



FIG. 1

CHINESE
HOUSE WITH
SCREEN DOOR

OUTLINE
OF
DOOR-WAY &
SCREEN-DOOR

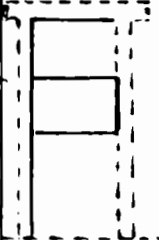


FIG. 2

ANCIENT
WORD
FOR
SINGLE DOOR

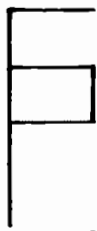


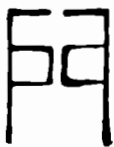
FIG. 3

MODERN
FORM OF
FIG. 3
(HOO = DOOR)



FIG. 4

FIG. 6



OLD WORD
FOR DOORS

SKETCH OF DOUBLE
SCREEN DOORS

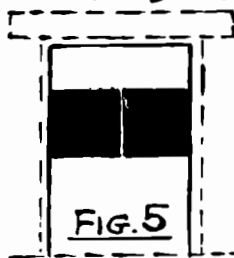


FIG. 5

FIG. 7



MODERN FORM
OF FIG. 6, = DOORS

MIN = PITY



(DOORS & WRITING)
FIG. 10

MUN



HOO



FIG. 8

RESIDENTS

WUN = WRITING



(A PICTURE OF A
MARK & LINES)
FIG. 9

A GREAT DOOR

BY

ANNA MAGDALENA JOHANNSEN

FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS
A MISSIONARY IN CHINA

WITH PREFACE BY

THE REV. WALTER JENNINGS, B.A.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, LONDON
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PREFACE

THIS book is all about Chinese doors. Each short chapter is headed by a picture of Chinese doors (see Frontispiece, Fig. 7), and in every chapter a further picture is added to tell us something about the doors. All these little pictures are Chinese words, for the Chinese language is a picture language. The writer of this book, an experienced missionary, has chosen these words, not always according to their strict meaning in the Chinese language, but as interesting picture-parables to illustrate her theme. We cannot here attempt a description of all the pictures and their regular meanings: but an illustrated talk, by way of introduction, may help some readers to see a picture where only a peculiar-looking Chinese word at first sight appears.

If you were walking down a street in some Chinese city, you might notice window-less front rooms, in narrow one-storey houses, having doorways opening to the street: and in some of these

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doorways you might see, for day-time use only, a hinged door filling the middle part of the doorway (see plate, Fig. 1) and leaving the upper part open to light and air and the lower part open for the coming and going of small children, the dog and cat, chickens perhaps, and even an occasional pig! If you will make a sketch (as in Fig. 2) of such a door and doorway, and then one (as in Fig. 3) of all that remains after leaving out the dotted lines, you will have an ancient Chinese word for *door*, pronounced *hoo*, and now written as in Fig. 4. This is a *single* door. If you wish for a word for those double doors leading to the courtyards of larger houses and official buildings, or standing open by day and closed by night in the city gateways, you put two of these single doors together as in Fig. 5 and Fig. 6, and find the modern way of writing the completed word in Fig. 7. This word is pronounced, as nearly as possible, *mun*. If you put *mun* and *hoo* together (as in Fig. 8) you have a compound word, *mun-hoo*, meaning "street-residents"—neighbours distinguished from one another by the doors within which they dwell.

Doors play a very large part in Chinese life. There is a good deal of ceremony about receiving and escorting of guests at the doors: and written good wishes are pasted on the lintel, and rhymed

PREFACE

mottoes on the side-posts, of most Chinese street doors. Paper gods are pasted as guardians on the doors. When there has been a death in a house, a notice of it, on white or yellow paper for mourning, is usually posted at the door. The sight of such a notice should call forth sympathy: and this has led the Chinese to put together the picture of doors (*mun*, Fig. 7) and the picture meaning "writing" (*wun*, Fig. 9) to produce a word (*min*, Fig. 10) meaning "pity".

So many things happen in China at doors, or having some connection with doors and gates, that the process of adding little pictures to the picture *mun* (door), to make other words, has been a prolonged one. A good Chinese dictionary gives as many as seventy-six words made in this way, and thirty-five of them have been used in the writing of this book.

In Part I. the pictures chosen, with the exception of the word *mun* itself in Chapter I., are made to illustrate some state of the human heart, or condition of Chinese society, leading to unwillingness or inability to *open the door* to the herald.

In Part II. the general theme is "The Open Door", and the pictures used are made to illustrate the various stages by which doors have been gradually opened to the herald and his King.

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In Part III. a further series of pictures is made to illustrate the theme "The Transformation within the Door": the theme of Chinese lives changed and established by the entrance and indwelling of the Lord the King.

All three parts are manifestly wrought out of the personal experience of the missionary writer in preaching the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in China. Of the difficulties and disappointments, the triumphs and the joys, of such a work, the book may be left to speak for itself.

WALTER JENNINGS

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PART I
THE BARRED DOOR



“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me” (Rev. iii. 20).

A GREAT DOOR

IN the land of Sinim the herald of the Great King, the bringer of "Joyful News", was hastening on his way to do the King's bidding. He had been entrusted with messages of pardon for all who had rebelled against the King, with rich gifts for those who were the King's friends, and abundant supplies for everyone who was willing to enlist in service for the King of kings. The herald rejoiced as he looked at the letters of pardon and the great gifts he carried. What a privilege it was to be the bearer of such good news! What was his surprise, therefore, to find that when he knocked at many a door in the name of the King, he found it barred against his message of pardon and liberty.

I



閩

“SERPENT”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“reptile”).

THE first place he approached was called “SERPENT”. He knocked at the door, but was not admitted.

Soon he learned that there was a reptile inside that door, and he and his idols held full sway within.

The herald knocked louder.

In the name of the King he promised full deliverance from the usurper, and perfect freedom from the power of Satan. He told of the great price the King had paid for the city of “Mansoul”, and now he was knocking at the gate to bestow as a gift the pardon He had purchased at such a tremendous cost.

But there was no response such as the messenger expected. A Taoist priest came forward to tell him that the city would own no king except the one they themselves had chosen, and whose behests they obeyed.

“Has he not given us power over the spirits?” he cried. “When anybody is ill and has lost a soul, we

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bring the lost one back. Has anyone died and fallen into hell we, in the name of our master, break open the gates of hell.” (He did not state that they filled their own pockets at that trade!) “The great Taoist Pope, who lives not far away, has only to write one character, and when stuck up in a house, it acts like a charm. Let him but draw one ‘tiger’ on a piece of paper, and then the peace of that house is secured.”

“Take your message somewhere else,” said another. “I dare not listen to you. I am under a vow to my master. Some time ago my child was ill. I made a vow that I would make a pilgrimage to the mountain of the ‘Three Pure Ones’, and make my offering to the great spirit there. You say the idols are impotent. Try to proclaim that in front of that great idol, and you will soon be killed. We have no use for your God!”

Sadly the herald turned away from the place where “Satan’s seat” was, and the rebellion against the rightful King still went on.

II



“ENTRANCE”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“darkness”).

