

THE NABOB.

Leyton was proud of its village blacksmith and wheelwright for his great strength, and had nicknamed him "The Nabob." But every one feared his temper when it was aroused,

None has seen more of what were called "his mad tantrums" than his next door neighbor, Elijah Mee, a collier. And Elijah had delighted to retaliate in petty spiteful ways, the recital of which at the public house caused much merriment.

Then Mee removed to another colliery, and for two years the village heard little of him. Suddenly he returned to visit an aunt, and Leyton wondered greatly.

"Hast seen 'Lijah Mee?" said one of a group of men outside the Red Lion Inn. "He's a different man, I tell you; such good clothes on his back, and he's bought his aunt a new gown and shawl and a fine lot of groceries."

"You dont say," answered a carpenter. "Why, he wouldn't even put up her potatoes when he lived here, much less spend sixpence on her. What's come over him?"

"He's turned religious was the laconic reply.

"'Lijah religious!" exclaimed a bystander. "Well, if that's so, dont be surprised if I turned so, too; he was a queer lot; so am I."

"Elijah will help you on, fast enough," said his neighbor. "It's real with him, and no mistake. He's given up drink and betting, and his face looks just like what you might call gladsome. He told Ned and me he'd got a grand new Master, and he wanted us to serve Him, too."

Just then another miner came up, "Is it Mee you are talking about?" he said. "Well, I'll tell you the latest of him. As Tom and I came from the pit, we stopped at Nabob's to see about some bolts. He was showing us a screw, when who should appear in the doorway but Elijah Mee. I can tell you Nabob's face was a picture. He frowned, and he scowled; and he straightened his back, all in a moment of time, and by this, Elijah had come plump in, and was saying:

"'Good day, Mr. Stone. I've come to ask your forgiveness for many an ill turn I've done you. Will you shake hands and tell me you pardon me?"

"'Never," said the Nabob, 'never.' "I don't wonder you're angered,' I did a lot to spite you. But I've come to tell you I'm sorry and to try to make a little restitution."

"'Restitution?' said old Stone, looking ever so surprised. 'What for?' "For the damage I did your property," said Mee, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out two sovereigns. You should have seen the Nabob; you know how he loves money, and his eyes fair glistened at the sight of the gold, but he backed away a bit, and said, 'What's that for?"

"Well, some for fencing,' says Elijah, 'that I damaged, or, rather, I ran up the cows to break it down, and part is for the vegetables lost, for often I syringed your seeds with poison, as they came up, or I turned Scott's rabbits into your garden to nibble up your things. I thought it fun to spite you then; now I'm ashamed of what I did.'"

"He looked fair amazed," answered the young collier; then he said in his drawl, "Well, they told me you were like a new man, and I laughed at them, but I begin to believe in it now. Anyhow, you're acting in new way's."

"I should hope so," answered Elijah, as happy as you like. "Why, I'm serving a new Master, who has given me a new heart, so things should be different."

"And are they," muttered Nabob, as he closed his hand on the gold. Facts are hard things, and your paying up your debts at the shop here, and looking after your crabbed old aunt, and reckoning up with me, has preached me a sermon. So has the look on your face. I take back my word, and I'll be glad to shake hands with thee, Elijah Mee."

"Bravo, old Nabob," said one and another of the collier audience, as the young pitman finished his story—a story of which this incident was only the first chapter; for the manager of the colliery, hearing of the change in Elijah, persuaded him to return to Leyton, and God gave him much blessing in his native place.

But it was several years before Elijah

had the joy he so earnestly prayed for, of seeing the big brawny blacksmith come as a little child to the feet of the Redeemer. But God gave him that great happiness and now with Nabob "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—Evangelical Friend.

ONLY SOBER MEN WANTED.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has served notice on its employes that they must be total abstainers from alcoholic drinks or leave the service of the company, and it is quite likely that all the other lines in the United States will adopt the same rule. It is only cumulative evidence that there are enough sober men in the world to do the world's work. The conviction is gaining weight everywhere that the temperance question is not simply moral, but economic, and corporations are now one with the churches in the effort to suppress this great national vice.

Waasis, Oct. 10th, 1907.

Dear Editor.—Enclosed please find my subscription to the HIGHWAY. Sorry to have neglected it so long. I love the paper, and love to read its columns. I cannot afford to be without it. My testimony is. I love his cause, and he keeps me day by day, praise his Holy name, he is precious to my soul, he has said in his word I will keep them in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God.

MRS. DUNCAN C. GRASS.

