

DENOMINATIONAL EDITOR VOL. XIII.

"From the Watchman and Reflector." LETTER FROM C. H. SPURGEON.

REASON FOR DELAY IN WRITING-CHRONICLE OF LABORS.

[In the annexed interesting letter received the and Reflector. It is not wonderful that one so overburdened with toil in the service of his Master, should find it difficult to write statedly. Our readers will welcome the renewal of his letters, and especially the promise given below, of a series from the continent.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR :-- Your patient subscribers have had to bear long with my silence, but I can honestly declare that it has been a clear impossibility for me to write until to-day. The fact is that I am fagged and weary ; so weary that sleep does not refresh me, and nothing but a long repose will re-invigorate me. For nearly seven years I have rushed onward, preaching from ten to twelve sermons every week, presiding over an immense church, willing for the press, instructing young men, giving advice to quarrel-ing churches and unsettled ministers, and doing a thousand and one things. all pleasant enough when enjoyed in moderation, but unitedly so heavy as to crush a man to the very earth. I have been thoroughly unwell, and quite unable to write to you. I purpose taking a long tour on the continent, and shall then be able to give you a more constant supply of letters, not upon the Rhine, which as your countrymen say is " tarnally chawed up," but upon any topic which may suggest itself to my mind while it is out at grass, and delivered from the collar, you achieve a f

Your venerable friend has asked me to give some account of my doings. Well, we will take the fortnight beginning with Sunday, March 18th,

and give a hasty diary of engagemen's. SUNDAY.—Preached in Excter Hall to the usual packed and crowded house, upon the subject of death. The sermon is entitled, Memento Mori, and has had a very large circulation. While preaching I spent all my strength, and seemed at the end to be thoroughly used up. The Holy Spirit had wrought in me such an agony for the souls of dying men, that I was borne beyond my-self, and at the conclusion was as much spent and worn as if I had been laboring in the sun for a whole day, Nevertheless in the evening my trength was restored, and again I endeavoured furl the banner, and wield the sword. The abbath was peculiarly a high day, and we ok for very many fruits to the honor and glory of God. O, how delightful to sail with the wind ; how different from tolling against the stream. Let but the heavenly gale arise, and it is a sorpasssing joy to be carried onward by its breath. MONDAY, 19. - Had three hours' reading with the most advanced of my students, and then repaired to the chapel to meet deputations, preside at committees, and conduct the prayer-meeting. Our meetings for prayer are daily in the morning at seven ; and on Monday evening at seven, the main body of the people come up to supplicate the Lord. The spirit of prayer in our midst has been maintained in a very eminent degree of fervency for the last seven years, and our success has been as clearly traceable to it as any effect could ever be traced to its cause. The daily prayer-meeting is nearly three years old, and has been sustained without pressure or pushing, by the spontaneous zeal of the people of God. I think continua prayer is much more really the work of the Spirit than those spasmodic flashes of excitement which startle for a time, and then die away in lethargy and forgetfulness. We have district meetings for prayer, presided over by the elders of the church in their own locality, the number of which would continually average twelve per week; and that every week in the year. Churches should never go back, but every institution should be permanent, and thus every advance would be a real, and not apparent gain. As far as L can gather, there are about twentyfive prayer-meetings weekly, officially recognized in connection with the church over which I preside, besides a very considerable number of meetings in private houses among the members. After prayer-meeting, saw several members and inquirers, and reached home soon after 11. P. M. Tuesday, 20 .- Left home at 7.30 in the morning, and was on my way to Diss, in Norfolk, a little journey of about 100 miles. Arrived at my destination at a few minutes after one, and found that rural town all alive with people from every neighboring village. No chapel could hold half the crowd who had gathered together, and the tent which had been erected had been dismentled by a high wind. France, his Mainter and The aforesaid wind was very riotous, blustering and noisy, and seemed to have received a special commission to molest us on that day. After some debate I determined to try the open air in the the framework of the dilapidated tent, and the following are the remarks which I sent home .-"We had a wonderful day at Diss yesterday. The two largest chapels could not have held the people, even had they been crammed to the doors; I therefore preached out of doors. In a high wind, with your hair over your face, or tossing wildly up to heaven one does not feel very much at ease, especially when perched on the tip end of a form, especially when perched on the tip end of a form, with a huge tent pole opposite one's eyes. "Waft waft, ye winds, his story." Indeed, the prayer was liberally and literally answered, yet the peo-ple were as attentive and devout as upon the most hallowed and orderly occasions. During this windy service I was much troubled to know what to do with the people in the dark in the evening. I hoped that many of the country people would go, and only the townsmen remain; but yet no

retired t) rest in a quiet farm house just as mil- ing men of Great Britain and America will see night had arrived. that the SABBATH is one of his greatest boons and WEDNESDAY, 21 .-- Up at six, and rode across blessings, and in his best defence against the