He approached another “ENTRANCE”. Here darkness reigned supreme. The door was heavy, the walls thick, and there were no windows. Not a single ray of light penetrated that dark prison. The herald knocked, but there was no response. Earnestly he pleaded with the inhabitants to open the door to his King, the “Sun of Righteousness”. The voice of an old woman answered from within:

“It is no use. I am too old, and don’t understand what you mean. I have lived all my life within these dark walls, and know of nothing else.” She deliberately kept the door shut against the “Light of Life”.

Again the herald knocked at a similar dark entrance, telling forth his message of light triumphing over darkness wherever the King entered. This time it was a Buddhist priest who answered the knock.

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"I have brought you a letter from the King," said the herald.

"O mi to fuh,"* answered the priest.

"I am the bringer of good news for you. Christ, the great King, promises you pardon for all past sins, and everlasting salvation."

"O mi to fuh."

"God's love is very great. He alone found a way for saving us from sin, for giving us peace in this life, and hope for the future."

"O mi to fuh."

"Christ is the only Saviour. This letter tells you all about His saving grace, and about the road to the true Paradise."

"O mi to fuh."

"How long have you been in this place?"

"O mi to fuh. I entered the temple when I was nineteen years old. I had then a wife and child. I left them so that my whole family might enter the 'Western Paradise'. O mi to fuh. I have never seen them again. My home is far from here. O mi to fuh."

"My King offers you something far better. I will teach you how to pray to Him."

"O mi to fuh."

"I wonder if you really know what that phrase means? Of what use is it?"

* The constant repetition of this name of an imaginary Buddha is supposed to secure entrance to the Western Heaven, the Buddhist Paradise.

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“O mi to fuh. I have been told that I am to say that as often as possible. The more frequent the repetition the better. So when I wash my face I say, ‘O mi to fuh’. Before I drink a bowl of tea I say, ‘O mi to fuh’. When I begin doing anything I say, ‘O mi to fuh’. Every time I count the beads in my rosary I say, ‘O mi to fuh’. That is all I know. O mi to fuh.”

The herald could get no further. The darkness was too dense. The walls of Buddhism and of life-long habit were too thick and the door remained closed. No light could enter. The light-bearer sighed as he was compelled to leave that dark prison as he found it.

III



“HAMLET”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“three”).

Again the herald stopped at another place called “HAMLET”. When he knocked at the gate he was confronted with three heavy bolts, and found it a veritable fortress. The three bars were strongly linked together, and were called Fear, Superstition, and Sin. The herald begged for admission in the name of the King, but asked in vain. He tried his strength against the door. He thought that the bars might yield one by one if only he could get at them separately. It was a vain hope. The bars were on the inside and he was kept outside.

Then he thought that if he had only enough patience he might persuade the owners to remove the bars one after another. Alas! whether he tried to expel the old fear by creating a greater fear, or to drive away superstition with ridicule, or to show up sin in all its hideousness, he made no impression. The bars were not moved.

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He tried another way. In the name of the King, he promised peace and security instead of fear, a sense of liberty and trust instead of the bondage of superstition, and a life of purity and goodness instead of sin and its stains. All in vain. No solemn reasoning, no rich promise, no earnest persuasion could prevail against that fast-bolted door.

IV



“BOLT”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“one”).

RELUCTANTLY the herald turned away to try another bolted door, called “BOLT”. He knocked, and to his joy found only one bolt across that door. Surely that would be easily removed! He earnestly besought the owner to unbolt the door to receive the message of the King and the rich gifts he brought. But the owner had no intention of opening the door. He kept it bolted. Standing outside, the messenger told of the great power of his King, and of the impotence of the gods made with hands.

“I know all that,” was the answer of Mr. C—, a proud Confucian teacher, “I don’t worship idols.”

“Then you ought to worship God. Don’t you think so?”

“I don’t want to worship your God because He will not let me worship my dead ancestors. ‘Filial Piety’ is the great doctrine in my religion, and you, and others who worship your King, do not believe in that.”

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“Indeed we do believe in filial piety, Mr. C—. But we trace things to their source and find that God created heaven and earth. Then He created man in His own image. We came from Him; in Him we live and move and have our being. So He is our first and great ancestor. We worship the root, not the shoot.”

“Perhaps so, but we owe a duty to our parents and ancestors.”

“So we do, and we believe in the *true* filial doctrine, and in the practice of it. One of the commandments of our King is, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother’. We honour them while they live. We don’t wait until they are dead. We tell the young people to buy some nice clothes for their parents to enjoy here, whereas you buy boxes full of paper garments to burn after death. Which do you think they would rather have?”

“There is something in that.”

“We also exhort all sons and daughters to look well after their parents, and to help them in everything. We tell them to buy some good food for them when they get old, which they can really enjoy. You prepare a number of dishes to offer up at the grave! Did you ever see your dead ancestors eat the food? Do you not bring it back again, and then sit down to partake of those very same dishes yourself?”

“But we have to provide for them in the next world.”

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“Supposing they did need your food and clothes in the next world, could they then possibly live on three meals a *year*, when you yourself need three meals a *day*?”

“Perhaps not, I had not thought about that.”

“Truly the important part of ‘Filial Piety’ ought to be that the children and young people honour and obey their parents while they live, remember their teaching after they are gone, and follow any good example they may have left behind.”

“That is true, but it is not enough. According to my belief, they must also offer their sacrifices to the dead ancestors. Even if I did believe your doctrine I could not follow it. I am the head of my clan. I could not give up the money which comes to me through directing the affairs of my ancestral village. I would not be willing to give up my share of those possessions, and that is what I should have to do if I worshipped your King. The doctrine you preach is good. But it is not for me.”

On and on the herald reasoned. He painted in glowing colours the eternal riches of Christ, the King of glory, and promised the hundredfold in this life, and in the life to come riches and glory everlasting.

But he soon realised that although the door had only one bar called “ancestral worship” it was made of iron and exceedingly strong. It proved even more difficult to break open this one-barred door, than the three-barred one.

V



"FENCE"
 (derived from the
 Chinese characters
 for "door" and
 "wood").

AGAIN the herald was on his round, and arrived at a distant mountain place called "FENCE". True to its name it had a wooden barrier or fence inside the gate, entirely blocking up the entrance. But surely such a fence would easily give way! He studied the names of the different bars in the fence.

The big centre one was made up of Ignorance, with smaller ones, Indifference and Carelessness, at each side. Very soon the herald found they were all held together by the strong cross-bar of Unbelief. He tried to break them down one by one, but made no impression. He pounded upon them with the hammer of the Word. All in vain. Ignorance held out against Knowledge even when exposed. Indifference and Carelessness met his searching inquiries with the answer that what their ancestors had done all along was quite good enough for them. They would do the same. And Unbelief scorned and ridiculed the message of love from the great King.

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Almost discouraged, the herald turned away. Nothing but fire would destroy that fence. But he determined he would try some other day. Meanwhile he would earnestly ask the King to send the fire from above to destroy the barriers of Ignorance, Indifference, and Unbelief. It was for the King's glory he wanted them removed, so he would ask in faith.

VI



"NOISY"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"market").

