

currents of air are necessary. The impurities are less likely to be introduced into the milk by the cows than by the hands of the dairymen. The impurities are less likely to be introduced into the milk by the cows than by the hands of the dairymen. The impurities are less likely to be introduced into the milk by the cows than by the hands of the dairymen.

and the feed is sour and of poor quality, and the butter made from it will be light coloured and of inferior quality to that made from good rich sweet feed. Dairymen should have plenty of good clear water, where the cows can have free access to it at all times. When cows are obliged to wade in the mud for water, and drink when there is a scanty supply, and drop their excrements in it, they are obliged to drink an impure mixture, that greatly affects the butter.

Cows should not be allowed to lie in close yards, in very warm weather; they should be returned to the pasture, or some convenient place where they have a good clean place to lie and fresh air. When cows lie in wet and muddy yards, there will be more or less dirt falls from the cows into the milk, while milking, which gives the butter a very unpleasant flavour. All kinds of feed that are of a strong nature, such as turnips and onion tops, or any vegetable that has a strong flavour, ought to be avoided, for it is injurious to the flavour of the butter. In the spring every dairyman should feed his cows with a little Indian meal and water for two or three weeks before they come into milking, and from that time until they can get a good supply of grass. This not only improves the condition of the cows but greatly increases the quantity of the butter, and improves its quality.

Dairymen should never undertake to keep more cows than they have plenty of feed for. Twenty cows, well fed, will yield much greater profit than forty poorly kept. Every farmer should be very particular to select such cows as give the richest milk, and that which will make good yellow butter. Every one knows that it is no more expense to keep good cows than it is to keep poor ones.

To have good cows and plenty of good feed, pure water, comfortable barns in winter, where they can be kept dry and warm, and good clean places for them in summer, is the first step toward carrying on the dairy business successfully.

Washing Butter.

There is no precision in the manipulations of butter making, which is held with as much tenacity among the feminine possessors of the art, as the good and bad effects arising from washing butter after churning and before packing. One set of laborious pains taking house-wives insist upon the necessity of working the whey and curd out by the ladle, and honestly think that a drop of water used would ruin a lump as big as Chimborazo; while another equally reliable portion of the "last, best gifts" insists that there is no way so good, quick, and certain, as thorough washing with pure, cold water, which can be done in any weather, and with one-half the labour of the ladle faction.

On looking at the subject philosophically, we incline to the washing theory, for many reasons. In the first place, there can be no bad effects arise, from the use of clean, cold water. Butter is strictly an oleaginous compound, in no way soluble in water while every part of the residum, after the butter is consolidated, is decidedly so, and by diluting it with water, any particles left are not as concentrated and liable to decompose and pass through the cheesy fermentation, as if in their original state. Second: it matters not how much water is used, as it does not enter into combination with the oily mass of butter; and if the weather is hot and the water cold, it is in a state of hardness in a few minutes, to express all the watery fluids, and finish the operations at once—which, in the ladle process, requires a day or more of cool exposure. Thirdly: the labour is incomparably less, as there is little harder work than butter-makers are subject to, in working it pure without the use of water.

If any of our lady readers doubt our conclusions, let them lay down a stone pot by each process, honestly done, and a pint of strong brine kept over the surface—and if on the first of May next, the hydropathic process is not the best, or as good, we will pay a round quarter for every pound of it.—*Ashtabula Sentinel.*

Our doctrine are—feed the earth and it will feed you.

Temperance.

What I Saw in two Hours.

BY A BAPTIST MINISTER.

I went forth to visit the poor. The locality to which I directed my steps has long enjoyed notoriety. Its population is desperately wicked. Poverty, filth, and disease; violence, sensuality and drunkenness are its characteristics. Passing within its boundaries I saw the following scenes:—

A tall, powerful, working man was drunk on the pavement of a gin shop. He could not rise without help. Having seen him in the custody of a fellow-workman, I walked on.

Coming out of a house in which I had been seeking to reform a 'prodigal son,' I found a drunken woman on the door-step. Before I could accost her, a policeman came up and dragged her away. Turning round to speak to the spectators, I saw another drunken woman on the ground. I spoke to her, she got up, and mumbling a few stupid words, reeled down the street.

I then heard a furious noise. It was made by an intoxicated woman. She was screaming and knocking at a door. Some men and women round about her were laughing at her fury. Before I could interfere, a long naked arm was thrust out from the suddenly opened door, and dealt her a violent blow, which made her stagger across the street....."Ah, sir," said a play actor, "we have these fights three and four times a day."

