

PARAPHRASE. EX. 1:1-20.

HENRY WYNDELL BAYNE.

(Read the original before reading the following.)

Now these are the names of some of the holiness people which came into the experience; every man, with all he had, came:

2. Wesley, Whitfield, Fox, and Fletcher,
3. Clark, Benson, and Asbury,
4. Pierce and Key, Inskip and Keen,
5. And all the souls that came out of the old life were numberless; for so many had preceded them already.
6. And the old man died, and all his offspring, and all that were of the same family.
7. And the holiness people were fruitful, and increased abundantly and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty; and the land was filled with them.
8. Now there arose a new set of ecclesiastics in the church, who acknowledged not the old man and who knew not the experience of full salvation.
9. And said unto their inferior officials, Behold the holiness people are becoming more in number and influence than we:
10. Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when ariseth the question of holiness among us, they join themselves heartily unto it, and then fight against us, and so be free from the control of our hands.
11. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with burdens. However, they made for themselves fat pocket books, good bank accounts, and elegant homes.
12. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And the ecclesiastics were grieved because of the holiness people.
13. And the ecclesiastics arranged affairs so that the holiness people had to undergo many privations:
14. They attempted to make their lives bitter with hard bondage, in difficult appointments and rough words, and in all manner of ways did they try to afflict them; all their services was made as rigorous as possible.
15. And ecclesiastics spake unto the regenerated people.
16. And said, When ye do work in these holiness meetings, and at the altar, discourage ye the profession of sanctification, and if one profess regeneration, he shall receive your commendation.
17. But the regenerated people feared God, and did not as the ecclesiastics commanded them, but let men get sanctified.
18. And the ecclesiastics called for the regenerated people, and said unto them, Why have ye done this thing, and let people profess the experience of sanctification?
19. And the truly regenerated people said unto the ecclesiastics, The holiness people are entirely different from mere church people; for they are very lively, and come into the experience, even before we can talk to them.
20. And the holiness people multiplied and waxed very mighty.—Pentecostal Herald.

WHAT IS A DRUNKARD?

What is a drunkard? I have gone through the whole creation that lives, and I find nothing in it like a drunkard. The drunkard is nothing but a drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened. The drunkard is a self-made wretch, who has depraved, and has gratified the depraved cravings of the throat and body, until he has sunk his soul so far that it is lost in his flesh, and sunk his very flesh lower down beyond comparison than that of the animals which serve him.

He is a self-degraded creature whose degradation is made manifest to every one but himself; a self-made miserable being, who, while he is insensible to his own misery, afflicts every one around him or belonging to him with misery. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind like some foul, ill-boding, and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust everything that feels, while the curse of God hangs over his place and the gates of heaven are closed against him. Drunkenness is never to be found alone, never unaccompanied by some horrid crime, if not by a wicked crowd of them.

Go to the house of a drunkard, consider his family, look on his affairs, listen

to the sounds that proceed from the house of drunkenness and the house of infamy as you pass. Survey the insecurity of the public ways and of the streets at night. Go to the hospital, to the house of charity, and the bed of wretchedness. Enter the courts of justice, the prison, and the condemned cell. Look at the haggard features of the ironed criminal. Ask all these why they exist to distress you, and you will everywhere be answered by tales and recitals of drunkenness. And the miseries and the vices and the sorrows and the scenes of suffering that have harrowed up your soul were almost without exception either prepared by drinking, or were undergone for procuring the means of satisfying this vice and the vices which sprang from it.—Archbishop Ullathorne.

THAT SOBERED ME.

A gentleman high in commercial circles in a Western city was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends.

"I think," said he, "the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii.

"My father was a missionary in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country, but when I was a young man, and a rather tough young man, too, I may say, I went back there once on a visit.

"The first thing I did was to drink more than I should have. While I was in this condition an old man, a native, persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed my head, gave me some strong coffee, and talked soothingly and kindly to me.

"Old man," I said, "what are you doing all this to me for?"

"Well," he answered me, "I'll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man and an American. I was a poor drunkard. He made a man of me, and I hope a Christian. All I am or ever hope to be I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition I feel like doing all I can for him, on account of what that man did for me."

"This is a little better English than he used, but it is the substance of it.

"What was the name of the man? I asked him.

"Mr. Blank, a missionary."

"God of mercy!" I said. "He was my father!"

"Gentlemen, that sobered me—and, I hope, made a man of me. It is certain that whatever I am today, I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander.—Youth's Companion.

FROM A BUSHEL OF CORN.

The Distiller gets four gallons of Whiskey, which retail at.....\$16.80  
 The Farmer gets..... .25  
 The U. S. Government gets..... 4.40  
 The Railroad Company gets..... 1.00  
 The Manufacturer gets..... 4.00  
 The Drayman gets..... .15  
 The Retailer gets..... 7.00  
 The Consumer gets.....Drunk  
 The Wife gets.....Hunger  
 The Children get.....Rags  
 The Man Who Votes License Gets—What?