SAINT JOHN. NEW-BRUNSWICK,

a cold bleak country several miles to a railroad over-working, the grinding, the money-loving station, and then on to the town of Swaffham. rich land-proprietor, master-mechanic, the pow-When I saw the size of the chapel, and reman-erful manufacturer, and others of the "superior bered the scene of the day before, I prayed very classes," as they are called, who, if it were not for of eternity by drawing a circle. A circle has earnestly for rain in order that people might not the Sabbath-the rest of one day in seven-would no end. In that it is like eternity. But in no In the annexed interesting letter received the present week, Mr. Spurgeon, in responding to the request of a venerable friend that he would furnish a fuller account of his ownlabors, gives, at the same time, the cause of the temporary sus-tervals to add to the effect. Thus we were able tervals to add to the effect. Thus we were able

packed within, the rain prevented the accumula- 3rd instant. At the Victoria, the Rev. NEWMAN tion of a crowd at the doors, who would infallibly HALL, preached in the morning, and the Rev have rendered all worship an impossibility, by Dr. LESTER in the evening. At the close of the their furious rushes to get into a place gorged latter service a prayer-meeting was held. It is already beyond imagination. It is a happy thing estimated that 70,000 persons have heard the to see the people longing to hear the word, but word of life in this one theatre since the comwhen men's legs are broken, and women injured, mencement of these service. It is expected that the joy is turned into mourning. This fear con-tinually haunts me in these desperate rushes, service next October.

when the officers are unused to masses, and look idly on, as if paralyzed, instead of acting with double vigor. On this occasion all went on well, and the good hand of the Lord was very manifestly with in the book of life, nor can I tell if this be known us. The storm was a great blessing, and we to the angels which are in heaven. While in the shall never know how many accidents it preland of living men you are under the power and vented

application of a remedy, which if taken as the THURSDAY, 22 .- Left Swaffham at five in the gospel prescribes, will renovate the soul, and almorning, and had a splendid, though cold ride, together prepare it for the vigor of immortality. over a wild country, full of game of all sorts. How Wonder not, then, with this principle of uncerrefreshing to the tired and exhausted mind to mark the liberty and enjoyment which still re-mains as the portion of God's creatures, to see tainty in such full operation, ministers should feel for you ; or angels should feel for you ; or all the sensibilites of heaven should be awake upon the the joyous playfulness which survives the curse, symptoms of your grace and reformation ; or the and the singular beauty which even the fall could eyes of those who stand upon the high eminences not utterly efface. These quiet rides are a healof the celestial world, should be so earnestly thy medicine to the soul, and when the heart is fixed on the every footstep and new evolution of in fellowship with God, they are a means of grace your moral history. Such a consideration as this should do something more than silence the infiof no mean order. I reache | London after a ride by railway of about four hours, at eleven o'clock. del objection ; it should give a practical effect to and at once proceeded to the vestry of my chapel, the call of repentence. How will it go to aggrawhere I spent the afternoon in seeing, separately and individually, a large number of inquirers vate the whole guilt of our impenitency, should we stand out against the power and the tender who were seeking churc i-fellowship. God has ness of these manifold applications, the voice of been very gracious by continuing to us an ina beseeching God upon us-the word of salvation sant in its periods. No spasms of excitements at our very door-the free offer of strength and of acceptance sounded in our hearing -the Spirit in or fits of enthusia m have seized upon the peo- readiness with his agency to meet our every deple; the course of the church has been like the sire, and our every inquiry-angels beckoning us rolling of your majestic rivers ; a daily and hour-ly flood, ever gathering force, not from the fickle of our awakened conscience, drawing upon us all fountains of heated animal fervour, but from the ceaseless outflowing of the still waters of the *Dr* Chalmans Holy Spirit. It is not one remarkable sermon which is blessed, but the Word as a whole is ever useful. It is not at one prayer-meeting, or during a series of special efforts, that we have

of such a sum. Now put all the sand on the sea- gion. Reader reflect upon the vanity of all who shore into one heap, and let a bird take away one live without godliness, that you may be earnest grain every thousand years, till all is gone, and at the throne of grace, to be turned from the creayet that would not be the end of eternity. Eternity has no end. Some of the ancients tried to give some idea

