

endless succession. Christ is "the Son of the living God," and "it pleases the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell" to supply the wants of the soul throughout the age of its eternal existence; and we never can become independent of Him.

Great Name! Divine Name! Dear Name! Jesus Christ our Saviour! Preach it; for it is the "hiding-place" prepared for us, and here the soul is safe from every coming storm. Preach it with confidence and reverent boldness; for the ancient charm, the old attractive power, is in it still. The woman who stood behind Him in the house of Simon the Pharisee, and "washed his feet with tears," did a symbolical act. From age to age repenting souls gather around his footstool; they come to weep there, and his feet are ever wet with penitent tears. As it was in the past, and is now, it shall be in the future. "His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed."

Tracts.

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." With such a motto for my guidance, said a tract distributor, I soon found that tracts can go anywhere. I have given them away at the doors of churches, chapels, at special meetings, in the city, the town, by the wayside, and in the quiet country village.

Tracts know no fear. I have sent them into the workhouse, the barracks and the jail, and give them away at the foot of the gallows.

Tracts never tire! I have given away a tract in the evening that the next day was on its way to Australia, sent by a lady to her brother!

Tracts never die! In the East-Indies, a copy of the "Sinner's Friend" was purchased among other books at a sale by auction, by a Mo-

hammedan. He could not read it, so he gave it to a young Englishman, who read it. Although it was not exactly the means of his conversion, yet it led him to increased earnestness in praying for the pardon of his sins. He soon found peace in believing, and is now a minister of the Church of England, zealous in his Master's service. I had his story from his own lips.

Tracts can be multiplied without end. I had 60,000 sent me in nine months, and gave away 100 daily.

Tracts can travel at little expense. A poor Christian woman sent the hymn, "Just as I am," in a letter to her husband in America. It was the means of showing him his lost state as a sinner, and he never rested till he found peace with God!

Tracts can run up and down like the angels of God, blessing all, giving to all, and asking no gift in return.

"Will you accept some good reading," said I, one day to a laboring man in a village in Hampshire, at the same time offering him a tract.

"Yes, sir," said he; adding, "The last tract you left with me I gave to a young man that comes here sometimes. It was, 'Brimful of Joy!' He liked it so much that he got it by heart." The young man mentioned is a Primitive Methodist preacher.

Tracts can talk to one as well as to a multitude; and to a multitude as well as one! They require no public room to tell their story in. The kitchen will do, or the shop, the parlor or the closet, in the railway-carriage, or in the omnibus, on the broad highway, or in the quiet footpath through the fields. On the South-Western Railway, as the train flew along, I frequently dropped tracts to the men working on the line. This was one day observed by a boy in the next compartment, who, putting his head up to the circular window, cried out, "have you a tract to spare?" I gave him one. "There are four of us here," said he. The four were at once supplied, and had a few to take home with them.