

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1860.

Read—JOHN xii. 37-50: Christ declares his divine authority. JOSHUA iv.: The twelve stones set up.

Recite—JOHN xii. 35-36.

SEPTEMBER 9th, 1860.

Read—JOHN xiii. 1-17: Christ's lesson of humility and condescension. JOSHUA v. 10-15: The people keep the Passover.

Recite—JOHN xii. 44-48.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From August 26th to September 8th, 1860.

First Quarter, August 23,	8. 5 Morning.
Full Moon,	31, 4. 43 "
Last Quarter, September 8,	6. 52 "
New Moon,	15, 1. 54 "

D. M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
26	SU.	5 15	6 47	4 35	morn.	3 22	8 46
27	M.	5 16	6 45	5 5	1 1	4 33	9 36
28	Tu.	5 18	6 43	5 35	2 7	5 30	10 23
29	W.	5 19	6 42	5 58	3 11	6 13	11 6
30	Th.	5 20	6 40	6 19	4 14	6 48	11 48
31	F.	5 22	6 38	6 38	5 17	7 20	morn.
1	Sa.	5 22	6 36	6 55	6 18	7 51	0 28
2	SU.	5 24	6 34	7 13	7 19	8 18	1 7
3	M.	5 25	6 33	7 35	8 21	8 48	1 47
4	Tu.	5 27	6 31	8 1	9 23	9 17	2 29
5	W.	5 28	6 29	8 28	10 23	9 50	3 12
6	Th.	5 29	6 27	9 4	11 30	10 26	3 59
7	F.	5 31	6 25	9 47	A. 34	11 11	4 48
8	Sa.	5 32	6 23	10 43	1 37	A. 7	5 42

* 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 Cemeteries of New Orleans.

THE peculiar mode of sepulture, and the homage which is paid to the dead by the citizens of New Orleans, have been the subject of remark by all who have visited that city. Other novelties belong to commerce, to art, or to nature; here is something which looks like an idiosyncrasy of the people. In the Northern States, an individual who should deposit the remains of a fellow-being in a structure above the surface of the earth, would be suspected of unsoundness of mind; but the Creoles abhor the idea of sleeping beneath the ground. It is true that the bones of a limited number find a subterranean destination, but they are those alone of paupers, and lie in the potter's field.

The impression made upon a stranger, on entering one of the older and well-filled cemeteries like that belonging to the French in the city, or Cypress Grove in the suburb, is singular. He beholds a scene which is unique and imposing. He is tempted to doubt, indeed, whether the magnificent edifices before him are the habitations of the dead or of the living; and he is determined more by the fact that they are in a common enclosure, than by any resemblance they bear to monuments he has before seen.

The wall of the enclosure is of itself a feature of interest. It has the appearance of being about eight feet in thickness, and the same in height, and the interior face is divided into squares, four of which are contained in a perpendicular. Had I been ignorant of their design, I should have supposed them to be drawers. They are denominated "ovens," probably from their likeness to old-fashioned structures of that sort. The partitions are permanent, but the panels themselves are not supports, and are removed at the behests of the sorrowing. In each of these cells or chambers, clothed in the habiliments of death, sleeps the dust of a mortal. While I was musing in Cypress Grove, a procession entered, and I witnessed an interment. The sexton conducted the cortege to the "oven" selected, before which it paused, while the eloquent Dr. Palmer enforced the lesson taught by Providence to the living. His services ended, the coffin was inserted into an upper cell, and the mason, with his brick and mortar, sealed up the sepulchre. In cases where the deceased was a stranger, and any doubt exists as to whether the panel will be faced by a memorial slab, the name and usual record are graven by the bricklayer, with his trowel, in the fresh cement—a prudential charity on his part, which has aided many in identifying tombs of loved ones, after the lapse of years.

The wall is mostly occupied, indeed, by the remains of strangers, or those whose relatives are far distant—it being the custom of heads of families to provide separate structures.

It is the extraordinary magnificence of these private sepulchres which almost amazes a Northerner. It is true that in our burial grounds

we often see expensive shafts and costly devices, but if one of the larger tombs were transferred from the French cemetery into Spring Grove or Greenwood, it would not be comprehended—it might be mistaken for a chapel. It did not occur to me to take the accurate measurement of any one, but many equalled the dimensions of a moderate dwelling, and they were beautiful specimens of architecture. The entablature, dome, and spire, are supported by pillars standing on a firm foundation—the sides are handsomely paneled—the door or moveable panel, is capped by an arch, either upon or beneath which is the family name, and the whole is of polished marble.

I dare not conjecture the cost of these memorial structures. A gentleman pointed out to me a tomb, erected only for a youthful wife, for which he paid \$1,000. If the expense of the larger ones was in proportion to their relative size, many of them must have cost from fifty to an hundred times as much. The cemeteries of New Orleans resemble cities—and gay cities. The inhabitants, indeed, appear to be slumbering, but only for a night. The general aspect is cheerful. Upon a majority of the tombs hang wreaths of flowers, and innumerable marks of ceaseless care and attention are everywhere visible.

