My Suppliant.

BY EMMA A. LENT

He came to my door in the morning,
And he told of a sleepless night,
Of his grief and pain, and his face looked sad
And worn in the golden light;
But the work of the day was pressing,
There was much to do and to see,
And I begged him to go with his load of woe—
How could I know it was He?

He came to my door in the noontide,
Still troubled and sorrow sore;
I was resting a bit from the heat of the day,
Though my toil but half was o'er;
And my mind was busy with planning
For the days and the months to be,
And I scarce gave ear while he lingered near—
How could I know it was He?

He came to my door in the evening,
And crave l at the table a place,
And a quiet corner to lay his head
And rest for a little space.
The cares of the day had been many,
I was tired as tired could be,
And I begged him to go, and not weary me so—
How could I know it was He?

N. Y. Advocate.

Anecdotes of "Come to Jesus."

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, D D, LL D.

I have been requested to write a condensed report of some of the spiritual results of the circulation of the small tractate "Come to Jesus."

On leaving a somewhat sumptuous dinner for the deputation and speakers at a missionary anniversary in Hull, in company with a Scotch clergyman, I passed through a very poor district, and we resolved then and there to hold a mission. Singing a hymn, our duet attracted a crowd of children, and as we talked to them their parents gathered, and knowing that to the poor folk the simple hymn "Come to Jesus just now," was familiar, we began to sing it, the people joining, and attracting a large crowd. Thus my theme was suggested, and I asked such questions as "who is Jesus?—where?—how come to him?—why come? for pardon, goodness, peace—who should come? the old, the young; now!" etc. On the way home I thought of this for the next Sunday evening sermon. It was a novelty—some thirty "divisions." Soon after, suffering from rheumatic fever, I said to myself, "Had I died I should have left only a temperance tract behind me; let me now write an evangelistic one, and utilize my sermon. A sheet of paper folded may form sixty-four pages and thirty-two openings. Let one topic occupy one opening, so as to be read without turning a leaf." This necessitated an equality between the matter and the space—just so many words, neither more nor less. When I counted my words for the two pages, I frequently found twice too many, and had to reduce the matter accordingly by omitting redundancies, compressing sentences, and replacing long words by short. This made the style more clear, and facilitated translation. My little 64mo. was now complete in thirty two sections, including title and cover. I ventured to order 2 000 copies—of which half would be freely distributed. I was astonished that within a few weeks Mr. Snow, the publisher, ordered 10 000, saying that several persons thought it very suitable for wide distribution. Thus, without advertising or laudatory notice, it soon gained a large circulation, until now four millions have been printed in about fifty languages.

It has also been published by several missions and European printers, by the Sterling Tract Societies in floral leaflets, and by the American Tract Society, from which latter I have recently received, through Dr. Hallock, the following statement of issues, up to date, Sept. 18, 1897: "Come to Jesus," 765 000 entire; in leaflets 1,063 000; German, 129 500; and in leaflets, 96,000. Also editions in Swedish, Danish, Spanish, Polish, Hawaiian, Bengal, Greek, Indian, Choctaw, amounting together to 30 000 besides my "Follow Jesus," 27,500, and "It is I," 170,536. My father's Sinner's Friend," is included in the report, as numbering above 200 000.

I am informed that during the great American war the Christian Commission supplied a hundred thousand copies of "Come to Jesus," to the soldiers. I was told by an eye witness of a great battle that multitudes of young soldiers carried this tract in their breast-pockets, and were reading it while waiting in reserve under cover of a hill side, till the trumpet should sound the advance.

It was distributed largely in the prisons, etc. A young woman in hospital received a copy, which she threw to the opposite corner, after which she rose, picked it up, and began again to read it, but flung it away again. But once more she sought it, and at length was led to penitence and faith—a lesson for all evangelists to persevere.

