

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the sun;  
He hath a smile for every one;  
He hath made of the rain-drops gold and gems,  
He may change our tears to diamonds—  
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in  
Strong, pure thoughts, which will banish  
sin;  
They will grow and bloom with a grace  
divine,  
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that  
of the vine—  
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in  
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;  
It will make the halls of the heart so fair  
That angels may enter unawares—  
Open the door!

The Rev. Adoniram's Dream.

MARY A. JONES.

The Rev. Adoniram Judson Jones, pastor of the Church of the Earthly Rest, had returned from the May universaries at Springfield, and was sitting in a comfortable Morris chair preparing a report of the meetings for the next mid-week prayer-meeting. He gave special prominence to the discussions which were unusually vigorous, and was prepared to recommend to his church a new and improved plan of beneficence which should do away with Appeals and should present all causes simultaneously and with no undue emphasis on any. This was not exactly the plan he had adopted in raising money for the new organ, nor in planning for repairs on the church, but it seemed an ideal arrangement for missions. Mr. Jones had felt a little embarrassed over the fact that the last collection for foreign missions had been only \$57. It was not a good showing for a church of four hundred members, but he now saw clearly the trouble. There had been too many appeals. The church had been hurried beyond endurance. Co-ordination, consolidation, anything that would make life easier for the Church of the Earthly Rest should be given a fair trial. He knew old Deacon Prudent would approve. Mrs. Styles, his wealthiest member, gave \$200 to the church expenses, but was not interested in missions. She would favour such a plan. As he sat among his choice and beautiful pictures—the gifts of admiring parishioners—the various organizations of the church loomed darkly before him: Cradle Roll, Mission Band, Juniors, Woman's Society, and now Mrs. Jones suggested a Farther Lights Circle for a class of girls in the church just beginning to think of what parties and dancing clubs. If she could only interest them in something bright and girlish, and yet with a high ideal, it might help to save the girls at home as well as the heathen abroad. She pleaded that it was not another organization, just a proper grading of the missionary work of the church; but Mr. Jones had new light. There could be no more organizations. They were killing the church by inches. He suddenly recalled the last report of the Woman's Society. Ninety dollars for foreign missions! A palpable robbery of the Missionary Union. He did not know the President, a dear old lady, had a brother once who went out to Burma as a missionary and died there. She had brought her \$10 each year in memory of him. She had given \$20 of the fifty-seven sent by the church to the Union. Miss Shy had collected the rest at the rate of two cents a week except \$10 that Mary Kent sent from her salary towards the support of her college friend in Africa, and Miss Shy's own five-dollar gold piece, Mrs. Styles never gave. She said there were heathen enough at home, and she had attended some fine Lenten lectures in Boston on the Begonias of Hinduism, which were very remarkable. The heathen had their own religions far better adapted to them than ours, with millions of gods to choose from, and as for all those stories of Hindu widows—the lecturer assured them the women of India were far better off in their sheltered Zenanas than we are.

While Rev. Adoniram Judson Jones was musing the fire burned, and feeling a bit weary, he threw himself on his comfortable divan, adjusted his pillows, and fell asleep.

II.

John Lee was a classmate of Adoniram Judson Jones at Newton, a keen, bright-eyed student with a big soul and a warm heart. All the fellows loved him and believed him fitted to take a prominent place in the denomination. But John was facing the missionary call, and going through a struggle which had lasted days and nights. Should he give up all the ambitions of a young man, face ill-health and loneliness? Could he give up the one woman in all the world for

him? It was a long, bitter struggle but he fought it to the end. He wrote Mary at Mt. Holyoke, telling her of his change of plan, offering her freedom. How could he ask a delicate girl to go through the same future. Then in depression and darkness he waited. At last the letter came, and he slipped away from the group of boys to his room at the Seminary. Not even the first story of sacrifice was so wonderful. He had given up his all at the call of God, and the Lord said, No, I do not require this. Mary wrote of her own growing love for missions. In that home of Mary Lyon, she, too, had faced the question of going, and had settled it. And so, John dear, the letter ran, unless you'd really rather be a martyr and go alone, mayn't I go with you? It would be such a pity for you to poke off on another steamer, and how would you keep house without some woman? If you've no objection I prefer to be the one. John, brave, strong fellow, who had come through it all without a moan, dropped his curly, boyish head on that letter and cried as he had not since he was a little lad at his mother's knee. The tear-stained letter in a little case lay next his heart when they laid them to rest in India years after.