ONE day the King's messenger knocked at the gate of a city called "Noisy". And noisy indeed it was. Inside the gate the inhabitants were holding a fair, and it was truly "Vanity Fair". There the lust of the flesh, and the love of the world, and the pride of life held full sway. With the riches and pleasures of this world the enemy of souls was forging strong fetters for all the inhabitants, making them believe that their chains were golden links of liberty.

The herald knocked loudly, proclaiming to all that he brought a message of true joy, of unsearchable riches and everlasting glory, a promise of pleasures for evermore. One young man tried to escape from the noisy throng to open the doors, for the message had gripped him, as before it had gripped his father. But swiftly he was pulled back again. With fair words and false promises they led him to a place he had never frequented before,

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where they tried to satiate his soul with sinful pleasure. Again another message reached him from the King, telling him it was not yet too late to accept pardon and cleansing. The young man broke down and wept over his own folly. But almost at once he was caught again by the glamour of "Vanity Fair", and the chains were wound more closely around him. Soon the desire to open the door to Him who had given His very life-blood to set him free left him.

The enemy of souls had got the victory.

VII

A large, bold Chinese character, 關 (Guan), is centered within a rectangular border. The character is composed of two parts: a top part that looks like a stylized '山' (mountain) and a bottom part that looks like a stylized '門' (door).

“CLOSED”

(derived from the Chinese characters for “door” and “to run threads into web in weaving”).

SPEEDING on his way, the herald stopped before a door with the sign “CLOSED”. He examined the gate. It *was* closed; but to his surprise the barriers in this instance consisted of a silken net of many colours. The gorgeous display dazzled the eyes of many until they were caught in the meshes of the net just as

cleverly as a fly is caught in a spider’s web.

“Business first and foremost,” exclaimed one of those inside the gate, as he held on to the *gold* thread of money-making.

“I don’t want to become a subject of the King of Heaven,” said a bright young girl, as she followed the gay, pink thread which led her to the open space near a temple where plays were being acted. “I will not give up going to the theatre.”

“I cannot give up my wine,” said one, and was ensnared in the *red* meshes.

“And I”, chimed in another young man, “cannot open the door to your King, for He does not

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approve of gambling and similar amusements." He was not willing to let go the *yellow* cord that held him bound to the dice and the "Mah Jong" table.

The *green* cord of jealousy and envy held another victim bound, though he was hardly conscious of the strong hold it had on him.

"I should like to have the good gifts you are bringing, but I cannot forego my revenge. Years ago somebody killed my father. I swore I would kill him in return. I have carried a knife about with me ever since, but have not yet accomplished my purpose." This from a strong man who did not realise that he had become weak, that he was bound hand and foot with the *black* cords of cruelty, hatred, and revenge. They might look fair to him, but they held him bound, and only the stronger power of Him Who died to set the prisoner free could loose those bonds.

VIII



"THRESHOLD"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"misery").

A MESSAGE of comfort and hope was brought to another "THRESHOLD", where misery was the gatekeeper and refused to let anyone enter.

One of the inmates was sitting at the grave of her dead husband, wailing aloud, and would not be comforted.

There she sat from morning till night, until led away by force. She had no heart to listen to the message that would have changed her despair to hope, but resolutely closed the door on the messenger.

Another woman was bewailing her blindness, and dragging out a miserable existence. On being asked how long she had been blind, she answered, "Since a few years ago, when my only son died. I cried and wept and wept and cried for months, until my eyes grew dimmer day by day, and now I am almost blind."

Gently the herald tried to tell her of the great Comforter, and of the message of joy sent to her

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from Him. He pictured for her the hope set before each believing heart, but no ray of comfort found a lodging ground in that sorrowful heart. The door remained shut.

A poor old man sat brooding in his miserable hut. Old and forsaken by the son who should have been the stay and comfort of his old age, but who was now roaming the wilds as a prodigal, he gave himself up to despair. There was no help left for him in this life, and he had no hope in the life to come. In vain the messenger told of the "Rock of Refuge", and of the peace made through the Cross. In vain he pleaded with the old man to turn to the Saviour of men, who could save both him and his wandering boy. The door of that despairing heart remained shut. Misery kept it barred and bolted.

IX



"BARRIER"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"scaly").

OBSTACLES were many indeed. One day the herald arrived at a door, "BARRIER" by name. The gate was blocked up by a scaly substance made up of Hardness and Self-righteousness. Hearing the message of love and pity, the inhabitants turned away. True, there were troubles enough within, and

gladly would the messenger of the King of Love have dispelled them with the message He brought. But the door was kept resolutely locked. Not even the kindest touch could be felt through that defence, not even love could penetrate that scaly hardness.

"I have always done my best, have carefully kept myself from evil, and have done my duty," said one.

"I am just as good as some of those who worship your King," said another. "I can't see that they are very different from others. In fact, some of them are not as good as I am, as far as I can see."

That it was only too true in many instances, the herald knew well, and he turned away with a sad heart.

X



“LOFTY”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“opposition”).

NEXT to that place he found a large dwelling called “LOFTY”. Surely here his message would be received. How his King would delight to dwell here! Alas! As soon as he knocked at the door he was confronted with “opposition”, and was even attacked from within. An old Confucian scholar in his “lofty” pride declared that the doctrine of Confucius would continue to hold the first place, not only in his heart, but in the whole country.

“Look”, he cried, “at the hundreds of millions of Confucianists and then at the small handful of the followers of your King.” And he turned away in lofty scorn.

A young student then started the attack. He brought forward all the arguments of Modernism, of the “New Thought Movement”, etc. He had no use for the King Who had sacrificed Himself to obtain pardon and peace for the sin-sick soul. In

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his ignorant arrogance he would not acknowledge the rightful King, but followed leaders of his own choice, accepting only the so-called liberal and lofty laws of his own making.

Pride locked the door.

XI



“CLOSED”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“talents”).

ANOTHER door looked inviting, and to that the herald hastened. Its name was “CLOSED”. In answer to his knock, there was no response. Yet that did not hinder him proclaiming his message from the outside. He did so faithfully, hoping that that tightly closed gate might open. Only too soon he found how strong the lock was. It was well made, and a very attractive one. Those who lived within thought themselves rich. They had been given many talents, possessed much force of character, and had great ability in every way. But in their worldly wisdom they used their great gifts for bolting the door against the still greater gifts offered in the name of the King.

How the herald longed to win those attractive and useful talents for the service of the King! How he pleaded with their owners in the name of his Master! He only received the answer that all they wanted was “wisdom” to get on in the world,

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“ability” to amass great wealth, and “power” to please themselves and to seek their own glory. So they kept the door closely bolted, never knowing that they were deliberately forging their own chains, and that the things they now delighted in using would become their masters. Even the great talents they now gloried in would not only be wasted, but would in many cases help to bring about their ruin.

No wonder the messenger, who wanted the very best for the service of his beloved King, felt weary and disappointed.

XII

“CROWD”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“three people”).

