

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 13th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xix. 28-48: Christ's entry into Jerusalem. EXODUS xiii.: The passover instituted.

Recite—LUKE xix. 8-10.

NOVEMBER 20th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xx. 1-19: The parable of the vineyard. EXODUS xiv. 1-14: Israel pursued by Pharaoh.

Recite—LUKE xix. 41-44.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From the 6th to the 19th November, 1859.

First Quarter, Nov'r. 2, 0. 4 Afternoon. Full Moon, " 10, 9. 5 Morning. Last Quarter, " 17, 8. 52 " New Moon, " 24, 9. 28 "

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., and High Water at Halifax and Windsor. Rows list days from 6th to 19th of November.

\* For the time of HIGH WATER at Pictou, Pugwash, Wallace, and Yarmouth add 2 hours to the time at Halifax.

\* For HIGH WATER at Annapolis, Digby, &c., and at St. John, N. B., add 3 hours to the time at Halifax.

\* The time of HIGH WATER at Windsor is also the time at Pargyboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

\* For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the Sun's setting.

A Sun Picture.

What a pity children should ever grow up. The other day, passing through an entry of one of our public buildings, we saw two little boys, of the ages of about six and eight, with their arms about each other's necks, exchanging kiss after kiss.

Remarkable Experience.

The late Rev. Joseph W. Sawyer, who died at Whiting, Vt., where he had successfully served as pastor, wrote not long ago to the American Baptist:

"I never in my life had a fit of sickness... a broken bone or a dislocated joint... and never lost a meal of victuals for want of appetite since I was born.

A STANZA FOR TOBACCO SMOKERS.—A Scotch lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than that imported from Havana, writes in the following style of the patrons of the weed:—

May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning, Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps its chimney burning. May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes might choke her; And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker.

"When a stranger treats me with a want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration.

Men and Women at Home.

A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her sine qua non of domestic felicity, that the "men of the family" should always be absent at least six hours in the day. And truly a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge that this is a great boon.

It might be as well, too, if the master himself could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scraper outside the door; however, as these chapters do not pretend to lecture the lords of creation, I have nothing more to say on that score.

Printing in America.

The first printing press in North America as we learn, from Coggeshall's Newspaper Record, was established at the City of Mexico, about the year 1600.

Pennsylvania was the second Colony to encourage printing. William Bradford came to Pennsylvania with William Penn, in 1686, and established a printing press in Philadelphia.

It was nearly a century after a printing press had been set up in New England, before one would be tolerated in Virginia.

The southern colonists had no printing done among them till 1727.

Table listing printing presses established in various locations: Cambridge, Massachusetts (1629); Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (1686); New York, New York (1692); New London, Connecticut (1706); Annapolis, Maryland (1726); Williamsburg, Virginia (1729); Charleston, South Carolina (1730); Newport, Rhode Island (1732); Woodbridge, New Jersey (1752); Newbern, North Carolina (1755); Portsmouth, New Hampshire (1756); Savannah, Georgia (1762).

The first printing press established in the Northwest Territory, was worked by William Maxwell, at Cincinnati, in 1793. The first printing executed west of the Mississippi, was done at St. Louis, in 1808, by Jacob Hinkle.

There had been a printing press in Kentucky, in 1786, and there was one in Tennessee, in

1793; in Michigan in 1809; in Mississippi in 1810. Louisiana had a press immediately after her possessions by the United States.

Printing was done in Canada, before the separation of the American Colonies from the mother country. Halifax had a press in 1751, and Quebec boasted of a printing office in 1764.

In 1725, there were 5 newspapers printed in the United States; in 1775, there were 34; in 1800, about 200; in 1825, about 600; in 1830, about 1000; in 1840, about 1400; in 1850, about 2300. In 1860 there will be at least 5000.

Scene on the Arkansas River.

In coming down the Arkansas River last May, I went out upon the guard to look at the large wheel at the stern of the boat; but my attention was diverted from the wheel, when I found a little black baby at the extreme end of the guard behind two barrels, lying upon an old rag of carpeting.

"Whose baby is that?"

"It is mine," she replied.

"How old is it?"

"Most four months."

"How old are you?"

"Most eighteen."

"Have you other children?"

"No."

"Do you love that baby any?"

Starting to her feet, and bringing he clenched hands down to her sides with a force that shook her frame, she exclaimed:

"With all my life!"

"Don't tell me that," said I, wishing to draw her out. "If that was my baby," I added, "I should not leave him alone, and in such a place; I would hold him all day, and watch him most tenderly."

"Ah! missis," and she sighed heavily, while the tears filled her eyes, "you don't know; you can't understand; but I love him too much for dat. I'm a field hand. I can suckle my baby, when I work, only at six in de mornin', at noon, an' six o'clock at night. He lie on de cabin floor jes he does now yonder all day long."

"Have you a husband?" I asked.

"O! yes. Massa hated to part us dreffully; but he was 'bliged to. He sold nuff on us one day, to pay a security debt of fifteen thousand dollars. My husband wasn't sold, but massa promised me he would send him down to me next year, and I shall 'spect him."

"How do you know about your being sold for debt?" I asked.

