

SALVATION IS ATTAINABLE—HOW?

BY J. DENOVAN.

"Seeing that all who have not entered the 'strait gate' are certainly in the broad way which leadeth to destruction, and that is our highest privilege and most urgent duty. Jesus Christ's solemn and emphatic answer is, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' For many, I say, you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." Gracious opportunity is limited.

In the case of every one who is saved, salvation is the result of a process which is a struggle—a battle with self and sin—the severe mental process called Repentance. These words of Christ do not mean that we should strip off every vestige of sin, and enter into the narrow strait gate of modern revivalism, by weeping and prayer, and hymns to soften His heart and draw His attention toward us. "When the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ does not resemble in the slightest degree ancient Baal upon whom we must shout and bow because possibly he may be asleep on a hunting expedition. The first of the steps is not patiently and gratefully waiting for us, (I soul-waiting till you just do as He tells you. And what is that? Simply to enter the strait gate. This, which now stands open before you. Against your own 'strive'—against your own self-righteousness, your own set habits of religious devotion, your own sentiments, feelings and imaginations—strive by stripping off every wicked rag that is on you in order to make yourself bare enough, poor enough, small enough and thin enough to enter. We must stoop and creep, we must strip off every wicked rag through the lowly narrow opening. In this crucial process we must make the least of ourselves.

Let us listen to the answer the Son of God gives to the momentous question, "Lead us not into temptation, but do as the Bible says now. See that our fate hangs in the balance, that the gate is so very strait, and that we naturally are so unwilling, oh, let us away more time in religious superficialities or to dream of taking it easy any longer. If church attendance and sermon-hearing are apt to lull us asleep or give us temporary comfort let us get beyond these now to the familiar and pinch at the strait gate. If our worldly business occupy so much of our thoughts as to drive out Christ, then let us let the business go until we have entered the gate. If our worldly associations, our friendships intrude and banish Christ, then let us rise up with a strong hand and banish them until we have made sure our soul's salvation. Let us understand distinctly that unless we tend the unbridled energies of our flesh and soul upon this one point, the world and Satan and our own deceitful hearts will delude us, defeat us, ruin us forever. Strive, strive! "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, that cry to your hearts," for now is the accepted time—Behold now is the day of salvation.

This English word "Strive" only imperfectly represents the word (Christ used). He said, "Agonize to enter in." And again He apparently selects the very strongest words He can find in this startling statement, "From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Violent agony describes the supreme and desperate effort of the soul who really enters the Strait Gate—agonizing violence, again I say, not with God, not with heaven, but with sin, with Satan and the world. To shake of their entanglement and grasp—to break through their spell is no mere child's play, but the supreme effort of concentrated agony—the intense force that crushes self-will and self-righteousness forever.

"Agonize to enter in at the Strait Gate." What can Jesus mean by such terrible language? He means—By all that you have at stake, oh, by the full value of your immortality, by all the august solemnities of the day of judgment, by all the dismal horrors of outer darkness and eternal perdition, and by all the glories of heaven, everlasting life. I exhort you, "Agonize to enter in at the strait gate." Against the vain allurements and promises of the world to which ye have so strong a tendency, against the indifference and indispotion of the fleshly mind to spiritual and eternal subjects; against the subtle temptations and rationalistic philosophies of Satan and Science; against all satisfaction in, and hope from religious forms, performances and sounds—against all these "Agonize."

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:—An old world, higher than the head of Goliath of Gath, shields my face from the blaze of the rising sun. Over head is the chatter of an Indian blue jay. Over my left shoulder, racing through the morning sky are a pair of parrots. Over my right shoulder flourish the luxuriant branches of a mango tree, in whose sweet blossoms you may often hear the great hum of innumerable winged insects. But just now its only inhabitant seems to be a strange little bird, stealing softly about from twig to twig. On the other side of the mango tree and towering high above it like a colossal poplar, another gigantic tree stands forth its mighty arms to heaven. In its giant branches are sporting a dozen birds like robins. They are larger and darker with reddish brown breasts, but they are not unlike our robins. Yesterday I stood in the mammoth shadow of this monarch and looked up into its rugged grandeur, it seemed to speak of our Creator. My heart sang through its leafy screen the words, and for the first time I had lost all its cowardice.

