

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

OCTOBER 28th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xvi. 17-33: Conclusion of Christ's discourse with his disciples. 1 KINGS viii. 1-21: Solomon's address to the people.

Recite—JOHN xvi. 7-11.

NOVEMBER 4th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xvii. 1-26: Christ's prayer for his people. 1 KINGS viii. 22-53: The prayer of Solomon.

Recite—JOHN xvi. 24-27.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From October 21st to November 3rd, 1860.

Table with columns for Day, SUN., MOON., High Water at, and Wk. Rises, Sets, Halifax, Windsor.

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

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

Never be Discouraged.

In a remote field stood a large tulip-tree, apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of this species of trees.

On the top of the tree, for years, an old eagle, commonly called the fishing eagle, had built her nest every year, and unmolested raised her young.

On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side to gather food for her young.

As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling, and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped the fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

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A Marvellous Deliverance.

John B. Gough the celebrated Temperance orator, having returned from England, is attracting immense crowds in Boston and New York to listen to his thrilling addresses on his favorite theme.

In one of his Boston speeches recently he gave the following touching incident as illustrative of the degrading influence of intemperance, and of the power of the gospel to save.

I spoke in Dundee to the outcasts of that town. The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird and his lady were instrumental in getting up that meeting. It was such a meeting, I suppose, as you cannot see in this country,—at least, I never saw such an one.

If such an audience can be gathered together here, I should like to see it, and to address it. The town missionaries had got together a large mass of men and women, and you would almost have looked in vain to find one lingering trace of human beauty left.

It seemed as if the foul hoof of debauchery had dashed it out. It was a horrid sight to look at. Rags, filth, nakedness—a festering steaming mass of putrifying humanity.

A woman sat at my feet, and the place was so crowded that I touched her; her; nick name for years had been "Hell fire." The boys called her "Fire," and she was known by no other name in the vicinity of her wretched residence.

Fifty-three times had she been convicted and sentenced for, from six days to four months imprisonment. The Ex-Provost of the town, George Rough, said to me, "I never send one policeman to take her. She is a muscular woman, and she will hit right and left."

She has been dragged before me, time after time, with the blood streaming from her face. The Rev. Mr. Hanway and Mr. Rough said to me, "If she kick up a row, as she probably will you will see one of the most comical rows you ever beheld."

It is dreadful, but there is a comicality about it; she has such power with her tongue that it is amazing. We have seen men who could stand any amount of common swearing, but when "Fire" began to blaspheme.

She sat there at my feet, and as I went on she interrupted me a little. I told that audience what they had been, what they might be, what God means they should be. I showed them that they were thwarting God's good designs towards every one of them.

I asked that mother if she did not remember sending that half-starved little child for a penny's worth of oatmeal and fourpence worth of whiskey. I asked that young man to remember what he promised when he married that girl; and to go and look at that bed of rags to which he had brought her.

Some of them lifted up their naked arms, and said, "Oh! that is all true." By-and-by, the woman at my feet looked up and said, "Where did you learn that?" Then she looked as if she had some important communication to make to the people, and she said, "The man kens all about it. Would you give the likes o' me the pledge?"

"To be sure I will," said I. "Oh! no—no!" said some; "it won't do for her to take the pledge."

I said, "why not?" "She can't keep it." "How do you know?" "She'll be drunk before she goes to bed to-night."

"How do you know?" "Madam," I said to her, "here is a gentle man who says you cannot keep the pledge if you sign it?"

The women flew into a rage. Said I, "before you fight about it, tell me can you keep it?" The reply was, "If I say I will, I can."

I said, "then you say you will?" "I will." "Give me your hand?" "I will."

"Then," said I, "put down your name?" "After she had done it, I said, "give me your hand again." She did so, and said, "I will keep it."

"I know you will," I said, "and I shall come back again to see you." "Come back when you will," said she, "and you will find I have kept it."

"I am a poor body," she said, "I dinna ken much, and what little I did ken, has been about knocked out of me by the staves of the policemen. They pounded me over the head, sir. I dinna ken how to pray; I never went to God's house these 28 years; I canna pray, but sometimes I dream"—and then her eyes filled.

