

Outlets' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 23rd, 1867.

Acts xvii 1-16; Paul preaches at Thessalonica. 2 Kings xvii 17-37; Rab-Shekeh revileth Hezekiah.

Recite—John xv. 1-5.

Sunday, June 30th, 1867.

Acts xvii. 16-34 Paul on Mars Hill. 2 Kings xix 1-19; Hezekiah and Isaiah. Recite—Ecclesiastes xii 13-14.

"Better than Versailles;" or the Sunday-school teacher in Paris.

It was in Paris, in the summer of 1863, that two English sisters, sitting together in their own room at the Hotel de—, talked in low and earnest tones of the many privileges of an English Sunday. They had come from Lancashire, only a few days before, under the escort of an old friend on whose affection and prudence they could rely, so far as temporal affairs were concerned, with the utmost confidence, but who had startled them, on the last day of the week, by accepting an invitation to go to Versailles on the morrow.

It was this announcement which had led the two sisters, Catharine and Helen Gower, to enlarge, in private, on the happiness of their Sunday at home, where they went at half past nine in the morning to the school in which each had an interesting and well ordered class, thence to God's house, through quiet streets in which every shop was closed; resting two hours at noon only that they might the better return to the scene of their self-denying labors; ending the happy day by uniting again with the great congregation in refreshing prayer and praise.

"I wonder," said Catharine, "if there are any Sunday-schools in which we could be useful here in Paris?" The idea had occurred to her suddenly, and she thought it a very bright one, vaguely hoping that her sister would take it up, and, as she said, "make something of it." Helen, however, only said, "I don't know, and if I did, we are strangers;" so that Catharine had to fall back on her own thoughts, which were not of a very cheerful character. Both sisters had so far enjoyed their stay in Paris—entering, with all the ardor of youth, into the fatiguing business of incessant sight-seeing,—but to-night they were thinking more of the evening worship, the preparation of the morrow, and the dear familiar faces at home. And, long after they had said good night to each other, they lay awake, pondering the question, "What shall we do, and where shall we go, to-morrow?" One fact was certain, it must be something better than Versailles!

Early next morning Mrs. Harrowby came to call them. She was to meet her friends at ten o'clock, and she wished to know first what plans the Gowers had for the day.

"We have none," replied Catharine gravely; "except that, wherever we go we will take Robins as an escort." Robins was Mrs. Harrowby's maid.

"Well, I give you till after breakfast; then you must decide. But I really think you had better go with me. Nothing can be better than Versailles!" And she went off, saying, as she did so, that, at Rome, "one must do as the Romans do."

When the sisters were again alone, both their faces expressed the pain which truly generous natures feel in passing censure, even by silence, on the conduct of a friend.

"What can we do? Where shall we go?" asked Helen.

"Not to Versailles; that is certain!" replied her sister. "But let us ask God to direct us before deciding on anything more." So they knelt side by side, as they had often done at home, while Catharine prayed.

It was all very simple, but it was to the point, and it rose to Heaven in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Catharine told the whole matter in the first words that came, and in referring to their absence from the beloved school in which they had been privileged to teach, asked for guidance, so that "if there were any Protestant Sunday schools in Paris in which they could be useful, they might be led to one that day, and do something to help the good work."

There is something so refreshing in prayer, that I do not wonder at the change which five minutes spent in its exercise made on the spirits of the sisters.

"Now," said Catharine, as they rose from their knees, "we must lose no time, but act at once. Do you not think we might go down and question Monsieur?"

By "Monsieur" Catharine meant the courteous landlord of the Hotel de—, whose name, so far, they had never questioned in vain. But on going to his office—or rather his wife's sitting room—the two ladies discovered that there were subjects on which even Monsieur could give them no information. The worthy landlord knew the names of the larger Protestant congregations, and their places of assembly, but of Sunday-schools he knew nothing; and at last, in despair, he begged Mademoiselle to pardon him a thousand times if he left her to seek the English servant of an invalid lady "who knew everybody" in the religious world, to "make questions." When Monsieur had said all this in English, Madame, standing beside him, added courteously, in French, that she also, if desired, would question the invalid lady's maid, who knew almost as much as her mistress, on the subject. The result of all this was that, during

breakfast a slip of paper was handed to Catharine who read as follows:

"There is a room in the Rue—, No.—, in which a little company of Christian men and women—all French, and nearly all converts from Romanism—worship God in a very primitive manner, following closely, on principle, the apostolic forms. They employ a colporteur, and have a Sunday school. They are humble folks, and their funds are small. The enclosed card will be a sufficient introduction to the pastor."

Here was an answer to their morning prayer which made the sisters blush at the weakness of their faith! With what grateful emotion did they hasten to their own room, and give thanks to Him who, although they had been so indifferent, until now, to the progress of his work in Paris, had graciously made their way plain, and accorded to them the privilege of opportunity! In due time they were on their way to the by street, cut of which a narrow court and stair led them to the upper rooms in which a little band of Sunday scholars had already assembled. There was only one teacher present, a sincere disciple of comparatively humble rank, who told the ladies that his "little ones" lived so far away that he seldom mustered more than half his number. "When it is warm," said he, speaking rapidly in French, "the very small cannot possibly come; and when it rains, that is bad for them too."

