

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems —
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 the stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!

—'British Weekly.'

An English 'House of Mercy.'

(F. C., in the 'Christian.')

Fifteen years ago I am told there was not a single Home in the North of England where crippled and incurable children could be admitted and cared for. To-day, thank God, there are many such Homes, and I want to take you in imagination to one to which belongs the honor of being the pioneer.

Let us suppose that we have reached the end of our journey, and have arrived at Cheetnam Hill, a pleasant suburb two miles out of smoky, grimy Manchester. We pause before a large, well-built house, standing in a nice garden, and a board announces that this is Bethesda Home for Crippled and Incurable Children.

If it is a fine, warm afternoon, we shall find the children in the garden, some in the wheel-chairs, some in spinal carriages, some on crutches, while babies of all sizes occupy mail-carts and toddle about the neatly-kept lawn looking for daisies.

Over in that corner some boys are playing cricket, and in spite of such minor inconveniences as crutches, splints, etc., seem to quite enjoy their 'innings.' Here a small boy is trying to spin a top with his toes, as he has never had arms; he manages quite cleverly, and presently gives us his autograph—'Teddie'—which we have watched him write, and his writing would compare favorably with the efforts of some boys who have fingers to write with. Well done, Teddie!

As we follow the matron (whom the children call 'mother') into the house, we notice in the hall a beautiful large portrait of the late Mr. Leonard K. Shaw, the founder and for thirty-three years the hon. sec. of the Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes, of which Bethesda is a branch.

Mr. Shaw loved all poor, neglected children, but the suffering one lay nearest his heart; and for fourteen years Bethesda has been, as its name implies, a real 'House of Mercy' for afflicted and incurable boys and girls.

The Home holds forty, and is always more than full, while there are many suitable applicants waiting for admission. A wing is being added which will accommodate thirty more children, and many little sufferers are eagerly awaiting its completion, but £2,000 is required to finish the building and furnish it before they can be received. The wing is being built in memory of Mr. Shaw, just the kind of memorial he would have chosen.

Had we arrived in the morning we should have found most of the children in school, learning to master 'the three R's,' and other useful things. They are trained to sing beautifully, and the Bible knowledge of the elder girls is remarkable.

The house itself is very bright, and the walls are covered with pictures. We notice a large doll's-house, a big rocking-horse, a bagatelle-board, and many other objects of interest to children, all gifts from kind friends.

The children look the picture of happiness, and many visitors who come dreading to find poor, sadly-afflicted little ones are amazed at the joy and brightness they find at 'Blessed Bethesda,' as one dear old clergyman calls it.

As we think of the misery, the ignorance, the pain, the want, and the suffering caused by dirt and the lack of care that prevailed in most of the children's lives before they were admitted, and mentally contrast it all with their present lot, we thank God for such places as Manchester's Bethesda.

God's Arm Revealed.

HOW I WAS MYSTERIOUSLY LED.

(The Rev. William Watson, of London, Eng., in 'Ram's Horn.')

There are events in any life which are much more than coincidences: occurrences which are not to be explained on any known human ground. I have never been able to account for the following set of circumstances:

On a Sunday evening many years ago, I had come home after a hard day's work. I was very much fatigued and much in want of rest and quiet. I had scarcely sat down in my room when an impulse suddenly seized me to go out to the little Mission Hall where a few poor people were wont to meet together for worship under the guidance of my assistance. There was no reason known to me at the moment why I should go. The night was bleak and cold: I was exhausted: I had visited the Hall only two Sunday evenings before. It was also pointed out to me that I should not be required at the service; that probably ere I got there the service would be over and the people all gone; and that after an exceptionally long day's work it would be better for me to remain indoors. I had to resist these entreaties; the longing to go could not be stifled; and so I walked down the dark, narrow streets to the Mission room.

The audience was small; the preacher was giving out the closing hymn. Near me sat a young lady whom I knew well and who certainly was the last person I should ever have dreamed of meeting in such a place and on such a night. She was clever, intellectual, well read, skeptical; but had little or no interest in religion except as a department of inquiry like art or literature, and was not in the habit of attending such services. My assistant before closing requested me to say a few words to the people on 'faith, what it is, and what it does.' I spoke for five minutes or so on this subject in a simple fashion such as seemed suited to my uneducated audience.