Standing beside the play actor was an old man—a drunkard. His daughter a girl 12 years old, was beside him. She ran to me, and taking her by the hand I spoke with her parent about sending her to a school. She can neither read, write, nor sew. A more impudent, dirty, ignorant, lawless girl, it would be difficult to find. Her father has plenty of employment and good wages. He gives his money to this girl, and then takes her with him to the beer shop and gin-palace. There—seated in the midst of a smoking, gambling, cursing, licentious, drunken crew,—she pays for all that her depraved parent drinks, and having spent some hours in going with him to beer shops and gin-palaces, she has to follow him as he reels home in a state of intoxication. I have sought to get her to a school, but all my efforts have proved in vain. She seems to be sold to sin, misery, and death.

Leaving this ruined father and child, I went along the passage of a tenement, and found two little boys playing on the cellar stairs.

"Where is your mother?"
"She is dead, sir."
"And your father—where is he?"
"He is out selling stools."
"Well, then, let me have a little chat with you. Do you live down stairs?"
"Yes, sir,—this way."

I groped my way down stairs. There was no door to the back cellar. I looked in, and saw heaps of ashes, vegetable refuse, old straw, and other abominations. (A few months ago I found an orphan boy who had slept for a fortnight at the bottom of these very stairs.) Passing into the front cellar I beheld a scene of misery. The floor was black and greasy with dirt. The walls were clouded with smoke. There was no table, no chair, no stool, no fender, no bed frame. An old kettle and two plates flanked by a few cups formed the cooking apparatus of the family. Upon a tumble-down dresser lay a heap of rags, and here slept the father and his four children. Two of these—one nine and the other twelve—were before me. I examined the youngest. There was a large scar on his head. His skin was incrustated with indurated dirt. On his shoulders hung a toga of rags, which were bound round his waist with a bit of cord. Many patches of his sides and stomach were exposed. On his feet were a pair of tattered boots through which his galled and naked toes stuck out, and on the instep of one of his feet were the marks of an old ulcer. I said to him:—

"Willy, my boy, will you go to my school?"
"Yes, sir, I will go."

Leaving the elder child to take charge of the cellar, and to wait for his father, I took Willy by the hand to lead him to the school. When I emerged from a cluster of alleys,

and came into streets where some respectable people were, how they stared at my ragged, but smiling little boy. His naked head, his unwashed face; his fluttering rags; his twine-tied boots; his misery—seemed to impel them to rush past. Some paused to watch us. They evidently thought us a contrast. And our outward aspect was different. A well-clad orthodox minister, and an untaught, bare-headed, ragged child, walking hand in hand along a crowded street do differ externally; but was not the child who shambled by my side "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh?" Did not God make us of "one blood?" What a pity it is that men should forget the glorious and blessed doctrine of human brotherhood!

Having arrived at the school, I introduced my boy to our excellent teacher. We got him washed, and a nice blue blouse to wear. Leaving him in the care of the teacher I returned to the cellar, and not finding his father at home, I asked a working man's wife the cause of the misery I had witnessed.

"It's the drink, sir," was her reply. Stepping across a street on my way to another house, I met a female with a fearfully cut head and bruised face. There was blood on her head, face, neck, and naked bosom, and also on a child which she held in her arms. Her face was black and swollen; her hair hung down in disorder; her attire was unclean and torn. Pointing to her bleeding forehead, I said—

"Who did this?"
"My husband, sir."
"What made him do it?"

"Why sir, he got drunk, and came home, and wanted to set fire to my sucking baby. Was I going to let him burn my child? Did't he burn one to death fifteen months ago, and he wanted to do the same with this one. I would't let him, sir, so he took the poker and smashed my head with it."

Such were the scenes I saw in two hours. Does not the state of a population such as I have described argue great neglect somewhere? Let the British churches ask, Where does the fault lie? Surely, much of the fault may be found in those who refuse to support the operations of Temperance Societies. Were the British churches to sanction these operations, scenes like those portrayed would very soon pass away.—*National Temperance Chronicle.*

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Perpetual Motion.

