

teen weeks. The monster glass was exhibited at many places, and gained many prizes; and he only wished their eyes could be gratified, as his were, with so charming a sight. In conclusion the lecturer recommended every person who had the opportunity, to lose no time in becoming beek-keepers, and carry on their business on the humane principle; to avoid disappointment, they must resolve to be content with a moderate share of the profits in a concern in which they could be said to be little more than a sleeping partner, and let their standing motto be "God save the Queen and the People."

DUTCH BUTTER MAKING.—There they come, the milkmaid and the boy. The boy is towing a little boat along the canal, and the maid, with her full blue petticoat and her pink jacket or bedgown, walks beside him. Now they stop; she brings from the boat her copper milk pails, as bright as gold, and, with a cooing greeting to her dear cows, sets down her little stool on the grass, and begins to milk. The boy, having moored his boat, stands beside her with the special pail, which is to hold the last pint from each cow; the creamy pint which comes last because it has risen to the top in the udder.—Not a drop is left to turn sour and fret the cow. The boy fetches and carries the pails, and moves as if he trod on eggs when conveying the full pails to the boat. When afloat, there is no shaking at all. Smoothly glide the cargo of pails up to the very entrance of the dairy, where the deep jars appropriate to this "meal" of milk are ready—cooled with cold water, if it is summer, and warmed with hot water if the weather requires it. When the time for churning comes, the Dutch woman takes matters as quietly as hitherto. She softly tastes the milk in the jars till she finds therein the due degree of acidity; and then she leisurely pours the whole—cream and milk together—into a prodigiously stout and tall upright churn. She must exert herself, however, if she is to work that plunger. She work it!—not she! She would as soon think of working the mills on the dykes with her own plump hands. No—she has a servant under her to do it. She puts her dog into a wheel which is connected with the plunger; and, as the animal runs round, what a splashing, wolloping, and frizzling is heard from the closed churn! The quiet dairymaid knows by the changes of the sound how the formation of the butter proceeds; when she is quite sure that there are multitudes of flakes floating within, she stops the wheel, releases the dog, turns down the churn upon a large sieve, which is laid over a tub, and obtains a sievelful of butter, in the shape of yellow kernels, while the buttermilk runs off, for the benefit of the pigs, or of the household cookery.—*Dicken's Household Words.*

A TAME RAT.—Some time ago the driver of a Bow and Stratford omnibus was moving some trusses of hay in his hayloft, when, snugly coiled up in a corner, he found a little miserable-looking rat whose mamma, having carefully tucked him up in bed, had gone out on a foraging expedition to find something for her darling's supper. The little fellow being of a remarkably piebald color, excited the pity of the omnibus man, who took him up, and brought him home to his family. The children soon took to their new pet, and named him Ikey, after their eldest brother whose name was Isaac. The little creature soon grew up, and reciprocated the kindness he had received, by excessive tameness towards every member of the family. He was therefore allowed to roam about the house at perfect liberty. His favorite seat was inside the fender, or on the clean white hearth, but strange to say, he would never get on it unless it was perfectly clean. On one occasion, when the good wife was cleaning the hearth, she gave Master Rat a push; up he jumped on the hob, and finding it an agreeable resting place, there he stayed. As the fire grew brighter and brighter, so the hob became warmer and warmer, till at last it became unpleasantly hot; but he would not move from his perch till the hair on his legs and body became quite singed with the heat.—His master had a perfect control over him, and made, for his special benefit, a little whip, with which he taught him to sit upon his hind legs in a begging posture, jump through a whalebone hoop, drag a small cart to which he was harnessed, carry sticks, money, &c., in his mouth, and perform many other amusing tricks. The rat perfectly understood the meaning of the whip, for, whenever it was produced, and his master's countenance betrayed coming wrath, in fear and trembling he would scamper up the sides of the room or up the curtains, and perch himself on the cornice; waiting there till a kind word from his master brought him down again, hopping about, and squeaking with delight. In these gambols of mirth he would run so fast round after his tail, that it was almost impossible to tell what the whirling object was. At night he would