

At the Door.

A SINGER stood at Heaven's gate,
And gazed in through the shining bars,
The night was hushed, the hour was late,
And Beauty dreamed among the stars.
She called; her voice no answer brought;
She paused and bowed her head in thought.

The brightness of eternal morn
Streamed through the portals on her face,
As though the flush of day, new-born,
Forever glorified the place.
The singer raised her head and sang;
Night listened, and the blue skies rang.

As softly as a wind-kissed rose
Lays fall a petal to the ground,
So did the music, at its close,
And echo drop of melting sound.
But no bright face drew near the bars
And smiled and listened with the stars.

On earth the singer's thrilling note
Had held a breathless throng in awe;
And fame her name in sunlight wrote
Where passing thousands praising saw.
Now, none in all sweet Heaven came
To bow before that lofty name.

Then did a maid draw near the place
Whose brow might charm in Paradise:
The stars—whose golden flowers that grace
The dark lake of the night's cold skies—
Were not more fair, with all their light,
Than her soft eyes, and not more bright.

Her tresses-gathered sunbeams fell
In rippling glory to her feet;
Her charms had bound men with their spell,
But now, none came her step to greet;
No bright eye gazed upon her there,
No angel spoke and called her fair.

A monarch dreaming dreams of gold,
Drew near the jewelled gates divine,
But darkness drew about him cold,
Scarce would the stars upon him shine;
And filled with shame he bowed alone,
Dishonoured, helpless, and unknown.

A woman pure, with patient face,
And eyes made beautiful with trust,
With soul that never showed its grace
Till freed from its poor house of dust,
Approached the shining portals now,
And lo! a pure light bathed her brow.

Passed was her bitter journey long;
She touched the gate with trembling hand,
And through the portals broke a song
That filled the night with music grand;
The doors flew back, and, with glad face,
She entered that celestial place!

God reads the soul, and not the face;
He hears the thoughts, and not the tongue;
In Heaven the features wear no grace,
Save that which round the spirit hung;
And only they are lovely seen
Whose lives on earth have noble been.
—E. W. Shurtleff.

A Glimpse of Women's Mission Work Sixty Years Ago.

BY MRS. C. F. SPAULDING.

WHEN I returned home from our last meeting, going into my mother's room, I said, "Mother, the ladies of the missionary society wish me to prepare something to read at their next meeting. I am sure they know much more about missions than I do. I felt like refusing, but as Mrs. Langdon proposed me I did not like to do so, and after I spoke the thought flashed across my mind, why not ask my mother how they carried on mission work when she was young? Will you not tell me what you did to help the missionaries?"

For a few moments she was quiet, and a shadow of sadness passed over her face. I was almost sorry I asked, for she had been very ill, and I knew she was looking back through a vista of fifty years, with its lights and shadows, to her girlhood's home. Then brightening, she said, "Yes, indeed, I will. It seems but yesterday since we gathered in Colonel Totten's parlour to organize our society.

"At that time the civilized world was

becoming aroused in the cause of missions, and 'preach the gospel to every creature' was heard from all our Christian pulpits. In our own land, Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Judson had bid farewell to home and friends. After waiting long months, we heard that the Newells were not allowed to remain where they had intended to make their home, but had been obliged to remove to an island near the mainland, and also of the persecutions of the Judsons, and we remembered the words of our Lord: 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' The work of our society was in making outfits for missionaries, home and foreign.

"At last our first outfit was ready to be packed; it was for a young missionary and his wife, who were going to India. What a busy afternoon we had as we put garment after garment into the box, and many a little article was added for the toilet—articles of use and beauty that would gladden the young wife's heart in that distant land. Because she had chosen to leave home and friends to work for the Master, that was surely no reason why she should give up everything that makes life beautiful.

"When the packing was finished and we stood around the box, all were silent for a moment; then Mrs. Butler, our president, said, 'Let us ask God's blessing.' It was the first public prayer that had been offered in our society, and amid profound silence the timid woman asked God to bless those who would wear those garments, and to bless our efforts. Her voice often faltered, some of the words we did not hear, but He, who knew what a struggle it was for her to kneel at His feet in public, heard it all and did bless us.

"I can better illustrate how the seed sown in our little society took root by telling of an incident that took place in the life of one of those merry girls who attended our meetings.

"Madge Marvin was full of life, making sunshine out of everything. Madge was to be married to a young army officer. Ah! well I remember Madge as she stood under the chandelier, with its soft wax lights, surrounded by beautiful women and a brilliant array of officers in full dress. Madge's heart was light, and as she passed a group of friends, in which were some of the ladies of our society, she said, 'There is a mission station near the fort; I'll watch them for you,' then added with a laugh, 'Perhaps, if it is very lonely, I may get converted myself.' Words lightly spoken, but how prophetic!