MR. EDITOR.—Your paper of the 6th inst., contains a paragraph selected from an American paper, respecting the discovery of the secret of perpetual motion. The propelling power, in this discovery, it appears, is atmospheric air, upon a succession of vacuums. I remark first, there is no secret as it regards perpetual motion, for it is evident, that God alone is the author of it. With regard to the propelling power in this case, there is no doubt it applied to a succession of vacuums it would produce a motion. But then how are those vacuums to be made? Are those gentlemen by the name of Force prepared to present an eternal or endless succession of vacuums ready made for the reception of atmospheric air as they pass along, or pass round?—Nothing less than an endless succession of vacuums ready made for the reception of atmospheric air can possibly entitle them to the claims of the discovery of perpetual motion. Now I am exceedingly mistaken, if it does not require just as much power to make a vacuum, as the rush of atmospheric air will produce in filling it up, if so, then there cannot be any power gained. The difficulty in this motion is the formation of so many vacuums. Atmospheric air is composed of such small particles, that it fills everywhere; not a vacuum can be found upon the globe we live, by the most diligent search; air is so subtle, so penetrating, that it requires the utmost skill of man to make a vacuum at all. How then an endless succession of them is to be made without any visible power to accomplish it, except the motion produced by the filling of them up, I must say is rather mysterious. From a number of experiments I tried, in order to obtain a motion, I came to this conclusion, that matter in its present form, cannot be so arranged as to produce and maintain a motion forever. Matter is disposed to be at rest, it contains weight; whatever contains weight, cannot be put in motion without the application of external power. If the power of man is applied, the motion produced will continue just as long as the power is applied; but man will tire, and then the motion will cease. The propelling power in the solar system is the power of the most high God. He never tires, and of course

the motion of the bodies composing that system is perpetual, and will continue until the propelling power is withdrawn. Perpetual motion is the work of God alone. The power of man is incompetent to the task; nothing short, in my opinion at least, than a complete change in the essential nature of matter will answer the purpose contemplated, matter must be so changed, altered, or modified, as to render it heavy one moment, and light the next; when that can be done I will insure a perpetual motion. To illustrate more fully my views on this point, I will imagine a wheel of considerable dimension, constructed of either wood, iron, or any other material. Now suppose the workmanship of this wheel perfect, and so nicely balanced, that it requires very little power to move it; yet it will not move one hair breadth of itself. I want to give this wheel a perpetual motion; how is it to be done? It is certain that I can secure a motion by the application of steam, water, or steam; but it will not be perpetual, in as much as the motion produced is entirely dependent upon a foreign influence, and I have no means of securing that influence forever, and therefore the motion produced may fail. The only correct principle for perpetual motion is, that the wheel or wheels, or whatever quantity of machinery may be constructed, and connected together, must possess within itself, independently of any foreign aid or influence, the principle of motion. Such a motion will be perpetual, or endless; and nothing short of it deserves the name; and this motion will be distinct from all others, because all other motions are produced by a foreign power. It is so in the case of steam, or water, or atmospheric air, the machinery is first completed, and then the compelling power is applied; here the two separate and distinct parts, and the machinery constructed in all these cases is entirely dependent upon a propelling power to be applied, in order to produce motion; but in the case of perpetual motion, as soon as the machinery is completed, it will start into operation itself, or it will require the application of power to prevent it from moving. These, Mr. Editor, are my present views upon this subject, and although I am no prophet, I will in this case predict, that the discovery of perpetual motion by means of atmospheric air, filling up a succession of vacuums, will prove a failure. Hoping, Sir, that your valuable paper may have something like a perpetual motion around and through these Provinces, I subscribe myself yours,
C. Dixon.

Sackville, N. B.

For the Wesleyan.

Reminiscences.

Many of the most beautiful flowers blossom in the lone wilderness; and save that their fragrance may be wafted by the passing breeze to the habitations of men—for aught we can see—they shoot forth their petals, and unfold "their various tints and hues" in vain. But the Creator who placed them there,—whose hand so delicately painted them, and gave them such odoriferous perfumes, has not done so without design. Perhaps his intelligent offspring—"Sons of a happier clime," who, while ministering to the heirs of salvation, whose discriminating ken finds subjects of adoring wonder in all the works of his hands, and who trace his benevolent purposes, and designs,—may discover in the solitary "lily of the vale," new developments of his skill and wisdom, new evidences of his benignity and goodness, to awaken their admiration and excite their love. Our blessed Saviour did not consider flowers beneath his notice or observation. He saw in them the faint resemblance of what Creation was, when, coming forth from his hands, he pronounced it good. To his eye they exceeded in beauty the gorgeous splendour of monarchs arrayed in all the glitter of Oriental costume; and from them he borrowed lessons of trust and reliance on his provident care, which he wished to impress on the minds of the dejected and the desponding. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much rather clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

From flowers we derive our ideas of beauty; and how opposite are they, as figures of earthly beauty. They are lovely to gaze upon; but soon they wither and fade and die: So we read,—
"All flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass."

Many of the saints of God, and especially the youthful pious, resemble flowers—not indeed flowers of the luxuriant garden, displaying their beauty, and imparting their fragrance to a neighbouring and populous country; but flowers in the wilderness—

"Blooming in solitary grass,
Where all around is dead."

They have an atmosphere of goodness about them. "Their conversation is in heaven;" but the holy union of their lives is felt comparatively by few. The circle of their acquaintance is small, and the sphere of their best influ-