

Paul's Missionary Principles

"I am made an evangelist to all men, that by all means I might save some." This was Paul's motto...

Such a man was one most likely to retire into the comparative exclusion and seclusion of a few cultured friends. He might have been at the head of an academy, or a court, or an army, but he would have been naturally the center of a small circle of intimate associates...

Spurgeon's Gospel

Personally, I do not believe and preach the gospel because I have made a choice, and have preferred it to any other theory of religion...

The Wreck at the Cliff

"Hark, Dave!" Dave, sitting by the stove early one Christmas morning, heard Grandmother Ford say a second time...

The Power of Love

Love naturally bequeaths, and does not command. The harsh voice of command is simply the imposition of another's will, and it belongs to relationships in which the heart has no share...

There is a large lesson here for all human relationships. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, friends and companions, teachers and guides of all sorts, should set their example by this pattern...

There is a glimpse here into the very heart of Christ's rule over men. He, too, does not merely impose commands, but stoops to enter into the life of his subjects...

A Great Answer

If the question of the scribe was a good one, the answer which it elicited was a great one. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength..."

"I feel that home anyway," said the stranger. "To the rescue!" he shouted. "Somebody bring the basket. Come on!"

"Why you a good man?" said the arrival from the sea. "If it hadn't been for you, we should have had a awful Christmas out here."

"Don't you want that man to come in, grandmother,—that stranger who has done so much?" asked Dave.

"I wish he would come, I'm sure,—come to-day." "Hark, grandmother, there is the noise you heard, I do believe. Sounds like—like—"

"That is a gun from a wreck, and—and I can see the masts above the edge of the cliff! Oh, dear!"

"I—I—I'll have a crutch!" thought Dave. "They can see that!"

"Who—what?" began Dave. "What are you making so much noise for, boy? You woke me up from a good night's sleep."

"Here, boy! Rouse all the neighbors! And where's your grandfather's rope? There's tackle here, somewhere, isn't there? Got a big basket?"

"I brought that letter to my employer. It proved innocuous and an apology was a month afterward the gold-piece was found in Mr. Finch's overcoat. He had never put it in the cash drawer at all, though he thought he had."

"The life of a widow is a monotonous round of work, for which she gets little thanks and lots of scoldings. As she wakes in the morning she has to do her piousness (worship), then sets to household duties; the cooking, washing, mending, nursing, and general household work is hers, and what are her wages? Stripped of her jewels which she has so prized in, and robed in coarse white garments, in place of the fine white robe, her lovely raven hair cut off and given to her gods, and her head kept shaved, one course of meal a day, and two fasts in the month, excluded from all social pleasures, because she is considered unclean by prayer and fasting to appease the wrath of her angry gods—these are the poor returns made to her."

"Widows' fasts are cruel. Every eleven days is a thorough fast; she is not allowed a morsel of meat, and she has to live in the hottest weather. And when she comes to die, she is hurried out of the house while life is fast ebbing, and borne to the Burning Ghat to be burnt. What wonder that many put an end to their miserable lives, or else do worse. They are not allowed to marry, and therefore fall into grievous sin-remittances."

"Widow re-marrage is a question which is being very warmly discussed in India now. I have known many widows of four, five, six and ten years of age. May the day come when the lives of such will be happy and free of slavish fear. The dawn is fast brightening into day, and many who could have no hope in this world or in the next are living good, useful Christian lives, surrounded by children, husband, and home comforts. The iron clank of custom is giving way to the liberty which the Gospel offers—Mrs. Ella G. Plomer, in Gospel in All Lands."

"Have you ever noticed how strong a street door is? How thick the wood is? How heavy the hinges? What large bolts it has? and what a grim lock? If there was nothing of all this, the door would be outside, the world set to waste; but as you know there are things of value within, and the door without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting."

"Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a wrong there is on his face! How his lips are curled! How his eyes look! I will bolt the door or he will do us harm."

"What is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go."

"What is that? It is Envy. How spiteful he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go."

"What is that? It is Greed. How greedy he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go."

"What is that? It is Fear. How fearful he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go."

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Various small advertisements on the right margin.