

## Months' Department.

### BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 25th, 1868.

MATTHEW xi. 20-30: Reflections of Jesus on appealing to his mighty works.  
Recite.—1 Cor. i. 26-29.

Sunday, November 1st, 1868.

LUKE vii. 36-50: While sitting at meat with a Pharisee Jesus is anointed by a woman who is a sinner.  
Recite.—TIMOTHY I 14-16.

### The little Jew.

#### A TRUE STORY.

We were at school together,  
The little Jew and I.  
He had black eyes, the biggest nose,  
The very smallest fist for blows,  
Yet no thing made him cry.

We mocked him often and often,  
Call'd him all names we knew,—  
"Young Lazarus," "Father Abraham,"  
"Moses,"—for he was meek as a lamb,  
The gentle little Jew.

But not a word he answered,—  
Sat in his corner still,  
And worked his sums, and conned his task,—  
Would never any favor ask,  
Did us nor good nor ill,—

Though sometimes he would lift up  
Those great, dark Eastern eyes,—  
Appealing, when we wronged him much,  
For pity? No! but full of such  
A questioning surprise.

Just like a beast of the forest  
Caught in the garden's bound,—  
Hemmed in by cruel creatures tame  
That seemed akin, almost the same,  
Yet how unlike are found!

He never lied, nor cheated,  
Although he was a Jew,  
He might be rich, he might be poor,—  
Of David's seed, or line obscure,—  
For any thing we knew.

He did his boyish duty  
In play-ground as in school;  
A little put upon, and meek,  
Though no one ever called him "sneak,"  
Or "coward," still less "fool!"

But yet I never knew him,—  
Not rightly, I may say,—  
Till one day, sauntering round our square,  
I saw the little Jew-boy there,  
Slow lingering after play.

He looked so tired and hungry,  
So dull and weary both,  
"Hollo!" cried I, "you ate no lunch;  
Come, here's an apple, have a munch?  
Hey, take it! don't be loath."

He gazed upon the apple,  
So large and round and red,  
Then glanced up towards the western sky,—  
The sun was setting gloriously,—  
But not a word he said.

He gazed upon the apple,  
Eager as Mother Eve,—  
Half held his hand out,—drew it back;  
Dim grew his eyes, so big and black,—  
His breast began to heave.

"I am so very hungry!  
And yet—No thank you. No.  
Good by." "You little dolt" said I,  
"Just take your apple. There, don't cry;  
Home with you! Off you go!"

But still the poor lad lingered,  
And pointed to the sky;  
"The sunset is not very late;  
I'm not so hungry,—I can wait.  
Thank you. Good by,—good by!"

And then I caught and held him  
Against the palisade;  
Pinched him, and pommelled him right well,  
And forced him all the truth to tell,  
Exactly as I bade.

It was their solemn fast-day,  
When every honest Jew  
From sunset unto sunset kept  
The fast. I mocked; he only wept:  
"What father does, I do."

I taunted him and jeered him,—  
The more brute I, I feel.  
I held the apple to his nose;  
He gave me neither words nor blows,—  
Firm, silent, true as steel.

I threw the apple at him;  
He stood one minute there,  
Then, swift as hunted deer at bay,  
He left the apple where it lay,  
And vanished round the square.

I went and told my father,—  
A minister, you see;  
I thought that he would laugh outright  
At the poor, silly Israelite;  
But very grave looked he

Then said:—"My bold young Christian,  
Of Christian parents born,  
Would God that you may ever be  
As faithful unto Him—and me—  
As he you hold in scorn!"

I felt my face burn hotly,  
My stupid laughter ceased;  
For father is a right good man,  
And still I please him—all I can,  
As parent and as priest.

Next day, when school was over,  
I put my nonsense by;  
Begged the lad's pardon, stopped all strife,—  
And—well, we have been friends for life,—  
The little Jew and I.  
The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman,"  
in "Our Young Folks."

### Winter's Stories.

A mouse was once caught in a jeweller's shop, which had a gold ring on its neck. The poor creature had evidently suffered from its finery, for the neck was much swollen on each side of it. The gentleman recognized the ring as one of a pair that had disappeared mysteriously some time before. A servant had been suspected of the theft, but very unjustly, as it now appeared. Probably the mother mouse, when out foraging, had taken the ring to her nest. A meddling young baby of hers had poked his head through it, and then had been unable to get it out again. The ring did not grow with his growth, and so proved a literal "choker" of a most uncomfortable sort. What Mrs. Mouse did with her other ring was never discovered. Some search was made for her nest, but without success.

Pet crows have a great fancy for shining things, but it is something unusual for mice to make off with such objects. The little creatures have a peculiar habit of hiding away their supplies in some convenient nook, intending to call for them when they get ready. Some corn was laid about the stove one night to dry, and the next morning, when the fire was made, all the holes on the covers of the stoves began to smoke. On examination, they were found to be filled with corn, which had been left there for safe-keeping till it could be carried off to the nest. A lady's shoe also had a good many grains in it, much to its owner's surprise. The experiment was tried on several evenings, and the shoe was always found to contain the most corn, as it was probably thought to be the best hiding place.