"O! massa told us, and"—

"I was de house girl," chimed in another black girl standing by. "I used to tell de men who come for massa to get us for de debt, dat massa had done gone away, when all de time I know'd he was in de ole chamber hid away, cause he didn't want to sell us. Now, missis, won't you buy me? Please do. I know you are from one ob de Eastern States. 'Pears like I could tell an eastern lady as soon as I put my eyes on her—she look so different, somehow. I want to go wid you. I am afraid to be sold down in Mississippi or New Orleans."

Then she began to cry, and I retreated to my state-room, for the tears would come, and I could hear no more of the wrongs of these poor slaves. Did I doubt this slave-mother's affections? Do you?—Anglo African.

What Ashes.

The President of the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company always brings home from his adjustment tours a new story, and it is rarely as solemn as the stockholders think becomes a man who has been on so serious an errand as paying out their money for somebody else's losses.

"What ashes?"

"Why, the ashes of the burned store—I've got 'em all saved up in the barn, according to your laws."

The puzzled President begged a personal explanation, when the policy-holder got down the documents, and pointed out in the long list of printed questions, which all underwriters pester and plague their customers with, the following: "Ashes—how kept?" and then triumphantly added, "I've got them all barreled, ready to ship to their office, if you want; but I think you'd better wait till the canal opens, when the freight would be less." The astonished President owns that he turned pale.

Tobacco, and its Lovers.

It is humiliating to one's sense of Christian manhood to be enslaved by a love for a noxious weed. We heard once a Moderator of a Christian assembly confess that he had not strength of will enough to give up tobacco, and many other good Christians are as helpless as he.

Of literary men, Goethe hated tobacco—a very extraordinary thing for a German to do. Heinrich Heine had the same dislike. Of French literateurs, Balzac, Victor Hugo and Dumas did not smoke; but the smokers are Alfred de Musset, Eugene Sue, Merimee, Paul de St. Victor, and Madame Dudevant, better known by her sobriquet George Sand, who often indulges in a cigar between the intervals of literary labor, as the ladies of Spain and Mexico delight in doing at all other intervals.

"Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years. I have had it in my head to write this poem for these two years (Farewell to Tobacco;) but tobacco stood in its own light, when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises."

Lamb once, in his smoking days, was puffing coarsest weed from a long clay pipe in company with Parr, who was careful in obtaining finer sorts, and the Doctor, in astonishment, asked him how he acquired this "prodigious power!"

Lamb answered, "by toiling after it; as some men toil after virtue."

Of other literary smokers in England we may note Sir Walter Scott, who at one time carried the habit very far. So did the Poet Bloomfield, Campbell, Moore, Byron delighted in its temperate enjoyment, as does the present laureate Tennyson, who has echoed its praise with Byron in immortal verse.

"I am qualifying myself for the society of a Doctor of Divinity, and this (holding up the pipe) is the test of my admission."

When presented with Clark's pamphlet on "The Use and Abuse of Smoking," he said, "I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking."

The "learned in the law" as well as the dignitaries of the church have smoked. Lords Eldon and Stowell, and Lord Brougham in early life, indulged thus. The late Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Devonshire gave it aristocratic sanction, and George IV, royally patronized it.

Thus, from the throne to the cottage the pipe has been a solace; it has aided soldier and sailor in bearing many a hard privation. Many would rather go without their rations than their pipe, and endure any hardship with it. Here is a modern instance from the late Crimean war:

A lady told me a story of a man, M—, in her division, which shows how much some of them will venture for a smoke. He had just had one of his toes taken off, under the influence of chloroform. It bled profusely; and the surgeon, after binding it up, went away, giving his strict injunctions not to allow him to move, and ordered him some medicine, which he would send presently. She was called away to another patient for a few minutes, and went, leaving M—with strict orders not to put his foot down. On her return to his bedside, to her astonishment he was gone; and after some searching she discovered him, by the traces of blood on the stairs and corridor, sitting down in the yard smoking his pipe with the greatest sang froid. She spoke to him seriously about disobeying orders and doing himself an injury; but he was perfectly callous on the subject of his toe. She succeeded, however, in working on his feeling at having disfigured the corridor with blood, and he came back, saying, "Indeed, ma'am, I could not help going to have a pipe, for that was the nastiest stuff I ever got drunk on in my life"—alluded to the chloroform.—W. & R.

A young Frenchman named Jacob, a turner in copper, is reported to have discovered a new motive power, which has excited great interest among mechanicians. While seeking to increase the power of his turning lathe, a new means of power was suddenly revealed to him, whereby he has been able, alone, without assistance, to construct a machine which increases two hundred fold the labor of one man, and may be increased to unlimited extent.

There are in Egypt three hundred miles of railroad, when the running of the trains was commenced, mummies were used for fuel, and are said to make a very hot fire. The supply is almost inexhaustible, and they are used by the cord. What a destiny! to provide fuel for a locomotive.

The late Dr. Wm. A. Alcott left a medical autobiography which is shortly to be published. It bears the following unique and suggestive title: "Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders, or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician."

The duty of government like nature, is to abhor a vacancy, and so to fill it up with the least possible delay.—Punch.