WHEN DRAWN TO PRAY

When we are specially inclined to earnest prayer, when strong faith seems possible, be it for ourselves or for others, it is at our peril that we turn aside to any other work, however important. Whenever we may be when God thus draws nigh to us, oh, let us "draw nigh" to him, and take at once the gift we crave. There are such things as these special, higher devotional moods of the soul, and woe to us if we neglect them! Like the rift in the cloud on a rainy day, they give us glimpses of the glory behind to stimulate our faith. When on the mountain-top, above the mist of his work-a-day world, we get a clear view of life stretching out, as it does, behind, around, before. We perceive the relative proportions of things; and very often what seemed large in the valley looks very small from the mountain. Things, that like children we cried for down below, we toss from us as we ascend the heights. We see our way straight to the promised land, and wonder what has become of our old difficulties. The promises to us and our crowd in upon our faith, and each one bears God's signature, often unnoticed in the dimmer light of the valley. Again we say, when God draws us, let us run after him. When faith seems possible let us exercise it. Fear not, only believe, and according as we have believed so shalt it be done unto us. Ch. Standard.

Mr. Spurgeon told how seven people were saved by a smile. A clergyman passed by a window on his way to church. A baby was being dandled there, and he smiled at the baby, and the baby at him. Another time he passed; the baby was there again, and once more he smiled. Soon baby was taken to the window at the hour when he usually passed. They did not know who the gentleman was, but one day two of the older children followed, to see where he went on a Sunday. They followed him to church, and, as he preached in a winning way, they told their father and mother, who felt interested enough in their baby's friend to wish to go. Thus in a short time a godless family that had previously neglected the worship of God was brought to the Saviour, because the minister smiled at the baby. Mr. Spurgeon comments it as follows: "I never heard of anybody getting to heaven through frowning at the baby, or at anyone else."

A father and mother who were going to send out their son as an apprentice to a 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 hour 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 expect the Lord to keep them.—Sel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, South Africa, Sept 7th, 1907.

Dear readers of the HIGHWAY.—We were indeed pleased to receive letters from Brother and Sister Baker. We expected to hear of those victories and we rejoice with you for all the manifestations of power and love from our Father's hand.

We appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending us these reports so soon after the camp meeting. How the dear Lord has blessed the work among all the churches during the past year—the records showing an advance all along the line. This is as it should be for as we step forward hasn't our Father promised to enlarge our borders? While we were giving praise to God for the work accomplished this was given me, Psalm 111:6—"He hath given his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen. So this promise is for us. We do not look back over the past but forward to another year's work with renewed courage and boldness to push this battle for God against sin and darkness.

As you already know the St. John church will support a native evangelist this year. We have already secured a good worker. He boards here and starts very early in the mornings to the different places of labor, returning at night. His work is to visit kraals, teach and preach the Word. In this way he reaches many who would not hear otherwise. The heat does not effect him as it does a white man, hence this work can be carried on during the rainy season.

Mr. Keirstead rode some eight miles from here a few days ago and found ten new pupils. This means they wish to believe or they would not want to study. These will be visited weekly by himself or native worker. No doubt they will come here for the Sunday services.

Probably some of you are not interrupted as often as we are while writing a letter. I have had to leave this several times already; first to teach two boys, one just beginning to read, the other quite advanced, having finished the speller and now reading from the Bible. I hear him read awhile, then give him a copy to write, then teach the other boy. In the meantime a young man comes to study. I leave the second boy to teach him for about fifteen minutes while boy No. 2 studies his lesson. Again attend to the first boy and so on until they have had their lessons for the day, at the same time keeping an eye on baby that he doesn't fall off the bed, which he does occasionally.

A few days ago Dr. Sanders and I visited a kraal a short distance from here where one of the wives gave birth to a young son. The hut was crowded with women who rejoiced with the mother at the advent of her son.

They were greatly surprised when I asked for water to wash the baby as this is quite unheard of among them. However they brought me a dish of cold water. This was exchanged for warm water at my request. I sent home for a cloth to serve as a dress for the baby, thus they wanted me to name him, this was indeed an honor. I named him Henry but they will say Heli.

After this they brought porridge to feed him but as I objected to this, they did not press the matter.

When I came away they were preparing the feast to celebrate the occasion.

They would also proceed with their usual customs. They take pieces of skin and hairs of different animals, also feathers from birds, they burn these, holding the baby over the smoke saying nuka (smell). This is a charm against diseases, should the child afterwards get sick they will say the medicine wasn't powerful enough. After the smoking, the ashes are ground. Part of this is put into his porridge to drink as his first medicine, while next morning the babe is cut in different parts of the body and the remainder of the medicine is rubbed in this also to prevent sickness.

One could wonder how the infant could survive after such treatment, yet this seems only an initiation of what most of them receive through life.

Our Father is surely caring for us. clouds of locusts have passed us three Sundays in succession almost within a stones throw of our garden and yet did not linger, if they had stopped with us they would have, no doubt, taken every

young vegetable.

Our horse Pet, met with a bad accident this week, came home with some pretty ugly looking cuts about the fore legs, from a barbed wire fence. Dr. Sanders took several stitches. She will not be able to travel for some time.

The Lord is blessing us continually. He abides with us.

Yours with love,  
IDA M. KIRSTEAD.

"DOING WIFE DUTY."