"I dream I am drunk, and I canna pray; but I get out of my bed, sir, and I kneel by the side of it and I never get back to it until the day dawn, and all I can say is, 'God keep me!' I canna get drunk any more."

Her daughter said, "Aye, mon; and I have heard my mother at dead of night, on the bare floor, in the bitter winter time cry out, 'God keep me!' and I said, neither, go to your bed, and she said, no, no; I had a dream, and I canna go and drink any more."

That woman is now to be seen going every Sabbath day to hear God's Word preached—she, who had not entered God's house for twenty-eight years.

Teetotalism is not religion, but I thank God it has removed a hindrance to many a man and woman hearing that truth which must be believed and must be heard before it is believed.

At the Mothers' knee.

There is a charm in the prayers of childhood, which steals insensibly over the hearts of listeners, and callous consciences are made to feel, and unbelievers see a beauty in Christian faith.

And the power of those prayers goes into ripper years, and brings back from waywardness and sin, by the memory of the petitions offered at the mother's knees. We find a well told story in the *Canada Journal of Education*:

"Our Father." The mother's voice was low and tender. "Our Father." On two sweet voices the tone was borne upward. It was the innocence of children that gave them utterance.

"Who art in heaven," repeated the children, one with her eyes bent meekly down, and the other looking upward, as if she would penetrate the heavens into which her heart was aspiring.

"Hallowed be Thy name." Lower fell the voices of the little ones. "In a gentle murmur they said, 'Thy kingdom come.' And the burden of the prayer was still taken by the children.

"They will be done on earth as it is in heaven," filled the chamber. And the mother continued— "Give us this day our daily bread." "Our daily bread," lingered a moment on the air, as the mother's voice was hushed into silence.

"And forgive us our debts as we also forgive our debtors." "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."

All these holy words were said piously and fervently by the little ones, as they knelt with clasped hands beside their mother. Pure kisses, the fond "good-night." What a sweet agitation pervaded all their feelings.

Then two dear heads were placed side by side on the snowy pillows, the mother's last kiss given, and the shadow curtains drawn. What a pulseless stillness reigns without the chamber. Inwardly the parents' ears are bent. They have given those innocent ones into the keeping of God's angels, and they can almost hear the rustle of their garments as they gathered around their sleeping babes.

A sigh, deep and tremulous, breaks on the air. Quickly the mother turns to the father of her children, with a look of earnest inquiry on her countenance. And he answers thus her silent questions:

"Far back through many years have my thoughts been wandering. At my mother's knee thus I said nightly my childhood's evening prayers: 'Our Father' that she taught me. Childhood and my mother passed away. I went forth as a man in the world, strong confident and self-seeking. Once I came into great temptation. Had I fallen in that temptation, I should have fallen never to rise again. I was about yielding. But at length a voice came to my ears, in the earnest, loving voice of a woman, the words:

"Deliver us from evil." "For an instant it seemed to me as if that voice were that of my mother. Back with a sudden bound, through all the intervening years, went my thoughts, and a child again I was kneeling at my mother's knees. Humbly and reverently I said over the words of the holy prayer she had taught me, hearty and eye lifted up to heaven. The hour and the power of darkness had passed. I was no longer in slippery places, with a flood of water ready to sweep me to destruction, but my feet were on a rock. My pious mother's care had saved her son!"

Tears were in the eyes of the wife and the mother, as she lifted her face and gazed with subdued tenderness upon the countenance of her husband. Her heart was too full for utterance. A little while she thus gazed, and then with a trembling joy, laid her head upon his bosom. Angels were in the chamber where their dear ones slept, and they felt their holy presence.

A Lake of Fire.

A correspondent of the *Alta California* gives the following incidents of a visit to the volcano Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, thirty-six miles from Hilo. After saying that the crater of this volcano is in a vast pit in the midst of an immense plain, having only a gradual rise to the center—and that within a quarter of a mile is the entrance to a great cave, which he and his guides explored—he says:

Suddenly we came to a high bank; and looking down we beheld the lake of fire beneath us about seventy-five feet. The lake is something more than a mile in circumference. There, in full view, were real waves of liquid fire, of a bright red color, spluttering and splashing like ocean waves!

