

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

NOVEMBER 27th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xx. 20-47: Christ answers his enemies. EXODUS xiv. 15-31: Pharaoh and his host drowned.

Recite—LUKE xx. 17, 18.

DECEMBER 4th, 1859.

Read—LUKE xxi. 1-19: Christ forewarns his disciples of the evil to come. EXODUS xv. 1-19: The song of Moses.

Recite—LUKE xx. 41-44.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From November 20th to December 3rd, 1859.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., and High Water at Halifax and Windsor. Rows include dates from Nov 20 to Dec 3 with times for sunrise, sets, moonrise, moonset, and high water.

* 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.

Tell the Truth and Shame the Devil.

But to whom shall we tell the truth? Tell it to yourself—tell it to your neighbor—tell it to your God. "To myself? There is no difficulty about that! Is there not? Are you sure?—Think the matter over, and you will find that you are very unwilling to tell yourself the truth, the whole truth, about yourself! Men do not like to think about their sins, or to acknowledge even to themselves that they have done wrong—and accordingly they do all in their power to stifle the voice of conscience, and to excuse themselves to themselves—to make the worse appear the better reason—to find out an apology for this, and a justification of that: and when we cannot thus impose upon our consciences, we try to banish from our minds all reflection upon the past, and all thoughts of the future. It is often most unpleasant, most humbling, most tormenting, to tell ourselves the truth. Let the drunkard try to do it, let the prodigal try to do it, let the man who by his misconduct has ruined himself for life, try to do it. Let him faithfully tell himself the whole truth; tell himself what a fool he has been how he has missed his way, how he has degraded himself; let him tell himself what retribution there is laid up in store for him. Let the rich man, who knows that he has made his money by unfair means, tell himself the truth—let him reflect upon the moral bearings of these transactions which have raised him to wealth, let him tell his own soul of that account of the deeds done in the body.

Yes, and let the minister of religion commune with his own heart and tell himself the truth! tell himself of his own insincerity—of his own innumerable short comings, of the opportunities of doing good which he has allowed to slip away, of his want of courage and faithfulness in dealing with men's sin, of the worldly motives which have often influenced him, of the hours he has spent in idleness, of the men whom he has suffered to die unwarned and unsuspected, of the account which he must give of his stewardship. My friend, I for one, feel that it is not an easy thing, much less a pleasant thing, to speak the truth to one's self. When a man knows that his affairs are embarrassed, he does not relish the task of looking into them, he hates the sight of his books, he cannot bear the thought of telling himself the truth. So it is with reference to morals also. If we know anything of ourselves, of that account which exists between us and God, we know that it does not stand square—we know that self examination would disclose many a terrible fact—and therefore we shrink from telling ourselves the truth, and try to tell ourselves some falsehood, try to make it appear to ourselves that we are better than we really are. Don't say there is no difficulty about telling yourself the truth; few things are more difficult, and few things are less frequently done. Nevertheless it is of importance that it should be done.—Rev. Hugh S. Brown.

Panther Hunting in Africa.

ALGIERS, MAY 11, 1859.—You will perhaps be glad to know the last deed of M. Bourbonnel against the panthers. A month ago he killed a young one at Cabylia, fifty miles from Algiers. At the beginning of March he learned that the parents of this young one committed great havoc upon cattle of the tribes. Every night either an ox, or a cow, or a donkey, or a sheep, or a goat, was eaten by them. The last week he went to the place, and caused a living goat to be tied during the night near the bush where he laid himself in wait. The natives say that the panthers know him very well, and they do not dare to go where they have seen him. It is certain that these animals are very cautious, and with a rare sagacity detect a snare or a hunter. By the survey of the neighbourhood, M. Bourbonnel remarked that near the above mentioned place is a high mountain, from which the panther ought to overlook the whole locality. Consequently he said to the natives:

"Your enemy is in the mountains, and he will see what we shall do. A panther is able to count till five. The panthers count on their claws as we do on our fingers! If I go to the waiting-place with five of you, it will reckon that one person has entered the bush, and it will not come. Let ten men go with me; you will walk about the bush after I have entered, and some minutes after you will leave me alone."

All this was performed. At seven o'clock in the evening M. Bourbonnel entered the bush, having a goat tied at a few yards from it. At midnight, when the moon was near setting, he saw a large panther creeping towards the goat, and immediately seized its head in its claws. For two minutes the panther, as if fearing some enemy, remained lying upon its belly, and looked about. There was a high wind, and the branches of the bush prevented M. Bourbonnel from shooting at the head. He fired at the flank. Instantly the panther saw the smoke of the gun carried off by the wind from a bush fifteen yards from it, and with a prodigious skip sprang on this bush, where it fell dead. M. Bourbonnel brought his trophy to Algiers. It is a large old female panther, measuring about six feet in length. A wonderful beast it was, lying dead in all its might and beauty, and M. Bourbonnel standing over it, looking such a shrimp of a creature, for he is very small, and all his power consists in his brain. There are many curious episodes in our life here which I wish I could send you.—Corr. of Century.

