

MISCHIEVOUS MISTAKES MADE BY YOUNG MEN.

The first of a course of lectures under the auspices and for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association of Liverpool, was recently delivered in the Town Hall, by the Rev. R. N. Grant, the respected pastor of Knox Church. We copy the Chronicle's report:—

try something else." Remember it is a thousand times more easily done if you stand it, and not only "stand it," but "master it."—fight out the difficulty to its bitter end and conquer it whatever it may be. Let no young man suppose that he can run away from difficulties—difficulties, like Scotchmen are to be found in all parts of the world. This globe wasn't created, and beautified, and lighted up, and sent whirling around the sun for the special benefit of any one young man. Young men often make a most unchivalrous mistake in depending on others for their success, instead of trusting to their own exertions. Beecher says that "a woman with a woman's nature is God's noblest work; but a man with a woman's nature is his meanest." If a sense of dependence on others be a part of a woman's nature, then some young men have this female characteristic marked degree—they depend on others at every step in life.

lecturer then, at considerable length, pointed out the numerous mistakes which young men are committing in their lives. He also showed what a fatal mistake it is for young men to commence business under the impression that honesty is not the best policy, and illustrated his subject by many facts drawn from actual life. He then pointed out some mistakes which they might be liable to fall into as an association in carrying on their work, and closed with an earnest appeal to work well while the day of life lasted.

The above is but a mere outline of the lecture, which was one of the most instructive ever delivered in the Hall. To judge from the repeated applause which greeted the Rev. gentleman, the audience was highly pleased, and it is hoped profited.

BE AGREEABLE

In journeying along the road of life it is a wise thing to make our fellow-travellers our friends. The way, rough as it may seem, may be pleasantly bequilted with an interchange of kindly offices and words. Suavity and forbearance are essential elements of good companionship, and none would expect to pass pleasantly through life who does not habitually exercise them in his intercourse with his fellows. The fish-tailite, whose hand is against every man, may die in the ditch without a finger being outstretched to save him. And why should we so rudely jostle our neighbours? Why tread upon each other's toes? The Christian gentleman is always careful to avoid such collisions, for courtesy and loyalty to his race are a portion of his moral and religious creed, to be loved and honoured of all, his highest earthly ambition. He seeks to turn away wrath with a soft answer, and if a brawler obstinately beset his path, he steps aside to avoid him as "My Uncle Toby" said to the pertacious fly, "Go thy ways; the world is wide enough for thee and for me!"

There is another and meaner view of the subject, which we commend to the consideration of the worldly-wise and selfish. It always pays to be courteous, and mild of tongue.

TO PARENTS.

Parents run the risk of losing the love of their children who put aside their trivial questions as of no consequence. An interjection point symbolizes the life of childhood. "Why" and "what" are the keys with which it unlocks the treasury of the world. The boy's numberless questions often seem trivial, but the wise parent will never turn them off unanswered, if he can help it. It is his rich opportunity of teaching. He is not half way, and there is all the difference between impressing truth on an eager mind and an uninterested one. The little fellow, helping you to your work, and pelting you with endless questions, may learn as much in half an hour there as in a week when his body is a prisoner in the school room and his thoughts are out of doors.

TAKING HOLD AND LETTING GO.

Peter's venture—I call it venture, and yet it was not venture, for that implies hazard, whereas there was no risk—was leaving a leaking, sinking boat, to go on board a noble ship. Still to human eyes, though not to angels, it was a venture. For as the vessel was, it was to human eyes safer than the sea. Out of his vessel he let himself down into that raging sea, and began his walk. He was now wholly in the arms of Jesus: nothing between him and the waves but these everlasting arms. What his feelings were in letting go his hold of the ship we do not know, perhaps very peculiar, but with that word "Come" sounding over the waves why should he fear? His was the venture of faith; a faith which showed itself not in its power to grasp, but to let go the vessel's side—the human stay. Yes we often speak of faith as taking hold, but here it seen in letting go.—Horatius Bonar

SLEEPING FLOWERS

Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and when his rays rise weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that they close their leaves during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at five or six in the evening. The goat's-beard wakes at three in the morning, and shuts at five or six in the evening. The English daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" in the next early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards the evening. The day lily leaves lettuce opens at eight in the morning, closes forever at four in the afternoon. The night-flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet scented blossoms in the twilight, it is full-blown at midnight, and closes never to open again with the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till sunrise. Those plants which seem to be awake all night have been called "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

WHAT AM I DOING?

Be Faithful. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Be prayerful. Ask, and it shall be given you. Be Watchful. Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Be Joyful. For I, I am with you all ways, even unto the end of the world. Be Humble. For by grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves—it is the gift of God. Be Earnest. Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him: And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.