"She left us, and by-and-bye we heard of her, and from her, how she carried her brightness out into that lonely place, enjoying everything, seemingly as happy as ever. A year passed; a little child was given her, beautiful, and the darling of all. One morning, in midwinter, word came to the mission station that Lieutenant Dayton's baby was dying. They went to his house, and there, over the cradle, was Madge trying to awaken her darling, who was asleep in death. Then the missionaries that Madge proposed to watch, were watching her. For a time her life hung by a thread, and at last, as the blossoms came out, she grew better and returned home. Shortly after she united with the Church, and when she returned to the West she went to work nobly. She treated the

Indians like men and women, and they learned to love her, and in the poetic language of their race named her the 'Weeping Willow,' after seeing her bending over her baby's grave. But Madge did not give her life to sadness; her brightness came back, and when we met her in after-years we saw a new beauty in her face—the beauty of holiness. Many letters our society received from her telling of her work and thanking us for clothing and books sent.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

Vain Repetitions.

BY MRS. M. M. HILL.

Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.—*Jesus.*

THE people of India, as do other heathen, believe there is great merit in repeating the names of their deities. Hence, as a matter of economizing his labour, they often call their children by the names of their gods. In some places in the north of India, and in Tibet, and countries just across the Himalaya range, they have an easier method of offering their "vain repetitions." This they do by machinery. Their prayers are put on a wheel or a cylinder, turned sometimes by hand, sometimes by wind, and sometimes by water power. If only kept in motion, the repetitions have just as much virtue as if uttered by the lips.

Miss Mary Bachelor, during a resting-time in Darjeeling, witnessed this manner of offering prayers. In company with some friends, she visited a Buddhist temple. It was two-storied, with a thatched roof reaching nearly to the ground. The outer door opened into an apartment whose length was the width of the building, while its breadth was about five feet. A fat Lama (priest), reputed to be over ninety years of age, sat in the door, sewing on a cotton garment. He was dressed in broadcloth and had wooden beads around his neck, which he said were for his prayers. At the right was a huge cylinder about a foot from the ground, turning on a crooked iron axle by means of a rope attached to it. The surface of the cylinder was covered with bright green and red letters, constituting the prayers. An old nun sat in front, pulling the rope to keep the cylinder revolving. Two bells were suspended from the ceiling, on opposite sides of the cylinder, which a projecting spike of iron caused to strike at each revolution. The nun, while reeling off her prayers, had a paper in front of her, which she appeared to be reading. Said Miss Bachelor: "When I asked a man what she was praying, he said her prayers were being offered for the world in general—for everybody. 'Does she include us?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he answered." Shelves were attached to the walls, and on these were placed other praying machines, in the form of smaller wheels turned by hand, to which many prayers were affixed. A young Lama made his appearance, and unlocking a big red door opening into the inner temple, motioned them in. But such were the vile smells and the suffocating air, that only Miss Bachelor persevered in surveying this heathen sanctum. Its walls were covered with huge, ungainly, hideous paintings of their different deities. A large glass case of brass idols confronted her. On its right were numerous pigeon-holes filled with boxes of pray-

ers. There were also pigeon-holes on the left, but many of them were empty, perhaps held in reserve for the petitions of future devotees of the temple.

In what blackness of darkness must souls be enshrined who have such views of acceptable prayer!—*Missionary Helper.*

Brevities.

THERE are 60,000 Jews in New York, and not one of them is engaged in liquor selling.

THERE are said to be 30,000 pledged children in the juvenile temperance schools in Massachusetts.

THE Hanson Place Methodist Sunday-school, New York, gave \$2,275.41 in its regular missionary collections for the past year.

THE Prussian Bible Society, during its ten years' history, has distributed 1,283,254 Bibles and 823,597 New Testaments.

A GENTLEMAN who had been bitten by a dog was asked, "Do you suppose the animal was mad?" "Mad. What right had he to be mad? He wasn't half as mad as I was."

Dealer: "Would you like to have a French clock?" *Mrs. Mulcahy:* "No, indeed, I don't want none av yer Frinch clocks. It's a clock that I can understand when it stroiks that I want; so I do."

THIS very sage advice was given by an aged priest: "Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle. Never brush it off until it is dry."

A TEACHER in one of the smallest district schools in the smallest State in the Union once proved that it may be embarrassing to use one's own self as an illustration. She was hearing a class in spelling and defining words. The word "orphan" had been correctly spelled, but none of the class seemed to know its meaning. After asking one or two of them she said, encouragingly: "Now, try again. I am an orphan. Now, can't some of you guess what it means?" The blank look on their faces remained, until one of the duller scholars raised his hand, and said with no intention of being saucy, "It's some one who want's to get married, and can't."

A PRISON chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, on entering one of the cells on the first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply; but the criminal seemed to be repentant a few minutes afterward, and added, conciliatory: "Well, I has heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last two kirks ye war in ye preached them baith empty; but ye'll no find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane."

A WELL-APPEARING business man the other day stole a trunk in Boston and then gave himself up to the police. In the court he begged to be sent for three years to the State prison in order that he might be out of the reach of liquor, which had wrought the ruin of his life.