

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JANUARY 16th, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 39-56: Mary's song of praise.
GENESIS iii. 1-21: The fall of Adam and Eve.
Recite—LUKE i. 18-20.

JANUARY 23rd, 1859.

Read—LUKE i. 57-80: Birth of John the Baptist.
GENESIS iv. 1-10: The murder of Abel and the sentence of Cain.
Recite—LUKE i. 46-50.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From January 9th to 22nd, 1859.

New Moon, January 4, 1. 11 morning.
First Quarter, " 12, 3. 8 "
Full Moon, " 18, 7. 34 Afternoon.
Last Quarter, " 25, 4. 31 "

P. M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets	Halifax.	Windsor.
9	SU.	7 34	4 26	10 19	9 55	11 10	4 5
10	M.	7 33	4 27	10 38	10 53	11 45	4 47
11	Tu.	7 32	4 28	10 52	10 59	0 3	5 30
12	W.	7 32	4 28	11 57	6 7	0 41	6 17
13	Th.	7 31	4 29	11 43	1 27	1 23	7 8
14	F.	7 30	4 30	A. 16	2 31	2 14	8 4
15	Sa.	7 29	4 31	2 3	4 48	3 21	9 7
16	SU.	7 28	4 32	2 3	5 6	4 40	10 13
17	M.	7 27	4 33	3 20	6 17	6 0	11 19
18	Tu.	7 26	4 34	4 44	7 14	7 7	morn.
19	W.	7 25	4 35	6 10	8 0	8 47	0 24
20	Th.	7 24	4 36	7 29	8 34	8 56	1 23
21	F.	7 23	4 37	8 49	9 3	9 44	2 16
22	Sa.	7 22	4 38	10 2	9 25	10 30	3 6

* 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 Parrsboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

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

The Snake-Tamer.

One day towards the close of the fashionable season at one of the most celebrated of the Virginia watering-places, a man, carrying a large box under his arm, made his appearance in the front yard of the visitors' hotel. He was tall and sinewy in person, with the air and deportment of a foreigner. The steady, gray eye, and the rigid mould of his features, indicated vigor of will and energy of character. In other respects, there was nothing noteworthy in his appearance or movements.

Having approached to within a short distance of the hotel, he deposited his box upon the ground, uncovered it, and took out a large rattlesnake, which he held in his hand, grasping it tightly around the body six inches from the head and fixing a steady gaze upon its glittering eyes. The reptile coiled its body around the arm of the man, or writhed in slow, wavy motions through the air, darting its arrowy tongue with a sibilant sound through the half-open jaws. In a few moments the erect head drooped, the mouth closed, and the subdued serpent lay motionless in the hand of the operator, who, during the whole performance, stood, erect and silent, in the position he had first taken.

A spectacle so novel and exciting, attracted at once the attention of the visitors at the Springs. The ladies crowded on the front gallery of the hotel, and the men and boys gathered in a dense circle around the mysterious stranger, to witness his perilous feat.

To convince the spectators that the exhibition was not a deception, the performer drew forth another large rattlesnake from his box, placed a short, blunt stick upright in its mouth so as to hold the fauces apart, and then, inserting another stick beneath the fangs, he pressed them outwardly until their full length was exposed to view. In this condition he carried the reptile round the circle of men and boys, and through the crowd of ladies, that all might see it was a veritable snake, armed with fang and poison, with which his experiments were performed. This done, he returned to his first position, placed the snake upon the ground, and commenced kicking at it with great violence, taking care, however, not to strike it with his foot. Quickly irritated by the simulated assault, the snake threw itself into a coil, shook its rattles, and seemed eager to strike its assailant, who, leaning forward, seized and held it up, writhing hissing, in his grasp. He looked steadily a short time into its eyes, when, as in the experiment, the head drooped, the passion subsided, and the serpent remained subdued and in the hand of the tamer.