John and Mary sailed. The Rev. Adoniram Judson Jones went down to see them off. He gripped John's hand in parting and faltered something about holding the ropes. He meant it, but missions were not popular in the Church of the Earthly Rest, and he had all he could do to hold the congregation without attending to ropes. Eight years later John and Mary came back worn and ill. They had two little daughters to leave in the home land. They could stay only a year as their station was left alone. Some brethren in the ministry queried whether they should come at all. It is so expensive to bring home sick missionaries. John supplied the pulpit at the Church of the Earthly Rest, Adoniram Judson Jones was disappointed in his speaking. He had lost his oratorical power and spoke slowly and in a strange tongue. He did not tell thrilling tales. His work, as he said, had not been gathering the harvest nor even sowing the seed, but just picking out the stones. Mary spoke to the women. It was unfortunately the day of an extra meeting of the Woman's Club, and only a few came. She was interesting, but some of the ladies wondered how a mother could leave her children and go off as a missionary. It seemed so heartless. They did not reason that she could not take their little white souls into the atmosphere of sin and corruption nor to the climate of that country of Dreadful Heat.

John had begged Mary to stay two or three years and let him go back alone, as he saw the dark shadow of parting creeping over her. She only put her hands in his, and looking into his eyes said over the words she had said nine years before, Until death do us part, John. So they went back to the dreary station, to the old life in the midst of vice and heathenism, but there were little children there, and as John saw Mary among them and watched the change in the homes and in the mothers, he could even bear to see the sweet face grow old and gray hairs come. They lived very close to the Lord in those days. He seemed so near to their children they did not dare get far from Him.

John wrote at first to his classmates, but they were busy men and letters seldom came in return. Sometimes he longed unspeakably for some bright strong word from the boys; a good hand grip across the distance. It was such a dreary station. Long stretches of flat country, dotted with poor little villages, with neither trees nor grass, a plain bare bungalow with the station school and the thatched chapel were all they could show for their years of work. No, not at all. There was a bright class of boys preparing to go to Ramapatan for further study, a quiet company in white gathering each Sunday for service, the home life beginning in the wretched palms. In the study John had worked through the terrible heat when he should have rested on the hills, at the translation of some books there were sorely needed. He had no library. There was no pictures and no divan. His recreation was to read the reviews of the new books in the papers, but it was a little like a hungry man reading recipes. Now the book was done and John wondered how he could get it printed. "Appropriations were cut down 15 per cent—a large deficit in the treasury," so John knew there was no hope at the Rooms. Their own tenth must go for salaries of preachers so needed on the field, and at last he sat down at his rough study table to write an appeal to the men he had left in America, pastors of good, strong churches, professors in colleges and seminaries, to ask what could be done to

arouse Christians to the need of their aid. The appeal went home but received no answer, and a few weeks later John Lee laid down his work and took his appeals up to God.

Adoniram Judson Jones slept restlessly. He dreamed of John Lee out in India. He had received an appeal from him a few months ago. The last magazines gave a brief account of his death. In his dream he seemed to see the lonely station and the man and woman old before their time. They were sixty miles from a doctor, only Mary and the faithful natives were near. Over all was a stifling, sickening, shimmering heat; he saw Mary making a coffin and bending over a grave. There were "no flowers," only a few green palm leaves out of the dreary wilderness, but they were for "Victory," and the choir was of angels. The lonely figure of the woman with white face and dry eyes followed him and then faded into a place called Gethsemane, where One watched while others slept, and before him stood that one. He saw the face that he had sometimes longed to see, of the One to whom he had gone with his childish prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Had he ever prayed more than that little selfish prayer? Did his church know any other? The presence in the room became a voice sad and stern, "O careless shepherd. Bring me no more appeals. I left my church to hear and heed the appeals of a needy world, but they have turned a deaf ear. You refuse appeals. You are tired of constant calls. I am weary with your appeals. Do not ask me to convert your son, do not pray for revivals, do not mock me with prayers for missions. I will do by you as my church does by this suffering world." The presence faded away and Adoniram Judson Jones awoke. For the first time in his life he was really awake. How selfish and vain his life seemed, how trivial his ambitions, how mean his own offerings and those of his flock! He tore up his notes for the prayer meeting and began his sermon for Sunday. He did not rehearse that sermon before the glass. He forgot all the rules of elocution taught him in the seminary. He devoted the week to careful, prayerful study of the missionary question from the standpoint of His Master and the Apostle Paul, and on his knees he learned how to preach a missionary sermon.