A few minutes after this the school opened with singing. The hymn chosen was very simple, and the tune had not much music in it; but the sisters enjoyed the few minutes thus spent so much that they would have begged that the children might sing again, had not such a request been decidedly out of order. A brief prayer came next, then a repetition of verses, more or less perfectly by each scholar. Nearly all were prepared, and as soon as the lesson was recited the teacher began to ask questions, explaining and illustrating the portions he went on. After that he requested Miss Gower to speak to them, and she—to Robins's great surprise—consented.

Catharine Gower spoke French somewhat slowly, but with a good accent and correctness. She found little difficulty in taking up the subject which had just been partially explained to the children; and gave one or two illustrations from her own experience, which were at once so simple and so interesting as to awaken the attention even of the youngest in the class. Then she spoke of Jesus, and of those in her class at home who were seeking him, closing with an appeal to the hearts of her little audience.

"My dear children, are you seeking Jesus Christ?" Then she moved to her former seat, and her sister took her place, not to give an address however, but a book to each member of the class, and to announce a hymn which the teacher had requested her to read. Its subject was the love of Jesus; and while it was being sung two or three of the congregation came in, though so quietly as not to interrupt the children. Another prayer, short and simple, and the school was over for the day. By this time the pastor had arrived, and the sisters introduced themselves by presenting the invalid lady's card, on which, below her name, was written in French the text, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

"Ah," remarked the minister, with a smile. "Madame Granville is our most generous English friend! You are welcome, Mesdemoiselles, and we thank you much for turning aside from the imposing ceremonial worship of the great to kneel with us in our humble upper room, and to cheer us by your presence and your sympathy."

"We wish also," said Helen smiling, "to contribute to your funds."

"God has sent you," exclaimed the pastor, with simple gratitude.

"We will come to you after the service," said Miss Gower, "if you kindly allow us; and you will then perhaps be at leisure to tell us how we can be of use during our short stay in Paris?"

Allow them? Be at leisure? The simple-hearted pastor smiled as he heard the question. Gifts to Christ's cause were regarded by him in the light of benefactions to himself. Bibles for converts and inquirers, hymn-books for Sunday-schools, tracts to be lent by visitors from house to house, were as light to the eyes of the earnest and devoted minister. As he led them to a seat beside his wife, to whom he introduced them by presenting Mrs. Granville's card, the two sisters felt more deeply than ever that it was God who, in answer to prayer, had led them hither.

"Ah," whispered Catharine, "this is better than Versailles!"

The simple service which commenced some ten minutes after this was remarkably adapted to their need. Every hymn and prayer found an echo in their hearts, and the reading of the ninety-first psalm and the seventeenth of John, with a sermon on the words, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil," brought such peace as passes understanding to their souls. It was a season never to be forgotten, and their gratitude led them to consecrate at once to God a large portion of the money which a too indulgent father had placed at their disposal for the purchase of Parisian "novelties." Great was the joy of the pastor when he discovered that a liberal donation to each branch of the missionary work in which he and his people were engaged was to be at once forthcoming. Nor did he value less the promise made by the sisters to make that humble room their spiritual home so long as they remained in Paris. To an earnest man, laboring amongst a comparatively illiterate and widely scattered people, with but limited resources, and an oppressive consciousness that the harvest is plentiful whilst the laborers are few, the sympathy

of such hearts as those of Catharine and Helen Gower is more refreshing than water to the thirsty.

"God has sent you!" again said the pastor, as they parted. And the sisters believed him. From that time, during the whole of their stay in Paris, they were firm in their resolutions to find Sunday pleasure "better than Versailles," and they ceased not to pray for opportunity to do good, and for grace to use it well. Need I say here that their prayers were heard and answered?—Union Magazine.

Belief for the weary—A touching Incident.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

A friend of mine, seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a door, which led into a room teaching under the slates. He knocked. A feeble voice said "come in," but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw lying upon a heap of rags and shavings, a boy, about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked of the boy.

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? What for?" And he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen.

"Who has beat you like that?"

"Don't tell him, my father did it."

"What for?"

"Father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a thief once."—(These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it: it is their profession.)

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me, Thou shalt not steal; and they told me of God in Heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me!"

Said my friend: "I don't know what to do with you, here is a shilling; I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said:—

"But, please, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that, without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, he could sing, a hymn; but he said, "Yes I will hear you." And then, in a sweet voice he sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.
Pity my infirmity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
Fain would I to Thee be brought;
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give Thy little child a place."

"That's my little hymn; good bye!" The gentleman went again in the morning; went up stairs; knocked at the door—no answer; opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead! In the night he had gone home. Thank God that He has said: "Suffer little children to come unto me!" He is no respecter of persons, black or white, bond or free, old or young. He sends His angels to the homes of the poor and the destitute, the degraded and the wicked, to take His blood-bought little ones to His bosom.

Puritan proper names.

The age and country in which we live will not tolerate long names—though the meaning of a name may be almost any thing without exciting serious objection. Every proper name is supposed to have some particular significance, but one that is made long enough to carry its own dictionary along with it, becomes a ridiculous joke, as well as an imposition on our breath and time.