But, alas! "the best-laid schemes of mice and men" are often all in vain. A good old mouser left in the kitchen over night put a stop to all such thieving tricks. It is the best mousetrap ever invented, and destroys more of those small thieves than we ever suspect. If all the cats were killed off in any town, it would soon become a very undesirable place to live in.

### A small boy's Composition.

Corns are of all kinds. Vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is unicorn, capricorn, corn-doggers, field corn and toe corn, which is the corn you feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn; but persons having corns do not like to "go far," if they can help it. Corn have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corn grows on the feet, at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is acorn; these grow on oaks but there is a hoax about the corn. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article but the corn is very definite indeed. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn, wishes it was an acorn.

Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned, he would probably do as well as if he isn't. The doctors say corns are produced by tight boots or shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned.

Rowland Hill said to young Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, "Humility is a sweet and guardian grace. If I saw you pert and proud, and wanting to go without the Lord, I would not give a farthing for you, or your preaching either; but if you are humble and child like, afraid of taking a single step unless the Lord point out the way, then you will be owned and blessed."

## Scientific.

### Indian Shell-heaps

There has recently been given a fresh and strong impulse to the exploration and study of the Indian remains and history of this continent.

This fresh interest is to be accounted for in part, by the liberal donation of Mr. George Peabody, the millionaire, to Harvard University, of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for the purpose of establishing a museum of Archaeology and Ethnology in connection with that venerable institution.

I had the pleasure on Tuesday of this week of accompanying a party of gentlemen on an exploring expedition to certain noted Indian mounds which have long been known to exist in the vicinity of Ipswich, Mass. Our party included Prof. S. F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.; Dr. H. Wheatland, President of the Essex Institute, Salem,

Mass.; F. W. Putnam and E. S. Morse, editors of the *American Naturalist*; Mr. Palfrey, editor of the *Salem Gazette*, and J. H. Emerson, draughtsman to the Essex Institute, with a number of others interested in the study of History and Science.

Leaving Salem at 8 o'clock, taking with us our baskets of lunch, pick-axes, shovels, trowels, rakes and hoes, giving us the appearance of a gang of canal diggers, we passed over the long bridge between Salem and Beverly, which for eighty years has exacted toll of all travellers, but was made free, to the great joy of the county, on the 5th inst. At the Salem end of this bridge we saw a large rock made up of the apparent interlacings of a number of distinct kinds of stones, which must have assumed their present position and form when they were in a fluid, or semi-liquid state. The late Prof. Hitchcock regarded the geological peculiarities of this rock so important, that he has given a large picture of it in his "Elements of Geology." On our way we passed by that beautiful sheet of clear water known as Wenham Lake, whose ice cools the drinks of the American in New York, the Englishman in London, and the Turk in Constantinople—yes, it has been carried into the distant regions of Asia. We noticed the large pipes through which and the causeway over which, this water is to flow into Salem, furnishing that city with what is said to be the purest water in the world. After passing through Hamilton, where we saw the tents and vehicles of the camp-meeting then in progress, we reached Ipswich. Here is Sagamore Hill, on the top of which the last chief or Sagamore of the local Indian tribes was buried. Subsequent his grave was desecrated, his remains disturbed, and his skull carried on a pole through the village. The criminal, however, was arrested and punished.

After crossing an inlet with the water up to the wheel hubs, we reached Eagle Island. This was the end of our journey. It is a small island in the vicinity of Ipswich, the coves and shores of which have from time immemorial furnished an immense number of clams. On it we found a village of some twenty houses, each fifteen by twenty feet, with two windows and a door. Not one of them was inhabited. Outside of each house was a pile of clam shells, white as snow, six or eight feet high, giving to this forsaken village a very desolate and weird appearance. These little houses are simply shelter butts for the men who come down here from the town during the day, to plough up clams on shore and then shuck them in these butts. The shells they heap up at the doors.

Our party now threw off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and went to work with a will, digging into shell heaps which had been thrown there by the Aborigines, probably before the discovery of the country by Columbus. To a spectator the scene was amusing. An old man, who was gunning on the marsh, came up and inquired if we were "digging graves to bury ourselves in," but after being informed of our object, he took hold of a shovel and worked with as much energy as any of us. Enthusiasm is infectious. "What is that?" says an amateur to one of the learned Professors, as he hands him a little piece of something an inch long which he has uncovered. "That," says the Professor, after examining it a moment, "is a bird-bone," and puts it into his box.

"Halloo, I have found something," says another, and shows what is pronounced to be the bone of a beaver.

"Heigh O! I have a prize," cries another. "Yes, that is the greatest catch yet." It is examined by all the party, and proves to be the bone head of a fish-spear, with a fluke on one side.

"Here is something that will match it," and a long bone-awl is held up by the fiddler.

The other articles found were a piece of deer's jaw, fox jaw, bones of the dog and the raccoon, a beaver's tooth, a bone with a triangular piece cut out, probably to make a spear or arrow head, and various pieces of pottery, some of which were marked with ornamental indentations or prickings. But the most remarkable discovery was a lower human jaw, containing several molars. The only other place where human remains have been found in ancient shell heaps is Cotuit Point, below Cape Cod.