A LESSON FOR BODILY WRITERS.

In Newport, R. I., a grocer who kept a shop was noted for his grasping disposition. One day he noted in a salt cod on one of the shelves of the shop, and underneath he wrote in chalk:—"Codfish for sale cheap for cash here." Presently in came an acquaintance and said:—"What do you have here on that sign about codfish for? You don't sell codfish or any other goods in any place but here. Anybody would know where you sold them without that word." "That's so," said the grocer. "Boy wipe out the word 'here' from the codfish sign." The boy obeyed, and the next day another critic appeared. Said he, "For cash! Who ever knew you to trust for any goods? Why do you say you sell codfish for cash?" "You are right," said the grocer. "Boy, wipe out the words 'for cash' from the codfish sign." This was done, and shortly after a third critic came to the shop, objecting to the word cheap. "Who ever knew you to undersell other dealers?" said he. "You don't sell any cheaper than they. Your price are just the same as theirs, and more if you can get it. Cheap! cheap! what do you have that word for?" "Well, it is not of much use," said the grocer. "Boy, wipe out the word 'cheap' from the codfish sign." Again the boy did as his master bade, and the same day critic No. 4 found fault with the phrase "for sale." Said he "For sale! No one ever knew you to give away codfish. Of course you keep them for sale; there is no occasion for telling people what everybody knows." "There is something in that," said the grocer. "Boy, wipe out 'for sale' from the codfish sign." This left the salt cod and the single word 'codfish' beneath. It was but a few minutes after that a customer, who came in to buy some goods, remarked to the grocer:—"What a funny sign you've got out there! Any one would know that is a codfish nailed on your shutter." "So they would," was the reply. "Boy, wipe out the word 'codfish' from that sign." The boy obeyed, and the fish remained with no inscription.—Exchange

LAST WORDS.

However physiologists may question the importance of the feeble utterances of the dying, it is certain that mankind in general find a deep significance in the last words of those who are vanishing into the unknown life. "He saves!" said the physician, when Dr Adams, rector of the High School of Edinburgh, was passing away, but as we catch the last words of the ravine, our own eyes are dimmed. "It grows dark, boys," stretching forth his hand; "you may go." "All my possessions for a moment of time!" moaned Queen Elizabeth. Wesley, calmer, said, as he died, "The best of all is, God is with us." And deaf Beethoven, whose soul had ever been filled with harmony, exclaimed gladly at the last, "I shall hear!" "Is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith was asked by his physicians. "No, it is not," was the mournful reply, and he spoke no more. How different the parting words of Dr. William Hunter! "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die. Or the assurance of President Edwards, as his dying grasp loosened on hard forms of dogma, "Trust in God and you need not fear." Byron said wearily "I must sleep now." And Goethe, turning to his wife, called for "Light, more light!" Dr Johnson died in a tumult of uneasiness and dread. Cowper sank to rest peacefully as a child. "I am taking a fearful nap in the dark," cried Hobbes, the deist. And "Now, Lord, receive my soul!" whispered Herbert on his last "sweet day."

Politeness was no longer a ruling passion, but a chasm, when Chesterfield in dying, said, "Give Dayrolles a chair;" and surely something was forgiven of Charles the Second when he bade farewell to earth's pomp and wickedness in "Don't let poor Nelly starve." Haller's last words were, feeling his own pulse, "The artery ceases to beat." Petrarch died suddenly and silently in his library, his hand upon a book; and Sir Isaac Newton was winking his watch when he was ushered into the life that hath no end. Talma, the great actor, exclaimed pitifully as he went, "The worst of all is, I cannot see;" and John Locke murmured, "O the depths of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!" The dying admonition of the learned Grotius to his race was, "Be serious." Scarron, the French wit, said faintly to his weeping friends, "Ah! mes enfans, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time; and Lord Thurlow in reckless wonder exclaimed, "I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying!" When poor Robert Burns gasped with his last breath, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" he did not allude to his commentators and critics, yet what a significance should the words have for them! And how little Anne Boleyn thought, when, awaiting the executioner, she clasped her fair throat, that "It is but small, very small," would link her forever to the heart of Christendom! "Yes, we cannot doubt that many of the most eloquent sermons mankind has ever listened to have fallen from dying lips. Cæsar's grievous "And thou, Brutus!" John Quin's Adams "This is the last of earth;" Mirabeau's frantic cry for "Music" after his life of discord; George Washington's "It is well—do they not grow richer in meaning every day? And is it not still blessed to remember the last words of Melancthon, the friend of Luther? "Do you want anything?" asked his loved ones eagerly. "Nothing, but heaven," he answered, and went walking on his way.—Heath and Home.

