

wants of your class in view. In studying any part of the Bible, study it in its relations to other parts—e. g., the lesson on "The Pharisees and Sadducees Silenced" is an event in the last week of Christ's earthly ministry.—R. D. COTTON, in *Christian Standard*.

Jesus.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light and love and life; filling the air with odors, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy of all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God: Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret thy own name, and thou hast done it by thy works on earth, and thy glory at the right hand of the Father.—DR. BETHUNE, in *Church and Home*.

The Solemn Hour.

The present hour is always the solemn hour; the past has ceased to exist, the future is out of reach. The present is within our control; the past and future are not. Responsibility is fastened to the moment. To meet its demands is joy and peace, and is laying up eternal treasure; to disregard them is awful indeed, and is laying up wrath without end for the future. It is a glorious thing to do right even in the smallest matter; it is a dreadful thing to do wrong, for in wrong-doing there are no small matters. Who can be guilty of an infraction of God's holy law, and look his Maker in the face and say it is a small matter? But what we

do is not all, but what we *are* is the great point. It is a blessed thing to be "in the Lord," for those who live in the Lord are sure to "die in the Lord." Not to be in the Lord is the source of all terror, the concentration of infinite despair and of eternal woe. In the Lord, or not in the Lord—that is the question; and that is the question of the hour—of the moment. Mind and heart are in healthy action and in full strength, and the great question of eternity is in full view, and ripe of decision. Solemn beyond utterance is the hour. God calls to repentance and to faith. Yielding to the call or not yielding to it makes an hour solemn. When death comes, its shadow preceding it, stills to unconsciousness and insensibility; there is no call from God then; the solemn hour is past; the issues of eternity are already decided.—*Christian Index*.

A Sun-Flower.

Don't imagine that I am going "Wilde" over the flowers, for the one of which I write is a human being of a very quiet turn of mind. She is one of those dear, good bodies, who always have a sunny smile or a word of cheer for their fellow-creatures. She keeps her face turned heavenward and steps over the petty annoyances of everyday life without a frown. She sends out little rays of brightness about her till it is impossible to remain in the shadow while she is near. Then she is always scattering seeds of kindness and spreading cool leaves of sympathy over troubled hearts. Drawing freely from the "fountain of grace," she lets the overflow drop upon us in refreshing showers: a gentle pattering, pattering from the Holy Book. When that great day comes in which we are all to be "changed," we feel that she will require so little change we cannot fail to know her at once. Transplanted from earth to heaven she will try to find a place to grow where she may, if possible, cast a gleam of light upon those less fortunate than herself. God bless our Sun-flower, may she long be spared as a beacon light to warn weary souls from the paths of sin.

Christian friends, mothers, sisters, Sunday-school teachers, let us cultivate more sun-flowers. They are a power for good in the world. Their warmth invites the cold-hearted; their glow calls the darkened sinner from his retreat; their

open-faced smile reflects the glory of the Lord, making him an ever-present help to those in trouble. The modest violet is beautiful, but the sun-flower is equally as modest, in as much as it forgets itself entirely and fails to hang its head, because it sees nothing to blush for before God. Oh, teach the children to trim their lights and to grow "upward and onward;" little star flowers from the beginning. There are none too small to twinkle. God's light can beam from the youngest face. Are we not all "children of light?" The full-grown sun flower does not bloom in a night—ah! no; the little one first, always. Turn our Sunday-schools into sun-flower gardens.

"If we cannot speak like angels,
If we cannot preach like Paul,
We can stand as golden flowers,
Pointing out the way for all."

WORK, in *Pacific*.

If our Lord were on earth to day, would he not find practices in many of our churches quite as objectionable and offensive as those which he summarily broke up in the temple at Jerusalem? The shows and theatricals, which some of our churches tolerate and sustain, seem to us utterly inappropriate, if not sacrilegious. A house that has been sacredly devoted to the service and worship of God should not be profaned by vain shows and foolish plays. Much of the sanctity that should always pertain to the house of God has been dissipated by practices of questionable propriety any where, but especially objectionable in the place of worship. Let us regard God's house as a holy place, and keep it free from anything that can offend the most devout worshiper.—*Ex.*

How are you living now? The question is not, how do you propose to live to-morrow, or at some future day? Most men could undoubtedly answer the latter question satisfactorily. There are very few who do not propose to take up their duties of life and perform them faithfully and well some time, but too many are postponing duties which they know ought to be performed, and deferring a mode of life which they know they ought to lead. We would impress the thought that such delay is fraught with a two-fold evil; that it is sadly abbreviating service that ought to be rendered to One who has done unspeakable things for you, and every day's delay is making it more

probable that the most important work of life will never be done. Let these words ring through the soul, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—*Domestic Journal*.

13,000 Card Tracts!

A new edition of 13,000 card tracts has been received. They are free to those who are unable to buy but who will circulate them. The first object of this fund is the free distribution of tracts in destitute fields. The sects spend thousands of dollars each year in such work. When will we wake up to its importance. Evidences of the value of these tracts multiply daily. Weak churches can use them with profit. Evangelists should go well supplied. Destitute fields should be thickly sown with them. They will be sold at fifty cents per hundred, post-paid, to those who wish to aid the fund by buying. There are five kinds on hand. If you are unable to buy do not hesitate to send for all you can use. Contributions are needed, who will respond? Send small sums in postage stamps. Brethren, help!

J. W. HIGBEE, Trustee.

Christian Sower Tract Fund,
Madisonville, Ky.

Strange how Christians differ in their manner of working for themselves and for the Lord! On weekdays, they cannot rise too early to perform their own labor, no exertion is too great to serve their own interests, but let Sabbath morning come, and it is wonderful how weary they are. They cannot rise early; really they need rest, so the morning hours are spent in sleep. They rise late, breakfast late, and are late at the house of the Lord, losing the first part of the services, thus detracting interest from the whole. Is not serving the Lord more important than our own interests? While we have six days in which to perform our own labor, should we not cheerfully spend the seventh in serving God, and should not our interest exceed that which we manifest about earthly things?—*Ex.*

For every good deed of ours, the world will be the better always. And perhaps no day does a man walk down a street cheerfully, and like a child of God, without some passengers being brightened by his face, and, unknowingly to himself, catching from its look a something of religion, and sometimes, not impossibly, what just saves him from some wrong action.—*Ex.*