

## SHOUTING.

Judge E. H. East was one of the ablest lawyers in the nation. He practiced at the bar of Nashville, Tennessee, until his death. His wife was actively identified with the holiness movement in Nashville, and Tennessee, and the judge was a warm friend to the movement. He attended the meetings, and was intensely interested in the great revival. Seated together one evening at a great meeting where a distinguished holiness revivalist was conducting the meeting, and where the demonstration was very great, and the shouting was vociferous, the judge leaned over and said: "Haynes, some people would be disconcerted by this noise, but I am not in the least. I have studied this movement, and know this city and people as few men do. I observe that most of these people who make profession of holiness, and who are so demonstrative, are people who are devout parents, and generally people who carry peculiar burdens on their hearts. This great blessing comes to them in an hour of need, and affords them an unearthly comfort which could not but produce the most profound emotions. It would be strange if they did not shout." He then mentioned one and another whom he knew as bearing such tremendous burdens, as he mentioned, and who were so happy. We were reminded of this statement in reading the following words of Bishop McCabe on the subject of shouting:

You do not believe in shouting? I am sorry. It annoys you, does it? Have you ever stopped to ask why it annoys you? To tell the truth, have you not been so egotistical as to conclude that of course you are in the right spiritual condition yourself to make a competent judge of the propriety of shouting the praise of God?

The sweetest note that ever fell from angel's harp would be only another discord in the jangle of some tunes. Now, may it not be that your whole heart is so out of tune with any sort of worship but what is formal, cold, lifeless and dreadfully proper, that you would not know the bells of heaven if you should hear them ringing? Last Sabbath, while your pastor was preaching from the text, "He was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich," that poor washerwoman up in the "amen corner," with a little, fatherless boy on either side of her, was wonderfully happy. First there was a light, a strange, unearthly light, gleaming upon her tear-stained cheeks; and then, when the preacher described the wealth there is in Jesus, though by nature as modest as you are, and shrinking ever from the public gaze, yet her cup of blessings ran over; she raised her withered hands, she clasped them in holy rapture, shouted "Glory! glory! glory to God—" until the church rang again, and the preacher stopped preaching, and covered his face with his hands, and wept for joy.

Did you ever observe how awestricken her children seemed while they gazed upon her? Ah, well they knew the story of those winkled hands which kept toiling on, that they might have bread. Those beautiful hands! Well, they knew how their humble home was illumined and made glorious by her saintly life; but they do not know just how tightly her grave will hold them to truth and virtue when she is dead. They do not know just how unspeakably sacred will be to them the old Bible from which she reads, the old chair in which she sits. They do not know as yet how the echo of her voice will sound in the very depths of their souls in temptation's darkest hours. Yet her

## SAVED BY KIND WORDS.

"If ever there was a person good to meet it is Jane Gray," said Mrs. Ellis, as she put down her sleeves and washed her hands at the sink. "It is better than seeing the doctor any time, if the soul needs medicine. Here I was yesterday so downhearted that I scarcely knew how to brace up; everything I did was a task and my spirits were all out of sorts.

"Then Jane came in like a bit of sunshine and saved me from myself.

"She didn't go about it by giving me advice, or anything of that sort. She saved me by kind words and friendly interest.

"I guess she saw by my eyes that I had been crying, but she took no more notice of it than if my face had been wreathed in smiles.

"O, Mollie," she said, 'I'm so glad to see you. You will know how glad when I tell you I walked all the way over from Gray's ferry for that very purpose.'

"Gray's ferry is seven miles away, and a rough, hilly road at that.

"You dear little woman," I cried, smiling in spite of myself.

"Yes, I did," she laughed, laying aside her wraps and taking up the dish towel.

"All I need is plenty to do and I'm happy," she continued. 'I had just about run out of work at home, when something seemed to tell me I would find some here.'

"And, thank the Lord, you have the strength to do it. You are one of the richest women I know, Mollie. With Tom for a husband and three bright, healthy, growing boys, you are really to be envied, dear.'

"I had not looked at it in that light before, although I knew Tom was the best husband living, and that our boys were beyond compare.

"Sit down and count your blessings, Mollie, and you will find you would not exchange lots with any one.'

"I'm sure of that," I cried, 'and you must not think me ungrateful, but sometimes the sun hides itself a bit behind the clouds.'

"Then look for the silver lining; it is sure to be there. There was no cloud ever so dense that it did not eventually yield to the sun's rays. It is never wise to give up to discouragement, for it is always better further on.'

"Well, those kind words saved me, and made me see things as they really were.

"Yes, Jane is a blessing to humanity, and no one can estimate her worth. All the children love her, and dumb animals follow her footsteps. She would not knowingly hurt the feelings of one of God's lowest creatures. I thank Him that He has permitted her to cross my pathway. I am better for having known and loved her."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"Wesley spent two hours daily in prayer, and often more than this. He began at four in the morning. One who knew him well says of him: 'He thought prayer to be more his business than anything else, and I have seen him come from his closet with a serenity of face next to shining.'

This is the effectual fervent prayer that availeth much.

A closet prayer—God and the one who prays—alone, before other people were up in the morning.

shouting troubled you. You said something to your neighbor in the next pew about "feeble-minded and uncultivated people." Ah, my friend, you never saw the inside of heaven from the depths of poverty.—*Herald of Holiness*.

## KEEP THE TONGUE.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds—not very deep wounds always, and yet irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. 'Tis easy to give a false coloring, to so make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is an appearance of truth, that we need to be on our guard. There are very many who would shrink from telling a lie who yet suffer themselves to give such inaccurate or greatly one-sided statements that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked, but should be in accordance with the Scriptural method: "Go and tell him of his fault betwixt thee and him alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is too often considered as merely harmless gossip runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of, even if the intent be not malicious. — *Rural New Yorker*.

## DIED

At Hartland, Feb. 25th, Anna Isabel Thornton, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Vinal Thornton, went to be with Jesus, aged four and a half months. The father sailed from Halifax with the second contingent on the morning of the child's death. The funeral was held at the home on the 27th at 2 p. m., the writer officiating.

P. J. TRAFTON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker,—

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway for another year. I love my little paper very much, as on its pages I find so many helping things to help me on my way to Father's house.

I am so glad today that I have given my life and my all to Jesus; so glad I have found this way of life and have learned to believe and trust in God for all. I thank him every day of my life for sending Mrs. Sanders to Rosedale. It was through her teaching and preaching that I found full salvation about four years ago, and these years have been the happiest of my life, since I have learned to know God. I find myself singing and thanking God for this experience.

"Oh, what peace my Saviour gives; peace I never knew before!

And my way has brighter grown,  
Since I have learned to trust Him more.  
Now I am trusting every moment."

I thank God he has brought me out. My prayer is that others may seek for this wonderful salvation that is free to all.

Yours saved and sanctified and kept by the Power of God,

MRS. G. HARTLEY HOYT,  
Rosedale.

When means hold out, it is easy to be content. Who cannot pray for his daily bread when he hath it in his cupboard? But when our own provision fails us, then not to distrust the provisions of God is a noble trial of faith.—*Bishop Hall*.