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also. Hab. 2:15.

Look thou not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Prov. 23:31,32.—Ex.

But once upon a time an unbelieving husband was sanctified through instrumentality of a wife that had the blessing. He did not read the Bible, but he saw the revelations of God in the life of his companion. Her love for God enhanced her love for her family. Placing her husband upon Jehovah's altar did not detach her heart and reduce the love she pledged him at the marriage altar long ago, but it rendered this love a dozen times more transparent and beautiful. Even before he was saved it was said to him, "Do you believe in holiness?" and he said, "Indeed I do, for I walk in the light every day."—Sel.

If ever there was a time in the history of the cause of Christ in which the true preacher of the Gospel needed the effectual, fervent prayers of the true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, that time is now.—Sel.

PRESBYTERIAN ELDERS HOLD AN EXAMINATION.

The session of a certain Presbyterian church had convened for the reception of members. The venerable elders sat around in a circle, the young pastor in the midst, and one candidate after another passed the usual examinations until all had been received and withdrawn. A boy of ten years of age had been sitting thoughtfully near the door. It was supposed that he was waiting for some of those who were in conference with the session, but when they were all gone, and he remained, the pastor approached him and learned that he, too, wished to be admitted to the communion of the church. He was seated, therefore, and the examination began. It progressed satisfactorily until most of the usual ground had been gone over, the boy, clearly and calmly narrating the circumstances under which he had been awakened to a sense of his guilt, and to feel the need of Christ as a Savior.

Then came the question: "What did you do when you felt yourself to be a great sinner?"

The eyes of the examiners brightened as he answered: "I just went to Jesus, and told him how sinful I was, and how sorry I was, and asked Him to forgive me."

But the next answer brought the shadow again to their faces; for, as the pastor asked, "And do you hope that Jesus heard you, and forgave your sins?" he answered promptly: "I don't only hope so, sir, I know He did."

There was a confidence in the tone with which the word "know" was uttered that startled the hearers. The oldest of them raised his glasses and peered into the face of the little candidate, and said:—"You say you know that Jesus forgave you your sins?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt and unhesitating answer.

There was an ominous pause in the examination. Such positiveness it was feared could only be the offspring of presumption. The boy must be resting on some false foundation.

"You mean, my son, that you hope Jesus has pardoned your sins?"

"I hope He has, and I know it, too," with a bright smile on his manly face.

"How do you know it my son?" every one being intent on the little fellow's reply.

"He said He would," said the boy with a look of astonishment, as if any one should doubt it.

"He said he would do what?"

"He said that if I would confess my sins He was faithful and just, and would forgive them; and I did confess them to him, and I know He forgave them, because He said He would."

The elder took off his glasses to wipe them, for the moisture from his eyes had made them dull, and he turned to the pastor and said:—

"He's got hold of the right end of it sir. Flesh and blood have not revealed it to him. I move the examination be closed."

Thank God for salvation, and the knowledge of it!—D. Nash, Zion's Herald.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

Anna Shipton tells "how one night as she lay down, weary in her work, she longed that she might wake in heaven. She fell asleep and dreamed that she was sailing into the harbor of heaven through a sea of glass, and myriad forms of loved ones were standing on the shore to welcome here, but looking round, she noticed that the waters were filled with drowning men, women and children, and they were reaching out their hands with despairing cries for her to save them.

Immediately she lifted up her face to the beautiful city and said: "Father not yet do I ask Thee to take me to that blessed heaven, but rather send me back to save these lost ones." And then it seemed to her that the very cords of her heart were loosened and became cables as she swam through the sea, and the drowning ones clung to her very heart-strings as she painfully drew them home, and the very water was stained crimson from her own heart with the agony of her love.

She could say with Rutherford, "Your salvation will be two salvations to me, your heaven two heavens to me."—The Witness.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

OUR SCHOOL.

God bless our Sunday school  
 And make thy golden rule  
 A thing of joy.

Then we shall take delight  
 In all that's good and right,  
 And with divinest might  
 Our strength employ.

Bless, thou, our boys and girls,  
 More worth than gold or pearls;

Bless all our youth—  
 Young men and maidens fair;  
 Children in mother's care;  
 Age, too, with silver hair,  
 Lovers of truth;

Babes on our cradle rolls,  
 Now with unsinning souls,  
 Tender and dear;  
 Parents whose guiding star  
 Led them to see afar;

On through the gates ajar,  
 Everyone here.

Blest Sunday school, to thee,  
 Hope of the high born free,  
 To thee we cling.

Here we with pleasure meet,  
 Here we each other greet,  
 And here at Jesus feet

Our offerings bring.  
 —Christian Standard.

PAULPIETERSBURG, Natal, March 4, 1905.

Dear Young People,—I wish to tell you something about salt, and I ask you to read Matt. 5:13, Gen. 18:20-33 and Matt. 24:27-42. I do not need to tell you the use of salt as you all know full well that it is a great preserver. It is salt the fishermen use to "cure" their fish; and even the butcher uses salt to keep the meat that remains after he has sold what he can fresh.