A Destructive Business.

The following statement, full of very striking facts, was lately submitted to a Committee of the Canadian Parliament, by Rowland Burr, Esq. of Toronto:

"My experience as a Justice of the Peace and Jail Commissioner for nearly twenty years, shows that nine out of ten, of the male prisoners, and nineteen out of twenty of the female prisoners, have been brought there by intoxicating liquor. I have visited the jails from Quebec to Sandwich, through the length and breadth of Canada, and I have personally examined nearly 2,000 prisoners in the jails, of whom two-thirds were males, and one-third females: they nearly all signed a petition that I had presented to them for a Maine Liquor Law, many of them stating that it was their only hope of being saved from utter ruin, unless they would go where intoxicating liquors were not sold.

I examined the jailors' books, wherein they all kept a record of the number of persons,—their age, country, and occupations; the crime also, whether they were brought there by the use of intoxicating liquors. In four years there were 25,000 prisoners in the jails, and it appeared from the records that 22,000 of that number had been brought there by intoxicating liquors; and I believe from the 2,000 whom I examined, that 24,000 out of the 25,000 would never have been there had it not been for the liquor trade. I have the record now before me kept by myself, of the liquor dealers of Young street, Toronto, for 54 years past.—100 in number, and I will mention the abstract of the record, viz: Number of ruined drunkards in the 100 families, 214; loss of property once owned by them in real estate, £58,700; number of widows left, 45; number of orphans left, 235; sudden deaths, 44; suicides publicly, 13; number of premature deaths by drunkenness, 203; murders, 4; executions, 3; number of years of human life lost by drunkenness, 1915.

I have been acquainted with these 100 families, and I have kept written records of them for the purpose of printing them, leaving out the names.—Exchange.

A PUZZLE.—? Repap ruoy rof diap uoy evah THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE—Christian Contentment.

The Savages of the Marquesas Islands.

We have before mentioned the wars of the natives of the Marquesas islands, and their sacrifice of a little girl, taken prisoner, to their idol gods.

Capt. Brown, of the Morning Star, furnishes the Honolulu Advertiser with some additional information of the murderous doings of these savages. He says:

"We anchored on the 4th of June, and found the people of Fatahiva, as usual, at war, that is, butchering each other. I think the natives of this island are the worst in the group. They are great warriors, when they can find their victims asleep. About the time of our arrival the warriors of Omoa made a great descent upon Hanavavi, three miles distant, just before day, and although the assailants numbered eighty, they ventured to attack but a single house. Its inmates rushing out, only to be shot down.—Two men and two women fell, and their severed heads were carried off in triumph. A child, two years old, was taken alive from the arms of its murdered father, who was endeavoring to escape with it. The mother made her escape, and begged in vain for her child.

It was taken to Ooma, cruelly tortured and finally strangled, and given, as some of themselves said, to the devil, to propitiate him and gain his favor and assistance in battle. A chief strutted about the beach and claimed the honor of having killed a woman, whose head our people saw salted down in a tub. He came on board and asked me for flints. I said, "No, if I give you flints you will use them to shoot women."—He finally said he would shoot only men. I asked him if I could visit the taba ground, where they had placed the little dead girl. He said they had a gott up there, meaning a god; that no one who ate with woman could be allowed to visit the place, which is a beautiful coconut grove, upon a hill quite near the anchorage, and from which the fruit is never taken.

At Hivaoo, Captain Brown found the missionaries all very well, but anxiously awaiting the arrival of the packet. Wars, quarrels, murders and cannibalism, still abound throughout the group; yet such is the power of religion, that the house and persons of the missionaries are respected by all classes of the natives.

Unamiable Women in Railroad Cars.

The Hartford Courant is exceedingly indignant at some of the women passengers on the Railroad lines. He says on the Connecticut roads almost every woman claims two seats—one for her precious self, and one, to use a Virginia expression, "to tote her plunder." It makes no difference how many men are standing up, the fair creatures must have room. Sometimes some befouled woman (we never use the word lady in such a connection) spreads herself and her traps over four seats. She pays for but one. The conductors, amiable men as they are, never interfere to give every traveler equal rights. They probably are too much henpecked at home to make the women do justice abroad.

There is nothing that so strongly exhibits the utterly unamiable character of a woman as this cold, haughty contempt of the rights and comforts of others. A man who is in love with a girl, should, before he declares himself witness how she conducts in a crowded car. It is a good criterion of her selfishness.