"A Scotch woman used to lay aside a penny a day for missions. A visitor, incidentally learning that the poor woman had been for many days without meat, gave her a sixpence to buy some. But she said, 'I have done very well on my porridge, so I will give the sixpence also to God.' This fact was narrated at a missionary breakfast and the host and his guests, were profoundly impressed. The host said: 'I never denied myself so much as a chop for God.' A very large sum (2,200), was immediately subscribed as a result of that touching incident. Ought it not make a similar impression upon our hearts? What have we denied ourselves for the advancement of Christ's kingdom? Has it ever cost us the necessities of life to show our love for our Saviour?"

A CHURCH THAT DIED.

A well-known minister tells of a church which died of improvements. It had a beautiful church, eligibly located, belonging to a leading denomination. It had a good history, but the time came when many improvements began to be introduced. The first step was to employ a "new theology" preacher. The next step was to install a quartette of trained singers, none of whom were Christians. Next, the prayer-meeting was turned into a weekly debating society. Then the prayers of the pulpit were abandoned, the "new theology" preacher saying that the Lord knew what the people needed better than he could tell Him. The congregation diminished, the membership dwindled, until only a few were left. Then the beautiful church was sold at auction to satisfy a mortgage, and the few remaining members disbanded.

THE GIVER AND THE GIFT.

Two men agreed to present their wives with a like Christmas gift, a \$500 seal skin saccue—they were carefully selected and were pronounced beautiful. One of the wives in receiving the gift from her husband exclaimed, "What a beauty, so nice, so rich looking. See the neatness in the working of the button-holes, and look at that collar. Did you ever see anything nicer?"

The other wife when handed her gift, with tears went to her husband and thanked him for his love and present and said, "Oh, husband, I am so unworthy. You are too good to me—what can I ever do to repay you for your love and affection?" and planting a kiss on his lips, she wept for joy. Can the reader note the difference between these two wives?

Such are many who seek Christ. Some are looking for the gifts, the blessings, but he who has an eye single for Christ himself gets not only the Lover but all of his bountiful gifts. When Christ was on earth he said of some, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." Let us therefore truly seek Christ for him self alone, thereby securing all of his love in return, far richer than all of the beautiful gifts heaven is able to bestow.—Anon.

One day the great Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, was looking at some statues of famous men. They were standing. "I shall have my statue made kneeling he said, "for that is how I have risen to eminence." If that is the way Constantine rose to power, it is also the way any Christian gains true influence with men. It comes only as a result of power with God.—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

The morning bright with rosy light—  
Has waked me from my sleep,  
Father, I own Thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.  
All through the day, I humbly pray,  
Be Thou my guard and guide;  
My sins forgive, and let me live,  
Dear Jesus, near Thy side.

Help me to-day, in work or play  
To do Thy blessed will;  
In holy ways, with prayer and praise,  
My duties to fulfill.  
Oh, make Thy rest within my breast,  
Great Spirit of all grace:  
Make me like Thee, then shall I be  
Prepared to see Thy face.—Sel.

GRANDMOTHER REMEDY.

"Girls don't have to do anything," declared Bobby as he sat down with a thump on the shoebox in grandmother's room. "Girls don't have to feed the hens or fill the wood-box! Never! I wish I wish I was a girl, so I do!"

"Girls don't have to do anything?" exclaimed Grandma Stone in surprise.

"Well, well, well! You come with me a minute, Bobby, and we'll see if you are right."

Bobby followed grandmother into the sitting-room. But when there, both were surprised, for, sitting in the big rocker was Beth, her eyes full of tears. "I wish I was a boy, same as Bobby?" she said, sorrowfully, "I am as tired as anything of dusting rooms. Boys don't have to dust, or mend stockings, or do anything! O dear, dear, dear!" And Beth hid her curly head in the duster and sobbed.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed grandmother. "Suppose you do Bobby's work to-day, and he will do yours. I know that he will be delighted to change work with you."

But would you believe it? Grandmother was mistaken, for Bobby shook his head. "I'm going to feed the hens myself," he said, decidedly.

Beth wiped her eyes in a hurry. "Girls never fill wood-boxes," she murmured.

They both laughed and stopped grumbling for that day. So you see grandmother's remedy was a wise one, after all.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

BOYS, READ AND HEED THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to be put on ready-made with manhood or womanhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clean headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think" will never be a reliable man and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous man—a gentle man.—Sel.

"JUST AS MUCH SOLD"

Think of a grocery dealer skulking in back alleys with a can of coffee in one boot-leg, a pound of cheese in the other, and a heaving down the back of his neck; or of a shoe dealer with his door fastened, his windows grated, and doing business in a little back room. What man would say the grocery business was flourishing, or that there more boots and shoes sold than ever before in the history of the city? And yet there are some men foolish enough to say that when the liquor is driven into back alleys, and the lofts of livery stables, and into the rear of dark, musty cellars, "just as much is sold as ever."

It is absolutely untrue. Men ought to know better than to peddle such nonsense.—Sel.

Let us not distrust gaiety. The "leal light heart," is a splendid gift of God.