

INSTANCES OF THE VALUE OF TRACTS.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord."—PSA. xxvii. 14.

I.

I was lately distributing tracts and books in the establishment of a large hotel. After a little conversation with the house-keeper, I offered to her a tract, which she received with much apparent interest. I then requested her to allow me to see the servants, for the same purpose, to which she gladly assented. She expressed so much gratitude to me, that I said—

"Do you never get tracts and books given you?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "the ladies who come here often give us a tract on leaving, but they never speak to one about these things. It is pleasant to feel that *any one feels everybody is somebody!*"

The door was open for me to speak of the blessed hope laid up for those who trust in Jesus, and not without blessing. I feel assured the tracts received their value from the fact of the interest awakened in the hearts of the receivers. When I related the circumstances to a lady as an encouragement to distribution, she replied—

"Oh, yes, we are too apt to quiet our consciences by giving a tract, and thinking we have done some good."

I thought a conscience was soon contented, if giving a tract could soothe it. I am more than ever convinced of the loss of blessing to those who scatter carelessly, unprayerfully, or in a half-cowardly spirit, the gospel, which is, or ought to be, infolded in every tract, and which it is a privilege to offer.

A few pointed and striking verses of a hymn or poem are valuable at the close of tracts. I am strengthened in this feeling by the remarks of an intelligent navy, whom I asked if anything had arrested him in his course of sin? He replied, "Yes, a verse on a tract"—

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?"

He went on to say "You do not know the worth of some of these tracts with a verse at the end. The men at their work will chime the poetry over and over again. And don't you be down-hearted if they don't take when you offer. Leave them near them, and go your way, for when your back is turned, there will be a scramble for them. The best scholar is called on to read them at dinner, and many a time the verses are said and sung at the end."

II.

A Christian gentleman had tarried at Tunbridge Wells for his health. The day previous to his departure he was grieved to think that he had not taken one opportunity of serving the Lord, and as he sat on the heath he confessed his neglect of Him who had restored him to his wonted health. On putting his hand into the pocket of his overcoat, he discovered one tract which had escaped his notice, and kneeling down he placed it on a seat near him, and prayed that the Lord would accept this poor service, with confession of his negligence, and that he would bless that little tract to the salvation of some poor sinner.

Before the sun had set the prayer was answered. A gentleman in great distress of mind rested on the seat, and was attracted by the folded paper. He read it, found in it the remedy for all his fears, sorrows and sins. He rose up rejoicing over the love which had guided the message of salvation to his hand.

III.

In the first days of my conversion, I was puzzled to find some service for the Lord, by which I could set forth the good news which had rendered me free. Unable to write, read, or even think, from long-continued attacks of neuralgia, every door seemed closed by which I could go out to sow. On a soft, mild Sunday afternoon, I went with the intention of distributing tracts. It was the first time I had ever set forth with that object. I gave one or two, timidly enough, to some quiet-looking people,