

"So do I, with all my heart; but we ought by all means to bring men to treat God as their Father and their fellow-men as their brothers. If we don't do that, all our talk about Fatherhood and brotherhood is only tinkling cymbal and sounding brass."

At which pointed rebuke Mr. Walden turned on his heel and walked away. When his year expired he went elsewhere, St. Matthew's having no further use for his services. During the entire year not half a dozen persons had been added to the church, and there was not a clear evidence of a single genuine conversion.

When the rationalist's successor appeared in the pulpit of St. Matthew's church, a large audience was present, and expectation ran to its highest tide. What kind of a gospel would he preach? That was the question in every mind.

When he announced his text, "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," a distinct thrill passed through the whole assembly. In the entire sermon he said not a word about Biblical criticism, either higher or lower, nothing about various readings and different manuscripts, nothing even about the "original" Greek of the text; he simply preached the gospel as if there were no doubt about it, and proved that it is God's dynamite for saving sinners; proved it from the nature of the gospel and from its effects; from history and individual experience. St. Matthew's was not a demonstrative congregation; but that morning there were few dry eyes in the assembly, and more than one low and solemnly spoken "Amen" and "Glory to God" came up from the pews. After the service you might have heard such remarks as these:

"I feel that I've got back on the solid Rock."

"That was, indeed, a gospel feast."

"It was substantial food, and just as sweet as it was nourishing."

The new pastor was a sensible man, paying little attention to the criticisms passed on his predecessor. He simply preached the gospel as if it were true from beginning to end. The only person who objected to this evangelical kind of preaching was Mr. Maxwell, the infidel, and even he was heard to say:

"If your new minister is right, it is evident that every one ought to be a Christian and belong to church."

A gracious revival occurred during the year, and many persons were born into the kingdom. Thus God honored the faithful preaching of his word.

"The history of both these ministers," Brother Landis has remarked again and again, "simply proves the inevitable law of cause and effect." *N. Y. Advocate.*

**THE FOUR O'CLOCK.**

This plant was first discovered by Europeans in Peru, and hence is sometimes called "The marvel of Peru." It is also called "The afternoon lady." It belongs to the genus "Mirabilis"—that is wonderful. Its flowers are usually white, but sometimes yellow or red. They are star-shaped, and grow upon a branching tree-like shrub. Their peculiarity is that they remain closed nearly all day, no matter how brightly the sun shines, and then open suddenly about four o'clock in the afternoon. If the day has been unusually warm, they wait until five or even six o'clock.

Now some flowers bloom only in the dark, as the "cereus grandiflorus," popularly known as "the night-blooming cereus." Some close at night and

open again when the sun begins to shine. But this wonderful plant waits until the sun is near its setting, and then, like a thermometer marking the degree of light and heat to which it was made to respond, opens its petals.

This plant, which is peculiar to the Pacific coast, was found growing wild in the foothills of the Santa Clara Valley, California. We transplanted it into our garden, and have been deeply interested in watching its prompt coming to time from day to day. "Is it four o'clock?" some one asks, and the answer is, "Look at the afternoon lady! If she has come out from her seclusion, and is arrayed in all her glory, like the lilies of the field, we know the time as well as if we had heard the clock strike."

I have not been able to find any explanation of the peculiarity of this wonderful plant. It seems made to respond to certain conditions of temperature, and to be prompt in its response. It resists the wooing of the midday sun, but yields to his attraction when he is near his setting. It has, however, suggested to me two practical thoughts:

First: How faithful what we call nature, as distinguished from man, is to the laws of its being. When God made the four o'clock, thousands of years ago, he said to it, "You are not to bloom in the dark like the cereus, or to open your petals to the sun as soon as he rises, like the morning-glory. You are to wait all through the shining hours—wait till late in the afternoon, when many flowers that have been open all day will begin to close, and then you are to expand." Though that would have seemed a strange command if this marvel of Peru had been able to think and reason, it did just what it was told to do, and its descendants have since, even unto this day. There has been no disobedience, and hence no degradation, in the material universe. Man alone has rebelled and fallen from in which he was created.

