

What's the Use?

What's the use of blaming others for the fault
that is your own—

What's the use?

What's the use of shifting burdens you should
carry all alone —

What's the use?

Will it make your burden lighter

If the world refuses to

Weep about the home-made troubles

That have made their home with you?

What's the use?

—Denver 'Times.'

Dare to do Right.

(L. Gebhard, in the 'American Messenger.')

The courage of battle, the bravery of saving a life against fire or flood or storm, the power to breast danger unflinchingly,—we all are familiar with courage of this sort. We give it respect and admiration. We call the actors in such scenes heroes. Yet the daily walk of a boy among the familiar duties of his every-day life often calls for courage as great, determination as strong and an aim as unswerving.

It is largely through cowardice that we sin. The fear of a laugh of derision, the fear of defeat, the fear of criticism, of loss of place, of money or honor, causes more wrong-doing than anything else. And these misdeeds are not the deeds of the base or the cruel or the low-lived, but of boys of conscience and keen susceptibilities, boys with an instinct toward right-doing, with good training behind them, and good intentions in their hearts.

The boy who is leader in a game of stumps is full of daring; the most dangerous heights, the most hairbreadth risks are not too great for him to take if he can in this way make himself a leader worthy the name of his followers. The opportunities are as great in simple right-doing. The stumps lie all along each day's path. The boy who meets them squarely and unflinchingly is sure to lead a little army of followers after him. He is like a magnet to his fellows, drawing out the best of the other boy's mettle to match his own.

'Are you going swimming?' asked his companions of a boy in camp one Sunday afternoon. The boy looked down, while with the toe of his shoe he made a figure in the sand, and the others awaited his answer. At last it came: 'No, it wouldn't be any use to ask my father if I could go swimming on Sunday. He would be sure to say "No."'

Yet the father was not there, and the boy had dared to do right. It was the case of the magnet—the other boys did not go either.

Sometimes the temptation is to cheat at lessons just as little to be sure to keep the marks high, or to take something that does not belong to the boy, only a small thing that hardly counts. It is just such things that call for courage. Companions often call slips from truth and honesty matters of no account, and the boy a prude or prig who hesitates. Dare to do right in the very foundations of truth and honesty, and no larger sin in these ways will ever tempt you.

Dare to turn your back on impure conversation, dare to be called a 'digger' if the work you are doing is worth doing. Dare to be 'tied to your mother's apron strings' if that means loyalty and tenderness and deference to all woman-kind, your mother first of all. Dare to be reverent at all times and in all places. Bibles are God's word to you, and worthy of respectful treatment. God's house calls for a boy's reverent respect, God's name his reverent worship. Dare to give this, even though

those around you forget time and place and the honor due, and you may be a leader in the best things.

The boy who dares to do right in each day's opportunities will meet the greater crises of life with the strength of a hero, a strength gathered in many small fights with the arch tempter. The battles of life grow with our years, but strength to meet them courageously is God given. Daring to do right in God's name is to have courage for whatever befalls, with the surety that the strength of the arm behind us is never failing. There is a song that was familiar to the boys of a generation ago:

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you,
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your
faith;

Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

There are men to-day who remember it as the battle cry of right-doing in their boyhood.

For the larger growth of manhood the words of Phillips Brooks bear a similar meaning—'There is no nobler sight anywhere than to behold a man quietly and resolutely put aside the lower things, that the higher may come in to him. To put aside everything that hinders the highest from coming to us, and then to call to us that highest, which—nay, who—is always waiting to come—this as the habit of a life is noble.'

More Praise.

We do not praise God enough, either in the sanctuary or in our own homes. The apostle's injunction is: 'In everything give thanks!' Some have had a year of trials and bereavements; they need to be cheered up. Others are perplexed by mysterious providences; they need to be reminded that behind the clouds still reigns and shines the Infinite Love. If the year has brought to some full barns and large bank deposits, it is a good time to exhort to large consecration of 'tithes for God's storehouse.' Why should not every pulpit ring a loud peal of gratitude on one day in every year, and every sanctuary resound with a strong and full chorus of happy voices? Nor should any prosperous family sit down to a feast of fat turkeys unless they have made some poor man's house warm and his table to smoke with bounties.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

A Group of Mottoes.

Over the triple doorways of Milan Cathedral there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words—'All that which pleases is but for a moment.' Over another is sculptured a cross, and there are the words—'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription—'That only is important which is eternal.' If we realize always these three truths, we shall not let trifles trouble us, nor be interested so much in the passing pageants of the hour. We should live, as we do not now, for the permanent and the eternal.

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The Plodder's Petition.

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shrivelled mind.

I do not ask a place among
Great thinkers who have taught and sung,
And scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour—
I only would not lose the power
To comprehend.
—'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

The Cost of a Mistake.

(Emma Churchman Hewitt, in 'Forward.')

Had the engineer employed by Napoleon the First been as accurate as he should have been, that sovereign might have added another remarkable undertaking to his career, and, proving successful, might have had his name handed down to posterity as one of its greatest benefactors.

Who can tell what effect might have been produced upon the fate of France, had Napoleon the First succeeded in his project of opening up the Suez Canal and thus joining the Mediterranean and the Red Sea as they are now connected? He entertained the idea of this gigantic project, but abandoned it upon the representation of his engineer, Lepère, that the Red Sea was nearly thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean. It is hard to understand how, even in 1798, such an error as this could have been made by an engineer who was trained to the business, but so it was, and Napoleon turned his mind to other things.

In 1841, this impression was corrected by British officers, and in 1849 a thorough investigation of the possibilities of the situation was instituted by Ferdinand de Lesseps.

The consent of the Khedive of Egypt and that of Turkey having been obtained, 'The Universal Company of the Maritime Suez Canal' was formed in 1856, half the capital being furnished by the Khedive, the other half by public subscription throughout Europe (mainly in France).

The work was begun on April 25, 1859, and the canal was opened for navigation on Nov. 16, 1869, having cost in the ten and a half years twenty millions pounds—about one billion dollars. The increase in the number of vessels taking advantage of this 'short cut' has been very great. In 1870, but 486 passed through; 1890, 3,389, from which the company realized an income of about twelve million dollars. We can very readily see, from these figures already furnished, what a colossal enterprise it has been, and what an enormous amount of thought and system has been necessary to carry it through.

And Napoleon lost the opportunity of being the projector of this scheme through the mistake made by Lepère in his measurement.

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