He emptied upon the ground the contents of his box, consisting of a dozen or more large, venomous rattlesnakes. The reptile mass coiled, hissing and fierce, at his feet. He picked up, one by one, gazed intently, for a short time into their eyes, and then placed some of them in his bosom with their heads and necks protruding as from a den; others he twin-

ed around his neck and arms, and the rest he seized and held aloft in his hands. The reptiles writhed and twisted and coiled as if tightening their hold upon the person of the performer. Their eyes glittered, and their tongues shot forth and back, like tiny arrows, from their mouths. But the ominous rattles all were still, betokening that curiosity and not anger elicited these reptile demonstrations. The snake tamer, begirt with this serpentine girdle, remained not only unharmed, but apparently quite unconcerned. He had radiated the mysterious spell of the human eye upon them, and man asserted his lordship over the most cunning of all the beasts of the field.

The report of these wonderful feats having spread through the neighborhood, with the offer of a liberal price, by the performer, for live, venomous snakes, of every description, a lad came in one morning to the Springs, bringing a large rattlesnake which he had just caught in the neighboring mountains. The snake-tamer paid the promised reward for it, and proceeded at once to subdue it in the presence of nearly all of the visitors.

Having cautiously removed the lid of the box in which the snake was confined, and turned it over upon one side, he withdrew a few steps and awaited the result. In a few moments, a rusty and most venomous-looking rattlesnake, of very large size, crawled leisurely out upon the grass with which the yard was covered. It is the nature of this species of the serpent race to betray neither fear nor excitement at the presence of man. Deeming themselves secure in the possession of enormous fangs and a supply of virus sufficiently copious and deadly to produce almost instant death in man or beast, they neither hasten to escape from sight when discovered, nor betray the least alarm when assailed. It is even the popular faith that they magnanimously give warning before they strike, by shaking their rattles, which produce a peculiar, whirring sound, startling to the nerves and alarming to the mind.

The presence of the performer and of the large crowd which surrounded him, seemed not to disturb or even to arrest the attention of the scaly monster, which, having crawled forth out of the box, lay motionless and extended to its full length upon the grass. The snake-tamer approached and simulated an attack by repeated and rapid motions towards its head with his foot. The reptile became furiously irate in a moment. Assuming the coil, which is its natural position both for attack and defence, it darted forth its tongue and shook its rattles with the rapidity and violence which produce their most alarming sound. As the performer continued, at a safe distance, the motions with his foot, the snake soon became almost blind with rage. Its head flattened, its eyes glittered like diamond points, and a fearful, prolonged hiss issued from its mouth. The man made one step towards it, when, unable longer to control its passion to strike, it leaped forward and fell, full length, upon the grass, close at his feet. Before it could throw itself again into a coil, he seized it with a firm grasp about six inches below the head, and holding it off at arm's length from his person, lifted it up from the ground.

The rage and contortions of the now imprisoned reptile were terrible to behold. Through the air, and round and round the arm of the performer, it twisted and writhed the caudal extremity of its body, making, all the time, a monotonous and fearful whiz with its rattles, and essaying every moment, to strike his arm or his person. The spectators shuddered with horror and alarm at the sight; but the intrepid experimenter, confident in his art, betrayed neither fear nor doubt as to the certainty of his triumph.

From the moment he first seized the snake, he had looked, with a fixed, almost unwinking gaze, into its eyes, which the serpent apparently returned with a look equally steady and fierce. By degrees the contortions of its body became less violent, and its efforts to strike less frequent. The arm of the man was gradually bent, so as to bring the snake, by slow approaches, nearer to his face. At length, overcome by the magnetic fascination of his look, it lay harmless and unresisting in his grasp. He placed it in his bosom, twined it around his neck and fondled it with his hands. The subdued creature, shorn of its native ferocity, yielded itself to the power of its victor, and permitted him to caress and handle it with impunity.