I was present at the annual breakfast of our Religious Tract Society last May twelve month, when ten missionaries gave short addresses, four of whom spoke of a book by Mr. Newman Hall as having been very successful. One speaker had given at Havre a copy to a man who afterwards wrote that it had led him to Christ. Another from Japan said it was much read by Chinese and Japanese. A Russian colonel testified that it had been blessed in Russia and Siberia; another that it was known in Austria. None of these speakers knew that I was present.

In the British-American Tract Report of 1884 a colporteur reports that "the little book, 'Come to Jesus,' meets with great favor among Roman Catholics." He speaks of a Frenchman ill and in distress, who wanted someone to comfort him. This book was given him with the words, "This invitation is for you." Within a week he died rejoicing in Jesus. Another honors it by collocation: Spurgeon's Sermons, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Havergal's Royal Invitation, and that precious little pamphlet, "Come to Jesus."

Walking in the dusk of evening on Hampstead Heath I was accosted by name by an unknown gentleman, who said, "I have a message for you. I am a Methodist. Some time ago I was preaching in a Yorkshire village and visited a poor man very ill. I gave him your 'Come to Jesus.' A year after I was there again, and his widow gave me the book I had given to her husband. He often read it, and it led him to Christ. He told me that if I ever met you I was to give you this very book, which he was holding to his heart when he died." I was so overwhelmed with this statement that before I recovered my self-possession this messenger of glad-tidings had vanished in the mist.

At Torquay, during a special evangelistic mission, I spoke to a lady in her invalid chair in the aisle, and afterwards called upon her. She was the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, visiting Torquay for her health. She spoke of a young medical cousin for whose spiritual welfare she was anxious. I gave her a copy of "Come to Jesus," in blue silk with gilt edges. She afterwards told us how her cousin, calling on her, admired the gaily bound booklet, and she said, "I value it as a friend's gift, but if you promise to read it I will give it to you." He said he never read religious books, but for her sake would read this. Its simple message went to his heart, dispelled skeptical doubts, and led him to Christ. Within a month he died rejoicing that he had come to Jesus.

A city missionary told me of a Portuguese lady who was converted while translating it. An English traveler had a copy given him by an evangelist in Spain, which he thrust into his pocket. In the theater he took it up to read during the interval. It was then and there to him the message of salvation and the cause of himself engaging in evangelistic service.

I was told by a Madagascar Missionary that, with the New Testament, "Come to Jesus' was hidden in a hole below native huts, to avoid the persecuting searches, and taken out to read at night.

A missionary in India told me of a Brahmin of high caste who lived far from any mission station, who by reading it had embraced Christianity, but begged that his change of religion might be kept secret lest his widow should be starved to death.

At Bournemouth a Polish gentleman informed me that the Tract Society of Warsaw, of which he was a member, printed 10,000 copies of "Come to Jesus" in Polish every year; that they considered it their most useful tract; that Romanists bought and read it, as it taught Christianity without attacking their religion—so they learned the gospel free from the corruptions of it.

These are instances of usefulness, taken at random from my diary, samples of others of constant occurrence. For some time I kept a record of all such facts, but gave up the practice partly because of the number of them, and partly lest I might be tempted to self-complacency. But I mention them now by request because any notion of self-adulation is too absurd to be contemplated. Such results show how God can use the smallest and weakest of methods. There is no display of intellect in the tract. It contains only the simplest truths in the simplest language. The writer feels increasingly his utter unworthiness to be made an instrument of a divine influence in this matter and his own utter incapacity. In all humble sincerity and thankfulness he says, "Non nobis Domine." He also hopes that such a narration may encourage the very weakest to use their few talents in a work which is God's, and that his power may crown their weakness with a success that will humble and not exalt them.—Morning Star.

The Empty Life.

