

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

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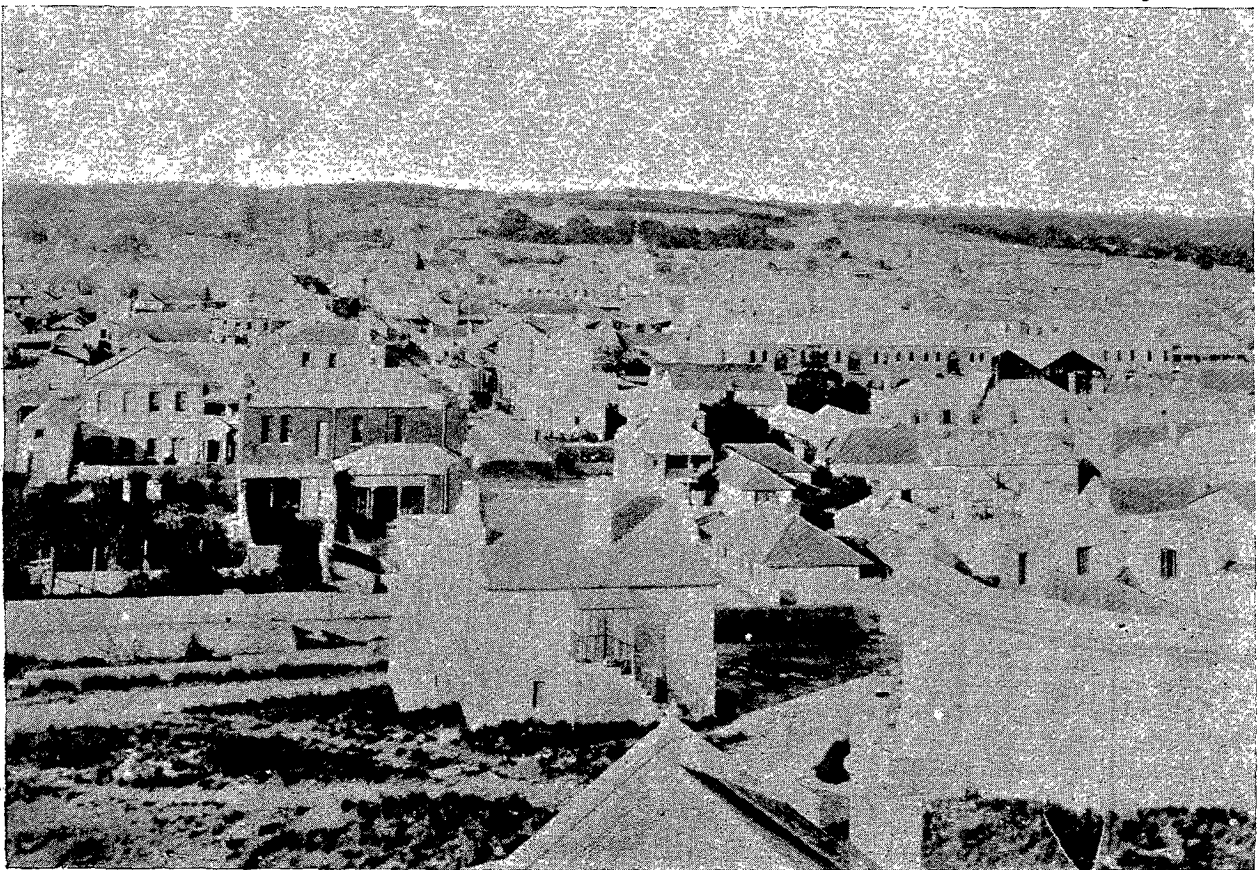
Melbourne, Victoria, March 13, 1905

ONE PENNY.

What Will the Harvest Be ?

In connection with the present turmoil in Russia seeds are being sown which will produce a harvest of trouble. This is especially true with respect to Russia's action in Poland. This unfortunate country is the home

placed upon it with anything but contentment ; yet the spirit of the Pole, though crushed, still lives. Germany has tried to obliterate the language, and Russia calls on Poland to provide troops for the war now being waged with Japan. The Poles are being torn from their homes, their wives, and their children, and forced to leave their



Fremantle, West Australia.

of a nation of brave and high-spirited people, whom force of circumstances robbed of their independence as a nation, and which placed them absolutely under the foreign yoke of Austria, Russia, and Germany, the three powers which partitioned amongst themselves this kingdom.

The Polish nation bears the chains which have been

down-trodden country, in order to participate in a war which they hate, and to serve a nation that oppresses them, and, finally, to make targets for Japanese bullets on the plains of Manchuria, a place wherein the Russian had no right to set his foot. No wonder the Poles revolt against such a prospect, and refuse, like their neigh-

bours, the Finns, to serve in such a campaign. Their oppressors have tried to crush their nationality out of them, and almost to obliterate their individuality as a race, and diabolical deeds are being perpetrated in that unfortunate country which, like all other deeds of oppression and tyranny, will some day produce elements which will, sooner or later, gather with cyclonic force. Nations which grind, tyrannise, and oppress others, only because they have a preponderance of force, will find before this world's history closes that autocracy and cannon are not such a potency as that which might have been supplied from the fountains of moderation, justice, equity, and love. The Poles have had nothing to rejoice over since they fell into the hands of their more powerful neighbours, and to-day, against their will, they are called upon to fight Russia's battles in a foreign land.

Russian pretensions to Christianity are in marked contrast to the acts of barbarity which have sickened the world both on the field of battle and in the internal administration of the Russian Empire. Those who sow to the wind will reap the whirlwind, and tyrannical deeds of violence are being enacted by that autocratic government which will provide the future whirlwind with all the force that is necessary to sweep the surface of the earth with terrific violence. The Scriptures are not silent on this matter, for they foretell what the present unrest amongst the nations means; neither do they hide in ambiguous language what the result will be.

