

WORK THAT WIN.

WILSON.

Somebody near you is struggling alone  
Over life's desert sand;  
Faith, hope and courage together are gone,  
Reach him a helping hand;  
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;  
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon fire bright;  
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,  
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;  
Send him some aid today;  
Somebody near you is feeble and old,  
Left without human stay.  
Under his burdens put hands kind and strong;  
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;  
Haste to do something to help him along,  
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time fieth fast,  
Soon it will all be gone;  
Soon will our season of service be past,  
Soon will our work be done,  
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;  
Someone needs help such as you can afford;  
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,  
There may be a soul to be won.—Sel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, S. A., Aug. 10, 1907.

Dear Friends:—We are with you in spirit today as you are assembled at Riverside, and pray you may have a wonderful time of power and victory during the ten days meeting. We do not forget the glad days spent there or the dear ones whom we have known and loved who gather there from year to year.

We have not heard from the Alliance and camp meeting at Beulah yet, but hope to have grand reports soon. Yours was a rare privilege indeed, to sit under the teaching of Dr. Carradine. You could not fail to receive a feast of fat things, for I am sure our brother has not lost any of his old time power.

We did not think Beulah camp grounds could be made more beautiful, but see Brother Bullock has found some way to improve on its beauty.

Our springtime is hastening on; already the fruit trees are budded, while the green grass is making its appearance in spite of our long drought. We will soon begin our gardening. The natives do not begin this work until the rains come. Then their beer drinking season will be over for a time at least, though the men manage to have their beer drinks at any time of the year, while the women must work. They are making the most of their time now however. A few days ago we heard wierd singing in the distance. After a while we could see coming in single file eighteen women and girls, each with a beer pot on her head full to running over, for as the motion caused foam to rise high upon these pots, they were obliged to throw it off continually by sticks carried by them for this purpose. They were going to some friend's kraal to make merry for the day. They did not return until evening, their singing at that time indicating the quantity of beer which had disappeared.

Yesterday Sister Sanders and I visited a sick woman about a mile from here, the mother of Josephine, one of our church members. She has been sick for some time and has not long to live. Some may say, she is only a heathen woman and very ignorant—one among the millions. Is it worth while to visit and labor with her day after day, endeavoring to teach her the Way of Life? Beloved, if you could but see this one soul groping for the light, really anxious about her own soul's welfare, you would wonder that any one could ask such a question, for an immortal soul in this dark land is as precious in the sight of Jesus as the one most cultured of earth, for His blood must redeem each soul, or either will be eternally lost.

Oh, dear ones, our responsibilities are great these days, doors are open in dark lands where hitherto they have been barred. Shall we arise to our privileges, send or take the gospel to the waiting millions? The harvest is surely great yet how few the laborers who are willing to enter these dark lands. Let us seek to know what our Father would have us do.

We are always glad to read the letters in the HIGHWAY from friends in the homeland. We think many others could write with profit.

The HIGHWAY is indeed a welcome visitor. We hope the time will not be long before we can have weekly visits.

With much love to you all,  
Yours in Jesus,  
IDA M. KIERSTEAD.

THE FORCE OF PERSONAL WORK.

LEN G. BROUGHTON.  
[Report of an address.]

The church has failed to realize what the business world has realized long ago and gotten rich over, and that is the force of personal work. I can remember as a boy when such a thing as a traveling man and a drummer was not known in the world. Then all they had to do in the large centers was to build great warehouses, fill them full of goods, send out their circulars; the smaller merchants would get these circulars and price lists and make their orders out from them. After awhile business developed and they had to fall upon a more aggressive plan. They had to send out men to the jobbing houses in the larger towns and villages. Finally business developed still more and they had to send out men to the retail and wholesale houses alike, and now they have their drummers going all over our country, selling everything under the sun good, bad and indifferent.

A man doesn't have to go down town now to buy anything. I can sit in my study at home and order all that we eat and wear, and never go out at all.

When I was pastor in the earlier days of my ministry in Virginia, I went out into the country to preach. We were having a three or four days' meeting there for the deepening of the life of the people. I was assigned to a little mountain home for the night. They had but one room in the house, and eleven children, besides now and then the neighbors children came in, and a preacher once in a while. They took me into this big room, which was parlor, bed room, kitchen, pantry, corn crib, and everything else. Finally I went to bed. All the little children and the ladies of the household retired. Where they went I don't know, but they went out into the darkness. After I was in bed, some one notified them, and they came in, and then I had to lie with the covers over my head until they got into bed. The room was hot, and I almost melted until the process was over.

After we had been in bed some time, some one called at the front gate. The man of the house said:

"Who is it?"  
A voice answered: "It's me and I want to stay all night."  
"We already have one stranger," said the man; "I don't know whether he will take you in with him or not."  
I already had four in bed with me, and said:  
"No, I can't take anybody else in with me."  
"Well," he said, "I will make him a pallet."

