

Tracts take no note of scoffs, or jeers, or taunts. No one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. One Sunday morning I left a tract on the doorstep of a neighbor; it was soon returned to my own door, torn into many pieces.

Those who are in earnest in the work of track-distribution will soon find encouragement. I have often found it pleasant to have a little child run after me in the street, with 'Please, sir, will you give me a tract?'

"What do you do with all the tracts I give you?" said I to a boy, who ran after me begging a tract.

"Why," said he, "I keep them until I get a good lot, and then sew them up, and make a book of them."

I was once followed in this way by a little girl, when she came up, looking wistfully in my face, without speaking. I said, "Do you expect a tract?"

"If you please, sir."

"I haven't one with me now. What do you do with them all?"

"Read them, sir, and then put them in a book to keep them clean. You gave me a Gospel once, and I wrote my name in it—and 'Given by a Friend.' I don't know your name."

I have often spent five minutes very pleasantly while waiting at a station, giving a Gospel to one, a book to another, and distributing tracts on the right hand and on the left. I have nearly always found them pleasantly and thankfully received.

A Strange Woman.

"Say unto Wisdom, thou art my sister, and call Understanding kinswoman, that they may keep thee from the strange woman from the stranger that flattereth with her words." Prov. vii. 4, 5.

If man is chief tempter and sinner in departing from chastity, as seems in our time, to be generally the case, it is not a little remarkable that there should be in the Bible, scarcely a single warning to women to beware of men, while it abounds in cries to men to beware

of the strange woman's wiles. This and the fact that it was Eve who first tempted Adam to his ruin, gives rather a shady look to the female side of this subject.

But it is not the poor outcast of the street who is most dangerous to men of our day. The "strange women" that our men need most to fear and shun, are those that under honorable names, and wearing the appearance of virtue, infest society, infest the churches, and enter even into the family. Having by fair means or foul, obtained such knowledge of man's peculiar nature as enables them skillfully to influence them, they do influence them; but not for their good. Such women are not to be escaped except by being always on guard, ready to repeal their first advances.

Some of these women will lead their chosen victim to the end of the road of crime, but more of them will stop short of overt and gross guilt. Too selfish, or too cunning to run any risk, they will lead the fool who has been taken by their wiles, down to the very edge of the gulf; and then starting from him, they will run in wild alarm and disorder, to husband or brother, or friend, proclaiming that "Mr. so and so:"—"Would you believe it?" "Mr. so and so has terribly insulted me."

The deed is done. Away spreads the blaze, perhaps it is published in the papers. The man is blackened for life. He can not get away from the shadow. Follow him it will, go where he may, do what good things in life he may, that will ever and anon, rise up to shame him. If he is a public man, and stands very high, so much the worse for him. The more will hear the story and repeat it far and wide.

As for that strange woman, she has got what she wanted, her name connected with his, to his hurt and her credit. "She was too charming for him to resist; and too good not to resist him." This is her version of the story, and generally the accepted one