HUGUENOTS

The origin of the term Huguenots, which our dictionaries and encyclopedias do not make clear, is traced by D'Aubigne to the year 1518, in the struggle for civil liberty in Geneva. After a year's sojourn from Lausanne had left the city, "the Duke's party" accosted the independent Genevois, and galloped each in his own way the German word *Huguenots* (confebrates) which they could not pronounce, called after them, *Eidgenos*, *Eidgenots*, *Engenots*, *Hugonots*. This word is met with in the chronicles of the time written in different ways; the last, Huguenots, is the only one that has passed into our language. It is possible that the name of the citizen, Beaumeon Hugues, who became the principal leader of this party, may have contributed to the prevalence of this form over all the others. In any case, it must be remembered that until after the Reformation this sobriquet had a purely political meaning, in no respect religious, and designated simply the friends of independence. Many years after the entrance of the Protestants of France called them by the name, wishing to designate them and impute to them foreign, republican, and heretical origin.

COMFORT FOR WEARY MOTHERS.

A woman who does all her own work who has very little means at her command, and who, besides, is the mother of several small children, none of whom are able to help her to wait on themselves, but, on the contrary, require constant attention, often has weary moments of utter discouragement. Her thoughts run somewhat in this way: "I am completely tired out, yet my work is not all done. I want to have accomplished so much to-day, but I had bad luck, and the fire has been poor in consequence. Then the baby has been cross, and the other children noisy and boisterous, and having them in doors all the time this cold weather is so tiresome to them and to me. Then there are stockings to be knitted, and shirts for husband to be made—dear me, I'm sure I don't see where I can find time to do them! But that is not the worst of it. My darling children are so neglected I can't possibly find time to train them right, and when I see other persons' children so quiet and orderly and so neat and well-dressed, it makes me feel bad. I am afraid my children will turn out miserably. It is seldom I can stop to correct them as I should, and it is only on a Sunday afternoon that I ever can gather them around me to talk to them, tell them a story, or appear like a real, true mother to them. Dear mother, be not discouraged. That little Sunday afternoon talk, the distress which you display in your countenance whenever your child utters an evil word or acts unkindly, and the prayerful desire on your part to do them good, will have its reward. Those little, quiet, peaceful talks will be as grains of mustard seed sown in good ground, which, although the seed is so small that it seems invisible to the human sight, shall spring up vigorous, strong, and irresistible. If you do the best you can, depend upon it you shall be rewarded. Again I say, be not discouraged. Those children who are brought up in refinement and luxury, who have servants to wait on them, and every want and whim gratified, are not always the children who make the strongest and noblest men and women. Those little ones who are partially neglected, through an actual want of time on the part of their parents, and who have to rough it a little, are apt, in time, to fight manfully the battle of life. Not that I would advocate bringing up a child to "rough it" where circumstances makes a different course possible, but I do say there is comfort and hope for the weary, distressed and discouraged mother who does all she can, and more than her strength really warrants her in doing for her children.—Heath and Home.

He whose wishes respecting the possessions of this world are the most reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the sweetest, and for that reason, the most desirable life.

Mrs. M. C. Ames writes "I believe that every woman, and nearly every man, sacrifices much of the sweetness and fullness of personal life if committed to perpetual publicity."

A man ought to carry himself in this world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden, swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

Cultivate a cheerful disposition; endeavor, as much as both in you, always to bear a smile about with you; recollect that this is as much a command of God as that one which says, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart."

"Last words" are oftener the mutterings of some perhaps trivial dream—the request for some comfort, or some change of pillows, the grateful recognition of some loved one—than phrases which contain the full expression of the life-thought or maxims which shall be the guidance of those who remain behind. Our lives, not our death-words, must furnish these. It is easy, no doubt, to journey alone in the broad sunshine and on the beaten highway of our lot, but over the midnight plain and beneath the still immensity of darkness the traveller seeks some fellowship for his wanderings. And what is religion but the midnight hemisphere of life, whose vault is filled with the silence of God, and whose everlasting stars, if giving no clear light, yet fill the soul with dreams of immeasurable glory?

Keep prayer going; do not neglect your prayer meetings. Christmas Evans gives us a good idea about prayer. He says: "Prayer is the rope in the belfry; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven." And so it is. Mind you keep that bell going. Pull it well. Come up to prayer meetings. Keep on pulling it; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith. May your faith be large and plentiful, and so will your joy.