STILL he tramped on. The next place he reached was “CROWD”. The people were crowded one on top of the other within that door. As in the days of old there had been “no room in the inn” for the King of Glory, so now there was no room for the herald and his message. It is true that the latter might have reached some longing souls in that vast throng; but if so, they were held back by the people, who crowded against the door with both ridicule and threats. The few who would have opened the door withdrew timidly. The fear of man had conquered. Once more the King of Glory, knocking loudly at the gate through the voice of His messenger, was left out in the cold.

XIII



“SHUT UP”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“voice”).

As the herald turned away his heart ached. He thought of all those closely barred doors, and all they meant to those who remained imprisoned behind the bars.

How little did they all realise that some day they themselves and many others like them in all lands would knock in vain

at the “SHUT-UP” door, only to find that the King had withdrawn Himself, and there would then be no room for their repentance. At their repeated cry, “Lord, Lord, open to us”, the Voice from within would answer, “*I know you not*”.

Have you any room for Jesus?

He who bore your load of sin,
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

*Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now, His word obey!
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.*

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Have you any time for Jesus
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, 'TO-DAY' is 'time accepted',
To-morrow you may call in vain.

“Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold,
NOW is the day of Salvation.”

PART II
THE OPEN DOOR



“Behold, I have set before thee an open door” (Rev. iii. 8).

AFTER all the many rebuffs and heart-breaking disappointments already recorded, did the herald give up preparing a way for his King? Did he return to the King to tell him that he had tried his best and had failed, that he had knocked at many doors, but all in vain? He did so many a time. With bitter tears he confessed his failures, and poured out his sorrow and disappointment at the Throne of his loving Master, where he always found mercy and comfort awaiting him. But each time the King sent him forth again with a fresh message of hope and love, and as he willingly obeyed the royal command, he found comfort for his own sorrow, hope for his work, and daily strength to meet his weariness. He heard again the Voice that always carried balm and courage to his soul. "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

I



“DOOR AJAR”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“teeth”).

So he set forth once more, and came to “DOOR AJAR”. One door after another was set ajar, but the faces that peeped out were not friendly. Many showed their “teeth”—the teeth of opposition. As the herald went from door to door a boisterous band followed him, ridiculing him and his King. Everywhere he was turned away, until, when he was on the verge of despair, the door was opened for him by two little children, who gladly took him in.

A little further on he stopped again. As soon as the people saw him coming they quickly shut the door against him. They had never before seen a King’s messenger, and were afraid of him. As he waited patiently outside, one door after another was set ajar again, and many faces appeared to find out what was going on. Curiosity had got the better of caution. The herald began to be hopeful of finding an entrance, but as soon as he stated his message

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the teeth of opposition were shown. They reviled him and his King. They slammed the doors in his face and refused to give him a lodging; although it was late, and a dark night into the bargain, there was nothing left for him to do but trudge wearily on to another place.

There he found the same reception. Had his King forgotten him and his needs? Was he going to be left out in the dark and cold? He knew his Master too well to doubt Him! Some resting-place for his weary feet would be found, he felt sure. He was not mistaken. Even while he was sending a wireless message to the Throne stating his needs, he was accosted by a stranger, who civilly said, "I hear that no one is willing to open his door and let you in. If you do not despise a poor man's house, I will take you to my home."

II



“LISTEN”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“ear”).

GRATEFULLY the herald accepted. His message had not been sent in vain. His King had again proved faithful to His promise. He followed his guide until he came to a gate named “LISTEN”. Here he found no opposition. Here the doors of many hearts were set ajar, but it was to *listen* to the message of the Great King. They put their ears to the door, and tried to catch the message, even though they dared not open the door wide. They had made a beginning, and there was a willingness to listen. Even though they found it hard to understand even the simplest statement of that strange message, and could scarcely believe that the unknown King had sent them such good news, hope came once more to the heart of the messenger. He took courage and went forward.

III



"PEEP"

(derived from the Chinese characters for "door" and "dare").

THE next place he reached went by the name of "PEEP". Here he found doors partly opened. But all the people *dared* to do was to take a cautious *peep* at him.

Earnestly the herald told his message. Many wanted to know what it was about, but dared not come close. As time

after time he repeated the gracious words of the King, some opened the door a little wider. An old man was hiding behind the doorpost, but he could not keep away. For a long time he refused all invitations to come closer, and when pressed to do so he went back. Little by little he came nearer, but still wanted to appear indifferent to the tidings brought. At last, to the great joy of the herald, he dared to come forward so that he might miss nothing of that gracious message. Interest had conquered fear.

A mandarin, already acquainted with some of the King's messengers, thought he would like to

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peep at the letters the herald had brought. He first of all asked for them and studied them carefully. Then he went a step further and made friends with the messenger. And at last a day came, when he *dared* to witness for the King and bravely took his stand against seeking the help of the gods of wood and stone, and when the people coaxed, threatened, and argued, he was given "mouth and wisdom", so that all his adversaries were not able to withstand him.

A shy young girl, who was not able to read the King's letter, peeped round the door to listen. Soon she came closer, and listened eagerly until the message filled her heart and changed her whole outlook. Not very long after that she had to cross the dark river, but there was no fear in her heart. She knew she would soon reach the other shore, where she would not need to be satisfied with a peep only, for there she would see the King in all the dazzling light of His glory.

IV



"EXAMINE"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"exchange").

TRAMPING on, the herald came to the gate "EXAMINE". A great many within that gate were willing to examine the message he brought, but with various results. Nearly all of them were conscious of something lacking in their lives, and were wearying under a sense of dissatisfaction. Would they be able to exchange that state for something better? It was worth while to examine the message brought to their door, and to consider the bargain.

A young man, who had got under the influence of bad companions, was persuaded by his father to listen to the message of salvation. He did so, and began to *examine* it carefully. When he was offered to *exchange* his sin for righteousness, his filthy rags for purity, and his miserable weakness for strength of mind and will, the bargain seemed fair indeed. For a while he rejoiced in the prospect of it. But when he had to make the definite choice, and once

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for all to forsake all worldly pleasures, he was not willing to pay the price of the exchange.

Another man repeatedly examined the precious message, for it sounded sweet in his ears. Over and over again he listened, and listened gladly. How he longed for deliverance, for his chains were heavy indeed. Gambling had him in its thrall, and he had no strength to break away from it. Day and night he spent at the card tables. Should he open his heart to the King and let him take possession? His heart longed for freedom, and the forces for good and evil were striving together until the battle was evident to all. Every time the herald witnessed the struggle and defeat, and saw the sadness on the face of the man, his heart ached for him, and he quoted softly to himself "Jesus beholding him loved him". How he coveted the victory for his Master! But while the issue was still in the balance, while the unhappy man was still halting between two opinions, the day of grace was ended. He fell from a tree and died almost instantly.

An old mandarin had heard of the King and His message, and had been bitterly opposed to both. At last he was led to examine into the matter, with the result that he became a firm friend and admirer of all the messengers of the King. He even went so far that he desired those of his own household and family to become the King's loyal subjects. He treated the messengers royally, and listened willingly to their earnest entreaty that he should yield

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himself, soul and body, to the King. He had to count the cost and he deemed it too heavy. He was not willing to make the exchange. The riches of this world, and the power they brought him, seemed too fair to lose. And then, all of a sudden, the Voice of the King was heard once more. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

But there were others who came to examine the message, and chose the good part:

There was the little boy who listened eagerly to the message, and who never tired of hearing of it. Even when sickness came he had only one request to make, to be taken where he could hear the herald telling forth the tidings of salvation. Soon he started on his journey to the King's palace, rejoicing all the way in the welcome he knew was awaiting him, where he should see the King in all His beauty.