In the distance, with its mixture of sadness and softness, I hear the moaning of a dove. From the village near comes the voice of a chautiquier. Near the tent, I give him a follow-fellowing to his faithful Abraham. He loves to take down the old Bible and read about that venerable patriarch sitting in the door of his tent under the oaks of Hebron. Near the tent, I give him a follow-fellowing to his faithful Abraham. He loves to take down the old Bible and read about that venerable patriarch sitting in the door of his tent under the oaks of Hebron. Near the tent, I give him a follow-fellowing to his faithful Abraham. He loves to take down the old Bible and read about that venerable patriarch sitting in the door of his tent under the oaks of Hebron.

Not far from the breakfasting Telugu, lying on the ground, some of them, some white, some chewing their food, some eating straw, are oxen, cows and calves—one, two, four, eight, twelve, sixteen.

But it was not to recount any of the incidents of this that I commenced to write. The foregoing is a mere introduction, set down in order that the seas which divide us may, for a moment, banish that you may drink a drop of the water of life. I have caught a glimpse of this oriental orchard, in which we have pitched our tent. We must make the most of these balmy days, and breathe all we can now, for just as the sun at this moment is about to set, so the day of our life is about to close. I must get down under this old wall and take refuge in the tent, so also the noontide of their life is coming on apace, when the hour of their death is at hand. Indeed, as of late, a harbinger of the hot season has been spreading his heavy wings across the sky, there have been ringings in my ears the words of the prophet, "The earth shall be like burning marl. Indeed, as of late, a harbinger of the hot season has been spreading his heavy wings across the sky, there have been ringings in my ears the words of the prophet, "The earth shall be like burning marl. Indeed, as of late, a harbinger of the hot season has been spreading his heavy wings across the sky, there have been ringings in my ears the words of the prophet, "The earth shall be like burning marl."

Minister to Rony—Why weren't you at the Kirk on Sunday? Rony—I was at Mr. Joseph's Kirk. Minister—I don't like your running about to strange kirks in that way. Not that I object to your hearing Mr. Dunlop, but I'm sure ye widge like yer ain sheep straying away into strange pastures. Rony—I widge care a grain, sir, if it be better grass.

Too Great a Risk.

As a seminary student the writer preached his first sermon in the little white church attended by fishermen and their families, at Barb View, near the entrance of the harbor at Digby, Nova Scotia.

One afternoon as we stood near the Point Prim Lighthouse we saw a sailing vessel, a brigantine, entering the harbor. The sky was taking on a somewhat dark and threatening aspect, and we noticed that the vessel had stopped. There was evident hesitation on the part of the sailors as to whether it was best to proceed on the way, or take refuge in the harbor. But presently all sail was spread to the wind and the vessel passed on toward the south. Bualed about something for an hour or more all though of the vessel had passed out of mind until suddenly we noticed that the sky was growing very dark and threatening, and that a strong wind had sprung up. At once our thoughts returned to the sailors, and looking toward the sea we saw that the vessel was returning. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow. Great perpendicular cliffs threaten on either side. In a high wind there is not room enough for sailing craft to enter in safety.

Well knowing the danger, and as they neared the harbor entrance finding the winds unfavorable, the only thing the sailors could do was to pass by the entrance and then "stuck" in a great circle outside. Thus they waited for a favorable change in the wind's direction. Several times they came around, but each time the wind grew more than before, and the prospect more alarming. To add to their distress the darkness of night began to fall upon them. To us who watched, and to them, the hope seemed to grow less and less that they could make the entrance. It was one of the saddest scenes I have ever witnessed, and I shall never forget the deep sympathy in look and voice-tone as one, a fisherman's wife, turning her face from the sea, said, "Oh, pity them. This will be an awful night. They cannot get in; and long before morning they may drift upon the rocks on the other shore."