The cause of this peculiar mode of sepulture, and this extraordinary homage to the departed of New Orleans, will be demanded. Perhaps some one may ask, are these *post mortem* honors induce immigration? Are they intended as a compensation for the increased mortal risks which must be encountered in that ardent clime? Or are the citizens more humane and respectful of kindred than we of the North? I believe this last question may be affirmatively answered, yet neither of these furnishes the true key to our inquiry. The super-surface method of interment is to be accounted for by the terraqueous nature of the soil, which Mr. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, affirmed to be *afloat* throughout the State—an asseveration almost to be believed by those who have seen ground-waves under drays and omnibuses, or ditches of a few inches in depth fill almost instantaneously. To deposit bodies under ground would be to deposit them in water, which landmen would not like to do.

The mode of burial, then, having had its origin in necessity, it was also necessary that tombs should be more expensive than mere slabs and hillocks.

The preservation of the dead above ground, moreover, prevents their being forgotten; and any neglect is at once observed and reprehended as sacrilege. Much, then, of the homage which is rendered to the dust of the departed by the inhabitants of the Crescent City, is undoubtedly due to a natural cause.

Such homage is not without precedent, however, if it is without parallel in our own day. From the time that Abraham purchased the cave of Macpelah, as a resting place for his Sarah and himself, much attention was paid to the preparation and construction of sepulchres by the ancients. That in which Rachel, the wife of Abraham's grandson was deposited, was an artificial structure not very unlike those we have described, and it is said to remain "to this day." Samuel, Joab, and Manasseh, were buried in their "houses." "All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory everyone in his own house." (Isa. xiv. 18.) In Egypt, royal sepulchres reached at last, the dimensions of the pyramids, when they attained their climax. For many centuries past, private sepulchres have been reduced to graves. A revival of respect for the dead seems now prevailing.

In nothing is the prejudice of custom more clearly seen than in our predilection for the form of burial which we have seen practised. We of the North are best satisfied to lie in the embrace of mother earth; they of the South love the immortality of a rest in the presence of the living; while the ocean mariner prays that the heaviest weight may sink him to the silent realms of the deep, where alone (he conceives) his form may be preserved, until both the grave and "the sea," shall surrender the dead to behold the resurrection morning.—*Journal and Messenger*.

THE SECRET OF ELOQUENCE.—I owe my success in life to one single fact, namely,—At the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny.—*Webster*.

A Rusty Saw.

"I hope you will excuse me this morning," said a rusty saw, as the carpenter took it down from a peg where it had hung inactive for a month, "I feel very unfit for labour. Indeed, I am quite rusty. That board, too, looks hard, and it will require an effort to go through it, such as I am altogether unprepared to make. Besides, there are several of my companions both bright and willing; I commend you to them;" and the saw yawned till every tooth was visible, as if this short speech had quite exhausted its small stock of energy.

"True as steel, is a good motto," replied the carpenter, "and I trust you have not been so oxidized by the general corruption of the times as to forget your share in it. You ask to be excused, because you do not feel inclined to labour. I may not be able to appreciate the feelings of a rusty saw, but I must say that feeling is not to be consulted in cases of duty. You plead your rustiness. If this is to be admitted, I might as well hang you up and expect no further service, for your rustiness will not leave you as long as you do nothing. Oil and exercise will alone remove it. As to the difficulty of the work, I am not aware that an instrument has any right to choose what work it will do, or will not do. And your last plea, that I have other saws in better condition, only proves the folly of the first three, for if I had pursued with others the course which you desire me to adopt in your case, they would be in no better condition than yourself." Hereupon the workman, having overruled all excuses, applied a few drops of oil, and introduced it to a board of seasoned oak, and repeated the operation, till, after a few days, it became as bright and agile a saw as any one could wish.

We sometimes find a rusty saw at the prayer-meeting. Ask him to lead in prayer, and he shakes his head. Perhaps he utters a half dozen words of prayer, not to the Master, but to the servant, "I pray Thee have me excused," and, short as it is, it is as long as several acceptable prayers recorded in the Bible, and if it were in the language of the publican, or the penitent thief, or Peter sinking amidst the waves of Gennesaret, or the Syro-Phœnician woman, and directed to heaven in the right spirit, it would find acceptance. But what reasons has the man for not praying? The reasons of the rusty saw. He does not feel like it. He has not prayed for a long time, and is quite rusty. There are others bright with communion with God who can do better. The workman feels tempted to hang him up, and thus spare himself the mortification, on the one hand, of being refused when he asks him to pray, and, on the other, the pain of listening to his first weak and awkward attempts to plead at the mercy-seat. But this will not be best for the subject himself. A few drops of oil, such as the beloved disciple recommends, 1 John ii. 20-27, and exercise, may make his face shine.