Smouldering embers of discontent are being fanned into flames, causing the vast commotions which are almost everywhere agitating the labouring classes of the earth. Men cannot be held in check by the dominance of force, neither will cannon and troops prove sufficient to check the rising elements of wrath which to-day are agitating great masses of people. Every fresh application of powder and shot on the working masses might serve to lull for a time the tempest, but the recoil will surely come, and the overwhelming wave of tidal force that is gathering will roll onward with irresistible force. Men want their wrongs looked into, and not to be met with a greeting such as they experienced at St. Petersburg on "red Sunday." The wholesale hanging of men, which is reported to have taken place at Warsaw, will not convince the working classes that their cause is receiving justice, neither will the wrenching of men from their homes and families to fight on foreign battlefields make them any better subjects, especially when the cause for which they are required to fight is an unjust one, apparently only serving the whims of the Czar and his nobles. What do the Poles care for the extension of Russia's territory in the Far East?—Absolutely nothing. They do not love their conqueror enough to fight for him.

Love is the only element which will make a nation loyal, and love is never the product of tyranny and oppression; its fruit never grew upon that tree. The fruit of tyranny and injustice is revolution and discord, and a nation which has the fullest freedom will stand the closest together when that freedom is menaced. Coming events, however, cast their shadows before, and the violent deeds which are being so frequently perpetrated are the seed which will produce such a harvest that this world will, in the near future, be sorry to reap. Every cause is followed by effect, this being a law which applies to the actions of nations as well as to the actions of individuals. The many acts of tyranny which disgrace the recent history of the world will certainly not conduce to

universal peace, but rather to the fulfilment of the word of God, which assuredly predicts the coming storm: "And there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." Dan. 12:1. Anyone who scans the political and social horizon can plainly see that the clouds that are now looming around our planet are omens of that tempest which the Scriptures have long predicted.—J. B.

Disease in Dust.

Examination of the dust of our city streets and avenues reveals the fact that we daily breathe into our lungs enough disease germs and bacteria to kill off a whole population within a very short time; and it is nothing but the remarkable provisions of nature to combat and destroy these minute breeders of contagion that saves the world to-day from complete depopulation. . . .

The dust of the different cities shows remarkable variations, and the cities of different countries yield dust-laden disease germs of great complexity. The tropics and cold countries all have their particular forms of dangerous diseases, and the germs of these are found floating in the dust of the different large cities. . . .

The actual health conditions of cities is sometimes better determined by a careful examination of the dust than by a study of the reports of physicians. This is due to the fact that the dust may be laden with germs of disease, which only need a certain change of weather to break out in epidemic. . . . A few days or a week of heavy wind, which distributes the dust around in our homes, might produce an epidemic of half a dozen contagious diseases. —"American Inventor."

Another outrage has been perpetrated in Macedonia by Turkish soldiers. Having dispersed a band of Bulgarian guerillas, the fiendish soldiers of the Sultan set fire to the village of Kulitch, burning some of the inhabitants in their homes. Amongst the ruins of the village the charred remains of fourteen women and several children were discovered.

During a preliminary trial voyage which the Baltic fleet made prior to its long-delayed departure to the Far East, says a St. Petersburg correspondent, two battleships were found one night to be executing such eccentric evolutions that several smaller ships of the fleet were in imminent danger of being run down and sent to the bottom by their unwieldy neighbours. Investigation revealed that the commanding officers of both ships were hopelessly drunk and incapable.

The art of "killing just for the fun of the thing," is growing in popular favour. People in high society devote a large portion of their leisure time to the destruction of life, birds and bigger game being bagged by the thousand in some of these expeditions. In one district in the United States no less than 20,000 deer have been shot during the last five years. Such an intense hold has this kind of sport on its devotees that anything within their range is liable to slaughter, from the tiniest bird to a man. During the shooting season just past in the State of Maine, six persons, being mistaken for deer, were killed, and altogether fifteen fatalities amongst sportsmen are reported from that State.



A. W. ANDERSON, EDITOR.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, MARCH 13, 1905.

The Revelation of Jesus Christ.—No. 11.

Revelation 6:1, 2.

The First Seal.

"And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer." Rev. 6:1, 2.

In the prophecy of the seven seals we have a connected history of the church from the commencement to the close of the Christian era. As the Lamb opened each successive seal one of the four living creatures which surround the throne of God, in thunder tones cried, "Come." At this, John lifted up his eyes, and beheld a white horse, upon which sat a conqueror with a bow, and to whom was given a crown. This symbol, doubtless, represents the glorious work of the gospel in the apostolic age, the whiteness of the horse denoting the purity of the faith which the church of the first century manifested to the world, while the rider going forth conquering and to conquer is a fit emblem of the marvellous success which followed the noble and zealous efforts of the early church. Against the huge systems of error which prevailed in the world, the licentiousness and corruption of Rome, the philosophy of Greece, the heathenism of Asia and Africa, the gospel of Jesus Christ waged a mighty battle, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the powers, the glorious truth of salvation gained a foothold in all the chief centres of population throughout the world.

The Second Seal.

"And when He had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see. And there went out another horse that was red; and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword." Rev. 6:3, 4.

As the second seal was opened to the gaze of the prophet, another horse was seen. But, sad to relate, the purity which was symbolised by the whiteness of the first horse had become contaminated. "The mystery of iniquity," which was already at work even in Paul's day, had corrupted the church to such an extent that the symbol which God used to portray its condition to the seer of Patmos was clothed in red, the emblem of war and strife. Probably the most significant cause of this condition of the church was the acquisition of power—State power. Instead of depending upon the power of God, the ecclesiastical party sought and obtained an alliance with the State. Instead of tearing down the strongholds of Satan by the word of God, the church, weakened by internal corruption, sought the power of the civil rulers. Never did men make a greater mistake than to suppose they could secure peace and progress for the church by obtaining the support of a state alliance.

Their efforts to promote the success of the church in this way produced nothing but war and trouble. So peace was taken from the earth, and men slaughtered one another, and the church was riven to pieces by wrangling and dissensions, which were the result of the great error which the clergy made when they strove for popularity and political recognition. Though the direful results of the unholy alliance of church and state have stood before the world for generations, yet thousands of men to-day who ought to know better, are anxious to make the experiment again. The facts of history speak with no uncertain tone against any union of church and state.

The Third Seal.