A little island of hard lava stands in the middle of the lake, against the black sides of which the waves of fire dashed with tremendous fury, and breaking on its jagged cliffs, they would cast their red spray high into the air. The sides of this lake are solid walls of red fire, glowing with fearful intensity. We were standing on the windward bank, with a strong cold wind blowing down, yet the heat was so intense that we could only look a minute at a time, and then turn away to catch the refreshing influence of the cool breeze.

In addition to the hideous roaring and hissing of the lake, we heard, at short intervals, sounds much resembling that of a steamer blowing off steam, only infinitely louder, and ominous growling of pent-up forces struggling in subterranean caverns, at which the very earth seemed to tremble. Occasionally, large masses of the cooled lava on the edge of the lake became detached, and falling into the boiling cauldron, are instantly reduced to a liquid state.

After a few minutes' silence, disturbed only by an occasional hissing and murmuring, I was startled by that awe-inspiring sound of escaping steam. In an instant, a faint glimmering of red, like a sheet of lingering, shot out from under the overhanging brink, where I was standing, and ran across the lake. This was a signal for a change in the whole programme. Immediately the whole lake became of a bright red color, and four fountains burst up in different parts of the lake.

My eyes followed these with amazement, as one after another they cast up great quantities of a pure vermilion colored liquid. These were followed by two others, in rapid succession, one which burst up near where I was standing. Running back, I covered under the upper banks and witnessed the grandest pyrotechnical display of which it is possible to form any conception.

These six fountains threw up jets from thirty to fifty feet high. The fountain, from the spray of which I so hastily retreated, made large deposits of molten lava on the bank where I had been standing, and when it ceased I procured some very good specimens. A short period of inactivity ensued, and then the waves of fire commenced to roll and dash against the little island, as we at first saw them. Naive tradition says that this crater has been burning from time immemorial.

The most wonderful and mysterious phenomenon we witnessed was on the second day of our visit to the crater. It was noon, and we were sitting on a high bank at lunch. I had turned my face in the wind, to avoid the intense heat of the lake. I was startled by the noise like the rushing together of vast bodies of water. The natives jumped up instantly, and raising an unearthly shout, scampered off in an opposite direction. Turning toward the lake, I beheld a scene which I shall never forget. I, too, had to run off some distance to escape the great heat. The whole surface of the lake was in a state of the wildest commotion. Wave clashed on wave, and all was confusion. Tremendous billows of fire rolled from every side of the lake in the center, and meeting in fierce conflict around the island in the center, broke with fury over its black sides. Then, after receding again, they rushed to the onset once more, with increased force, and meeting together, shot up into the air perhaps one hundred feet—one vast spiral body of red liquid lava, which finally combed over and fell in graceful spray back into the lake again!

Rules for predicting the weather. *Galvani's Messenger* contains the following:— "About a year ago we mentioned, without attaching much credit to it, an empirical rule by which the weather might be predicted with tolerable certainty during the last 24 or 25 days of a month, from that which prevailed during the former ones. This rule is now, however, again brought forward, with such additional arguments in its favor as to induce us to return to the subject. It appears that it was the late Marshall Bugeaud who discovered it, in an old Spanish manuscript; he was struck with the great number of observations from which it had been deduced, extending over more than fifty years, and resolved to verify it himself. The result of his observations was so satisfactory, that he soon got into the habit in Algeria, of consulting the rule on all occasions when some important military or agricultural operation was in contemplation. The rule is as follows: 'Eleven times out of twelve, the weather will, during the whole lunation, be the same as that which occurred on the fifth day of that moon, if on the sixth the weather was the same as on the fifth. And nine times out of twelve, the weather of the fourth day will last throughout the moon, if the sixth day turns out to be like the fourth.' The Marshal used to add six hours to the sixth day before pronouncing on the weather in order to make up for the daily retardation of the moon between two passages across the meridian. It is clear that this rule may not be always applicable, there being quite different from the fourth and fifth.

"M. De Coninck, of Havre, has just published his observations, continued for 10 months, and which completely confirm the rule."