When the service was over I expressed to my young lady friend the pleasure I felt in seeing her present at the meeting. There may have been an accent of surprise in my voice. Her answer I shall not forget. 'You know,' she said, 'that I do not believe in a personal God, and can find no room for Jesus Christ either in history or individual life, nor do I believe in prayer or immortality. I do not know what brought me here. I never was here before. I was sitting quietly in the drawing-room at home absorbed in an interesting book when a voice seemed to bid me rise and go to the Mission room: I at once came here. On this seat I was somehow impelled to pray that if there was a God who cared for anybody he would send you here, and make you speak about faith in the unseen. I could not

believe my eyes when I saw you come in, and I could not believe my ears when I listened to you just now. It is all very perplexing and bewildering.'

We had a long conversation that night and on many nights afterwards. Slowly her unbelief crumbled away and her intellectualism thawed, and gradually and not without much mental strain 'the truth as it is in Jesus' broke upon her vision, and she gained complete rest in him.

What followed afterwards was a beautiful commentary on that experience. From being a self-enclosed nature, concerned mostly with her intellectual pursuits, she grew into a most winsome generosity of soul. Formerly timid, reticent, narrow in outlook and in duty, she now became courageous, frank, large-hearted and consecrated. She gave herself to a life among the squalid and the drunken, nursed sick children and dying women, pleaded with the careless and the fallen, and toiled unweariedly for their good. Her heroism was as pronounced as were her humility and faith.

When an Atheist Acknowledged God.

There lives not more than three miles from us a noted infidel, who, at one time had a bad sore on one of his limbs. He had employed the best medical skill that he could procure, but all to no avail. When about to give up in despair some friend told him of an old physician that had recently moved into an adjoining neighborhood, who was a specialist on sores of like nature. He decided at once to give him a trial and sent for him to come at an early date and see if anything could be done to relieve, or if possible cure.

The doctor came and took the case in hand, and after giving a thorough examination, knowing the afflicted man's belief, said to him, 'Mr.—, I can save your life, but will be obliged to amputate your limb.'

The disheartened man said to the doctor, 'Oh, my God! I never can endure that in the world.'

To this the doctor replied with a gentle tap on his shoulder, 'Your God, Mr.—, I did not know you believed in any God.' To that the sick man replied, 'I tell you, doctor, when you come down to the depth of belief, there is not a man on earth who does not believe in God.—A. C. B., in 'Ram's Horn.'

Acknowledgments.

FOR THE LABRADOR MISSION—GENERAL FUND.

Bensforth Union S.S., \$5; A Reader of the 'Messenger,' Perth, Ont., \$1; T. and A. F. Wolseley, N.W.T., \$1; Mrs. A. McEwan, Stanley Bridge, \$1; Mrs. R. McDowell, Shawville, \$2; Eva H. L. McDowell, Shawville, \$2; H. C. F. McDowell, Shawville, \$1; H. H. Ransom, Montreal, \$2; C. E. Duntan, Canso, N.S., \$5; Geo. Bell, Radnor Forges, \$2; John D. McBean, Maxville, \$1; Mrs. J. Davidson, Sherbrooke, \$10; A. Hailstone, Parry Sound, 85c; Wallace, Owen Sound, \$2; Eliza Ridley, South Mountain, \$1.50; J. McK. Rae, \$1.50; Mrs. Millage Paton, Shenemeca's Bridge, \$1; Donald Chisholm, Hantsport, \$1.25; A Friend, Cromarty, \$10; Mrs. G. Middleton, Carnduff, \$2; Mrs. Thos. Pannell, Ayer's Cliff, \$1; Well-wisher, \$5; Mrs. S. M. Brown, \$2; Annie Maclean, Summerside, \$5; A Friend of Missions, Wallace, \$1; Montrose P. O., \$2; Maggie McKinlay, Port Franks, Ont., \$1; C. E., \$2; Mrs. M. E. Huron, Ashburn, \$5; Mary C. Huron, Ashburn, \$3; Leslie E. Huron, Ashburn, \$1; Collections by Mrs. McKinnon, Petrel, Man., \$6; For the Needy, \$2; total, \$89.10.