"And when He had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine." Rev. 6:5, 6.

The corruptions of the fourth century which, like a malignant cancer, fastened themselves to the church, crushing out its vitality, produced such a state of retrogression that the symbol chosen to represent that period exhibited the very opposite character to the purity of the apostolic age—black instead of white. Having divorced herself from her lawful husband, and entered into an alliance with the powers of earth, the church naturally partook of the moral corruptions of those with whom she associated. An era of gross darkness and superstition settled down upon the church, and that organisation, which God intended should be the light of the world, became as dark as midnight. The simple ordinances which Christ instituted gave place to a long train of ritualistic ceremonies, followed by the introduction of such doctrines as the worship of images and relics, veneration of departed saints, and the celibacy of priests. Of this period says Mosheim, in his "Ecclesiastical History":—

"Quantities of dust and earth brought from Palestine, and other places remarkable for their supposed sanctity, were handed about as the most powerful remedies against the violence of wicked spirits, and were sold and bought everywhere at enormous prices. The public processions and supplications, by which the pagans endeavoured to appease their gods, were now adopted into the Christian worship, and celebrated in many places with great pomp and magnificence. The virtues which had formerly been ascribed to the heathen temples, to their lustrations, to the statues of their gods and heroes, were now attributed to Christian churches, to water consecrated by certain forms of prayer, and to the images of holy men. And the same privileges that the former enjoyed under the darkness of paganism, were conferred upon the latter under the light of the gospel, or, rather, under that cloud of superstition which was obscuring its glory."

In the hand of the rider on the black horse were seen a pair of balances. "The balances denoted that religion and civil power would be united in the person who would administer the executive power in the government; and that he would claim the judicial authority both in church and state. This was true among the Roman emperors from the days of Constantine until the reign of Justinian, when he gave the same judicial power to the bishop of Rome."—"Miller's Lectures," p. 181.

The loss of spiritual power may be indicated by the famine prices of the wheat and barley—fit symbols of the

word of God. Wheat at £1 2s. 4d. a bushel, about seven times the present market price of that commodity, may be said to indicate a famine, and certainly the condition of the church during the period under notice fully bears out the prophetic forecast which predicted a famine of the word of God consequent upon the corruptions which worldly associations would introduce into the church. God's care for His children is ever manifest, so the command goes forth, "See thou hurt not the oil and the wine," the graces of the Spirit, faith and love. God's commands are promises, and the utterance of this command breathed forth a promise to the faithful who should be called upon to endure the trials and perplexities of a period of unprecedented corruption, that "the graces of genuine piety" should not entirely perish from the earth. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Rom. 5:20.

The Influence of Thought.

It is said that three-fifths of the words in the English language relate to sin, suffering, and sorrow, while the other two-fifths give expression to the good things of life. This has been accounted for by our natural tendency to expatiate freely on the ills of the flesh, finance, and fashion, while taking all the good things that come in our way as a matter of course, saying little or nothing about them unless it be to complain because they are not in larger abundance. Humanity is prone to think on the evil rather than on the good, and for this reason the apostle said, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4:8. Dwell upon the good qualities of your neighbour rather than his failings. Learn to see the good in a man rather than the evil. See if there is anything in his character or life which merits praise. Look for the lovely traits in his disposition rather than the blemishes which, perchance, cause him sufficient trouble without the addition of your censure or criticism.

What a different world it would be were all men and women, boys and girls to follow Paul's advice. To think only of those things which are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely, to dwell upon the excellencies of others rather than their shortcomings, would create in us heavenly traits, and would enable us to exhibit to the world the Christ-life. The world needs an exhibition of true Christianity, the mere outward conformity to lifeless rituals will never satisfy the intense desire of a human soul to be free from sin. True Christian principles cannot be taught anywhere so efficiently as by a living example. The highest testimony we can bear to the world of the power of the gospel to save from sin is to live the Christian life; but to live aright we must think aright, for as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he," and as he thinketh, so he speaketh.

Political corruption is growing at an alarming rate in some of the American States, one of the retiring State governors asserting that out of 5,000 votes in his State 1,200 were listed as purchaseable, and instances have been known in which votes have brought as much as £5 or £6.

Strength out of Weakness.

The emperor moth is perhaps the most magnificent of all its species; yet it gets its beauty through suffering.

A student watching its struggles to get free from its cocoon, being sympathetic, sought to help the little creature to its liberty; but doing so, the moth fell to the ground limp and helpless; its beauty absent, and its possibilities blighted.

Left to itself, through its struggling the blood is forced into its gaudy wings; its strength develops, and it floats away in the sunlight.

So, there are lives which get their beauty through suffering and defeat; and as God designed the moth to suffer and to be pained that it may have marvellous wings and strong flight, so He means to accomplish for us through our light affliction a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—George C. Howard.

The rust of inactivity is more destructive than the sweat of exertion.

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GENERAL ARTICLES

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Wanted.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy.
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honour, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And spurn his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking,
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—Dr. Holland.

Medical Missionary Work or the Gospel and Healing.

By D. H. Kress, M.D.

Christ was the true representative of what every missionary should be. In studying His life we find that He devoted more time towards relieving bodily infirmities than to preaching. His life was spent in helping people where they most needed help. Even His enemies in speaking of Him, said: "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." The record given by His friends is: "He went about doing good, and healing, all manner of diseases." To His disciples He said: "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

Many of the bodily infirmities have their origin in the mind. Often dissatisfied feelings, worry, depression, etc., lie at the foundation of, and are the principal causes of, disease. In order, therefore, for the missionary to make a success of his work, ministry to the body and mind must be combined. God never designed that the two should be separated. When Christ sent out His twelve disciples He gave them power and authority to cure diseases, and He sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick. Then again, when He sent out the seventy, He gave them the commission: "Into whatsoever city ye enter, heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God has come nigh unto you."

