

Highway Acknowledgements.

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MISSIONARY BOX.

Previously acknowledged.....\$3.00
 Friend, California..... 3.00
 Hartland church..... 9.25
 Lower Brighton church..... 2.00
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 Victoria Corner church, bridle.. 2.28
 Mrs. (Rev.) W. E. Smith, saddle for Mrs. Keirstead..... 5.00
 Mrs. Howard Thurston..... 1.00
 Mrs. Wm. Churchill..... 1.00
 Mrs. Whitman Williamson..... 1.00
 Fort Fairfield church..... 9.00

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 Charles E. Palmer..... 2.50

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WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

(Simpson Ely in Marion (Ohio) Daily Mirror.

When the swallows homeward fly,
 From a bottle full of rye,
 It will make a man so drunk,
 That all manhood will be sunk;
 When the bottle he doth drain,
 It will fill his life with pain;
 It will craze and make him wild,
 And abuse his wife and child.

He will wallow in the mire,
 When he swallows liquid fire;
 For the man who takes his grog
 Emulates the filthy hog.
 Blistered form and bloodshot eyes
 Fill his life with groans and sighs;
 Maudlin tongue and tangled feet—
 Help to make his woe complete.

How far down a man can go,
 When he yields to drunkard's woe,
 Yielded, struggling, tempest-tossed,
 Manhood, virtue—all is lost;
 And when all on earth is done,
 Comes the setting of life's sun;
 Horrors dire no tongue can tell
 When he sinks to lowest hell.

Joplin, Mo.

Sel.

COULDN'T LOOK FATHER IN THE EYES

Disobedience to parents is the first step in the downward path. A circus was in the town and a little boy stood watching the great tent curiously. A neighbor, coming up, said: "Hello, Johnny; going to the circus?" No, sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like 'em." "Oh, well, I'll give you the money to go," said the man. "Father don't approve them." "Well, go in for once. I'll pay for you." No, sir; my father would give me the money if he thought it best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my box, enough to go." "I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't know it." "I can't said the boy. "Now, why?" asked the man. "Cause," said Johnny, "after I'd been there I couldn't look father in the eyes, but I can now." The boy will never do anything that would prevent him from looking straight into his father's eyes will never be a rebel.—Sel

Fifty years ago seven shoemakers in a shop in the city of Hamburg said: "By the grace of God we will help to send the gospel to our destitute fellow men." In twenty-five years they had established 50 self-supporting churches, had gathered 10,000 converts, had distributed 400,000 Bibles and 8,000,000 tracts, and had carried the gospel to 50,000,000 of the race. It would take only 120 such men to carry the gospel to the world in twenty five years.—Sel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, So. Africa, Sept. 24, 1907.

Dear Highway,—Perhaps a report of our meetings last Sunday will be interesting to your readers. Finosi, our native evangelist, accompanied by Marta and three other Christian girls, held service at the kraal of a Susa. Thirty-two were present at the service and gave good attention while the evangelist read his lesson from Matt. 24 and also took that for his subject. He was followed by Marta who took the 12th verse for her text, namely, "Because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold." We do not know how correct their exegesis of this scripture was, but we trust they got some truth before the people which will take root and bear fruit to the glory of God. After their meeting was over there, they came to another kraal nearer the station where about thirty gathered Finosi talking to them from the words, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." Marta again following with an exhortation. Alonie went in another direction to hold a meeting, but only nine responded to the call given them to come to the service. He gave me the names of three boys, however, who want to believe. I asked him where he got his words from to preach to the people, meaning where did he get his text, and he said, "From the Lord." He is unable to read well yet, though he improves every opportunity he has to study.

Samuel, accompanied by his sisters, Losalina and Julina and some other believers, held service at the kraal of Umgedhli, twenty-one being present. They had a good meeting, all the believers present taking part. Some were present who desired to become Christians and one boy who wants to begin study right away.

The writer went to a new place about three miles from here to have service, having with him as helpers Jona and our two boys, George and Mardalanga. 20 were at the service and seemed interested. We had freedom in talking and the Holy Spirit was present working upon the hearts of the people. One man told me he was striving to believe and others said they wished to understand more of the word.

Sister Sanders had charge of the service here on Sunday, we have not heard her report of the meeting.

We are looking to the Lord to enlarge our capacity for the work and feel encouraged by the assurance that God will be with us so long as we seek to do His will. We are weak but "the Lord our God in the midst of us is mighty." We trust that you will pray much that utterance and wisdom may be given us that we may make plain The way of salvation to this people.

Yours in the fellowship of the gospel
 I. F. KIRSTEAD.

WEST PEMBROKE, ME., Oct. 29th, 1907.