That is an empty life which is not dominated by an exalted purpose. There are many persons whose life-horizon is described by the present day. As to the future they are indifferent and outwardly unconcerned, and they take advantage of that state to make no plans that will commit them to any great movements for the welfare of their fellow-men, or for their own spiritual good. They are representatives of the rich man who said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

It is a narrow and selfish view of life that does not include the needs of a common humanity; and he is a man of low ideals who refuses to recognize his personal duty and responsibility with reference to his fellows. It is easy for unregenerated humanity to be selfish, to disregard the worthier aspirations of the soul and the inspiring examples of purposeful men, but the price is beyond computation. The Scriptures say of the self centered rich man who addressed his own soul with such amazing assurance, But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" But a greater loss than that of earthly possessions is the deprivation of the sweetness and satisfaction of soul that comes from the consciousness of having done something uplifting for somebody at some cost to one's self. This is one of the exquisite delights of life, and one of the rich rewards that accrue to the man whose purposes are in harmony with the teachings of Jesus.

The life that is not made buoyant and luminous by an immortal hope is a sad and empty one. Hope is one of the things that endure. It gives wings to the soul, and lifts it up above the distressing and vexatious affairs of this life. The heart without a strong, abiding confidence, or at least a well-founded expectation, concerning the things of the life to come must be heavy indeed. Overwhelmed by the cares of the passing day, distracted by the fierce competitions of business, disappointed by multiplied manifestations of human selfishness, humiliated over his own failures, and haunted by the uncertainty of the final outcome, how can that man be contented in his own soul or be of great service to others, who does not possess that "hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began!" The hopeless life is an empty, unsatisfying, and unfruitful life, and none are more conscious of this than those who are living it.

But the emptiest life of all is the Christless life, for in the nature of the case it is hopeless as well as purposeless. The entrance of Christ into a life transforms it, gives it a new and larger meaning, expands its horizon, increases its joys, imparts to it a greater beauty, and renders it more helpful and fruitful. There is nothing self-centered about the life that is molded by the Christ spirit. All the influences that radiate from it are beneficent, and all its ideals are pure and lofty in conception, and comprehensive and generous in execution. Personal contact with the Holy One has wrought regeneration in the soul, purification in the heart, illumination in the mind, and a consuming desire to think the thoughts, do the works, and live the life of the Christ. This in turn has necessitated the eradication of selfishness in all its forms, and has permitted and made possible a broadening and deepening of the soul life which has brought abiding bliss to the individual heart and substantial benedictions to mankind in general.

Would you be among those whose lives are full and fruitful? Seek earnestly to enter into the Christ life, and strive constantly to abide therein. For in this life which is "hid with Christ in God" there is a hope that hath foundation, and out of this life cometh a purpose, holy, exalted, and dominating, that, being wrought out successfully, giveth rich joy to the heart and addeth to the glory of God. —Chris. Advocate.

Have a Message, Then Deliver It.

Could we get the ear of the preacher of today we would say: Dear brother have a message. Do not go into your pulpit to talk, or even to "preach," but to deliver a message.

If you are truly a preacher you are a messenger of the King of kings, to whom he has given a message to deliver to your people at that very time. Now, be sure that you have that message on your heart and at your tongue's end. Be very sure that you know that you have it. Be certain that you know what it is—that it is the very one that he wants you to deliver that very day, and that he will hold you strictly responsible.

A great battle is on. The commander in-chief has established his headquarters centrally to the line of his army. To insure victory, his orders must, from time to time, be delivered promptly to his different corps commanders. Here is one carrier of dispatches. He knows he has been detailed for that particular duty. He goes dashing across the field, amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, a distance of five miles, not only not knowing what the message is that he has been ordered to deliver but not even knowing to a certainty whether or not he has any message at all. What advantage would such a dispatch-carrier be to the commander-in-chief? What would the services of a thousand such be worth in the crisis of battle?

Well, the battle between the forces of heaven and hell is on. If you are "a true minister of Jesus Christ" you are for him a bearer of dispatches to his church, to his people, to the unsaved. Unless you know exactly at the time that you have a message to deliver, and what that message is, and are there on time to deliver it, you are of little service to the cause, no matter how much you may fuss and storm and dash around.