The true missionary should be able to minister to both body and mind. This is not a modern idea. Anciently among the children of Israel if a man had a disease, he was instructed to present himself not to a doctor, but to the priest. It fell upon the priest to diagnose disease: "The priest shall look upon him [examine him], and pronounce him unclean." See Lev. 13:15. The priest also stated what should be done with regard to isolation and treatment of contagious or infectious diseases. The priest looked after the spiritual and physical welfare of the people. Questionable dwellings were examined or inspected by him, and he gave direc-

tions to its inmates as to how improvements in hygiene and sanitation might be made. If germs or mould grew on the walls, the house was shut up for seven days, the plaster scraped off, and the building replastered, etc., under the direction of the priests. The danger of germ diseases was evidently as well understood by the priests at that time as by the most eminent scientists of to-day. Every priest, every missionary, and every follower of Christ should be qualified as he goes from house to house to give instruction to the people with regard to the causes of disease, and should also be able to suggest improvements in sanitation. He should be so well informed that he would be able to diagnose ordinary cases of disease, and encourage isolation if necessary, and suggest precautions, and call attention to simple remedies within reach that may be employed in restoration. Isaiah the prophet was such a priest. When Hezekiah was sick unto death, he said: "Let them take a lump of figs, and lay it for a plaster on the boil, and he shall recover." This simple remedy prescribed by the Lord's authorised minister of body and mind saved Hezekiah's life.

In the fifth chapter of 2 Kings we have another such record in the case of Naaman. Naaman, a captain of the host of the king of Syria, had what was considered an incurable disease. The little maid of Israel, who was captive in that land, said to her mistress: "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." This was reported to Naaman, and at once preparations were made, and he departed to place himself, although a heathen, into the hands of this man. After following the directions given he was healed, and "his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." God alone heals, He alone knows accurately the remedy that is needed in each case. Those who are true medical missionaries will have Divine guidance in their work. They meet with success when all other measures have failed. So-called incurable cases are not always hopeless.

I thoroughly believe that this double ministry should be combined in God's work and workers to the end of time. It should be said of every worker, as it was of Christ: "He went about doing good, and healing all manner of diseases." Those who were sent out by Christ did successful work. The record says: "There came multitudes out of the city bringing sick folk, and they were healed every one." "Because thou hast rejected knowledge I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to Me." The formal priests who should have possessed this knowledge, and should have been doing this work felt condemned, for the man who fell among thieves and was wounded received no help from the priest or the Levite; they looked on him, and "passed by on the other side." It was left for the Samaritan, who made no profession, to bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine. Christ says to all who desire to follow Him, "Go, and do thou likewise" (that is, "heal the sick"). This is the work that every priest and Levite should have been prepared to do.

When the disciples of Christ who were sent out by Him did this work, the priests were condemned, and "were filled with indignation." They were determined to put a stop to it, but were unsuccessful. Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, gave wholesome advice. He said: "And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of

men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Medical missionary work is heaven-ordained, and cannot be overthrown. Whenever gospel and health work are combined, the work will prosper, and cannot be overthrown.

Is the World Growing Old?—No. 2.

By R. Hare.

A Dangerous Resting Place.

A solemn warning was long ago given by the Lord to His people concerning the danger of attempting to make this earth their home. The earth is not a safe resting place, and for this reason the divine message is given, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted, it shall destroy you even with a sore destruction." Micah 2:10. Kindly and patiently the Lord has pointed out the dangers of living below. The Christian is a "pilgrim and a stranger," with his citizenship in heaven, and this world is not his place of rest. This is not his abiding country.

Men have determined to make it their home, and so have built to themselves palaces and mansions in which to abide, while they gather its gold dust and pearls. But their gathered treasures have not afforded immunity from its dangers. The anger of its restlessness has only increased as the ages have gone by. Tempests, storms, cyclones, and tornadoes have swept its plains, wrecked its mansions, destroyed its forests, and lashed its seas to madness and fury. And in the wild commotion millions of the human race have perished.

Plague, pestilence, and disease have spread their wings of death over crowded cities, populated towns, and smiling villages; while famine has stretched its bony hand over islands and continents, where thousands of hungry, hopeless toilers have died.

Truly there are many voices that warn of the danger hidden behind the fatal mistake of trying to make this world our home. Kindly, persistently God has whispered to man, "This is not your rest." The volcano, with its tongue of fire; the storm, with its wild echoes of pain; the earthquake, with its hidden mutterings of death; the tempest, with the roll of its thunders; and the voice of the surging waters that cannot be still, all speak to the listening ear, "This is not your rest." Added to all this there is yet coming a final destruction that will give all the earth-dwellers and the earth-bound unquestioned evidence that this world is not the dwelling place of peace.

In the beginning it was not so. Then the winds blew softly, and the tempest had not learned to destroy. Disease was comparatively unknown, and the aged fell asleep at the sunset of life, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." With the passing years evil has multiplied a hundred fold, and along the darkened pathways of sin and pain human feet, bruised and bleeding, wander blindly, seeking for rest—rest that cannot be found. But God is now calling to a better country, to a land of peace where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick."

A Trembling World.

The wreck and ruin caused by storms, cyclones, tempests, and tornadoes, comes second only to the devastation wrought by earthquakes, whose weird gambols have

long caused the heart of Nature and the hearts of men to tremble. Cities, and almost whole empires, have at times been destroyed by these mysterious visitants. Islands have been raised up from the ocean's bed, while others have been caused to disappear through the supernatural upheavings of some unknown power. True, scientific explanations concerning earthquakes have often been attempted by men, but the effort to determine the cause, or foretell the time of their approach has, for the most part, proved unsatisfactory. Well do we know that these mundane upheavals are in some way connected with the fire stored in the heart of the earth, but science has failed to fully determine the nature of the power that works with such tremendous energy in the production of such disastrous results.

The first earthquake mentioned in Bible history is that at Sinai, when the Lord proclaimed His law to humanity. Then the mountain "quaked greatly," and the heart of the people also "trembled." But in this manifestation an external power was at work, for the earth trembled at the voice of its Creator. Ex. 19:16-19.

