drunkard. You do not know how strong my antipathies are to wine."

"Yet wine is good drunken in proper quantities. The Psalmist sings its praises. 'I maketh glad the heart of a man.' My father always kept it on his table. I see no good reason why I should not."

"For my sake, John," pleaded the young wife.

"Pshaw! You are too exacting, Eleanor. As if a fellow could not have a little wine about without falling into dissipated habits."

"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging. Whosever looketh upon it is not wise" saith the Scriptures."

"As many passages can be quoted in its favor as against it. Does not Paul say to Timothy, 'Take a little wine for the stomach's sake?' But what the Bible says one way or the other is not pertinent. I like a little wine. It is the fashion to have it on the table, and I am going to have it."

"Do you want to make me miserable for life, John?"

"Don't use that for an argument. You have some very squeamish notions. Because your grandfather died a drunkard, it is no sign that I shall. There will be wine on the table, and don't you forget it, and with these words spoken pretty determinedly, John Somersworth, Esq., attorney-at-law and rising politician, left the cosy parlor of his Fifth Avenue residence, and hurried to the hardly less luxurious law office on Broadway, where he divided his time between smoking fragrant cigars, talking politics, and doing a little law business at odd moments.

It was the first quarrel. It was the first time he had ever left his wife without kissing her, and it was about such a small matter, too. They had been married but a month, and had reached home from an extended bridal trip only the night before. That evening they were to have company, and the husband had announced his intention to have wine on the table, much against the wishes of his wife. How the discussion ended we have seen. The husband went to his law office in a cross and angry mood. The wife, as soon as the door closed, threw herself face downwards on the sofa, and wept as if her heart would break.

John Somersworth was the only son of one of New York's wealthiest merchants. He had been cradled in affluence. Every wish of his heart had been gratified; he had never known what it was to have his will baulked. His father doted on him; his mother worshipped him. Many under his circumstances would have been spoiled, but John was not quite. By nature he was noble. His tastes were pure and intellectual. His home surroundings were cultivated ones. Thus he had been saved from contact with much that was evil. But the young man had his faults. He loved merry company, and he could not endure the least opposition. He had never learned to surrender his will or wishes to the desire of another. His own will must be the law. These were small faults, you may think, but from them were to spring all the mistakes of his life.

At the age of twenty-three, two years after he was out of college, John Somersworth had married Eleanor Price, a young New England girl, whose training had been altogether different from his own. Born on a farm among the green hills of Massachusetts, she had received her nurture among the strictest and most conservative people in the world. Few luxuries were in the farmer's house, but all the comforts were there. Both parents were God-fearing, church-going people. Eleanor's early reading was of the old-fashioned kind. She had never read Byron, nor Swinburne, nor the German metaphysicians; but the "Spectator," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Baxter's "Saints' Rest" had furnished pabulum for her mental growth, and she knew Milton's sonorous pentameters by heart. Her school education was acquired at the district school, with a year at an academy in an adjoining town.

When Eleanor was seventeen she taught her first school, and subsequently taught other terms with considerable success. She had about determined to make teaching her life work when she chanced to meet with John Somersworth. She was visiting an aunt in the city, and one evening attended an entertainment at which young Somersworth was present. From that time it was all over with both of them. The young New England school teacher, with her mind full of lofty projects for the advancement of the world, suddenly felt that there was something more important for her to do than to care for boys and girls of tender age and roguish proclivities. As for John—the elegant young patrician, for whom half the girls of his set had set their caps, was fairly caught. It was the wonder of his circle for a twelve month.

The courtship was not a long one. John's father had bought him a house, splendidly furnished, and the young couple were married as we have seen.

The evening came, and the guests assembled. The elegant rooms were gay with voices and laughter. All the aristocracy was there. Late hours were kept. Of course there was wine served. Many toasts were drunk, and several of the young bloods went home less gracefully than they came. But John Somersworth was all right; he did not take more than was good for him—not he.