Second: We learn that the fullest development of life does not always come when the condition seems most favorable. We would expect this marvel of Peru to appear in all its glory at noon-day, when sunshine is fairest and brightest. And so we think of middle life, when body and mind are in their fullest vigor, as its most glorious and joyous period. But often—always indeed when the heart is in harmony with God—its graces expand when the sun is near its setting. Yes, the brightest hours of a true life are near its close. Who has not wondered at the light which glows in the face of many an octogenarian! He is the four o'clock of the plants of righteousness. Such a four o'clock was the Apostle Paul. He spent the last years of his life a prisoner in Rome. But they were evidently his happiest years. He was visited there by Christians from all parts of the world, many of whom had been converted under his ministry. He wrote letters to the saints in Asia Minor and Western Europe. He had access of the innermost life of the imperial city, and won converts in the household of the most degraded of the Roman emperors. No wonder, then, that he wrote to Timothy, "I have finished my course." And such a blessed consummation may we all have who believe in Jesus.—*Obadiah Oldschool, in The Interior.*

No reasonable man expects to cure a cold in a day. But time and Allen's Lung Balsam will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

**IS THAT ALL?**

The following suggestive parable, which we find in Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's church paper, is unsigned, but is doubtless from the pen of the gifted author of "In His Steps."

He was weeping bitterly as if he had met with some great calamity, and the angel who was going by stopped and kindly asked:

"What is the matter?"

"I have had a terrible loss," replied the man.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the angel with a tear of sympathy. "Is it very terrible?"

"Very," answered the man weeping harder than before.

"Would you mind telling me what it is?" asked the angel gently. "What is it you have lost?"

"I have lost my money!" exclaimed the man, weeping as if his heart would break.

"O," said the angel, "is that all? I thought from the way you were weeping that you had lost your soul."

**A MOTHER'S PRAISE.**

"From the time my baby was born," says Mrs. Robt. Price, of Combermere, Ont., "he was always sickly and costive until I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets. He is now well, strong, and growing nicely, and I can hardly say how thankful I am for my baby's cure." In every home where there are young children this medicine should always be kept on hand. The troubles of little ones come when least expected, and a dose of the Tablets promptly given may save a precious little life. Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones, and an occasional dose will prevent sickness. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. The tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or sent post-paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Expected to be Hit Somewhere.**

A popular preacher tells a good story of a young clergyman who launched out on a strong temperance sermon. When he had finished, a deacon said to him:

"I am afraid you have made a mistake. Mr. Jones, who pays the highest pew-rent, who practically supports the Sunday-school, and who is ever ready with a contribution when asked, is a wholesale distiller. He is bound to be angry."

"I am sorry," said the minister. "I will go and explain it to Mr. Jones, and remove any unfavorable impressions, and tell him I did not mean him."

Accordingly, he waited upon Mr. Jones, who, in addition to the profession of distilling, also carried a good many other branches of trade, and indulged in a number of amusements of various kinds.

The pastor expressed his deep regret to Mr. Jones for anything he might have said in his sermon which could hurt his feelings. He was extremely sorry, indeed; he did not mean anything by it, and hoped Mr. Jones would not feel hurt.

He was somewhat relieved when, with a jovial air, the other said:

"Oh, bless you, don't mind that at all. It must be a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."

An ugly family of skin diseases is the one generally described by the word Eczema. In all its forms it resists ordinary treatment, but is completely cured by Weaver's Cerate used in connection with Weaver's Syrup.

**SHATTERED DIGNITY.**

The crude humor that makes the small boy want to throw a stone at a silk hat on a man bristling with dignity is not to be disposed of as a mere ill-conceived prank of youth. There is deep in most people a spring of unsubduable humor that leaps gleefully when conscious dignity gets a fair tumble. That is why, for all the solemnity of the place, the soberest charity and the best-bred propriety in the world could not prevent a titter at a little farce that happened once in a church in Brooklyn.

A gentleman and his wife, who were offended at something the preacher said, gravely rose and stalked toward the door, with their heads held high in assertive disdain. The wife followed the husband.

Unfortunately, when they were halfway down the aisle, the husband dropped his glove, and stooped to pick it up. Fate, the humorist, determined that the wife should keep her head so high that she did not see her husband stoop. She went sailing on and doubled over him in riotous confusion.

The congregation held its breath and kept its composure. The two recovered themselves and went on. Hoping to escape quickly, they turned to what looked like a side door. The husband pulled it open with an impressive swing. Before he could close it out tumbled the window-pole, a long duster and a step-ladder. The congregation could hold its mirth no longer, and man and wife fled to the real exit in undignified haste, amid a general and persuasive snicker.

*It Retains Old and Makes New Friends.*—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Eclecric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends, it is ever making new. It is certain that wherever once used it will not be without it.

Milk Potridge.—Rub smooth two teaspoonfuls of flour in a little cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; let it boil up, then add a pint of milk; stir well, and let it boil again; season to taste. The proportions of milk and water may be varied as the case requires.

**Unpleasant!**

**Boils, Humors, Eczema, Salt Rheum**

**Weaver's Syrup**

cures them permanently by purifying the

**Blood.**

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