Again, when Elijah stood by the cave and heard the "still small voice," there was an earthquake. 1 Kings 19:11, 12. There was also an earthquake in the days of Uzziah king of Judah, about 809 B.C. Zech. 14:5; Amos 1:1. This earthquake is mentioned by Josephus, who states that it divided a mountain near Jerusalem, when with "great violence one part was separated from the other." There was another earthquake at the time of the crucifixion (Matt. 27:51), another at the time of the resurrection (Matt. 28:2), and yet another when Paul and his companions were released from prison at Philippi. Acts 16:26. Christ refers to earthquakes as an evidence of the last days, and in that reference He makes use of the following emphatic language: "There will be earthquakes in various places; there will be famines. This will be the beginning of the birth-pangs." Mark 13:8. Twentieth Century New Testament.

Dying Without God.

A youth at one of the large iron works in Sheffield was some time ago accidentally thrown on to a red-hot plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow-workmen it was doubtful if he could live, as nearly all one side of him was burned to the bone. His workmates cried, "Send for the doctor," but the poor suffering youth cried, "Never mind sending for the doctor; is there any one here can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected. And I'm dying without God. Who can help me?"

Although there were three hundred men around him, there was no one who could tell him the way of salvation. After twenty minutes of untold agony, he died as he had lived. The man who saw this accident, and heard the cries of the dying youth was a wretched backslider, and when I asked him how he felt about the matter, he said:—

"I have heard the cries ever since, and wished I could have stooped down and pointed him to Jesus, but my life closed my lips."

Does your life tell sinners that you are saved, or does it close your lips when those around hear your talk and witness your actions?—Selected.



World-Wide Field

The Missionary's Call.—No. 4.

By R. W. Munson, Padang, Sumatra.

Ten years before I was permitted to set sail for the East Indies, I got my call to this field. Not long after my conversion I went away to Oberlin College, a school that was then a centre of intense missionary enthusiasm. Here I heard a missionary from the South Sea Islands tell of the conquests of the gospel over those wild savage men, and my very soul was set on fire. I did not at that stage in my experience dare to think that I could ever be a missionary to distant lands, but, oh, how I envied those who were. Not because of the pleasure of seeing the world, and I am sorry to say that is a motive that has too frequently actuated young people in deciding to offer themselves for missionary service; but because of the joy it would be to tell those poor benighted heathen the way of salvation.

I heard other missionaries who had returned to enlist recruits, or renew their strength, and the longer I listened to their stories of trial and conquest the more intense became the longing to have a share in that sublime mission of carrying a knowledge of Christ to the heathen world.

Several years had passed, and I was in the midst of my first year's ministry in my home city when there came one day the church paper, in which I found a call from Bishop Thoburn, of the Methodist Church, for two young married men to undertake a mission at Singapore. As I read on I felt a strange, deep hunger of heart that was singularly affecting. I saw that I could not meet the requirements which the bishop said were necessary, but I felt that here was an opportunity that I would give the half of my life if I might only take advantage of it. I did not at that time, 1885, comprehend the significance of these emotions that agitated my mind. But the following year I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Thoburn, or doctor he was then, at the annual conference held at Bellefontaine, Ohio, and through my presiding elder I was introduced to the old pioneer of India missions. He quickly discovered that my call was clear and unmistakable, and told me to get ready to sail for India in November. It was the happiest day of my life.

I went back to my appointment, and closed up my work, and turned my face toward my home, where I took another important step in marrying the girl, not only of my choice, but of God's choosing also. This is a subject that demands special treatment, for it is one of vital importance, and most serious in its consequences if mistakes are made. But I must not stop here to discuss it. Suffice it to say that in November of 1886, we set sail for India in company with fifteen other missionaries, every one of whom with one, or it may be two, exceptions, and one of them was an old missionary returning to the field, have either died or left the field. It was evident that some of them were not called of

God, although they had been called by some missionary committee.

There were others in that party who had not even a call from man to enter the field. These last were the first to retreat. Then came those who were called only by the committee. Those called of God have stuck at their post, and will never leave it until their work is done, or the Lord comes.

In 1896 the critical state of my wife's health made it imperative that we should return to the States. It was found desirable to extend our furlough beyond the one year usually allowed, and after finding the light on the Sabbath and the other fundamental truths of the third angel's message, we found ourselves in a condition to once more re-enter the East Indian field. But when I approached our missionary secretaries they sadly informed me that they would gladly send us out, but the treasury was empty. We were shut in by what appeared insurmountable obstacles.

On my wife's part it seemed little short of madness to take five young children out into a strange land of alien tongue where there were no schools, to say nothing of the dangers of the climate. Her heart sank, and her faith faltered, as well it might, in the face of such an undertaking.

But the old desire to preach Christ to the people of this land had revived and renewed in strength, until life seemed almost a torment to me. For I could not get a letter from friends out here, or see an illustration of tropical scenery, without being suddenly melted to tears, and feeling that old intense longing to return to the East Indies. So in the face of our perplexities on the one hand, and my wife's fears for the children on the other, we entered into a compact. I reasoned that this longing in my heart was implanted by God, and it was an implied promise that the way would be opened, and that we should be preserved in life and health if we obeyed the call. Eventualities have proved that I was correct.

We agreed that we would make this a test of the question as to whether the Lord really wanted us to return, namely, if the Lord would send the money from some unknown and unexpected source to pay our passage and support us in the field, we would accept that as final, and proceed to the East Indies again. We did not have to wait long. Within three months I was impressed that I ought to attend the Michigan State camp-meeting and conference at Ionia, although I did not know at the time that the conference was meeting on the camp ground. Here, to make a long story short, I was asked to return as the representative of that conference, and all the money needed for the passage and support for a year, was voted. I was ordained before leaving the camp ground, and the last obstacle removed from our path. I was totally unprepared for the proposition that was made to me, as I had not had the slightest hint that any such step was contemplated.

I relate this experience as it may interest some who are placed in a similar situation, and I hope it will encourage their hearts, and strengthen their faith in the faithfulness of God. The Lord is infinitely more concerned about the spread of the gospel than we can possibly be, and the consideration of that fact sweeps away a multitude of doubts and fears, and greatly simplifies the whole question of our call.

Brother, sister, are you longing to enter some part of the Lord's vineyard? Then thank Him for that de-

sire, and rejoice in the twofold assurance that if He wants you to go, and if you desire to do so, He will supply all your need, and make the way smooth and plain before you.