A young girl, to whom life looked very fair, was startled out of her indifference by the earnestness of the message. She took the pleasures of this life and the gifts of the King, weighed them all in the balance of eternity, and joyfully made the great exchange.

A man who had been suffering long because of his bad temper, which often made his home a hell and sorely tried his Christian wife, rejoiced as he realised that even for him there was deliverance.

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He gladly exchanged his vile temper for the meekness of Christ, the King, as he sought to walk in His footsteps. His wife and children rejoiced in the change!

Then there was the old lady eighty years old, groaning under the burden of life and the unkindness of her family. Vainly she had tried to drown her present misery by preparing for the future. For many years she had been a strict vegetarian, but no peace had come to her soul, and no definite hope for the future. Could it be that what the herald said was true, and that there was really a "way of peace" for her? She could at least examine into it, and find out for herself if the King had something better for her. She came, she beheld, and she believed. Her burden dropped at the Cross, on which the King had suffered for her, and all unkindness lost its sting as she laid herself down in the Everlasting Arms. What a glorious exchange!

And the herald, seeing the power of the King manifested, went on his way rejoicing.



“THRESHOLD”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“doubtful”).

HE stood at another “THRESHOLD”. Here there was no unwillingness to open the door, but it was done doubtfully. Would the herald be wise enough to meet honest doubt with patience and understanding? He sent up a prayer for help and wisdom, so that he might be able to win the

doubters for his King. One man received the message gladly. Never before had he heard the story of redeeming love, and it made a great impression on him. He wanted to hear more, to open the door for the King of love. But as soon as persecution arose, and those around him blasphemed the name of the King, he began to doubt His power, and fell back into indifference again.

A young married woman stood hesitating on the threshold. Her heart responded to the message of love to which she had just listened. But would the King be able to help her against all the hindrances that stood in her way? When her father declared

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his opposition and told her that if she decided to worship this strange King she need never darken his doors again, she gave way to doubt and fear for the time being.

A young man gave great joy to the messenger, as he listened eagerly to the message sent from the King Himself. Just when it seemed that all doubts were vanished, and the door thrown open for the entrance of the King, his wife was taken suddenly ill. The people around all declared it was because he had rebelled against the old doctrines and customs, and had turned from idols to the foreign King. They threatened him with greater calamities unless he quickly reconciled the forsaken gods by calling on them afresh. As he listened to them, faith vanished, and he fell back into doubt and darkness.

It is time to turn to some brighter pictures!

A young boy lay in his bed very sick, with no hope of recovery. When the message reached him that the King of Power and Love wanted an entrance into his soul, and would bring healing with him, he at first doubted it. Soon he acknowledged the power, though he was still somewhat doubtful about the love. Like the leper of old, he exclaimed, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst". He turned wholeheartedly to the King, Who was also the Great Physician, and at once there was some improvement in his condition. His relatives tried to pull him back, and again Satan was enthroned in the

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place, from which he had been told to move so as to make room for the King. As doubts returned, the sickness increased. The herald and his friends felt sad indeed. They asked for fresh messages from the King. These they gently told to the wavering boy, until they had the joy of seeing faith triumphant over doubt, and fear lost in love.

A dear old woman, with the sweetest face, came trembling forward. She did not doubt the King's promises nor His love. She only doubted herself. Could it be possible that the message applied to her? Would the King really come to such a humble dwelling? The herald assured her that the King had said, "If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him", and she was included in that "any". He told her that the fullest salvation, the most perfect peace, and the gift of everlasting life were all for her, if she would only receive them. Then all doubts fled. In glad abandonment she yielded herself to the King Who loved her in spite of her unworthiness. She served him joyfully until the time came when He called her into His immediate Presence.

VI



“OPEN”

(derived from the Chinese characters for “door” and “to raise with both hands”).

THESE experiences encouraged the heart of the herald, and made him hasten on his way. He next stopped at a gate with the sign “OPEN”. Here he was not confronted with doubt. People were eager to open the door. Whilst some were still hesitating, a young man raised the door with both hands to

let the messenger enter. His relations were not of the same mind, but did all they could to hinder him. They ridiculed him; it had no effect. They called him a fool; he took it all meekly. They cursed and persecuted him; it only strengthened his determination to open the door to the King. But before he had altogether succeeded in doing so, he was pulled sharply back. The relatives had found a plan which would effectually put a stop to his desertion from their ranks, though they lived to repent it. A kinsman was ill and a medium was needed. The young man must be that medium. At first he refused, but they overruled his objections, telling

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him it was his duty to try to save life. He let himself be pulled back, with the promise that later on he could open the door for the King. The Taoist priest came, the medium was mesmerised, this time without any sham, and he went to look for the soul that was supposed to be lost. On his return *he* had lost something. He had lost his reason, and he had also lost the desire and power to yield himself to the service of the King.

However, others overcame all difficulties and prepared the way for the King and His messenger. A business man, who had been richly blessed in his home and his business, had still an unsatisfied heart. For years the herald had stopped at his gate to proclaim the King's message. When there was no admittance he left some letters from the King to be perused by the business man at his leisure. These the receiver had studied carefully, but he went no further. Now, however, when the herald knocked again, and with earnest entreaty sought an entrance for his message and the blessing it would bring, he met with a glad response. The man who had always thought that he had no time for anything outside his business realised that his soul's salvation was infinitely more important. Never again would he leave the herald outside, or let him plead in vain. With both hands he raised the bolt and opened the door to the messenger. Soon the King Himself entered that open door and brought the blessing He had promised.

VII



“SCRUTINISE”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“receive”).

ON and on the herald trudged. There were still so many who had not heard the King's message, and his business required haste. All along the journey it had been “joy and sorrow interwoven”. Hope mingled with the disappointment. What would the next place have in store for him?

He halted at “SCRUTINISE”. A young scholar came to the door to look closely at the letters from the King, and listened carefully to the message the herald brought. His wife sought to draw him back, warning him against the messenger and his message. She predicted all the evils possible if he persisted in thus foolishly forsaking the old way and the doctrines of the sages. She could make no impression on the mind of her husband. Her tears even availed her nothing; her threats only strengthened his purpose. She called her own family to her assistance. But the greater the opposition, the stronger grew his determination to receive the

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King, and to give Him loyal service. The more closely he studied the letters of pardon and peace, of service and reward, the more he realised that he had found that which his soul had long sought for; the blessing for the possession of which he would gladly give his all. He joyfully entered into possession, and he himself became a messenger of the King.