The time for them to have entered the harbor was now past, and was favorable, and before the storm had broken upon them in its fury. They took too great a risk when they passed by so safe a refuge.

A fellow voyager on the ocean of life, possibly ignorant of the laws of eternity, seem darkly lowering over you, and God's Holy Spirit is striving with timely suggestion that you take refuge in Christ. If so, then now is your time to obey the promptings of the Spirit's leadings, the Spirit's invitations and a friend's persuasions all besetken this as your moment of advantage, and are all like the timely winds that would wait you into the harbor of safety. Be careful that you do not disregard or check or resist these feelings that so unbidden rise in your soul. They are plainest indications that you stand before a moment of opportunity. The thought in your mind is to become a Christian now; to accept of God's offer of refuge in Christ. Do it. Do it. It is the prompting of all that is highest and best in your manhood and in the only safe way out of the matter of your soul's salvation you cannot afford to take any risk.

Many do assume awful risks in this matter; but it is none the less unwise. A few years ago a well known pastor made a punge appeal to his hearers in reference to the danger of delay in taking refuge in Christ as the harbor of safety. "Will you," said he, "run the risk of losing your soul? Will you run the risk of missing heaven? Will you run the risk of perishing in your sins, and dying without hope?" At the close of the service, which had been a very solemn one, in passing down the aisle a lady, who had been deeply impressed by the words of the pastor, said to a young unconverted friend: "Can you resist such an appeal as you have just now heard? Will you venture to run the risk of losing your soul? Will you venture to miss heaven? Will you run the risk of perishing in your sins, and dying without hope?"

Friend, this is not to frighten you; though it is a true case, I admit that it is an unusual one, but it is told with truth. When you are thinking how to run the risk of losing your soul, it is in about a week after the funeral of a young person who had died suddenly. It proved to be the young lady who had been made to run the risk—the risk of losing her soul. Eternity alone will tell the rest.

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What We Owe Others. We owe other people service. Service goes with love. We cannot love truly and not serve. Love without serving is but an empty sentiment, a poor mockery. God so loved the world that He gave. Love always gives. . . . This matter of serving the multitudinous forms. Sometimes it is poverty that stands at our gate, and money help is wanted. A thousand times more frequently, however, it is not money, but something else more precious that we must give. It may be loving sympathy. Sorrow is before us. Another's heart is breaking. Money would be of no use; it would only be a bitter mockery to offer it. But we can hold to the neighborly lips a cup of the wine of love, stirred out of our own hearts, which we give new strength to the sufferer. Or it is the anguish of a life straggler, a human Gethsemane, beside which we are called to watch. We can give no actual aid—the hand that cannot hold the hand alone; but we can be the angel that ministered to our Lord's Gethsemane, imparting strength and helping

been at school more than a year and did not know her letters. Since her conversion she has taken to studying like a brand new scholar. When not at other necessary work she always has her slate and pencil in her hands writing away at the Telugu words she has been given to learn. She is making wonderful progress. The teacher says he never saw such a change in anybody before.

On Saturday, Feb. 10th, a week ago today, we had conference meeting in the chapel. These six girls stood up, one by one, and told their experience. They were received by the pastor, and another gigantic tree stands forth its mighty arms to heaven. In its giant branches are sporting a dozen birds like robins. They are larger and darker with reddish brown breasts, but they are not unlike our robins. Yesterday I stood in the mammoth shadow of this monarch and looked up into its rugged grandeur, it seemed to speak of our Creator. My heart sang through its leafy screen the words, and for the first time I had lost all its cowardice.

I believe I was born again when I was eight years old, but I was not baptized until I was thirteen. And I look now with grief upon those tardy five years as five years too many. I believe they developed a certain cowardliness that I have not been able to shake off to this day. Through all these years of silence God's love did not cease to burn in my heart. His angel ever kept knocking at the door. The Bible was often neglected for sports and other books, but when I was won to its pages I did it not I dreamed of baptism, and if I had been baptized at once after my conversion, I believe it would have turned the world around for me. But I made a thousand good resolves, and a thousand times saw them evaporate like dew in the morning sun. I have never let the pain I have suffered in thinking of these five years of broken resolutions and of undone duty. God has forgiven me, but they have left scars on my conscience.