No earthly consideration should stand in our way when we get such a call. Parents will, it may be, seek to dissuade us by pointing out what needy fields are awaiting our hand at home. Kindred and friends will alarm us with dreadful tales of the deadly fevers and burning heat, or savage terrors of worse than savage men. If you are truly called of God, Satan will muster every influence that he can command to turn you aside from your chosen calling. Here comes the hardest trials we have to meet. The discouragements of the work are nothing to be compared to the affectionate apprehension of our dearest friends. The former requires only fortitude and faith to meet and overcome them; but these, what can enable us to turn aside these filial, fraternal, or friendly solicitations that would make us recreant to our God? None can know the distress they cause but those who have experienced them.

There was an instance of this in America, where a zealous mother, who was the district secretary of a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, who travelled far and wide, earnestly pleading the cause of the heathen, and urging other mothers' daughters to dedicate their lives to the foreign work, and when she was successful in finding a hopeful candidate, she was overjoyed, and praised God for another recruit to the ranks of the foreign staff. But it transpired that her own dear daughter, moved, it may be, by her mother's impassioned appeals, had heard the call, and decided to obey it, and offer herself for the foreign work. But now the mother, put to the test, failed to manifest the devotion she had urged as the duty of other mothers, and exerted all her influence to prevent her daughter going so far away from her side. She loved her daughter more than she did the lost widows of India, or the wronged and oppressed women of China.

Timothy's Trials and Victories.

Timothy is a young Chinese Christian who visited Amoy in order to acquire proficiency in the use of a certain dialect. The following is an interesting account of his experiences related in his own words:—

"I left Penang for Amoy, and having but little money to carry me there, naturally I was tempted to be anxious for my future, but I remembered the comforting words: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' There were two thousand passengers, and but a narrow place for each one, but God gave me an opportunity to preach His truth to the people on this crowded boat. Upon arriving at Hong-Kong I had only two dollars left. Feeling sad at this I remembered the words, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' Then I prayed, and my prayer was answered; for I found Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur, missionaries, who were so kind they made me think I was in heaven among angels. Oh, how they loved me! I thanked God He led me to meet this brother and sister in Christ. I was provided with means to go to Canton. There I met Mr. Anderson and other kind missionary friends, who did all in their power to help me, and set me forward on my journey to Amoy, where I wanted to go to learn the Amoy dialect, so as to preach the way of salvation to those who speak in that dialect.

"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the time of trouble.' 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass.' This is true of all who put their trust in Him. 'He bringeth them to their desired haven.'

Then 'if God be for us, who can be against us?' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.'

"While on the ship bound for Amoy, I asked God where I must stay in Amoy. I also asked Him to give me a clean place, and a good school where I could learn my Chinese. Arriving in Amoy, I looked up for God's guidance. Soon a man came along, and took me to a nice, clean Chinese eating-house. Here again everybody was so kind; finally they showed me the London Mission School, where I saw the Chinese master, who also was very kind, but not understanding his language I was directed to another missionary, to whom I told my circumstances. Then he bade me come on the following day to the school when he would give me a place. But after leaving him I was much troubled, for I knew that on the next day he would question me closely as to my faith, and when I would tell him that I observed the Lord's Sabbath instead of Sunday, he would turn me away again. Oh, how I trembled about this matter. When I came to my room I knelt down, and asked God to soften the missionary's heart, and God heard my prayer. Next morning I went to his house, and he asked me what church I belonged; I told him Seventh-day Adventist Church; I kept the Lord's Sabbath according to the commandment, which day was Saturday, and not Sunday. Then he said, 'Never mind about that.' He then put me in the school, and gave me the nicest and biggest room in the school, and I at once knelt down and thanked God for this victory.

"In one week God wonderfully helped me to pick up the language, so that I could preach the truth to the people who came to my room. I was asked to hold meetings in their churches, and I was so busy, for the people crowded to hear my preaching, and every night people came to see me asking questions.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Singapore, Jan. 19, 1905.

In Ceylon Brother Armstrong is just opening the work, and reports encouraging experiences; several, one a young schoolmaster, having decided to observe the Sabbath. This is a very important centre, and we need Bible workers at this very time to help in the work there. It is a source of encouragement to be able to have one minister to enter even one of these large cities, but there are many important centres that should be entered at this very time. There will never be a more favourable time to work here than now, but where are we to look for help?

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fear:
But we can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true;
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—Selected.

Grandma's Way of Keeping the Eighth Commandment.

"Mr. Burk is wasting his time making us repeat the commandments in Sabbath-school—as if any of us were tempted to kill or steal," said Stella.

"The eighth commandment is at least often strained in this family," answered grandma, quietly.

"Mother, if you have seen the children doing anything of that kind, you ought to have told me," spoke up Mr. Gordon.

"I did not say the children were the only transgressors," replied grandma, laughing.

Mr. Gordon coloured. Had grandma been down to his store, and had her puritanical ideas been shocked over the weighing of brown paper with sugar? or some other little advantage allowed to the seller?

"I am sure I do not steal," said Stella, emphatically.

"Grandma, keep a record of every time we break the eighth commandment the coming week," suggested Mrs. Gordon. "Saturday evening you shall read it, and the one who offends most must buy the kitchen clock I need."

Each one of the Gordon family was willing to buy a clock if convicted of stealing.

"If it were impatience, mother, I should expect to buy my own clock," Mrs. Gordon said, as they gathered around the glowing grate Saturday evening.

"If it were a quick temper, I would open my bank; but I am safe," said Stella.

Mr. Gordon and his son, Ben, felt too secure to even consider the matter.

"I have not been with each one of you every moment, so can give only the few things I have seen. These will no doubt remind you of other things in which you have broken the eighth commandment," said grandma, producing a large note-book, with a smile at her doubting audience.

"To begin with Stella: I noticed two old Sabbath-school books, the kind that every one wishes, in her closet, and a song-book on the piano, marked, 'for the Sabbath-school room only.'"

"I've always forgotten to return them," interrupted Stella.