Dear Highway,—The Lord's work in West Pembroke is encouraging the meetings have been regularly attended this last three months, and are becoming more and more interesting, the saints have been edified and strengthened, sinners seeking salvation, and backsliders restoration, all glory to God. I very much regret that I cannot remain with this dear people all winter as they need some one with them all the time, duty calls me home, the Lord has wonderfully blessed my labors here and the people are unwilling for me to leave, they have been very kind to me and attended to my temporal needs, praise the Lord, There is a great of error and false teaching in Pembroke, such as shilobism and Christian Science, Scepticism, etc. I trust in my absence that the Brethern in the Ministry will visit this place, perhaps Brother Bubar, Cosman, Hillyard and Smith might make it convenient to visit them through the winter, it would keep up the interest until the Lord sent some fit person to take charge of the work. I may be led to return in the spring, I am under the divine will of my heavenly Father. I trust this field will not be neglected, all correspondence will be sent to S. A. Blackwood the Church clerk.

Yours in the work
 A. F. TAMNER.

MEDICINE FOR HUSBANDS.

A missionary who works in Morocco tells us that one of the Moorish

women came to ask for medicine to make her husband love her. He was talking of divorcing her, and she was in great trouble. The missionary looked at the untidy woman and her dirty hut, and then said: 'I can give you no medicine, but I can tell you what to do. When your husband goes out in the morning, get up and sweep the hut, lay down clean matting, and shake the cushions and mattresses. Then clean the tea-tray and rub it until it shines. Wash the glasses, and clean the teapot. Put the water on to boil, so that Si Mohammed will not have long to wait for his meal when he comes in. Then wash your own face and hands, put on a clean garment and your best sash, arrange a pretty kerchief on your hair, and put on all your necklaces, earrings and bracelets. When the time comes for him to return, sit on a cushion and look sweet.' While giving this advice the master came in—a man with a long white beard—and reclined on a mattress to listen. 'Thou hast the truth, O my daughter,' he said, when the missionary ceased speaking; 'that is the medicine to make us love our wives.' This advice might well be taken by English, as well as Moorish women, and the medicine could not but have a good effect in the West as in the East.—Selected.

THE DEVIL DEFEATED

Billy Bray was born in Cornwall, England, June 1, 1794. No person, at least in the humbler ranks, was better known in Cornwall than he. A biographer says of him: "His witty and eccentric sayings caused him to be thus widely known, and his deep and fervent piety to be as generally respected." The following is his own graphic account of how he "beat the devil" when his potato crop failed.

"Friends, last week I was a diggin' up my 'tatures. It was a whist poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the whole lot. An' while I was a diggin' the devil come to me, and he says,

'Billy, do you think your Father love you?'

'I should reckon He do,' I says.

'Well I don't says the ould tempter in a minute. If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to 'em, for his 'pinions ben't worth the leastest bit o' notice. 'I don't,' says he, 'and I tell 'ee what for; if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, He'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tatures: so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it ben't no trouble to your Father to do anything; and He could just as easy give you plenty as not, an' if He loved you, He would, too.'

Of course, I wasn't goin' to let he talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon 'em. 'Pray sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me a talkin' like this here? If I ben't mistaken I know you, sir, and my Father, too. And to think o' you comin' a sayin' He don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house; and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'! An' I'm sorry to add, that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since and I served you as faithfully as ever any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and an achin' head, an' no 'tatures, and the fear o' hell-fire to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven. I have been a poor servant of His off and on, for thirty years. An' He's given me a clean heart, an' a soul full o' joy, an' a lovely suit o' white as'll never wear out; an' He says that He'll make a king o' me before He've done, an' that He'll take me home to His palace to reign with Him forever and

ever. An' now you come up here a-talkin' like that.

Bless'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good mornin'.

Some one, perhaps it was Bunyan, alluding to 1 Kings 22:19-23, suggests that once Satan called a council to devise some plot whereby a minister who was doing his kingdom of darkness much harm, might be brought down. One after another suggested various devices, to each of which the president replied that they had all been tried to no avail. He could not be puffed up; the frown or smile of the world was alike to him; hardships only drove him to deeper devotion. Finally a demon arose in the rear and said, "I can get him." "Pray tell us how?" came from all sides. "Discourage him," answered the demon.

Who can tell the myriads of men and women who impervious to all other assaults, have succumbed to this one—discouragement. Thank God, there is no reason why this should be so. There is a simplicity and sublimity of faith that will spurn every attack, and make them stepping stones to higher ground. 1 Cor. 10; 13, 1 Pet. 5:8, 9.—Wm. F. Osborn, in Vanguard.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION.