A military mandarin heard the message as proclaimed by the herald. He and his whole family were zealous Mohammedans. But he had never found satisfaction in his creed. His wife, who was of a lighter nature, desired nothing else. The mandarin himself longed for something better, for more light. So he made up his mind to examine closely the message brought. As he heard about the love of the King and his atoning sacrifice, his heart was stirred as never before. And as he read in the King's letter of full salvation from sin, of cleansing from all unrighteousness, of victory over Satan's power, and of everlasting life, purchased by the sacrificial death of One Whom until now he had only regarded as a prophet, he hesitated no longer. In deep adoration he cried "My Lord and My King". Trials came, but his faith did not falter. Together with the herald he went to the Throne of the Almighty King, and there he obtained help in time of need.

VIII



"TO THROW WIDE OPEN" (derived from the Chinese characters for "door" and "may").

AT last the herald arrived at a bright place called "TO THROW WIDE OPEN". He gave his message earnestly and tenderly, beseeching one and all to ponder the message and the gracious promise of Him Who was awaiting to hear the glad response, "You *may* enter this door; all is prepared and

ready; only take possession".

A young boy came forward. His face was white and set, showing the struggle that was taking place. But it was in a clear, firm voice that he spoke to the herald, "I have decided to let Him in".

A young man stood trembling in the doorway. His voice shook as he said, "For years I have heard the same message, and the King has passed by because I wavered; now I open wide the door for my Redeemer".

An innkeeper spoke humbly, but rejoiced the heart of the herald as he said simply, "It is but a lowly dwelling that I can offer the King. But if he

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does not despise it, *He may come in*, I offer Him my all."

An old oil seller, near the end of life's journey, gladly opened the door, and only bemoaned the fact that so many years had been wasted in the service of the King's enemy.

An old woman, weary with the burden and heat of the day, answered the messenger with great feeling, "Many years ago I heard the same message in my old home. I have lived in this quiet place ever since, and until you came I never heard any more. But I have not forgotten. I have never again turned to the idols, knowing that the worship of them did not agree with the worship of the King."

All the people standing around testified that she had never been willing to have anything to do with their "devil-worship".

The herald read to her from the King's letter, and explained more fully about His great love. With a heart full of joy, the old woman said, "I believe all his promises are for me; I put my trust in Him".

A woman in her prime rejoiced exceedingly as she threw open the door. She had had many trials in her home. These still remained, but she knew that they would seem lighter as she opened her heart to the King of Peace. Taking her old mother by the hand, she gently led her to the King's messenger, who again pointed her to the King Himself. Hand in hand the two women walked

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along the King's highway, until very soon they stood in His Presence, and found peace for evermore.

A young girl, who until then had been indifferent to the King and His claims, was suddenly startled and awakened by the message of love. As she heard the tender Voice calling, "Come unto Me", she answered simply, "Lord, You have told me to come and I am just coming". Then she threw the door wide open and asked the King to come into her heart, and help her to serve and follow Him. He had said "Come", and she came. Now she said, "Come", and *He* came. Others observing her, and noticing her beaming face, exclaimed, "Look at her! See how happy she is. Her face is shining."

The King had entered.

God speed the day when those of every nation,
"Glory to God", triumphantly shall sing ;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah", for the Lord is King !

PART III
THE TRANSFORMATION WITHIN THE
DOOR



“The King of Glory shall come in” (Ps. **xxiv.** 7).

“The shout of a King is among them” (Num. **xxiii.** 31).

“They dwelt with the King for His work” (1 Chron. iv. 23).

A GREAT number of doors that have not been mentioned had been opened to the herald, and later on to the King Himself. It will be worth while stopping at a few of these gates, so as to observe the great transformation that has taken place within.

I



“INSIDE”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“sun”).

You will remember that in the earlier chapters the herald knocked in vain at a gate where darkness reigned supreme. Now follow him to another gate, “INSIDE”, where all darkness has been dispelled. And why? Because inside that door dwells the “Sun of Righteousness”, the “Light of the World”, and the “Light of Life”.

A young Buddhist priest who for years had been lost in darkness and sin, who later on, through a ray from the Word falling on his path, had begun to grope in the darkness, and then had tried earnestly to seek the Light, found himself rejoicing in the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness. Soon the temple of Buddha with all its darkness lay behind him for ever. From henceforth it was his earnest desire and endeavour to bear witness to the Light and to lead others out of the dark prison of sin and unbelief. He was walking and *living* in the Light.

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Ah! And another one, a dear old woman, was *dying*, rejoicing in that same Light. For a few years only had she known how in all simplicity to bask in the sunshine of God's love. Now she had come to the evening of life, and at eventide it was still light. Her Sun had not gone down, but was transforming her old wrinkled face with a glory from the "Land of Perfect Day".

II



"IDLE"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"moon").

Not all the dwellings entered by the King had experienced the transformation to the same extent, as they had only partly submitted to His sway. Some dark cells were still locked against the Sun of Righteousness. It was easy to discover the reason in some cases. Here for example was "IDLE".

There was only the dim moonlight within. And yet that abode had received some rays from the heavenly Sun. But the doors had not been opened wide, the darkness had therefore been only partly dispelled, and the light was dim within. The inmates, two men in the prime of life, sat themselves down in idle content to enjoy the limited amount of light they had received. Selfishly they kept it all to themselves, did not even share it with their own families, let alone with their neighbours. And so the light itself grew dimmer still, until it seemed as if it would be swallowed up in darkness. At last the King in His mercy, instead of quenching the

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smoking flax, rekindled the light once more. Alas! It was too late to set to work to redeem the wasted years. The day had been spent in idleness, now the night was coming, when no more work could be done, and their families and neighbours were left in utter darkness.

III



關

“TO SPY OUT”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“to scheme”).

OTHER hindrances were at work. Inside another gate, “TO SPY OUT”, the enemy of souls was spying out the land, and scheming for the overthrow of the King and the exit of the Sun of Righteousness. Some were not ignorant of his devices and set a watch against him. Some tried to

meet him in their own strength and wisdom, and were wounded sorely. Others wisely left the King Himself to do battle for them, and although the enemy was often reinforced by deceivers and scorners from without and traitors from within, they found that when the enemy came in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord did raise up a standard against him. The King conquered.

IV



"RUSH"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"horse").

BUT whenever the enemy had a chance he measured the strength of the gate and the power of resistance. He tried to find out the weak spots and the broken down fences. Having marked them carefully he decided to try to "RUSH" the gate. As a strong horse rushes into battle, so he stormed the door at the weakest point, where he could get an easy victory.

One man, timid of nature, who had not yet lost all the fear of the idols he had worshipped in the past, was persuaded to invoke their help in a time of trial in his family, and so gave himself over into the enemy's hand.

Mrs. M—, who had been bound in sin and darkness but had opened her doors to the Light of Life, was once more entrapped in the old snare, and turned her back to the light.

Mr. H—, who for years had been a messenger in the King's service, was fired with a desire for

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money and power. The enemy quickly showed him the means of getting both by deceitful and disloyal practice. From that day he went steadily down, until he seemed to be altogether caught in the trap of the mighty soul-hunter. The latter had succeeded so rapidly that he turned to look for other victories.

"A RAISED PATH"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"lane").