"Yes, as you have the handkerchief Hattie left, which is in the wash nearly every week," continued grandma. "Then you stopped practicing Monday to talk a half-hour to Lizzie, stealing time from your music. You forgot to give your mother that important message, and took an afternoon from her when she went out to see about it, and got that headache that took another half-day, and a dollar to the doctor, besides the medicine, and you took away your mother's patience when she found that all this came from your neglect."

"O grandma!"

"The Bible does not say what we shall not steal, so the inference is that we shall not take anything that belongs to another without his consent. It certainly took money out of your father's pocket when you carelessly broke the parlour window yesterday. When you took the second dish of berries last night, you took Bettie's fruit as certainly as the boy at the corner took the oranges from the old man. Both went without fruit that they supposed was theirs. When you took your mother's new veil, and lost it——"

"And my new lead pencil," interrupted Ben, who was rather enjoying his positive little sister's discomfort.

"Thursday you broke into my room as I was falling into a sleep, and stole a much-needed rest from me," went on grandma, with a smile.

"Put down the nights her cousin stays, and they keep us all awake until midnight, talking and giggling," added Ben.

"You may take some of these samples to yourself, Ben; and, with her neglect of the eighth commandment, Stella has been often very helpful and sweet to us all, so I pass to your own private record," answered the old lady. "Besides the stolen books in your room, I saw a silk umbrella that had another name than Ben on it."

"I mean to take that back," murmured the culprit.

"I believe that excuse would not hold in court," replied grandma. "Monday evening I have recorded that my grandson boasted that the car was so crowded that the conductor had failed again to ask for his fare."

"But, grandma, he is paid for collecting fares."

"Your 'Thou shalt not steal' has nothing to do with the conductor's duty to his employer," went on grandma, in a tone very severe for her. "The next evening, when company came, the cake saved for supper was gone, and your mother thought Bettie must have eaten it, but I saw a tall young man slip away from the cake-box."

"A fellow can't starve," murmured Ben, hanging down his head.

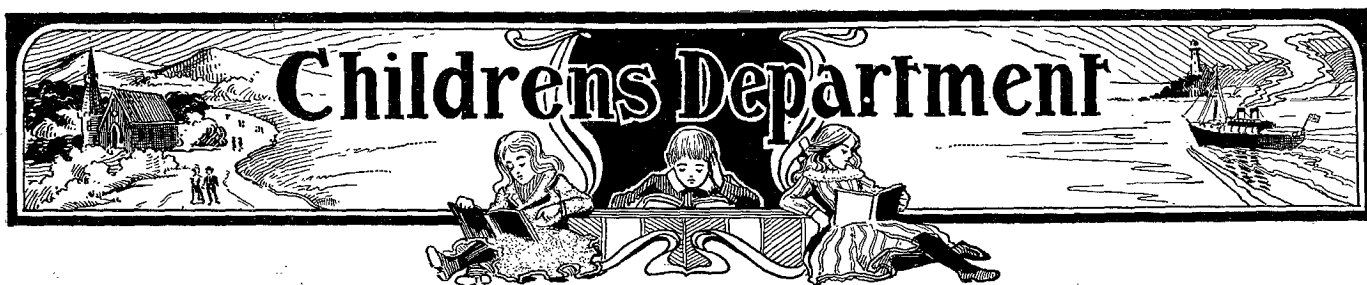
"It is only the question whether cake is made for your lunch or for the family tea which makes taking right or wrong," went on grandma. "Then, several times I have heard a young man tease his little sister until he took away her sunny temper."

"O grandma! teasing isn't stealing."

"My boy, if teasing takes away from Stella something she wishes to keep, what is it but stealing? Then, the mornings you were late to breakfast, I heard busy Bettie say that it took the best of the morning to get your breakfast, and clear up after you."

(To be concluded next issue).

A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.



It Is Time!

It is time to be brave; it is time to be true;
It is time to be finding the thing you can do;
It is time to put by the dream and the sigh,
And work for the cause that is holy and high.

It is time to be kind; it is time to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet;
It is time to be sowing; it is time to be growing;
It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.

It is time to be lowly and humble of heart;
It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;
For the heart to be white, and the steps to be right,
And the hands to be weaving a garment of light.

—Mary Wheaton Lyon.



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By the Author of "Uncle Ben's Cobblestones."

Chapter XI.



"Say the kind gentle word."

HIS kind of image writing," said Mary (continuing her story about the old Chinese and Egyptian ways of writing down what they wish to say), "was used for many thousands of years.

"Indeed, in old China, they still use their funny-looking 'heaps of sticks,' as Tom calls them.

"But after a while, in Egypt or in Assyria, I'm not sure which, the different signs came to mean *sounds* instead of *words*.

"I shouldn't wonder if this happened very easily when the sounds of their words began to change like some of ours have done.

"And, then, don't you see, Tom?" said Mary, "they began to use all kinds of signs in different parts of the world.

"And that is the way our strange-looking A.B.C. came into use, I suppose."

"Why, Mary," said Tom, "what do you mean by that? I'm *sure* there's nothing funny-looking about *our* A.B.C."

"That's because you are used to looking at it, Tom," said Mary.

"Some of the little boys and girls in Greece or India, or of the other old countries of the world, would tell you that they never saw such strange-looking things.

"Just look at that letter," they would say, pointing perhaps to our E or F, 'or see that one,' pointing to M or W. In fact, I shouldn't wonder if they should say, as you did just now, Tom, about the Chinese writing, 'that they were like a lot of little sticks laid together.'"

When you come to look at it, boys and girls, Mary was about right, although I never thought of it that way before, did you?

The day after Mary had told us her story, I saw Tom forming his A.B.C. out of a box of matches on the dining-room table.

"Why, Uncle," said he, "come and look at this. I can make nearly every letter, and figure too, by just laying a few sticks together.

"But isn't it wonderful, Uncle Ben," he continued, "how these little letters can make so many thousands of words?"

"Ah, Tom," said I, laughing, "I see you are beginning to think that our A.B.C. is not so easy to understand after all, if it is common."

And indeed that is true, my little friends. But Uncle

Ben believes that the great and good God has taught men how to write quickly and well.