I sat down by the fireside of a kind-hearted man, the other day, who seemed to be in this rusty-saw condition. He is a professed Christian, and his wife also. His children have been presented to God he thinks, and yet he has never established the worship of God in his house. He knows it to be his duty. He is troubled, perhaps, at times, but he is reluctant to begin. He never feels just like it. Poor man, he is to be pitied, and his children. What refuge has such a family in the day of affliction? Alas, how many families of this kind there are, and how would the power of religion be multiplied if every professedly Christian family would maintain the daily worship of God!

Two noble Boys.

A few evenings since two little boys, about five years old, were walking together along one of the fashionable streets of our city. As they were passing a private residence they stopped, attracted by the roses and honey-suckles, that filled the small front yard with fragrance and beauty.

After looking for some minutes silently and wisely, the following dialogue took place:

Freddy. "Oh, what beautiful flowers!"
Willie. "How I wish we had some of them."
Freddy. "But it would be wrong to take them."

Willie. "There are so many of them, and they are so pretty. Do you think it would be wrong to take just one?"

Freddy. "Yes; it would be very wicked."
Willie. "Yes, it would so; come, let's go away."

During all this time Mrs. B., the lady of the house, was standing, unseen by the boys, looking through the closed blinds, and attentively listening to the conversation. When the last remark was made, she threw open the blinds, her eyes brimming with tears, and cried out:

"You dear noble little boys, come here, and you shall have every flower in the yard. Beautiful as are the flowers, they must not be compared to the beauty of your honest little hearts. Your mothers should be proud of you, and you of them. It either of you should ever be President of the United States, as I wish you both may be, may you never forget how you resisted this temptation." And she literally stripped every rose and honey-suckle from the bushes, and sent the boys away with their arms full of flowers, and with a thousand blessings on their heads.—*Independent*.

Agriculture.

Advantages of a Heavy Soil.

A lacy soil well under-drained is undoubtedly the most perfect soil in existence. I have heard cultivators say that they did not want a soil that needed any artificial drainage; in other words they desired one so light and porous that water could not be retained by it. Long experience has led me to a very different conclusion. A porous soil will not retain manure long enough to become as fertile as I wish, and the cost of frequent manurings, which it must receive if I get large crops, is not a small item. On the other hand, a heavy or strong loam will hold for a great while all it gets. But unless a heavy soil has a porous subsoil, which is very rare, it will not allow the water to drain off so readily as good farming requires—passing, as it must, during this drainage, across the whole breadth of a large sloping field. But every disadvantage is removed if we tile-drain it—the manure is retained and the water flows quickly off. We must not expect to find a perfect soil to order. I once asked one of the most skillful and eminent cultivators in this country what was the relative value of a decidedly sandy soil, or a strong clayey loam. His answer was, "If you give a hundred dollars an acre for the sandy, you can afford to give two hundred dollars for the strong loam. For you can do whatever you like with it.—Manure will enrich it to any extent you wish; and by complete tile-drainage, you can render it fit for any use.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*."

Origin of Plants.

- Celery originated in Germany.
- The chestnut came from Italy.
- The onion originated in Egypt.
- Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
- The nettle is a native of Europe.
- The citron is a native of Greece.
- The pine is a native of America.
- The poppy originated in the East.
- Oats originated in North Africa.
- Rye came originally from Siberia.
- The pear and apple are from Europe.
- Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
- The sunflower was brought from Peru.
- The mulberry tree originated in Persia.
- The gourd is probably an eastern plant.
- The walnut and peach came from Persia.
- The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet.
- The cucumber came from the East Indies.
- The quince came from the island of Crete.
- The radish is a native of China and Japan.
- Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.
- Garden beans came from the East Indies.
- Garden cress is from Egypt and the East.
- Horseradish came from the south of Europe.
- Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.
- The cranberry is a native of Europe and America.
- The parsnip is supposed to be a native of Arabia.
- The potato is a well-known native of Peru and Mexico.
- The currant and gooseberry came from Southern Europe.
- Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary.

How to stuff Birds.

Small birds may be treated as follows:—Take out the entrails through as small an aperture as possible, open a passage to the brain, and scoop it out through the mouth; then introduce into the cavities of the skull and of the whole body a mixture of salt, pepper and powdered alum, putting some also through the gullet, and the whole length of the neck. Then hang the bird in a cool airy place, first by the feet, that the body may be well impregnated by the mixture, and afterward by a thread through the under mandible of the bill, till it appears to be perfectly sweet, devoid of any unpleasant smell. Next hang it in the oven, or near a fire, and when it is thoroughly dry, clear out what remains loose of the mixture, and fill the hollow of the body with wool, oakum, or any soft substance, at the same time being careful to preserve the natural shape of the bird. In putting in the glass eyes, also, see that you choose the right color and size. Large birds should be carefully skinned, so that the flesh may be taken away. The insides should then be rubbed thoroughly with the mixture, and hung up to dry. When it is well cured, the parts that have been cut should be drawn carefully together, and the body, legs, &c., stuffed with wool, &c., you must pay strict regard to the natural shape and usual posture of the bird.