Scripture appellations given to children, as Patience, Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Grace and Mercy are among the most pleasing of names, but what a ludicrous wretching of the Scriptures is found in the names of the stern old Puritans of England. "Praise-God Barebones" seems to this generation much like irreverence, though no one questions the sincerity of the piety which sought so singular an expression of zeal. But when we come to another of the "Barebones" family and find his name "If God had not died for thee thou hadst been damned," or still another christened, "With-much-tribulation-salut-thou-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven," we begin to think that there is such a thing as carrying the matter to extremes, and to congratulate the present generation that parental regard for sacred things does not require such a demonstration now-a-days.

A Logograph.

A logograph is a kind of charade in which one word is made to undergo several transformations and so be significant of several things by addition, subtraction or substitution of letters. The following, on the word cod, by Lord Macaulay, is a good example of the logograph: Cut off my head, how singular I act; Cut off my tail, a plural I appear; Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact, Although my middle's left, there's nothing there! What is my head cut off—a sounding sea! What is my tail cut off—a flowing river. Amid their foaming depths I fearless play, Parent of softest sound, though mute forever.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

JUNE 23. Sunday. Godly sorrow worketh repentance. 2 Cor. vii. 10.

Believers repent until their dying day. This dripping well is not intermittent. Other sorrows yield to time, but this grows with our growth.

24. Monday. Midsummer Day. The love of Christ constraineth us. 2 Cor. v. 14.

Love should give wings to the feet of service and strength to the arms of labour. May this divine loadstone draw us heavenward towards itself.

25. Tuesday. Give, and it shall be given unto you. Luke vi. 38.

It is the teaching of God's Word that He will enrich the liberal, and leave the miserly to find out that withholding tendeth to poverty.

26. Wednesday. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, Psa. lv. 22.

He who cannot calmly leave his affairs in God's hand, is very likely to be tempted to use wrong means to help himself.

27. Thursday. The battle is the Lord's. 2 Chron. xx. 15.

Therefore with steadfast foot, dauntless heart, and flaming zeal, thou mayest rush to the conflict, O Christian warrior. The Lord of Hosts is your captain.

28. Friday. Wilt thou be made whole? John v. 6.

Thus the great Physician now speaks to us; and is willing and able to cure all who approach Him.

29. Saturday. Hope thou in God, Psa. xlii. 11.

Yes, at all times, for there is ever a foundation for hope in God.

How to sit.

All consumptive people, and all afflicted with spinal deformities, sit habitually crooked, in one or more curves of the body. There was a time in all these when the body had its natural erectness, when there was the first departure on the road to death. The make of our chair, especially that great barbarism, the unwieldy and disease-engendering rocking chair, favors these diseases, and undoubtedly, in some instances, leads to bodily habits which originate the ailments just named, to say nothing of piles, flatula and the like. The painful or sore feeling which many are troubled with incessantly for years, at the extremity of the backbone is the result of sitting in such a position that one rests upon the seat of the chair at a point several inches forward of the chair back. A physiological chair, one which shall promote the health and preserve the human form erect and manly as our Maker made it, should have the back straight, at right angles with the seat itself not being over eight inches deep. A chair of this kind will do more towards correcting the lounging habits of our youth than multitudes of parental lectures, for then if they are seated at all they must sit erect, otherwise there is no seat hold.—Hall's Journal of Health.

CATCHING THE SHADOW.—Photographs are taken of cannon balls during their flight. One was taken showing the ball just as it was leaving the cannon's mouth. An electromagnet opened and closed the camera at the right instant—the recoil of the cannon, or the ball itself, being used to form and break the electric connection.

Who appreciates the fact that there is any great importance attached to such a commodity as a Pill? It is generally supposed that anybody can make them, as all can take them. But visit the laboratory of Dr. J. C. Ayer and you will be disabused of the idea, that it is a trifle to make any medicine and adapt it to the wants of millions of men—to so adjust it to their needs, and so cure their complaints, as to make them its constant customers in all the zones. Physicians find it requires some skill to adapt their doses to a single patient; ask them if it is not an intricate problem to adjust a purgative pill to the necessities of untold numbers, so that it shall benefit them nearly all. Dr. Ayer's laboratory supplies 60,000 doses of his Pills per diem, 19,000,000 a year. Think of that Esculapius! Well may it whiten the head of any man to administer to that amount of suffering, and especially when, as is here evident, everything is done with the extreme nicety and care.—Randolph (Vt.) Statesman.

The best and surest remedy in the world for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething, is Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind, colic, and, by giving quiet sleep to the child, gives rest to the mother. Perfectly safe in all cases. Thirty-five cents a bottle.

Sudden changes of weather are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, &c. There is no more effectual relief in these diseases to be found, than in the timely use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit, and have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, having received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

Thick wind, broken wind, and roaring, are sometimes produced by bronchitis or catarrh. If not cured, the disease may be greatly palliated by administering Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powder.

Improvements are continually being made in everything else, why not in medicine? We believe they are not exempt. Try a bottle of Blood's Rheumatic Compound and be convinced.