Our Saviour spoke of salt to illustrate His teaching. He told His disciples that they were "the salt of the earth." What do you think He meant? Each disciple or christian is in some way like a grain of salt.

Not long ago I bought some meat from a native who had killed a cow. We could not eat it all fresh, so I salted some. But part that I salted spoiled and I had to throw it away. And why? Of course, you know, I did not put enough salt on it. And this reminds me of Sodom.

You know the story, how that the Lord came to good old Abraham and told him that He intended to destroy the city because it was not salt enough to keep any longer. But Abraham pleaded for the city, saying, "Wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are in it?" And the Lord answered Abraham "If I find in Sodom fifty righteous [fifty grains of salt] within the city then I will spare all the place for their sakes." This is a wonderful dialogue. Notice how it goes on.

Abraham.—"Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous."

God.—"If I find there forty and five [grains of salt] I will not destroy it."

Abraham.—"Peradventure, there shall be forty found there." Then when God told him that even forty grains of salt was more than enough to save a whole city. Abraham still wanted to put it lower making the number thirty, then twenty, and last of all ten. So we see that even ten godly people can preserve a whole city as salt preserves meat or fish.

No wonder Jesus told His disciples that they were "the salt of the earth." But how does the story of Sodom come out? Did God find ten grains of salt in Sodom? No, only four people came out alive, and one of these died on the road, a backslider in heart. And God turned her into what? A pillar of stone! No, a pillar of salt; to show us, I suppose, that she was once true "salt of the earth" but now was what Jesus calls salt that "has lost its savour."

There are lots of people in the world today who hate Christians, but they do not know that God is letting this wicked world stand because of the "salt" that is in it. But the time is coming where just as the two angles were sent to take the grains of salt out of Sodom, so Christ "shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect." "One shall be taken and the other left." And now, children let us get a lesson from salt. First let us "remember Lot's wife" how she became a backslider in heart, and let us not be

careless and starve our souls as did the girl of whom I wrote you in my last letter. Then again, some of you who read this, have not yet become "the salt of the earth." It will be awful if you neglect this matter until you suddenly discover that father and mother have been "taken" but you "left." Your faithful pastor and Sunday school teacher who have done their best to help you decide for Christ, are among the "elect" but yourself left—left as were the people in Sodom, after Lot was taken out.

Faithfully your friend in Jesus,  
 HERBERT SANDERS.

THE LAST BITTER WORD.

It will come; it will be spoken; and what then? Perhaps the lips that uttered it would willingly give worlds to recall it, and would pour out apologies and regrets; but it will be too late!

A writer in the Advocate and Guardian relates an instance, as follows:

One day the conversation at dinner, in a family well known to the writer, turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household, because of some little peculiarities. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms, the married sister added:

"I can't endure her; and I believe I will not return her call if she comes here again."

Her husband who had hitherto remained silent, replied:

"She will not trouble you again, my dear; as she died an hour ago."

"You do not mean it? Surely you are only testing us for our uncharitableness?"

"She is really dead. I learned it on my way home to dinner."

Overwhelmed with shame, the little group realized for the first time the solemnity of such sinful conversation. Let us take warning, and speak of those about us as we shall wish we had done when "Death sweeps their faults with heavy hand, As sweeps the sea the trampled sand."—Sel.

WASTED TIME.

There is no better way possible to improve our time than in praying for a pure heart until it is obtained. If more time were spent in praying for it instead of quibbling and arguing about it, how much better many people would be! Adam Clarke says: "Many employ that time in brooding and mourning over their impure hearts, which should be spent in prayer and faith before God, that their impurities might be washed away. In what a state of nonage are many of the Christian church!"

John Wesley says that the very seeking for the experience even before it is obtained is a great help to growth in grace. We have known people who, if they had sought holiness as earnestly as they fought it, would have become happy recipients of this grace.—Christian Wit. ness.

When men touch each other with the touch of God and love each other with the love of God and serve each other with the sacrificial heart of God, then the race will be one concordant family. The solvent of every problem of society is the love of God.—George D. Herron.

She went to meeting. She got "sanctified." She came home and exhorted her unsaved husband in graveyard tones. She endured his faults ever afterward, but there was a solemn "Oh!" "Ah!" with hands lifted in holy horror, at every deviation he made. In her haste to serve God, she left her husband's clothes unattended; in her rush to meet the brethren and sisters, she gave him no parting kiss. She assured him that God would care for the children, though she seemed to neglect them. The years rolled by, and the husband abode still in unbelief. The attraction had not been great enough. The disappointed, sad hearted man needed to see some samples of the grapes of Canaan.—Sel.

I know whom I have believed—the Person Himself, the friend of sixty years—intimately, experimentally, continuously, in storm as well as in calm, upholding, reproving and consoling me.—Newman Hall.