It is recommended to the masculines to form a "Men's Rights Society," and compel conductors to give them seats when there are any to spare.

High Life.

Bayard Taylor, while in the Arctic regions in winter, used to eat a half-pound of meat at a meal, to warm himself. He thus speaks of the cold which he endured in Lapland:

"I should have frozen at home in temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland with my solid diet of bread and butter, and my garments of reindeer skin. The following is a correct scale of the physical effects of cold, calculated for the latitude of 65° to 70° north: 15° above zero unpleasantly warm. Zero mild and agreeable. 10° below zero, pleasantly fresh and bracing. 20° below zero, sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally. 30° below zero, very cold; take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food and plenty of it. 40° below zero, intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards; muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation freely, that it may not stop before you know it. 50° below zero, a struggle for life."

Liars are generally cowards, and always boasters. Learn to unlearn what you have learned amiss.

Agriculture.

Fall Plowing.

We ask the attention of the reader long enough to consider two or three reasons for plowing stubble land in the fall.

1. It makes the same work easier in the spring.

2. It covers the grass and weeds that have sprung up since the last hoeing, or on land that brought a grain crop, and places them in a condition to get rotted before planting or sowing the land again.

3. By plowing in the fall, a large quantity of fresh soil is brought to the surface to be fertilized, in some degree, by atmospheric influences through the winter. Then, when it is again plowed in the spring, still another portion is brought up to be in turn made richer in the same manner. It may seem to some that little or no benefit will be derived from this process, but we feel quite confident that examination into it will be of especial advantage.

4. The finer our soils are made, the more fertile they will be, and the more easily they may be wrought—so that if these objects alone were sought, it would be advisable to plow in the fall.

5. The shortness of the time allowed us to get in spring crops, makes it expedient to do everything we can to expedite the spring work.—N. E. Farmer.

Surface Manuring.

The Mark Lane Express, published in London has recently given a series of articles upon manures, insisting that the true mode of applying manures is upon the surface. The writer boldly makes such statements as these:

"Mr. Hudson, of Castle, Norfolk, states the fact from his own experience, that the quality of farmyard dung is improved by an exposure of months on the surface of the ground; and that the crops are better from dung that has been exposed, than on lands in which the dung has been covered in the usual moist and half-rotted condition. This observation is not quite new, though but little known; and when mentioned, it has been completely smothered by the overwhelming weight of the established doctrine on the use of farmyard dung. My own experience is able to confirm the statement of Mr. Hudson, during a long and very extensive practice in using farm dung on clay fallows for wheat. * * *

"Mr. Hudson's observation is very much strengthened by the bean farming of East Lothian, the cradle country of Scotland. The land is partially wrought in February and March, drills are opened as for green crops, rough but well moistened farm-yard dung is spread along the intervals, the beans are sown, and the drills are reversed. During these operations, the weather, being unsteady at that early season, often interrupts the progress, and leaves the farm-yard dung lying in heaps, and even spread along the drills, exposed to every change of weather—washed by the rain and snow, bleached by the frost, and dried by the strong winds, for many weeks; the crop of beans has been, in every case superior to the lands manured in the usual way."

To cure hard pulling Horses.

Put the curb chain inside the mouth, from hook to hook, instead of out. How or why it acts with such considerable effect, I know not; but at times, it utterly puts an end to over-pulling. To stop a runaway horse, or render the most pulling brute quiet and playful with his bit, get a double snaffle, rather thick and heavy, the joints rather open; cut an old curb chain in half and let it hang down from the bottom snaffle joint. When the brute offers to pull or bolt, instantly merely drop your hand; of course, the curb chain will drop between his front teeth; and should the beast savage it, [if any of your correspondents wish to try the effect on themselves, they have only to place a nut between their front teeth and try to crack it, they will soon understand the vast difference between pleasure and pain.] So does the horse; and in a very short time, he will play with the very thing he before tried to savage; and in the end, become, from a vicious brute, a playful and good mouthed animal.—London Field.

Crowing Hens.

There is a hen in this town which has brought up a brood of chickens this summer, but has now left her vocation of cackling, and taken up that of crowing; she "flaps her wings and crows" as lustily as Chapman used to at the result of the elections.

Why she thus unsexes herself, and assumes airs so unnatural, is more than I can tell.—"ALPHA" in N. E. Farmer.

TRAIN HORSES TO WALK.—The Michigan Farmer well observes:—"A plow-horse should, above all things, be a good walker. The walking gait is not cultivated enough in training horses. Only consider what a team that could walk four miles an hour, for ten hours per day, could do towards hurrying through spring work."