III.  
Sunday morning dawned. The voluntary rippled and the choir chatted. The quartet sang an anthem which lasted ten minutes and cost twenty dollars. Their friends said how well they did, and the soprano said she was hoarse and the contralto said she was used up after singing in the comic opera all the week. The congregation sat with its usual placid expression prepared to be entertained and edified. The pastor rose to speak. His text was from Malachi. It isn't a popular part of the Bible for texts. As the pastor began Deacon Prudence felt uneasy. Mrs. Styles rustled restlessly in her pew, two or three business men straightened up instead of dropping into their Sunday morning dose, the president of the foreign missionary circle felt for her pocket handkerchief, and then in a hush and silence that seemed to fill the Church of the Earthly Rest, the Rev. Adoniram Judson Jones made his confession. He spoke of the Missionary Union, of its tremendous extent of work in many lands, of its results, of the work and sacrifice of its missionaries. He referred to the criticisms of its enemies, those outside of the church who can see no need of a Gospel for a lost world, who deny the atoning power of Jesus Christ, who scoff at His sacrifice. He pointed out those who profess to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth, but who use the same cheap arguments, who dispute the authority of the Word of Christ, who declare outwardly and openly an absolute lack of sympathy with His last word, and those who while they would not say all this in words, say it by withholding all help for this cause, who will give to no cause that does not directly minister to their own comfort and pride or sense of propriety. He faced the criticism, "We do not give to foreign missions because they keep 99 per cent. for home expenses," proving it to be absolutely untrue. He explained that no society can carry on a great business without a certain amount of expense. That percentage of the Missionary Union is less than those of the great national societies working at home, and he then showed that it is the church that is spending 99 per cent. for home expenses and 1 per cent. for foreign missions. Then he spoke of the plan of consolidation which aimed to relieve the Baptist church of appeals, and then his voice trembled as he read extracts from a recent appeal from the Rooms which he had rescued from the waste paper basket. He

told the story of his student life with John Lee, and at last he told them of that afternoon in his study when he had thought out a plan by which the Church of the Earthly Rest might be relieved of appeals, a good machine plan which did not touch the problem of how to raise the standard of giving among the Baptists, but which would leave the Church of the Earthly Rest to a serene and sweet enjoyment of its religious privileges.

The effect of the pastor's words was startling. Mrs. Styles' proud face settled into a haughty stare of disapproval. Deacon Prudent wondered how the Deacons were going to straighten out this dear misguided young brother. The pastor continued, "So long as I remain your pastor I shall bring you appeals; it is a shame to the church to refuse to listen. We have not had appeals enough. Regularly once a month we will observe a concert of prayer for missions. Once a month at least, I shall bring you a clear, definite appeal for our denominational work. We will give as we have never given before for the heathen at home, in the country, city, State and we will give fully as much more for those nations that sit in such darkness as we cannot understand. May God forgive us for our travesty on His church, our neglect of His kingdom."

And so it came to pass that while these sayings were hard to hear and some could not endure them, the majority were led by the pastor into a new conception of the work of the church and forthwith their name was changed from the Church of the Earthly Rest to the Church of the Great Commission. Instead of a few dollars grudgingly given by a few, all the members brought gladly one-tenth of their income, even including Deacon Prudent, and the result was all church expenses paid and an offering of \$5,000 for the various causes at home with an equal amount for the work of the Missionary Union. The revival that followed—but that is another story.

A Happy Home.

I give you one more word of advice to have to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behaviour in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the care you give is merely the result of study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has been become a despotism that God nor man will abide. O ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower that it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.—Selected.

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The Gospel of Work.

Theodore Roosevelt was once asked. If you could speak commandingly to the young men of our day, what would you say to them? His reply was, I'd order them to work. I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—the theory of the duty of the leisure class to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached. First and foremost, to be American, heart and soul, and to go in with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications. These words received added significance from the fact that the man who uttered them has been elevated to the Presidential chair. Although born to wealth, he scorned delights, to live laborious days. He has been a strenuous worker, and has set before the young men of the land a noble example of courageous endeavor.—*Christian Century.*

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that gives a man with a paint pot the right of way through a crowd.—*Chicago News.*



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That's the personal question a woman asks herself when she reads of the cures of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Why shouldn't it cure her? Thousands of such cases have been cured by "Favorite Prescription." Is it a condition which local doctors have declared incurable? Among the hundreds of thousands of sick women cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription there are a great many who were pronounced incurable by local doctors. Wonders have been worked by "Favorite Prescription" in the cure of irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures.

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