

the responsive cries of fiery consciences, saying, *Amen—ever—for ever!—never—* while across the great gulf, fixed, impassable, are borne the sounds and symphonies of Heaven, as they sing, "Alleluia! To Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Stand, therefore, sinner, stand, and let me ask thee, at the threshold of another year, where art thou!—on which side of the gulf? Hast thou as yet crossed it? Art thou brought nigh to God!—or does a great gulf of separation still lie between? What if with the year gone, *thy* time for crossing the gulf should have passed away!—what if the year passed should prove to have been the year of *thy* visitation!—Arouse thee, man! eternity is no trifle—banishment from God, no old wives' fable! Dives doubts no more! Let it be thy first duty to get across the gulf by the way Jesus; let this year, 1862, be *thy* year of grace. Behold, the way is before thee. Hasten, the time for crossing, and the place will soon be beyond thy reach; and so thou wilt not be left in eternity in horrible remorse, to see and say, I might have crossed the gulf and been with God, but *now* between me and God, and hope and heaven, a great gulf is *fixed*, for ever!—*Rev. H. M. Williamson, Huntly.*

THE LITTLE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

At a tract meeting, held some years ago, in one of the metropolitan districts, the following remarkable and affecting incident, which occurred in that district, was related.

A tract distributor, who was generally most attentive to his duty, allowed himself to be detained at home one Sabbath afternoon, on account of the excessive rain.

When his little daughter returned from the Sabbath-school, she saw his bundle of tracts lying upon the table, and immediately inquired—

"Father, haven't you been with your tracts?"

"No, my dear."

"Are you not going with them, father?"

"Not to-day, my dear. It is *so very* wet."

"O, father, let *me* go with them. I have got my bonnet on, and I shall soon take them round."

"No, no! It's too wet for any one to go this afternoon. We must stay at home, my dear."

The child, however, was very urgent with her father. She thought it would be such a pity for the poor people to be disappointed of their tracts, and she would take great care

not to get wet. At last he gave his consent and away she started with the tracts.

She came to one house where there was no response to her knock; but she waited patiently for a minute or two, and knocked again. Still no reply. The rain was coming down fast, and the afternoon was particularly gloomy. There were many reasons why she should leave that house and go to the next. But, perhaps, the person belonging to the house was taking a short nap, or had gone upstairs to dress. So she knocked again, much louder than before. Then she thought she heard somebody moving about; and, after another knock, the door was opened, and a respectably-dressed, but unhappy-looking woman, took in the tract.

The child finished the round, and went home.

On the next Sabbath, when the father came to the house where his little daughter had been kept so long, the same woman appeared, but with a countenance very different from that which she wore on the previous Sabbath.

"Who was that dear child," she said, "that brought me the tracts last Sunday?"

"My little daughter. I wasn't inclined to come myself, because it was so very wet. But when she came from the Sunday-school, and found that I had not gone with the tracts, she begged very hard to take them for me. And I have really felt quite ashamed ever since, that I allowed the wet to keep me at home, seeing that my little girl was not afraid of it."

"Well!" said the woman, "I shall have to bless God to all eternity that that child ever brought the tracts round last Sunday. I have been in a very bad way for a long time, and had got so low that I felt as if I could not bear to live any longer. And last Sunday afternoon, I went upstairs, determined to destroy myself. I had fastened a rope round the bed-post, had made a noose in it, and was just slipping it round my neck, when your little daughter knocked at the door. I did not know who it was, but thought I would wait until the person had gone away. She knocked several times. Then I thought it would be better to go down to see who it was, and afterwards come back and complete my wickedness. When I found that it was nothing but the change of tracts, I felt very angry. But your dear little girl handed in the tract with *such a loving look*, that I was obliged to take it; and God made that tract the means of turning me from my wicked purposes, and of dispelling all my gloom and doubts. It led me to Christ. And now I am happy in His love, and rejoice that God has spared my life."