

THE TRACT BURNER.

"You need not leave your tracts," said an angry man to the devout and earnest-hearted colporteur; who held out to him a few of these short and simple statements of the truth.

"Don't leave them here, for I give you a fair warning, that I shall at once burn them if you do."

"I hope not," said the colporteur, "and, at any rate, I will leave the tracts with you, praying that God's blessing may accompany them."

On saying this he put down the tracts, and turned to depart, the man still calling out, "I said I would burn them, and I will assuredly keep my word."

A year passed away, and the colporteur found himself in the same part of the country again. He remembered the circumstance which has just been related, and he felt anxious to know what had become of the violent man who had been so determinedly opposed to the reception of his little books. He inquired after him, and soon found him out. He was surprised at receiving a kind welcome from him, and still more so when he eagerly asked him if he had a Bible to sell him. The colporteur looked astonished, and said, "Why, how is this, my friend? I thought you were determined not to read even the tracts, much less the Bible, and did you not even threaten to burn the tracts I left with you when I was last here?"

"I know that I threatened to burn them," said the man, "and I did so; yet it was one of the very tracts you left me that was the means of producing the change at which you wonder."

"How could the tract do this, if you burned it without reading it?" asked the colporteur.

"I threw them all into the fire as soon as you were gone," replied the man; "and I watched them as they gradually consumed away: but while I was doing this the flame caused the leaf of one of the tracts to curl itself round, and to cast its light as it burned, upon a single sentence, which presented itself before my eyes. It was this sentence that at once struck deep conviction to my heart."

"May I ask what that sentence was?" said the colporteur.

"It was a verse," replied the man, "out of the Bible, and one which I can never forget; it was this, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away;' and as I read it, the thought struck me at once, why I may burn these books as much as I choose, but I cannot burn the Word of God, but it is all true notwithstanding."

The man has since become a devoted and consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a faithful professor of that imperishable truth which he once desired to destroy.

WHY ARE WE KEPT ALIVE ON THE EARTH.

There was once a poor old coloured woman who lived in half a railroad car, near a town in North America. The wind blew in, and the rain came through the roof of her poor house so much, that a respectable dog would scarcely have liked to live in it. She was too old to work. All she could do was to gather sticks in the wood with which to build her fire, and kind people supplied her with the necessities of life, so that she did not starve. In this old car she would sit and sing, pray, and meditate, till she thought it seemed almost like heaven. One day a rich man passing by heard her singing—

"When I can read my title clear," &c.

He went in, and thus addressed her:—

'Aunt Betty,'—for that was her name—'I wonder what the Lord keeps you here for.—You are too old to work, and there does not seem to be anything that you can do in this world. I wonder why he keeps you here, instead of taking you to that 'mansion in the skies' you were singing about.'

'Well, massa,' she replied, 'I reckon you knows what de Lor' keep you here for?'

'Oh yes,' said he, 'I'm not a Christian; but then I give to the Church, to the missionaries, to the poor, to the Bible and tract societies, and to all the religious societies. He keeps me here for that.'

'Massa has left out one oder ting.'

'What's that?'

'Why he's kep you here all dese years to repent, and begin to lub Him. Massa, ain't you gwine to begin?'

'Never mind about that, aunty; but tell me what He keeps you here for?'

'Why, massa, he keeps you here to gib to de Church, and He keeps Aunt Betty here to pray for it. All you give do no good widout Aunt Betty's prayers. I watches when you puts money in de plate, and den I prays God to bress it.'