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1860

But their souls live on, and on, and on, and on, forever. Nor do angels ever cease to live. All angels and all men shall live as long as God lives.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

In the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a crcss. It is opened but four times in a century. Paradise on this side of heaven. O! why do time, for pleasure ; God hath not cast man out On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the we seek the living among the dead? Why do Pope approaches it in princely state, with the we seek for living comforts, where we must ex-retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins pect to die daily? It is only heaven that is above

the demolition of the door, by striking it three all winds, and storms, and tempests. Let us remember we are pilgrims and strangers times with a silver hammer. When the passage upon earth, and our way lies over the brook and is opened, the multitudes pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue | valley of Cedron ; we cannot expect to enter with Christinto glory, but we must first drink of the which the major ty of them never entered thus brook in the way, (that is,) we must endure before, and never will enter thus again.

many afflictions, a variety of afflictions. If this Imagine that the way to the Throne of Grace were like the Porta Santa, inaccessable, save be the way that Christ hath led us, while others abide at ease in Zion, let us follow him in the once in a quarter of a century, on the twentyfifth of December, and then only with august valley, and over the brook that is called Cedron. -Ambrose.

solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been **RESPECTABLE DRAM-SHOPS.** permitted to pray; and that fifteen years must Rev. Mr. Chapin in discussing the question of drag themselves away, before we could venture again to approach God ; and that, at the most, icensing respectable liquor shops, remarks : ' Probably you would say-break up all these we could not hope to pray more than two or filthy and low haunts, all these places where the three times in a lifetime ! With what solicitude habitually intemperate, the degraded, the wretchshould we wait for the coming of that HOLY DAX ! We should lay our plans of life, select edly poor congregate ; and let these beverages our homes, choose our profession, form our friend- be sold in respectable places and to respectable ships, with reference to a *pilgrimage* in that people ! But is this really the best plan ? On twenty-fifth year. We should reckon time by the contrary, it seems quite reasonable to mainthe openings of that Sacred Door, as epochs. No tain that it is better to sell to the intemperate other thought would engross so much of our than the sober-to the degraded that to the reslives, or kindle our sensibilities so intensely as pectable-for the same reason that it is better to the thought of prayer. It would be of more burn up an old hulk than to set fire to a new significance to us than the thought of death is and splendid ship. I think it worse to put the now. Fear would grow to horror, at the idea of first cup to a young man's lips, than to crown with madness an old drunkard's life-long

poorest Christian who lives upon Christ and walks in daily fellowship with God is happier than the richest worlding. Indeed such only are happy.-[Bogatzky. OUR REST IS NOT HERE.

ture and seek for happiness in the Creator. The

What is this world but an ark of travail, a school of vanities, a fair of deceit and labyrinth of error, a barren wilderness, a stony field, a tempestuous sea, a swellling brook, a vale of tears full of miseries ? It is the A. B. C. of christianity, (as Bradford said) to learn the lesson

of taking up the Cross and following Christ. Surely this world is no place, and this life is no

exult in two or three cents more per pound obtained for the same quality, and sold by the same commission merchant-there must be a mistake somewhere. The mistake is at the dairyman's door. His neighbor procured new firkins or tubs this spring, has kept them neatly painted, with his name plainly marked in full upon the cover. A grocer or hotel-keeper was attracted by the promising look of the package, tried it, found it good, and engaged it for the seasonthe brand was established, and will always sell well while it keeps its reputation. Our less for-

when opened in market, all is thoroughly vile.

If country dealers would fix the price according

to the quality much of this would be remedied.

Housekeepers have little encouragement to do

their best, when a pound of grease, fit only for

the soap-maker, buys as much sugar as a pound

Dairymen who produce a really superior arti-

cle, are often surprised at the small returns re-

ceived from the distant market. Their neighbors

tunate f iend made the old pail answer, marked it with a notch which he would know, and sent it along. The weather-worn and rusty pail was overlooked by the best customers ; it was sold with the second sorts, and sold for second prices, to the joy of the customer, and the loss of the economical dairyman. Three cents per pouud on thirty weight of butter would pay for a new pail

But the great drawback in the quality of our butter is the want of "elbow grease." It is not sufficiently worked. It leaves the dairy apparently sweet and fresh, and is so for the time ; but the ladle or roller were too sparingly used, the buttermilk and sour milk soon become rancid. and five or ten cents per pound loss is the penalty. It would be thought a hard law that inflicted a fine of that amount for every pound of poorlyworked butter, but the inexorable laws of trade do impose just such a fine ; no excuses are received, no penalties remitted, and there is no appeal. But on the other hand, good butter, nicely packed, and carefully forwarded to honest dealers, invariably receives a premium, which we wish all our dairymen would compete for, and a part of which we will cheerfully pay .-- American Agri culturist.