He called the man in and fixed him a pallet. The man got down before the fire and opened up a little valise and took out some little bottles. I peeped out, saw the bottles coming out, and thought it was whiskey; but I soon found out it was not whiskey; it was molasses. I said: "What on earth does that man mean coming out here and selling molasses?" Why he sold that farmer enough molasses to last him and his eleven children until the next molasses season, and he went to the next house, and the next, and the next, until finally a man said to me:

"Pastor, what has come over this country?"  
I said: "Why?"  
He said: "Why, it looks as though the whole face of the earth had turned to molasses. It is coming here in carloads."

Then I told him about that drummer. Well you know I got a lesson out of that. My brethren, if the church of Christ that we profess to belong to was just one-thousandth part as much

INTERESTED IN PROPAGATING ITS BUSINESS which business is the salvation of sinners, as the commercial man is in propagating his business, which is the sale of molasses, how long do you think it would take us to wake up Chicago and set the whole city on fire?

THE GUIDING EYE.

A man was rambling in the famous labyrinth of Henry VIII, at Hampton Court, near London, where a puzzle is

carried out on a large scale by paths between high and thick evergreen hedges. He wandered about for a time, but when the time for closing drew near, with all his efforts he could not find his way out, and he feared that he might have to remain all night. At last he happened to look up, and he saw a man in the tower in the centre of the labyrinth watching him all the time, and waiting to catch his attention. The eye above could see all the way so hidden from the man within, and soon guided him out of his difficulties. Life is such a labyrinth. No person knows enough to guide his course unaided. He cannot see where the paths lead. But our Guide in heaven points out to us the true paths; He shows to us the turning points, and helps us to find our way to the best life here, and to heaven beyond.

DEAD IN EARNEST ABOUT IT.

Mrs. J. K. Barney tells of a gentleman in Rhode Island, who for some years was asked to give his signature to a petition for the prohibition of the sale of strong drink.

"No," was the decisive answer, "I am not ready for that; I have not made up my mind as to the advisability of it."

That night his only son was locked up in the police station, and the next morning fined in the police court for being "indecently intoxicated."

A few hours later the father crossed the street to speak to my friend, accosting him thus:

"Look here, have you that petition with you to day? I'm ready to sign it, for I do not want it so easy for my son to get drunk."

Upon being told that the petition had been left at home, something more than a mile away, he replied;

"I will walk up there with you, for I am dead in earnest about this business."

A good many other people in Rhode Island have since come to be "dead in earnest about this business," and the constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of strong drink which required a three-fifths vote instead of a mere majority, was carried by 14,775 voting for to 9,446 against it; and so the infernal traffic is outlawed in that state by a three fifths majority, with 423 votes to spare. The campaign was short, sharp and decisive, and probably the Rhode Island women know as well as anybody what carried the day.

One saloon keeper was overheard saying to another:

"We have plenty of money."  
"Yes," said the other, but we can't match them women's prayers!"

We trust the women will keep praying and working, until they draw the net tighter and tighter about this blood red rum dragon, and he is pitched headlong into the bottomless pit.—Sel.

"STUPENDOUS LYING."

Some years ago the Grand Army held a reunion at Portland, Maine, and there were many protests against the "Maine law," yet it was asserted that "any one could get a drink."

An old soldier, at whose home the writer has spent many happy months, attended the reunion, and on his return was asked by us as to the truth of the current assertions in the Boston Herald and other papers, that there was as much liquor sold in Portland as in any city of its size. He replied: "The boys who are in the habit of drinking asserted very freely that the law was a hypocritical humbug—that anybody could get a drink; but when they talked with each other they said it was the driest place they were ever in. 'The St. Louis Christian Advocate has something to say on this subject:

"There is hardly a State in the Union about which there has been such stupendous lying as Maine. Some years ago the editor of the Advocate went to the expense of making an extensive journey to the far-off, much-maligned common-wealth, and with the aid of the sheriffs and chief of police made a careful study of the actual facts which prepared us for the following statistics recently published by Congressman Littlefield:

"Maine has in her savings banks \$95.22 for every inhabitant, Illinois, has only \$13.43, Kentucky none, Ohio, \$10.71, Pennsylvania, \$16.32, and while the population of Maine since 1850 has increased only 20 per cent. her valuation per capita has increased 252 per cent.

"From 1850 to 1890 the percentage of paupers increased in Illinois 176 per cent., while in Maine the percentage of paupers has decreased over 50 per cent.

"Illinois paid internal revenue tax per capita \$3.66, Kentucky \$8.72, Ohio \$3.36, Pennsylvania \$2.30, Maine four cents."

THE TOBACCO SCOURGE.

A scourge it is, and it is everywhere in shameless profusion. Old men, sallow and meagre, consuming the last ounce of their vitality in smoking and chewing tobacco; laborers going too and from their work, with pipes or cigars in their mouths; idlers and loungers, cursing rich men and corporations and consuming more for cigars than would be required to furnish them bread; mere boys, dissipating with pipes, cigarettes, and stumps of cigars, their faces flushed with tobacco intoxication, or pallid from tobacco exhaustion; every other man you meet is puffing or chewing this baneful commodity. Stores, depots and railroad cars are filled with its sickening odor. The very air of the street in our cities and villages is loaded with its stench. It is too bad! It is outrageous. Civilization and religion protest against it.—Dr. D. W. C. Huntington.