LET us follow him to "A RAISED PATH". There the inhabitants were walking in a narrow path, and in that path they turned neither to the right nor to the left, but went straight forward according to the command of the King in Prov. iv. 25-27. So the enemy tried his strength in vain. He

found out that "where the word of a King (*the King*) is, there is power" for all who obey him.

A young man was greatly tempted to taste the poison of the flowers of sin. He was urged by a friend, much older than himself, to try his hand at gambling. The attractions of the dice were put before him in the most glowing colours. But he remembered the Word and warning of his King, "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not", and he found strength to conquer.

A mother was sitting at the sick bed of her child. Humanly speaking all hope of recovery was lost, and her grief was great. Her heathen neighbours

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and friends were blaming her for "letting her child die".

"Don't you see," they said, "it is because you are turned from our gods to serve the foreign God and King that your child is dying? The gods are punishing you, and you must reconcile them at once."

With a steadfast faith, she answered, "My child is in God's hand. He can deliver if that is His will, for His ear is not heavy that He cannot hear. If He takes my child, His will is best. I will not sin against Him." And her faith and trust in the Word of the King was rewarded. She walked on in the *narrow* way and turned not to the right hand nor to the left.

A lad was told to take his place in the procession to the graves to offer worship to his dead ancestors. He steadily refused, saying he served the great King, and must obey His Word. Over and over again he had prayed together with the herald, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee". It strengthened him in the hour of temptation. No persuasion could move him, no threats could frighten him, no attempt at intimidation could daunt his courage. He stood firm on the Book, and overcame through the Word of His testimony. He was walking in a raised path, even though it was a narrow one, and he had to walk carefully.

VI

"DEFICIENCY"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and "to
dig out").

STILL, even those walking in that path were soon confronted by a "DEFICIENCY". The Word of the King, that precious volume, began to reveal to them their deficiency and poverty, their many wants, and the lack of fullness and power caused by the accumulation of rubbish. So they set themselves diligently to dig out the rubbish and to get the deficiency made up.

One discovered that he had been deficient in testimony, because the fear of man had blocked up the room that the King ought to have fully occupied. He sought for the right spade to clear it away. "Perfect Love" accomplished the task, and the big heap of fear vanished.

An old man heard the King's Voice speaking to him, saying, "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked". He realised that

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he was indeed poor in eternal riches, but the deceitfulness of the riches of the present distorted his vision. He could not and would not look upon those riches as rubbish, and could not let them go. Soon he ceased to acknowledge his poverty and deficiency.

Two young girls had not spoken to each other for a year, although they lived side by side in the same home. Then suddenly one day the Sun of Righteousness shone into both hearts, and in that bright light their blindness was revealed to them. Their want of love frightened them. They turned to the King for help. That day they ran into each other in passing a corner. "Oh, H—, I was just looking for you!" exclaimed one. "And I", said the other, "was just coming to you, to ask you to forgive me". The deficiency was made up.

Some started in dead earnest, but soon grew discouraged. They digged for a while, but there seemed to be no end to the rubbish that had to be cleared away. And then, as they were growing weary, a message reached them from the King, telling them to bring every deficiency to Him, to be met out of His fullness and treasure store. They did so, and found Him all-sufficient. Their poverty was speedily transformed.

VII



“FILL UP”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“truth”).

LET us take a look at the inside of such an abode and see the transformation that has taken place where Christ has entered to “FILL UP” all deficiency by His Truth. Nothing here was impossible. Christ had entered and by His mighty power He had enabled those within to make good

once more, even after the enemy believed He had usurped the place of the King for ever.

Through the message faithfully proclaimed by the herald, Mr. L—, a farmer, had enlisted under the banner of the King. His wife strove with all her might to hold him back, but the young man was ready to throw in his lot with his father, and for a while the two rejoiced together in the new happiness they had found. The enemy was watching closely for a chance to drag them back into his service, and he succeeded all too well. Mr. L— was again ensnared in an old habit, and the enemy, rejoicing in the easy victory, dragged him lower and

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lower down, until he was caught in another and worse vice. He deplored his weakness, but had no power to break loose. That went on for a few years. Then the Truth of God gripped him once more, and enabled him to throw off his shackles. In His great mercy, the King restored unto him the joy of His salvation, and began to build again the waste places.

Mr. C—, too, had fallen into the snare of the enemy, on whom he thought he had turned his back for ever. Too late he realised his own weakness, and bemoaned his deficiency in strength and courage. For a while he continued in the misery of despair, then he began to grow indifferent about it. What was the good of worrying over his lack of power? What was the good of striving, when he knew he would be defeated each time? Then suddenly the Voice of the King made itself heard in his heart once more. As the truth was revealed to him, he sat up in horror as he saw himself as he was in God's sight. Humbly he asked for forgiveness. Bringing all his folly and weakness to the King, he once more received strength to overcome.

And the King even filled up again the dry, waste marshes, and made them bloom as a garden.

VIII



“RICHES”

(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“alive”).

IN another place poverty was changed into “RICHES”. Here the King now dwells in all His risen power. His life penetrates all, and gives strength to each trusting heart by His own life-giving streams.

A poor old lady, when dead in trespasses and sins, heard the Voice of the King, the Son of God, and she arose to new life, passed from death into life. Only a short time afterwards she had to pass through many tribulations, and it seemed as if hope must die within her. But she had found the eternal riches in Christ Jesus, and they completely satisfied her. She found that in the King’s countenance was Life indeed. In the light of that life she walked until the day came when through death she entered into fullness of Life.

Old F— was lying on his death-bed, but there was no fear of death in his heart. Already he had received the life everlasting promised to all who believe, and he rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

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He knew his poverty would soon be exchanged for the riches above in the Home of the Father. His was a lively hope.

Through a neighbour, one of the King's subjects, a young woman had heard of the gift of life offered to all who come to Him. She was sorely in need of such a gift, for she was at the time ill and sad and hopeless. As day by day she listened to the precious message and rich promises of the King, her heart responded gladly. In simple faith she took Him at His word, and joyfully gave Him her allegiance. She went back to her home and took down all the false gods. All around her threatened her with heavy punishment. But she answered that she had no fear of the dead idols, as she had found a living Saviour. Well she knew that her earthly life was fading. But she knew, too, that she had a building with God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. She rejoiced greatly in the thought of the Crown of Life awaiting her there from the hands of Him Who had already become to her both life and riches.

IX



“ROAD”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“all”).

AND now for a look at another place, called “ROAD”. All power, all fullness, all grace, all comfort were some of the treasures found within that door, dedicated to the King, and which enabled the inmates to run patiently the race set before them in the King’s highway. His grace always proved sufficient. Young D—, a student, had just enlisted in the service of the King, and had opened wide the door for His entrance. In a day or two he was booked in his home to participate in something that would mean disobedience to His new Master. He took it to Him in prayer, and received *all strength* to go home and tell his heathen father that he could not sin against Christ.

Another small boy, who had deceived his mother and had told her an untruth, broke down as the King’s loving reproof reached him, and he then

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received *grace sufficient* for the hard task of going back to his mother and confessing all.

A young schoolgirl was early married into a very difficult home, where the road was steep indeed. But it led her to the God of *all comfort*, Whose call she had let go unheeded in her schooldays. He did not fail her. Even during the hardest days He carried her through and remained her joy, her *all*.