SECULAR HOITO THOMAS McHENRY, ND MANAGE

of good table butter.

every week.

a transient work. Personal piety, when genuine, lest it was meant to betray; for he fancied, as he is abiding, and why the like rule should not hold well might, poor creature, that every man's hand good with regard to the entire church, I am at was against him. a loss to tell. At seven I preached the word to our usually full house at home, and enjoyed the delivery of message in my soul.

teen are thus aided in studies preparatory to the the North Star," said he, " and that's the way I's ministry, which are pursued during the week, and gwine till I finds her !"

then surveyed and recapitulat d at its close. I find myself at the end of niv paper, and there-fore my intention of giving the whole fortnight must be fulfilled in brief. During the rest of this week, and the next, and so on to this day, I have

THE SINNER YIELDING.

"I have heard of Thee, O God, by the hearing of the ear; now mine eye seeth Thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." So inwardly is the truth of that word now felt, "That

thrown into hell at my first refusal! Yea, Lord, with all my heart and sonl, I renounce the vani-ties of an empty, cheating world, and all the plea-sures of sin. In Thy favor stands my life. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? Whom on earth do I de-ire besides Thee? And, O thou bless-ei Jesns, thou Prince of the kings of the earth who hast loved me, and washed me from my-sins in Thy blood, whom the eternal God hath exaited to be a Prince and a Savieur to give reparatence. in Thy blood, whom the eternal God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentence and remission of sins, I fall before Thee, my Lord and my God; I here willingly tender my homage at the footstool of Thy throne. I take Thee for the Lord of my life. I absolutely sur-render and resign myself to Thee. Thy love con-strains me henceforth no more to live for myself, but to Thee, who diedst for me, and didst rise again. And I subject and yield myself to The

covery,-a saving of three-fourths of the expense into their hands, let them cut and carve as they churning is found unfit for family use, and is sermon at once. Thus two congregations heard the Word, and let us hope double seed was sown. O, that the Lord may crown the day with success and give a three fold increase to the three dis-courses After service role a few miles, so as to lessen the 1 ugth of the next day's journey, and ning T. Bastation Contract of - Haralence ent .

FAITH IN THE NORTH STAR.

A CALL TO REPENTANCE.

I know not who of you have your names written

When I was a child, my father, one night, gave enjoyed the Divine presence; but year after year shelter and rest to a fugitive from slavery. For the gracious dew descends. True revivals may be sudden in true arrival, but I cannot bring my mind to believe that they are hasty in their de-was an object of absorbing interest to us chil-When a country or district is heaved dren. I shall never forget his fantastic dress. aloft into the air of apparent zeal for goilliness, and the mixture of the grotesque and pitiable in and in a few years subsides again into its ancient his manner. The falling of a leaf startled him. lethargy, it is time to qu stion the vitality of such and he trembled to accept the least kind office.

He had come a long way, and his feet were sore, and his coarse and scanty clothing was torn by the briers among which he had concealed him-FRIDAY, 23 .- My young students came at 9.30 self during the days, for his fear had not permitto their usual weekly examination, which occu- ted him to travel, except of nights. He had a pied us until nearly two o'clock. During this sweetheart somewhere, who had escaped a year time we run over a variety of subjects, compris- before him; where she was he did not know, but ing theology, elocution, etymology, the physical his faith in their ultimate meeting knew no sha-sciences, and homiletics. Some fifteen or six- dow of doubt. "She sot her face right toward

Many a time, when I have seen men and women zig-zagging through the world, without any guiding light, I have thought of that poor fugi-tive and his North star, and wished there were he viewo') ed Yours truly, en A said he sinesanger won of C:H. Spurgeon.