The spectators broke forth into audible expressions of admiration at the accomplishment of this remarkable feat. The performer passed his hat around for a collection, and soon had the satisfaction of receiving it back well replenished with coins—the enthusiasm of the visitors prompting them to make a liberal donation as a reward for the peril he had braved, and the entertainment he had afforded.

Satisfied with his success, the snake-tamer vanished from the Old Sweet Springs as suddenly as he had come.—*Home Journal.*

A Caution to Young Men.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in New York, for some time, and considered himself very good-looking and fascinating made a deadly onset on the heart and fortune of a young lady who was boarding in the same house with him. After a prolonged siege, the lady surrendered. They were married on Wednesday morning. The same afternoon the "young wife" sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a "beautiful little daughter," three and a half years of age.

"Good heavens! then you are a widow," exclaimed the astonished student.

"Yes my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have all my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too deep for utterance. The next day the "darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear they had a "new papa," because they could now live at home and have all the playthings they wanted!

The "new papa," as soon as he could speak; remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well no," said the happy mother; "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—complexion, temperament, color of hair and eyes—all different."

This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astounded step-father of four children.

"But her fortune," thought he "that will make amends." He spoke of her fortune.

"These are my treasures," says she in the Roman matron style, pointing to her children.

The conceit was now quite taken out of the Michigander, who, finding that he made a complete goose of himself, at once retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to render his "boys" useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practised upon him by their mother.

A Virginia Gentleman.

Mr. Wallis, in the *Home Journal*, recording his impressions of life in the "Old Dominion," passes the following judgment upon Virginia gentlemen of the present. We copy the extract because of the impressive fact related at its close, which should convey a solemn lesson to the Christian reader. Mr. Wallis's conclusion respecting slovenly carelessness of dress, are, we fear, founded upon somewhat too narrow a basis. They remind us of an Englishman's comment upon the Yankees—"They are a profane set of rascals—those Yankees—the most profane people in the world—why, every man I met in the public room of an 'otel' had an oath upon his lips."

"I had made up my mind, after the first day or two of observation, that I would venture to record, in print, my disappointment as to Virginia gentlemen, in the matter of personal exterior. As they came cantering along with their loose bridles through the woods—pointed out by our guides as the high-named owners of estates in the neighborhood—I could not but be struck with a slovenly carelessness of dress, such as could alone come from a confirmed indifference to the public eye. I say I had intended to remark upon this prevailing degeneracy from the Fairfax and Washington standard, and I had selected one Virginia gentleman to sit for his picture—a fellow traveller in one of the boats on the Rappahannock. He certainly was a marked instance of it, and what with the tobacco-juice oozing from the corners of his mouth, dirty linen, and coat out at the elbows. I could hardly understand what I saw, by his conversation with those around, to be his position and condition. I was concluding that he was either a ruined gambler or a prodigal son of some well-known and respected family, when I saw him do something which at once redeemed him, in my estimation.

"Previous to retiring to his berth for the night, he left his half-dozen companions around the cabin stove, took the Bible which lay on the shelf by the mirror, and, sitting down by the candle in the corner, read for a few minutes, in apparently complete abstraction. Then, closing the book, he sat for a few moments with his hand over his eyes—his face, as he rose and came towards us, looking so different from what I had before thought of it, that I saw I had mistaken my man! Though a sloven in his exterior, he was neither ashamed nor afraid to honor God openly. And thus I will believe that the neglect of the outer man, with which I had been disposed to find fault, is often, in Virginia, but a thin crust over hearts kept right, and qualities inherited from better days."

Kitchen-culture.

