

ter is pleasingly marbled; dumps of white, of yellow, and of dingy butter melting into each other, until the whole is ring-streaked and speckled.

Variety 14. *Compound butter*.—By compound butter we mean that which has received contributions from things animate and inanimate; feathers, hairs, rags of cloth, threads, specks, chips, straws, seeds; in short, everything is at one time or another to be found in it, going to produce the three successive degrees of dirty, filthy, nasty.

Variety 15. *Tough butter*.—When butter is worked too long after the expulsion of buttermilk, it assumes a gluey, putty-like consistence, and is tough when eaten. But oh! rare fault! we would go ten miles to pay our admiring respects to that much-to-be-praised dairy-maid whose zeal leads her to work her butter too much! We doubt, however, if a pound of such butter was ever seen in this place.

Besides all these, whose history we have correctly traced, besides butter tasting of turpentine from being made in pine churns; butter bent on travelling in hot weather; butter dotted, like cloves on a boiled ham, with flies, which Solomon assured us causeth the ointment to stink; besides butter in rusty tin pans, and in dirty swaddling clothes; besides butter made of milk, drawn from a dirty cow, by a dirtier hand, into a yet dirtier pail, and churned in a churn the dirtiest of all; besides all these sub-varieties, there are several other, with which we have formed an acquaintance, but found ourselves baffled at analysis. We could not even guess the cause of their peculiarities. Oh Dr. Leibig! how we have longed for your skill in analytic chemistry! What consternation would we speedily send among the slatternly butter-makers, revealing the mysteries of their dirty doings with more than mesmeric facility?

And now, what is the reason that good butter is so great a rarity? Is it a hereditary curse in some families? or is it a punishment sent us for our ill-deserts? A few good butter makers in every neighbourhood are a standing proof that it is nothing but bad housewifery; mere, sheer carelessness which turns the luxury of the churn into an utterly nauseating abomination.

Select cows for quality and not for quantity of milk; give them sweet and sufficient pasturage; keep clean yourself; milk into a clean pail; strain into clean pans—(pans scalded, scoured, and sunned, and if tin, with every particle of milk rubbed out of the seams.) While it is yet sweet, churn it; if it delays to come, add a little saleratus; work it thoroughly, three times, salting it at the second working; put it into a cool place, and then despatch your tempting rolls to market.—*Western Farmer*.

LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA.

(From Mrs. Romer's *Pilgrimage to the Temples and Towns of Egypt*, &c.)

Landing at Alexandria is a most formidable affair. As soon as the steamer appears in sight, troops of camels and asses, with their noisy drivers, hasten down to the landing place, and before the inexperienced stranger is aware of what is about to happen to him, he beholds his baggage carried off and piled upon one of the kneeling camels by a score of half-naked, one-eyed Fellahs, and finds himself seized in the arms of somebody, and lifted, whether he will or no, upon a donkey, to the manifest disappointment of a dozen clamorous expectants, who shout forth in English, in a variety of tones; "Want a donkey, sir?"—"Very good donkey, sir, better than a horse."—"Go to Pompey's Pillar, sir?"—"Dat donkey go very bad."—"My donkey go faster than steam-boat!" And fast indeed they do go, and away the new comer is hurried to the great square of Alexandria, where the two European hotels, frequented by travellers, are situated, before he has made up his mind at which of them he will put up.

Having decided upon only devoting a day or two to Alexandria at present, and leaving the labour of sight-seeing to our return, we commenced our rambles betimes yesterday morning by a drive to Pompey's Pillar. Nothing that we had yet seen, either externally or internally, in point of architecture, had given us the idea of an Egyptian city; the great square, in which we are lodged with its numerous Consular residencies and its spacious hotels looks thoroughly European; and the Frank quarter in which it stands is composed of mean-looking wretched streets, where every second house bears the name and calling of some French, Italian,

or Greek tradesman. But in going to Pompey's Pillar, we passed by the Arab quarter, occupied solely by the Fellah population of Alexandria; and there most certainly a novel sight met our eyes, and we were introduced to a personal acquaintance with the misery and debasement to which the wretched population of Egypt is reduced by the oppressions of an arbitrary government and a despotic ruler. Yet in the midst of squalor and poverty unequalled perhaps in any part of the world, these poor Fellahs, lodged in mud hovels sometimes too low to admit of their standing upright in them, scantily fed with the worst and coarsest food, covered over only with a blue cotton shirt, and their children completely naked, contrive to preserve a semblance of cleanliness about their habitations, which is not to be found in the villages of Ireland and Scotland. The streets are scrupulously swept, and not a vestige of animal or vegetable refuse is to be discovered even in any remote corner, nor does any disagreeable effluvia offend the sense of smelling as one walks through those narrow ways, bordered by houses such as we should consider scarcely good enough to shelter our pigs in England, and inhabited by a people notoriously unclean in their persons. Many of them were seated outside of their dwellings, the women covered to the eyes in a large blue cotton wrapping cloth, which, with a pair of loose trousers of the same material, forms their only garment, and is fastened over the nose either by a brass ornament, a row of small coins, or a few coral beads, and wearing massive bracelets of silver or brass upon their naked tattooed arms.

WE CAN ALL HELP.

Four little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after, their father, who had heard of what had taken place, called them into his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first, "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?" "I rushed in after him and brought him out." "You did well; here is your reward." "And what did you do?" turning to the second. "I helped to carry him home." "That was right; here is your reward." "And what did you do when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the little girl of three years old. "I prayed, papa." Well, that was all you could do; here is a book for you too.

Now, dear children, some of you, when you grow up, can go to the heathen who are perishing, and tell them the way of salvation. Some, like the second brother, can help in leading them to heaven by assisting the missionaries, and giving your money to their support. Some of you cannot do either; you cannot go to heathen lands, and you are too poor to give any money; but you can imitate the little girl, you can cry to God for them; you can pray that he would bless the missionaries and make them very, very useful. *You can all help.*—*Youth's Record*.

APPLES OF GOLD.

When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat, Genesis iii. 6. Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, etc. James i. 14, 15.

Thus one sin always begets another; by the eyes it rushes into the heart: from the heart it proceeds into the mouth, hands, and feet; from us it is transferred upon others; and thus we go on sinning and falling deeper and deeper. Therefore, we must set a strict guard over our eyes and ears; be very cautious, and resist the least beginnings of sin, not making light of any; for the least spark of worldly lust being entertained and cherished, we eat of the forbidden tree, standing every way before us; and thereby a great fire may be kindled. But having always our eyes fixed, and all our conversation upon the presence of God in Christ, so as to walk continually in the light, and directly to quell the least inward motions of evil, they will never break forth into gross outward sins, but we shall daily grow in grace. May the Lord enable me to practise this good lesson, and watch himself continually over my heart, eyes, lips, and all other senses and thoughts.

With my whole heart I seek thy face;
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Thy word I hide within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.