more of his childlike faith and reliance in the world If the Lord of heaven and earth do now look from the throne of glory, and say, "What! sin-ner, wilt thou despise My favor and pardon, My Son, thy mighty, merciful Redeemer, My grace and Spirit still?"—what can be the return of the poor abashed wretch, overawed by the glory of the Divine majesty, stung with compunction, over-come with the intination of kindness and love ! can find access to him, and no fear come to mock

thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and ance must be our faith in him through whom never open thy mouth any more because of thy only that reliance can be assured. In the long never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God." (Ezek. xvi: 63.)But, sinner, wilt thou make a covenant with Me and My Christ? Wilt thou make a covenant thy God, and Him for thy Redeemer and Lord? And may I, Lord! yet, may [! O, admirable grace! wonderful sparing mercy! that I was not thrown into hell at my first refusal! Yea, Lord, with all my heart and sonl. I remounce the yani-

milk." and they can only show you more and various ap-earances of happiness. Give them all the world tions, no doubt, because it is poor. A neglected The writer regards it as a most valuable dis

dying before that year of Jubilee. No other question would give us such tremors of anxiety as these would excite :--- "How many years now to the time of prayer ! How many days ? Shall than to take the carrien of a man, a mere shell we live to see it ? Who can tell ?"

Yet, on that great day, amidst an innumerable throng, in a courtly presence, within sight and

parison with those still moments,--" secret silence of the mind."

in which we now can " find God," every day, and every where? That day would be more like the day of judgment to us, than like the sweet minutes of converse with "our Father," which we may now have every hour. We should appreciate this whelm only the maimed and battered conscripts privilege of hourly prayer, if it were once taken

from us. Should we not? "Still with Thee, O my God, I would desire to be ;

By day, by night, at home, abroad, I would be still with thee !

With Thee amid the crowd That throng the busy mart-

Speak softly to my heart !"

-The Still Hour.

To hear Thy voice, ' mid clamor loud,

THE STEAM PRESS.

In the course of his eloquent address at the Tract meeting Dr. Fuller said : "Who can measure the power of the press? An ounce of lead moulded into a bullet, and put into a Minie rifle. with a few grains of powder beneath it will do its errand sufficiently upon a man two miles distant, if it encounter no obstacle ; but that ounce of lead made into types and put into one of Hoe's lightening printing presses, will go thousands of miles and do its errand effectively, not on one man merely, but on millions, and that though oceans, rivers and mountains may intervene. A steam printingpress! Did youever go down into one of the spacious vaults beneath our side-walks, and watch the mensters? I feel something like awe in looking at them. I feel like taking off my hat to the huge machine. It seems to me like one of Ezekiel's living creatures, with the hand of man, and the creature in the wheels.

"It asks no nourishment knows no weariness. How it strips itself to its work, and toils on with a strength that mocks to scorn the might of a giant, and with a clamour as if it would shiver to pieces every substance in its grasp. And yet with a delicacy and precision unattainable by human muscles, it receives a fabric so delicate that a rude touch would rend it, and imprints upon it in the twinkling of an eye that which costs hours to compose. It flings off sheets to entertain, instruct, regenerate and bless the earth. None of us have yet begun to appreciate the influence of the press as an agent for the diffusion of knowledge, whether it be in volumes, pamphlets, or above all, through the daily newspaper, that mor-al institution which has revolutionised not only the literary but the commercial and political world It would be an unheard of delinquency, did not the Church of God employ this mighty agency.

THE EMP IY CUP.

go, and only the townsmon remain ; but yet not place would hold them, and a service in the cold might air, rough wind and darkness would have been impossible. At last I hit upon the following expedient which answered admirably. I gave out that I should preach in both chapels the should first appear. Both places were full to the shylights. I went to one and preached at once and then requested a brother minister to read, pray and sing, and so conduct the services which ought to have been preliminary at the end in-order bat it prevented disorder. Rushing away to the second house, where they had been pro-ceeding with the usual service, I arrived at the hast verse of the second house, where they had been pro-ceeding with the usual service, I arrived at the fast verse of the second house, Thus two congregations heard If you were to see a man endeavoring all his better, as we will explain. The cost in market life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup the best sorts, over the inferior, would seem to is 26 cents per quart, or 64 cents for a half pint, to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ig-norance; but if you see others, of finer under-standings, ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one which by the addition of three half pints of water will make a quart of milk decidedly better, more plies, we have often sampled and tasted large lots cup and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a varhealthy, and less watered than the milk bought iety of gilt and golden empty cups, would you think that these were even the wiser or happier -smelling was enough in many cases-without of milkmen in our cities; and capable, after finding a single desirable firkin. Scarce a counor better employed, than the object of their con-tempt? Now this is all the difference that you being dilluted properly, of answering all the purtry housekeeper would allow such trash to appear poses of the best milk. The cream will rise as on her table; indeed, visitors from the country can see in the various forms of happiness caught usual, and butter may be made, and the milk will at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the find the poor butter here one of their greatest show itself possessed of all the properties of fresh great scholar, the fine genius, the great states-man, the polite gentlemen, unite all their schemes, then, is such butter sent here? From some sec-