As a matter of good morals, as well as of economy, every woman should be an expert housekeeper. Because the Divine Teacher gently reproved Martha for excessive carefulness, I am persuaded that he did not mean to discourage the womanly tact and training which fit their possessor to guide a household well. To fash-

ionable girls in these days a larder or a kitchen are as unknown regions as Dr. Livingstone's new found jungles and lakes in Central Africa. Yet young ladies, who are so much above house-keeping do not seem to be above having a house to keep their idle bodies in. So they rush into matrimony as naturally as a duck takes to the water. As soon as the wedding-tour is achieved, and the honeymoon has waned (how sad it is that the "old moon" comes so soon)—when the new upholsteries are well adjusted, and the stupid formalities of wedding calls are over, then comes the tug of war. A sensible couple marry to be happy. The husband expects to do his work out of doors, and expects, too, that his wife will do hers as well within doors.

"But perhaps instead of a wife, the young bridegroom has only married a delicate doll, or a flippant flirt, or a pretty plaything. She is no Martha, and no Mary either. In market she can barely distinguish between a calf's head and a pig's feet; in cooking she is as much puzzled as poor old King George, who could not conceive how the apples got into the dumplings."

"But she can dance. She can spoil Bristol board. She can play polkas. She has an ear for music, if she has not an eye for dirt. She is accomplished; but alas! her tired and hungry husband cannot live on accomplishments. He would gladly give all her daubs 'in oil,' and all her embroidered stool-covers for one clean tablecloth, and for a loaf of bread that did not give him the nightmare.

"A wife need not be a drudge; nor any more need she be a drone. The most cultivated women I have ever met have known how to prepare a dinner as well as how to criticize an essay by Macaulay."—*Rev. T. R. Cuyler in Christian Intelligencer.*

The new Schoolmaster

FOR PUSEYITE PARSONS IN THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.
What, boys, what boys, I thought you knew
This sort of thing invites the hire!
You'll find that *Punch* has told you true—
You must not bring your toys to church,
If all your silly little games,
Cross, censers, flowers, delight you so,
Keep them, but give them schoolboy names;
They're quite apart from church, you know,

Barney, attend to what I say;
Those Christmas candles, red and green,
Use them, and welcome, at your play,
But never let them here be seen.
You, foolish Liddy, you have brought
Those crosses, eh? My little dear
Learn to be serious, as you ought:
We'll have no oughts and crosses here.

What's that you mutter?—*Mr. Pope*
Allows his lads to have their toys.
You don't compare yourself, I hope,
To those bad cunning, vicious boys?
Pope's boys are trained to lie, nor care
How much: what models, boys, for you!
Provided that he gets his share,
Pope never questions what they do.

You, boy, with hair that never curls,
What's that you say, with look awry?
We bring the toys to please the girls.
For shame, you little coward, fie!
To screen behind that base pretence,
And charge on girls your breach of rules
Besides it's false; all girls of sense
And spirit, call you childish fools.

Now mark me well. My name is Tait,
And here's my rod. Each mother's son
Beware, lest he should feel its weight:
These are my words to every one.
"Your mother, boy, has trusted me,
I will not leave her in the lurch.
But flog you soundly if I see
You ever bring your toys to church!"
—*Punch.*

Not bright enough for a Barber.

The jest has become a stale one that English parents who find their boys too dull for other pursuits, send them into the church. It is not often, however, that the same irony is turned against the legal profession, but we have just stumbled on an instance. It seems comical to think of Lord St. Leonards as deficient in the genius to make a barber. The *English Court Journal* is responsible for the anecdote:—

"It is a singular circumstance that two of the most eminent of the lawyers of the present century, Lord St. Leonards and the late Chief Justice Abbott, (Lord Tenterden,) were the sons of operative barbers. We do not understand that the late Chief Justice ever practised, in the shop at least; but certainly the ex-Lord Chancellor spent part of his boyhood in the paternal shaving-shop, in Duke Street, St. James's. We have heard, in our young days, one of the first counsel at the bar mention that, on one occasion, he had called at the shop of the elder Sugden, when the latter, in the course of some familiar small-talk of which barbers are so fond, remarked, 'I've sent my son to be a lawyer, sir; I hope no offence; but I've tried him at my own profession, and he had't the genius for it.'"