Time went on. Two or three children played about the paternal halls. The oldest was a boy, John Somersworth's pride, a handsome little fellow of thirteen years. The father doted on his son: he was his life to him.

John Somersworth, meanwhile, had fulfilled his early promise. He was a successful man, he was a great man. His wife's fears had been vain ones. Wine was placed on the table at every meal, and John drank his glass regularly—but no more. He was proud of his temperance. His head was always clear. "Only fools abstain," he said one time in answer to the pleading of his wife.

"But for your children's sake do not have wine on the table," persisted Mrs. Somersworth.

"My father always used wine, and I am not a drunkard. My son shall drink or refuse wine as he sees fit. He means to be a man; I'll risk him."

This was the answer John Somersworth made in his assurance. He knew that no son of his could be a drunkard; he could not dream of such a thing. Poor Mrs. Somersworth answered:

"But Frank is growing to have a strong love for wine. He drank two glasses yesterday at dinner, and I have more than once caught him at the decanter when he thought I was away. I fear for our boy, John."

"You are needlessly alarmed, Eleanor," said Somersworth complacently and assuringly. "Of course he loves the sparkling liquid; I do; but Frank is all right."

"Very well, John, you must take the responsibility, and I hope you will not have to answer for his ruin."

"Pshaw! Eleanor, your nerves are diseased. Do not worry. I will take care of the boy."

Mrs. Somersworth sighed; Mr. Somersworth arose, lit his cigar, and walked down town to meet the politicians of his ward. He always had his way. Ever since their first dispute, Eleanor had been the one to yield. She did this for the sake of peace, because she disliked wrangling. But she often wished she had asserted her right, and never yielded when she thought he was wrong. Perhaps if she had her son would not have died a drunkard.

One night, two years after this last conversation, John Somersworth came home late from a political meeting. As he entered the parlor, his wife, who had been bending over a sleeping figure on the sofa, arose and went towards him. She had evidently been weeping, and she had the look of one nearly broken-hearted.

"John, look here, that is your work," and the sorrowing mother led her husband to the side of the couch.

"Is he dead, Eleanor?" asked Mr. Somersworth huskily.

"No, he is not dead, but it would be better for him and for us if he were. O, John, our boy is a drunkard!" Mrs. Somersworth gave way to a flood of tears.

"I don't believe he is intoxicated," declared John stoutly.

But a brief inspection convinced him of the terrible truth. Subsequently he learned from his wife how their son had been invited to a party, how she had permitted him to attend, and how at a late hour he had been led home drunk by several of his young companions. The knowledge pierced Somersworth to the heart. It did not seem possible, but there was the evidence of his own eyes, and he was forced to believe.

"I will have a talk with Frank in the morning," he told his wife.

And he did have a talk with him. He found Frank sullen and obstinate, and could obtain no promises from him.

"I drank only a little," said the boy, "no more than the other boys do. We don't get drunk, only just a little jolly. It isn't worth speaking about."

"But you were helped home last night, and lay in a drunken stupor till morning. If you keep on you will be a common drunkard."

"Father, if ever I am a drunkard, it will be your fault. I first tasted wine at your table. You said a little wouldn't hurt me. If you had said it was poison I should never have touched it. Blame yourself if I am a drunkard."

The father was staggered. These words from his boy's lips opened his mind to a whole sea of truth? Reason as he might, he could not ignore the accusation of his son.

Frank Somersworth died a drunkard. And to-day there is not a more unhappy man in the great metropolis than the great lawyer and politician. His honors and successes cannot obliterate the remembrance of this crime. He is a murderer, and he knows it. Tears of blood will not erase the bitter memory. But from the day of his son's death till now no wine has ever been placed upon his table.—*Morning Star.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is inestimable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. 1y20

A Skilful Surgical Operation.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Dillroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "*all gone*" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil foreboding. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whirling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdon Road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

To A. J. White, Esq.
Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies,
Oct. 24, 1882.

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I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully,
(Signed) Carey J. Berry,
2 Baptist Missionary,

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