alienation-worse to wake the fierce appetite in the depths of a generous and promising nature, of imbecility, and soak it in a fresh debauch. Therefore, if I were going to say where the

license should be granted in order to show its efficacy, I would say-take the worst sinks of hearing of stately rights, what would prayer be efficacy, I would say-take the worst sinks of worth to us? Who would value it in the com-

tion of the Law, and let them run to overflowing. But shut up the gilded apartments where youth takes its first draught and respectability just begins to falter from its level. Close the ample doors through which enters the long train of those who stumble to destruction and reel into quick graves, and let the floor overthat remain. Besides it is better to see vice as it really is than as it sometimes appears. The danger of intemperance is when it assumes this very garb of respectability, and sits in the radiant circle of fashion attended by wit, beauty and social delight. Let us see the Tempter, not as he seems when he throws out his earliest lures, in fest il garments and with roses around his

brow; but as he looks when fairly engaged in his work, showing his genuine expression. Let us see this voice of intemperance in its results, as they teem and darken here in the midst of our city life. Lay bare its channel-where it flows over the wrecks of human happiness, and over

dead men's bones. Lay bare its festering heaps of disease, its madness, its despair, its domestic desolation, its reckless sweep over all order and sanctity; and thus, tracing it from its sources under glittering chandeliers and in fonts of crystal, we shall be able to say—" this is the real element which exists and does its work, by public convenience and by sanction of Law."

A WARNING.

Young men, for the love of reason, and your own lives, avoid drinking wine, beer, or spirituous liquors of any sort. Formerly these worse than useless beverages only stupefied, now they poison. We have kept a record for the last month of the cases of death by delirium tremens in this immediate vicinity, and mostly in Boston itself, which has reached "thirty-two cases !" The horsound of many waters, and the spirit of the living rible stuff, retailed under various names, by the glass, in nearly every street, would astonish any

one, could he see it analyzed. -Ex.

Agricultural, Etc.

WE WANT GOOD BUTTER.

The dairy season is now at full tide, the milkpails overflow with their foaming treasures, the pans are crowned with rich cream, and golden nuggets of butter are ready for transportation to the market, there to be minted into solid coins. The quantity of dairy products brought to this market alone would snrprise a novice. The quality of much of it is still more astounding. An average of 500,000 lbs. of butter per week is consumed in this city and vicinity; 100,000 lbs.

would be a full estimate of the prime article to be found in whole quantity.' The price paid for

WHERE OUR VEGETABLES CAME FROM

By far the greater part of the vegetables now raised in our common kitchen gardens, came originally from beyond seas, and are not the natural growth of this continent. Most of them were introduced by emigrants from Europe ; but many of these, even Europe herself had previously derived from more eastern countries. Some writers of eminence trace the following productions to the

to the countries respectively named	
Buckwheat,	Asia
Cauliflower,	Cyprus
Asparagus,	Asia
Lettnce,	Brabant
Shallots,	Siberia
Horse-radish,	China
Kidney-beans,	East Indies
Celery,	Flanders
Potatoes,	Brazil
Tobacco,	America
Cabbage,	Holland
Parsley,	Egypt
Carrots,	Flanders
Peas,	Spain
Fruits and flowers as follows :	
Tulip,	Cappadocia
Daffodil.	Italy
Lily,	Syria
Carnation,	Italy
Damask-rose,	Damascus
Pink,	Italy
Convolulus,	Canaries
Passion-flower,	Brazil
Rosemary,	Italy
Laburnum,	Hungary
Apples,	Syria
Apricots,	Epirus
Currants,	Zante
Gooseberries,	Flanders
Plums,	Damascus
Oranges and Lemons,	Spain
Peaches,	Persia

CONDENSED MILK.

The Hartford, Ct., Homestead, gives a detailed description of " milk-factory," which a Mr. Boraden, has put in operation " in one of the wildest gorges of the Lichfield hills."

" The long and short of the whole process is, that fresh milk is received night and morning and condensed to one-fourth its original bulk by evaporation, and in this shape, that is, looking like very thick cream, it is sent to market, requiring only to be dilluted with as much water as has been removed from it, to be as perfect and excellent milk as it was at first, and in fact, a little

P