Mr. C— was in partnership with others in a lime kiln. When the accountant reckoned up the shares, he made a mistake and gave too much to Mr. C—. The sum of money meant much to him just at that time. The enemy of souls tried to blind his eyes, and to tell him that it was perfectly right for him to keep the money. It was not his mistake; he had not defrauded anyone. The accountant had only himself to blame. The account was closed, the mistake would never be found out. The enemy even came as an angel of light and told him it was the King's special favour and goodness that prepared this windfall for him just when it was needed. All at once the man remembered some words he had once heard in a letter from the King, and as they came back to his memory he got perplexed and worried. Was he really giving place to the adversary of souls? In his doubt and fear he consulted not with others in his home, fearing they might distort the real facts of the case. But he sought out the herald and asked him what would be the King's judgment in the matter. Together

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they went to the Throne, and obtained *all grace* needed for putting right what was wrong. As the earthly treasures took their departure, the heart was able to rejoice in *all spiritual blessings* in Christ Jesus.

X



“WALLED VILLAGE”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“shield”).

NEXT we come to a “WALLED VILLAGE”. Here truly is a “house of defence”, a safe dwelling. The King Himself is the bright shield that guards and keeps the entrance against all foes. All the fiery darts of the enemy are hurled in vain against that bulwark and fall harmlessly to the ground. The shout of a King is within, and that King always leads to victory, no matter how strong is the power of the foe, how ceaseless his efforts, how many his devices.

And the devices of the enemy *are* many. “Just keep silent about that escapade of yours. The real offender will never be found out,” he urged a young student, who had just recently escaped his clutches. It seemed as if he would indeed conquer. But at a word from the King the boy turned a deaf ear to the foe. He fled to his “house of defence”, and won the fight.

“If your King cared about you, he would never

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have taken your child", he said to a mother. Bitterness began to take root in her heart. Then suddenly the King revealed Himself in all His love, and the enemy had to retire, as once more that bright Shield blocked the entrance.

In a meeting of the King's friends one told how she had suffered untold persecution, and how the enemy had tried to discourage her and make her give up the fight. But she had turned away from him, had fled to the fortress prepared by the King. There she had remained until now she could sing of His victory. Those who before had persecuted now blessed her.

Another told of a time of sickness, when all assured him that all hope was lost unless he turned his back on the King and returned to the idols he had forsaken. Together with two others he went to the Throne of Grace, and told the King it was His glory that was at stake. And the King shielded him with His power until the victory was won.

Again another told of the wonderful peace the King was able to bestow, even under the heaviest onslaught of the enemy. Few had had to pass through such fiery trials as had been his lot. It seemed indeed as if the enemy had hurled himself with all his might against the soul in which the King dwelt. He had indeed come in like a flood, until it appeared as if the poor storm-tossed bark must go under. But the King had lifted up a standard against him, and had suddenly thrown

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His bright shield around the heart that trusted Him and had kept its faith without faltering. Finding all around only miserable Job's comforters, the young soldier of Christ had fled to his safe Refuge. There, hiding in the Rock of Ages, he had heard the King's voice speaking comfort to his soul. And the "peace which passeth all understanding" had garrisoned the torn and bleeding soul against further onslaughts of the enemy. The King had truly been as a shield, as a wall of fire round about!

XI

A large, bold Chinese character '開' (kai) is centered within a rectangular border. The character is composed of two parts: a top part that looks like '門' (door) and a bottom part that looks like '闕' (prince).

"TO BURST FORTH"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"prince").

THE road has been long, and it is time to hurry on to a few more dwellings before we grow too weary. Here is "TO BURST FORTH". Mr. H— had decided to open the door to the Prince, but it was a sorry dwelling he had to offer Him. The place was like a wilderness. Many a weed was growing in that garden, and many a dustheap was found within that house. Mr. H—, however, gave the Prince full power to change all that did not please Him, and soon a wonderful transformation took place within. As the Prince more and more took possession, His beauty filled that dwelling. Very soon it could not be hidden, but burst forth in power, until all outside could not but see the beauty of the Prince manifested through His servant. They saw anger changed to meekness, and selfishness to love. And they gave glory to the King. Some even cried out, "If all the King's subjects would only show a transformation like that of Mr. H—, then we too would turn to Him".

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The same happened to a young girl, who had always found it hard to control her temper. When first she opened the door to the Prince, He met with many disappointments in that dwelling, and He was often "wounded in the house of His friend". But soon He reigned supreme, and as she showed forth His praises all took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus.

XII



"FRAGRANT"
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for "door" and
"fragrance", which
itself is derived from
"grain" and "sun").

ONE dwelling seemed to rival another in bearing witness to the power of the King.

One was called "FRAGRANT". Two important discoveries were made. Fragrance was made up of the two symbols for "Grain" and "Sun" (Life and Light). With-

in that door Christ the grain that fell into the ground to bring forth new life and fruit abundant, Christ the heavenly Sun, the Light of the World, had His dwelling. No wonder it was a place from which fragrance was shed abroad.

It was not an easy path that lay before Mrs. C— when she opened her door to Christ as her Life. But patiently she walked with the King, and soon began to show His power to others, daily shedding forth His fragrance. Even when a year of drought came, the fragrance did not diminish, and she did not cease from yielding fruit.

When the King entered the heart of a deaf old

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lady, He found it an untidy and defiled place. She was a regular Mrs. Grundy, and declared no one loved her, all treated her badly. After a time the Sun began to throw light into some of the dusty, dirty corners, and the old lady started to sweep out the accumulated dirt. It was not long before she ceased playing the rôle of Mrs. Grundy. She now wondered why it was that all of a sudden all her relatives had become so kind to her, and what had made them change! The fact was, *she* was the one who had changed! All marvelled as they watched the transformation that had taken place. She was shedding abroad the fragrance of Christ.

XIII



“HARMONIOUSLY”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“harmony”).

Two more doors are beckoning. We will examine them quickly, and will not stop for portraits, for all of us are still longing to attain to the heights represented by them.

Here is “HARMONIOUSLY”. In that place the King has entered. He has been allowed to have His own way, until

He has made that “mansoul” an abode where He can delight to dwell. Nothing is allowed to mar the peace within, or to disturb the perfect union between the King and the heart that loves Him. Everything is in tune with the Eternal and “in His temple every whit uttereth His glory”.

XIV



“IN BETWEEN”
(derived from the
Chinese characters
for “door” and
“king”).

IN conclusion there is “IN BETWEEN”. Here the King is fully crowned, His saving love known, His sorrows over a lost world understood, and His work shared. Within that door all have learned to say, “To me to live is Christ”. Constrained by His mighty love, they know that they too must lay down their lives for their brethren. They are ready to *stand between*, to stand in the gap, to be one with Christ in intercession, and to go forth with Him to seek and to save the lost. Their one great ambition is to “dwell with the King for His work” and to be able to say out of a full heart:

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go and speak
The loving word for Him.

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He bids me tell His wondrous love
And why He came to die—
And so we *work*—and *pray*—together,
My Lord and I.

THE END