An up-to-date minister, not preacher, if you please, recently denounced the old-time revival and camp meetings and announced he would have none of them in the future. In their place and stead he proposes to have an annex built to his church, where pool can be indulged in, bowling made another attraction, athletics encouraged, and high singing inaugurated, singing so high that the congregation cannot join in, and will not know whether the choir is giving them "Nobody Works But Father" or some old, familiar hymn. Old-time religion is good enough for us, and the old camp meeting with its sunrise prayer service and its mourners' bench is of our liking. We do not know anything more inspiring for a better life and for the uplifting of man than to hear one of the old-time hymns, such as "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," sung by a whole congregation, all uniting in the song service. It's the mourners' bench where a man declares in public he is a sinner and asks for the prayers of the people of God that he may be made a better man. And it is emotional, says the up to date divine. Yes, it is emotional, but it is the kind of emotion that often brings the sinner to the throne of grace and starts him on a better life. But so many backslide, they say. So they do, but one, even one, may be saved and there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. It is better that one shall be saved, though many backslide, than that none, not one, shall be brought up to see the error of their ways. The New Testament has many instances of revivals. In London on one occasion there was a great revival, which was led by the good Evangelist Moody. Many came up to the mourners' bench to be prayed for, and many backslided, but one became converted; he became one of the most powerful evangelists and preachers of this day, and he is going through the world proclaiming with effect the glad tidings of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and sinners flock to here him and many are converted. Was that revival without its fruits? No, we say, a thousand times no; give us and keep for our children the old-time religion, with its revivals, mourners' benches and camp meetings; they do good unto the people and bring many to see the sinfulness and errors of their ways. We will have none of the new fashioned kind that panders to the aesthetic, to the cultivated taste but does not reach the heart or convert the soul. Christian Standard.

HURLING THE HARPOON.

A sailor who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of church the friend said: "Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?" "Yes, it was ship shape; the water lines

were graceful; the masts raked just high enough; the sails and rigging were all right, but I didn't see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage the main thing is to get the whales. But they dont come to you because you have a fine ship. You must go after them and harpoon them. Now, it seems to me that a preacher is a whaleman. He is sent, not to interest or amuse the fish by sailing among them, but to catch them. Jesus said to his disciples 'I will make you fishers of men'. Now how many sermons like that do you think it would take to convict a sinner and make him cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?'

The friend said: 'But, Jack, people nowadays don't like to be harpooned. They like to listen to such expositions. Surely it is a grand thing to attract such an audience to hear the gospel.' "To hear about the gospel, you mean? I dont object to the doctor's exposition and illustration. As I said before, they were all ship shaps. But the trouble was when he sailed to the fishing ground and the whales had all gracefully come to the surface, instead of manning the boats and striking for a haul, he made a polite bow and appeared to say: 'I am very glad to see so many whales. I must not do anything to hurt or frighten them; hope they will all admire my ship and all come again on my next voyage.' Do you think the ship owner would send such a captain to Behring Straits a second time? Read in Acts the report of Peter's first gospel sermon. He begins with an able exposition of Old Testament prophecies in regard to the incarnation and resurrection of Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit, and then, when he had gained the attention of the crowd, he charged home upon them with the words of Jesus, whom ye have crucified? That was hurling a harpoon."—Sel.

HIS STRENGTH AND ADROITNESS WERE USELESS.

Little did the proud eagle, soaring skyward, think that, while resting for a brief space on a crag, he had harbored an enemy who was to drag him to death. But so it was, as he flew higher and higher, he began to waver in his flight, and to become unsteady. First one wing and then the other hung motionless, and the monarch of the air fell, helpless to the ground. Some shepherds, who had watched his upward flight, hastened to the spot where he had fallen, and, searching for the cause of his death, found the fangs of a snake which had crawled from its shelter on the crag to the warmer shelter of the eagle's breast.

So, many a youth, full of life and promise, proud of his strength, and, like toe eagle, soaring upward, is dragged to earth, maimed and broken from the effects of some secret sin, some vice which idsidiously fastens its fangs upon him even in the hour when he fancies himself most secure.—Sel.

ANSWER YOUR OWN PRAYER.

A father and mother who were going out their son as an apprentice a to place that was right in the midst of temptation, called a few friends together to have prayer meeting on his behalf. One after another engaged in prayer asking the Lord to bless the boy and keep him in the hours of temptation, and one of them in closing prayed: "O Lord, after having put their son's head into the Lion's mouth, we have come to ask Thee not to let him bite it off." How many are there like these foolish parents who go right into sin and expects the Lord to keep them. Sel.

"The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of their mortal life like men, facing smooth and rough alike as it came, and so found the truth of the old proverb, that 'good times and all bad times pass over.'"—Charles Kingsley.

There would be more happiness in the world if we would learn to consider the good things as big as we do teo bad ones