



RAM CHANDRA'S PRAYER

Ram Chandra was a boy about 12 years old who lived in India. Ram Chandra got the dreaded disease of cholera.

After a few days Ram Chandra's parents went to the Hindu priest to inquire if their son would get well. To this the priest replied, "No, I am sorry to tell you that your son is going to die." This terrible news got back to Ram Chandra. He was acquainted with the gods of stone and silver and knew that they could not hear and answer his prayers, and if they had to save him he would surely die. But Chandra had heard of Jesus in the Christian Sunday School. He turned his head to his little blanket and said, "Oh, dear Jesus, if You will hear my prayer and save me and make me well, I will give You my life all the rest of my days."

Jesus answered little Ram Chandra's prayer and healed him. At the very moment when Ram Chandra asked the teacher for the "Jesus Book," the Bible, and asked for the story of Jesus to be read to him, I received the impression to go at once to see Ram Chandra. When I arrived at the village we called all the Christians and asked Jesus to make Ram Chandra well. The next morning at three o'clock his fever was gone, and he recovered quickly.

After a few weeks, I visited the school. As I entered, all the students stood up and saluted me. "Salaam Sahibji." As I looked at the group little Ram Chandra spoke up and said, "Perhaps you don't know me?"

I said, "Well, I am sorry but I don't know you."

He replied, "I am Ram Chandra. Jesus made me well. The Hindu gods have ears but they can't hear. As soon as I prayed to Jesus and asked Him to make me well, He answered my prayer. I am going to finish school here in this village and then go to training school and become a preacher. I want to go and tell my people about Jesus and how He can save them the same as He saved me."—S. O. Martin, in *Our Children's Own Magazine*.

IT PAYS TO BE A GENTLEMAN . . .

A prosperous-looking citizen on a downtown corner in Boston, bought a newspaper from an alert little newsboy, who made the change instantly, but without speaking a word. But the man lingered, and asked: "How many papers do you sell here a night?"

"About fifty," said the newsboy.

"What is your name?"

"Tim Manning."

"Listen, Tim," said the man, "when I was your age, I had this very corner for a stand—but I sold two hundred papers a night, and I did it by carefully saying, 'Thank you' to everyone who bought a paper. I spoke it loudly so they would be sure to hear it."

Three evenings later the man came by again and bought another paper from the little chap on the corner.

"Thank you!" said Tim, not recognizing

RICHES UNKNOWN

Gustaf Gillman, a Chicago lapidary, was at work in his shop one day when John Mihok, of Omaha, entered. The appearance of the stranger proclaimed the laborer. Reaching into his pocket, he drew out a rough red stone and handed it to Gillman.

"I want you to cut and polish this," he said. Gillman stared at it incredulously.

"Where did you get this?" he gasped.

"My father picked it up in Hungary fifty years ago," replied Mihok. "He thought it was a pretty pebble. When I landed in this country in 1903 I found it in my valise. I guess my mother had put it in."

"It has been lying around my house ever since. The children played with it. My last baby cut its teeth on it. Once a rat dragged it into a hole, but I found it again by accident. It was lost several times but always turned up again. I came to look on it as my luck stone."

"One night I dreamed it was a diamond and worth a lot of money. But it is no diamond—it's red."

"No," said Gillman, "It's a pigeon's-blood ruby."

"What might it be worth?" asked Mihok.

"I'd say anywhere from \$100,000 to \$250,000," answered Gillman. Mihok leaned against the door.

The big stone was cut to a flawless ruby of twenty-three and ninetenths carats. It is believed to be the largest ruby in this country, and possibly the largest in the world.

John Mihok had been a laborer all his life. Michael Mihok, his father, was a laborer before him. For 50 years father and son toiled to keep the wolf from the door. And all the while they had in their careless possession a gem which an emperor might have coveted.

You have in your possession the priceless Word of God, with its wealth of promise and riches. Are you drawing upon that inexhaustible storehouse?—Prairie Pastor.

HIGH STANDARDS

The Jesus-standard is high. Some of us don't even try to measure up to it; we quit with the weak excuse, "It's too much for me. After all, I'm only human!"

Glenn Cunningham, one of the greatest track athletes in America, was caught as a young boy in a schoolhouse fire; his legs were burned so badly that the doctors said he would never walk again, let alone run! He refused to accept that verdict. For long, bitter years, in agonizing pain, he fought that paralysis with exercises, day and night. It cost him untold suffering—but he made the legs strong again, and with them set new records on the track.

Do you really try to meet Christ's high standards, as Cunningham tried to save those legs? Do you really try though in trying and serving and in denying yourself you may earn jeers instead of cheers? Or do you just give up with the coward's excuse, "It's too hard, I'm only human"?—Philadelphia Church Bulletin.

him, as yet.

"How's business?" asked the man.

Then Tim knew him. "I'm selling seventy-five papers every night, sir," he replied, "I ain't goin' to forget that any more, neither," he grinned all over his honest face.

Tim had learned his first lesson in the value of courtesy to all.—Exchange.

OBITUARY

Mr. John P. Delong, of Fredericton, N. B., went to be with the Lord on Friday, Sept. 10th. Brother Delong had been a wheelchair invalid for more than fifteen years, bearing his suffering and affliction with patience and fortitude. He died in the triumphs of the faith. During the long period of illness he was tenderly cared for by his wife and children.

Mr. Delong was a respected citizen of Fredericton where he had lived for fifty-five years, and a valued member of the Reformed Baptist Church of that city for nearly forty-five years. He was 88 years of age.

Surviving the deceased are his widow, three sons, (one of them Rev. G. A. Delong), and four daughters. The funeral service was held from the Fredericton R. B. church on Sunday, Sept. 12th. and was attended by a capacity congregation. The service was conducted by Rev. B. C. Cochrane, assisted by Captain F. W. Brightwell and Rev. G. R. Symonds. Favourite hymns of Brother Delong were sung by the choir. Interment was in the Rural Cemetery.

WEDDINGS

Walton-Conley—Miss Mary Louise Conley and Mr. Raymond D. Walton, were united in marriage at the Reformed Baptist Church, Presque Isle, Maine, Aug. 28. The pastor, Rev. M. W. Bagley performed the double-ring ceremony by candle light.

Harding-Hutchins—A wedding of interest to many Highway readers took place in the Methodist Church, Newcomb, New York. On Sept. 11, Miss Marie Hutchins was united in marriage to Mr. Donald Harding in a candle light, double-ring ceremony which was performed by the pastor of the groom, Rev. M. W. Bagley.

Lois Christine Harvey, R.N., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Harvey of Seal Cove, was united in marriage to John Lewis Mosgrove of Iroquois Falls, Ontario, on August 27th. in the Reformed Baptist Church, Seal Cove. Rev. A. D. Cann performed the ceremony.

Corey-MacKenzie—At the Reformed Baptist Church, Truro, N. S., September 1, at 3.00 p.m., Miss Mary MacKenzie was united in marriage to Lic. Lawrence W. Corey. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. C. E. Stairs.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The following gifts of quilts to Beulah Camp are gratefully acknowledged:

Port Maitland Church, one quilt.

Sandford Church, aprons.

Truro Church, one quilt (also pot holders and dish towels).

If there are other gifts of bedding which have not been acknowledged, they will be acknowledged if the chairman of the rooms committee is informed.

In the future gifts of bedding should be presented directly to the chairman so that they will be properly cared for and acknowledged.

C. E. Stairs,

Chairman, Rooms Committee.

"We are to be rewarded not only for work done, but for burdens borne; and I am not sure but the brightest rewards will be for those who have borne burdens without murmuring."