HER ONE TALENT.

Margaret Sangster tells of a woman neither young, nor beautiful, nor robust, nor accomplished, nor educated, who became a bride. She realized that she was extremely unlike her brilliant husband. "I have not even one talent to fold away in a napkin," she said. But the husband loved her, and she loved him, and I would, please God, make him happy. "There is one comfort—I can keep house," she said. So she planned the delicate, dainty, healthful meals, and kept the home clean, but not forbiddingly spotless. It invited the tired husband to rest, to litter it with books and papers if it pleased him to bring work home from the office, while she sat beside him ready to smile or speak as he looked up. The husband said, one day: "There's one talent you have, darling, beyond any one else in the world—the talent of having time enough for everything." His home was a suburb of paradise, and he went forth to the competitions of life steadily successful in all his enterprises. And the quiet wife, who had time to love him, to share his hopes, listen to his plans, and make his life supremely happy, was an element in his success which counted more largely than even the husband knew.—Exchange.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

During a season of revival a friend was praying one evening for a certain unconverted neighbor. After this manner he prayed: "O Lord, touch that man with Thy finger; touch him with thy finger, Lord!" The petition was repeated with great earnestness when something said to him: "Thou art the finger of God! Hast thou ever touched this, thy brother? Hast thou ever spoken a single word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered." It was a voice from the throne. God's servant rose from his knees self-condemned. He had known the man as an impenitent for a quarter of a century, yet had uttered not a word of warning. Hundreds of opportunities had come and gone, but the supreme question of life had been set aside for such topics as "the weather," "the latest news," "politics," and "trade." His first duty as a Christian had been left undone.—A. P. Sel.

The Baptists of the four Western provinces are to be united in one convention, both the British Columbia, the Manitoba and Northwest Conventions having voted approval of the proposal. It is expected to have the union consummated in a few weeks.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

LIGHT IN AFRICA.

Once Africa sat in darkness,  
Too blind to unfasten her doors;  
Not knowing the strength that was in her,  
Not knowing the wealth of her stores.

In lands where the Master was honored,  
A tender compassion was stirred;  
And many the lives that were given  
To open those doors to the Word.

Today there is entrance; wide open  
The doors now invitingly stand,  
And science and commerce are bearing  
Their torches across the Dark Land.

And Christ, the Redeemer of nations,  
Is bidding us rise in His might,  
And carry to Africa's children,  
The gospel of blessing and light.

—Selected.

BOYS AND THEIR BRINGING UP.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Far more important in the bringing up of a boy is it to surround him with good company, than to give him fine clothing or even a good school. A boy's playmates and associates do more to educate him than his teachers. Keep the boy's confidence, and watch that he does not drift outward from the safe moorings of the home evenings. When a lad is furtive, when he has reserves, when he slips away from the house after supper and spends his time in the street, or anywhere aloof from mother and sisters, that lad is in danger. Up with the red lights and the green lights, and look out for peril ahead. The boy is off the right track. There is need for somebody to take hold of him, and bring him back to the right path of safety.

Work is less a misfortune than a safeguard to the boy at home. Here the country boy has a great advantage over the boy in town, the latter having few chores to perform, and very little responsibility about the comfort of the household. A mother who is wise devises errands for her boys, and sees that all their time out of school is not spent in play. Once a boy derives the idea that his desires must be gratified at any cost, that he is of more importance than anyone else in the home, and that his manners may be rude with impunity, he has gone far on the road to selfish and inconsiderate manhood.

Brothers should be trained to wait on their sisters. Sons should be attentive to their mothers. Even rigid discipline in the smaller matters of courtesy, insistence on such affairs as rising when a lady enters a room, holding open a door for her when she leaves it, and carrying her bundles and parcels, is, in the end, a gain to a boy. Not long ago, I met a man who had been exceptionally successful in business, a man whose start was in a plain New England home, and who had no wealth at his back. Inquiring of an associate as to the probable reason of the rapid rise, the answer was brief and to the point: "Excellent natural ability; remarkably good manners." A boy's manner is often the means of starting him on a career which influence or introductions could not compass. "Who is that youth?" asked a banker, indicating a young man who was his mother's escort at an evening company. "So and so." "Is that lady his mother?" "Yes." "What is the boy doing?" From the conversation dated the beginning of the boy's excellent start in a business life. A boy is never well brought up, if he is left without learning deference to authority. Our American young people are apt to be lacking in reverence. The boy who never learns obedience to tutors and governess, who does not honor his parents, will only by a miracle develop into a good citizen.

No boy is ever well prepared for this world unless he is kept in touch also with the next, and is ever taught his duty to God, as well as to men. Neglect of the Bible, absence from church and from Sunday school, omission of daily prayer, are surely habits which make the boy unmanly, irresponsible, and finally non-Christian.

Be vigilant in guarding your son where he is weak. If he is peculiarly afraid of ridicule; if he cannot say no; if he is indolent, shy, or too forward, help him, not all along the line of general conduct, but just where he most requires assistance. Help him to overcome the evil, and to choose the good.—Christian Standard.