The result of these explorations in the ancient clam-heaps thus far has developed the fact that the Aborigines were a very primitive people. Their implements were either of stone, bone or wood. No iron, copper or metal of any kind has yet been exhumed from them.

This expedition was inaugurated under the auspices of the Essex Institute, which has already done much, and is destined, with its numerous facilities and corps of enthusiastic attachés, to accomplish still more in the cause of history and natural science.—*N. Y. Ez.*

HOW TO READ THE CLOUDS.—Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breezes; hard-edged, oily looking clouds, wind; a dark, gloomy blue sky is windy, but a light, bright blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally the softer clouds look the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected, and the harder, more greasy, rolled, tufted or rugged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind, a pale yellow wet, and a greenish, sickly-looking color, wind and rain. Thus by the prevalence of red, yellow or other tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly, indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly. Small, inky-looking clouds foretell rain, light acid clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain, but if alone, they indicate wind only.

The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All

success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures.

A little four-year old saw his parents preparing for church and asked them to take him with them. He was told that he was too little and must wait till he should grow bigger. "Well," returned he, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." They saw the point; he was taken.

Cramps and pains in the stomach are the result of imperfect indigestion, and may be immediately relieved by a dose of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." A tea-spoonful in a little sweetened water is a dose.

Heavy oats are good for horses; none will deny that; but oats can't make horse's coat look smooth and glossy when he is out of condition. "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders" will do this when all else fails.

## Missionary Intelligence.

### Missions in Burmah.

Letter from Dr. Stevens.—Death of Ko En. Rangoon, March 14, 1868.—On Thursday the 3d inst., at three A. M., our beloved brother Ko En, for twelve years the pastor of the Burmese church, Rangoon, passed gently and peacefully away, to enter, we doubt not, into the "rest" which "remaineth for the people of God." Ko En was a good man, his uniformly upright and Christian deportment, during the forty years in which he professed Christianity, having secured for him the sincere respect and confidence of all who knew him.

Sketch of Ko En. According to a minute which at my request he furnished me several years since, he was baptized by Dr. Judson in 1828. Shortly afterwards he accompanied Dr. Wade to Rangoon as an assistant; then he accompanied Dr. Judson to Prome, whence he also returned with him to Rangoon. Again he was successively associated with Mr. Bennett, Kincaid and others. With Dr. Kincaid he went to Prome, Thayet, and Ava. He also aided Mr. Crawley in his first labors at Henthada. Then he came to Rangoon again, and was ordained in 1856 as pastor of the church, in which relation I had the pleasure of being associated with him till the time of his death, when he had attained the age of 73 years and two months.

During his pastorate, Ko En baptized 143 persons, mostly in Rangoon. He was unusually familiar with the Scriptures, having been for many years associated with Dr. Judson in the preparation and revision of the Burmese translation of the Bible, the whole of which it is said he copied out with his own hand in successive preparations for the press. The insight into its entire contents, obtained under such favorable circumstances, with the blessing of God led to a great love for the Bible and its constant study. As long as he could read, and while laid aside from preaching, it was his companion, and when weakness prevented his own reading, he named passages to be read to him by others.

He delighted to call his family about his couch, and have them sing to him of Christ, and of the land of rest, the New Jerusalem, where the saints have their home. And it was a beautiful sight in this heathen land, when thus enfeebled, and others had performed for him the parts of service to which he had so long been accustomed, to see him raise his hands and pronounce on his assembled children, and grand-children, and great-grandchildren, his patriarchal benediction.

We therefore, and the friends of missions generally with us, may well rejoice over Ko En, as another trophy won by the Redeemer over Satan, from among the idolatrous Burmans, through the simple preaching of the gospel.

Successor of Ko En. By invitation of the church, Mung Yan-gen, one of the ordained preachers of Prome, has succeeded to the pastorate, having greatly to the comfort of the old man, entered on the office of co-pastor from the first of January last. He is a promising man,—the church appears to be united in him, and we are hoping and praying that the blessing of God may richly be bestowed upon us in these new relations.

### The Baptists in Singapore.

BY DR. DEAN, OF BANGKOK, SIAM.

Singapore, March 1st, 1868.—This morning I was taken in a palanquin to the banks of a small stream where I saw Rev. Mr. Grant baptize two Chinese,—the first river baptism ever witnessed in Singapore.

Mr. Grant was sent by the Scotch Presbyterians as missionary to China. Since his change of views in reference to baptism and church polity, he has for a time been laboring among the Chinese in Singapore. One of the men baptized this morning formerly lived in Bangkok, and for a year or more attended our chapel services.

There are now here eight or ten baptized Chinese disciples; they have a small chapel and hold Christian worship on the Sabbath, conducted by a native evangelist. There is also in Singapore a small company of Europeans, including merchants, seamen, and soldiers, who embrace the truth in relation to baptism, but, unfortunately, have adopted some errors, such as discarding the office of pastor, and com-