The true ambassador of Jesus Christ must be prompt, energetic, enthusiastic, and enter into the real spirit of the occasion. This he can only be and do when he knows he has an important message to deliver from the King of kings, and that upon its prompt and effectual delivery hangs the salvation of souls.

The true minister's message is direct from the Lord of hosts. And, when faithfully delivered, is blessed by the divine Spirit. No book, no earthly teacher, can impart that hidden wisdom, without which a minister must be a thing of naught. The preacher must in his inmost soul live through the struggle and the victory. Nothing avails at all in this connection except an immediate and original experience of salvation. Without this it is impossible to have a real message to deliver.—The Telescope.

Using our Talents Rightly.

It does not matter so much about the greatness of our talents as the way in which we use them. People with very infirm talents sometimes accomplish better work in the world than others possessing brilliant attainments in certain lines of intellectual power.

Talents themselves amount to but little unless put into action with a purpose to make the most of them in the right way. Then they become a power for good and shine out in beauty and brightness.

Two young men seemed to possess a great talent for oratory, and both wanted to make the most of their talents. One went into the ministry, the other upon the stage. The one became an eloquent preacher, who won many to Christ; the other, a comic impersonator, whose calling led him into temptation which was his ruin. Thus it is with thousands.

Then let us use our talents as a precious gift from God and for his glory. If we employ them in selfish ways, the precious gold will turn to dross and become useless. If we neglect them, the rust and mildew will gather upon the bright jewels, and they will be tarnished forever. If we give them into the keeping of evil, the results will be more disastrous still, for they will be productive of sin instead of bearing precious fruit. Let us keep the jewels bright that God has given us.—Christian Work.

One Sin.

There was but one crack in the lantern and the wind has found it out, and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board. And so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin, Satan will find the flaw and destroy all his hopes.

The strength of the chain is measured not by the strongest but by the weakest link, for if the weakest snaps what is the use of the rest? Satan is a close observer, and knows exactly where our weakest points are: we have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord, who prayed for us that our faith fail not.

Either our pride, our sloth, our ignorance, our anger, or our lust must prove our ruin, unless grace interpose. Any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe; yea, our virtues and graces might be the gate of entrance to our enemies. O Jesus! keep me by thy power even unto the end.—C. H. Spurgeon.

"There Shall Be No More Pain."

This is one of the divine promises toward which hope ever leans with upturned face. The Christian expects a continuance in life without sin and temptation, weakness and anguish, darkness and groping. Still, pain is the deepest thing in our nature. By many tender ministries it brings us into great good. It began through disobedience, but has produced a chain of effects which, because of the infinite mercies of our all-wise heavenly Father, lead us on to final and eternal emancipation.

Pain is a stern preacher, but worthy of our profoundest heed. Pain prompts courage. Retreat makes the enemy fiercer. Pain pursues the fleeing, but makes good terms with those who stand and fight. Pain prompts prayerful gratitude for the luxury of good health. Pain enjoins a tender and practical sympathy with other sufferers. Pain creates intelligent appreciation of modern medical and surgical science, so graciously blessed of God. Does pain occasion depression? Oftentimes, however, it does not merit the bitterness expressed. Pain inspires prayer by the wayside of life, and confidence in the Lord of life and glory.

Pain proclaims spiritual teachings. It warns that something is wrong, and that correction is needed. Relief can be obtained only through effective service. Neglect is fatal. These physical lessons emphasize the spiritual fact that pain is the penalty of the violated law of our God. "By one man sin entered the world and death by sin." Another one is with us, the Son of Man and Son of God, who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, who was "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities" "the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." His life knew sadness, his rejection was sorrow, his Gethsemane was anguish, his cross was darkness and loneliness. But his death is our atonement. His resurrection is our justification and assurance For him there is no more pain. For us he now intercedes that we may be made able to bear our pain with fortitude and repose until our little day closes, and then for us "there shall be no more pain." The hour of the closing of pain is the dawn of the endless day, with God amid his people in the Holy City, whose temple is the Almighty, whose light is the Lamb, and whose joys are tearless.—Journal and Messenger.

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