Excuse me for commencing to tell my own experience. But the present circumstances have brought it to mind; and if the story of my error can be a warning to one boy, I do not care if it seems egotistic to a hundred more. The best time for any man to be converted is when he is a boy. And the best time for anybody to be baptized is the next Sunday after he is converted.

Sunday morning, Feb. 11th, before the sun was up, we were down upon the shore. Where the river runs into the sea and the tide backs up into the bay, the water is about six feet deep. We set for ourselves in the sands. The waves were sounding on the beach, but here in a bend of this channel the water just now was placid as a lake in the woods. Hail-gidded by the stranding of the waves, we looked up to heaven and prayed to our God to bless those who now were about to go down into the river in the footsteps of their Lord. Five times our feet were dipped into the water, and five times we were baptized in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Since those were baptized Mary Acadia has been sad but submissive. They say that while the others are eating and drinking, she sits up and looks so grateful to the members of the W. B. M. U. who were praying for us in December, and to all who remember us at the throne of grace. God rules the world by the prayers of His saints. Yours very truly, L. D. MORSE.

Polopoly, near Bimilipatam, India, Feb. 17. True Opportunities. It is truly humiliating to see how enormous a proportion of the world's activity is spent upon the mere repair of evils occasioned by human unfaithfulness. When you play the game of life, you are all the diseases, and sufferings he witnesses which involves any element of guilt; when the lawyer has counted the suits brought to him by fraud, injustice and the like, when the physician has told how much of the cost he incurs in looking up the debts which else would not be paid, or watching the servants who cannot be trusted out of sight, when the labor has been reduced, which has been how to live on broken promises, and disappointed expectations, and interrupted contracts, how much, think you, would remain to constitute the real productive and progressive work of mankind, if the motive of an artificial evil, compensative of the appointed Providential good. If every posture of things were seized by the faithful conscience at the right moment, and no crises were lost, who will venture to say what sorrows would be saved, what complications would be untraveled, or even what interval would be left between the heaven's hope for us and the earth we live in?

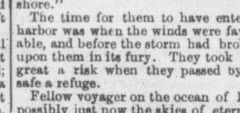
Not must we forget that while objects around us perpetually change, we ourselves do not stand still. We are also subjects of transcendent and evanescent states, bringing with them their several obligations, and carrying away their fruits of tranquility or of reproach. Each present conviction, each sacred suggestion of duty, constitutes a distinct and separate call of God, which can never be slighted without the certainty of its total departure or its fainter return. The appointed movement of the heart can not only be replaced by the strivings of a heavy and reluctant will, with twice the work, and only half the strength. The different feeling of duty, when it is a different work, and cannot be diverted to comply the task which was due to duty. And so the power which is not wisely spent must be wildly wasted. Our true opportunities come but once; they are sufficient, not redundant, and we have time enough for the longest duty, but not for the shortest sin.—James Martineau.

As a general blood building tonic and for that tired feeling, Burdock Blood Bitters excels all other remedies. It positively cures dyspepsia.

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The Great CHURCH LIGHT. Frisk's Patent Kerosene.

Marble, Freestone and Granite Works. A. J. WALKER & SON.

To All Testaments and Sermons. June his wife, and all others whom it may concern.

U. S. V. URSULA, PHILADELPHIA, of the City of Philadelphia. In the State of New York, speaking do hereby give you notice that in default of payment of certain mortgage monies due and owing to me by virtue of the indenture of Mortgage made by you, the said U. S. V. URSULA and Sarah J. URSULA, to me, the said U. S. V. URSULA, on the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1886, I shall on Saturday, the 13th day of March next, at twelve o'clock, in the City of New York, in the County of New York, sell at public auction and premises contained and described in said indenture in execution of the power therein vested in me.

April 4

Sabbath

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Adapted from Vol. . . . SECOND QU

Lesson III April 11

JOSEPH SOLD

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