Just think of it, now. However could the gospel go to all the other lands of the earth if men could not read and write?

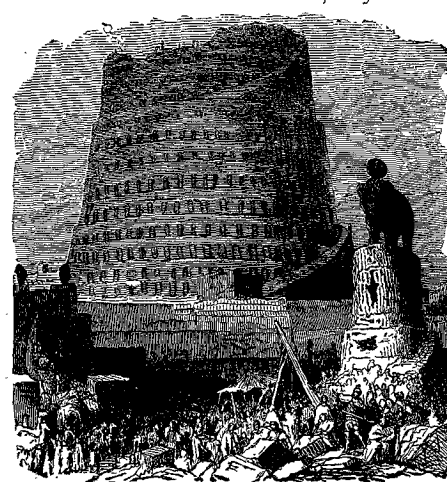
Of course preachers and missionaries could go, but what a long time

it would take to be sure, and what hard work it would be.

So our kind Father has taught every civilised nation how to read His written word, and thus learn of His love and the great gift of His Son Jesus.



"Why Uncle said he Come and look at this"



"At the Tower of Babel."

"But why don't they all write and speak the same way, uncle?"

"God meant that the whole earth *should* speak the same tongue, Tom," said I; "but that was all changed through sin."

"Tell me where the change took place, Tom; you surely remember that."

"Yes, uncle, at the Tower of Babel; but that was thousands of years ago."

"Yes, Tom, so it was. But God's plan will yet come to pass."

"Over on the beautiful new earth, when the garden of Eden and the tree of life are restored, we shall all speak the same language."



"What language will it be, Uncle Ben?" said Tom; "I hope it's English."

"What language did Jesus speak when He was on earth?" said I, smiling, "and when God Himself spoke, and said, 'This is My beloved Son,' what language did He use?"

"I never thought of *that*, Uncle Ben."

Well, boys and girls, Uncle Ben wants to tell you that we can even now speak in a way that will make all heaven glad. Will you try if I tell you how? Then always be ready to say the kind, gentle word, and always give the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Be God's little peacemakers and messengers, and before you know it you will surely be speaking in the true "language of Canaan."

"Now, Tom," said I, "if you will always make those little letters spell good, kind, loving words whenever you speak, I shouldn't wonder if you found a lot of "pure gold" in your common "A.B.C." UNCLE BEN.

"Must" and "Mustn't."

"A fellow can't have any fun," growled Tom. "It's just 'must' and 'mustn't' from morning till night. You must do this, you must learn that; or you mustn't go there; you mustn't say that; and you mustn't do the other thing. At school, you're just tied right up to rules, and at home—well, a shake of mother's head means more than a dozen 'mustn'ts.' It's a pity a boy can't have his own way half the time, and do something he likes."

"Going to the city this morning, Tom?" asked Uncle Ted from the adjoining room.

"Why, of course," answered Tom, promptly.

"Going across the Common?"

"Yes, sir; always do."

"I wish you'd notice those young trees they've been setting out the last year or so. There's something rather queer, it seems to me. Of course, the old trees will die sooner or later, and others will be needed, but—well, you just observe them rather carefully, so as to describe their appearance, etc."

"What about those trees, Tom?" asked Uncle Ted after tea, as they sat together.

"Why, they're all right; look a little cramped to be sure; snipped short off on top, and tied up to poles, snug as you please, every identical twig of them; but that's as it should be, to make them ship-shape—don't you see? They can't grow crooked if they would. They'll make as handsome trees as you ever saw one of these days. Haven't you noticed the trees in Mr. Benson's yard? tall and scraggly and crooked, just because they were left to grow as they pleased. The city fathers now don't propose to run any risk—"

"But I wonder how the trees feel about the must and mustn't," remarked Uncle Ted, dryly.

Exit Tom, wishing he had not said quite so much on the subject of trees—and boys.—"Our Boys and Girls."

"If You Please."

"If you please," makes people willing to help you and serve you.

"If you please," makes people sweeter and happier.

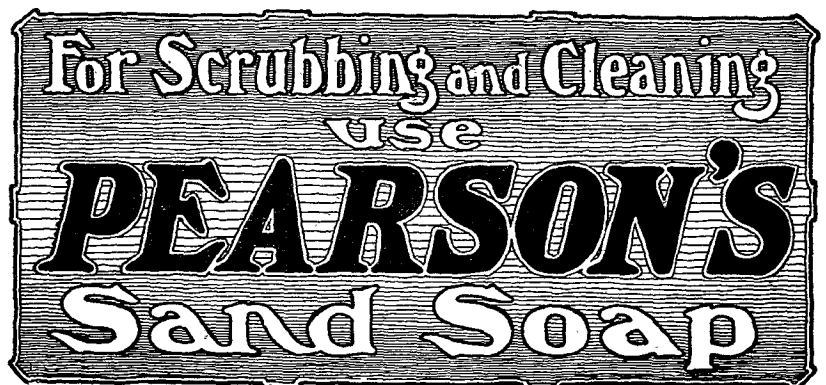
"If you please," is the key which unlocks more doors of kindness in family life than all the cross and ordering words in the whole dictionary. See if it does not.

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It is probable that Japan will soon adopt the "English" alphabet, says Prince Fushimi. A commission is already investigating the subject, and a favourable report is expected.

It is asserted that nearly £10,000,000 is expended on the game of golf, more than half of which is frittered away on balls. How much easier it is to obtain millions of money for sport or pleasure than for the work of the gospel.

Glove manufacturers say that they now make a No. 6 woman's glove larger than they did five years ago. This is because women have become more athletic, and thin hands have accordingly grown larger. But they won't acknowledge it, and still insist on wearing the same numbered glove.

Mr. W. D. Salisbury, Manager of the Echo Publishing Co., Ltd., left Melbourne by the Sydney express on March 2, for the United States, whither he is travelling to attend the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, to be held at Washington, D.C., in May. He hopes to reach Melbourne on the return journey in July next.

A Harvard sophomore in a class taught by Prof. William James, recently expressed atheistical views. "Ah," said the professor, "you are a free-thinker, I perceive. You believe nothing." "I only believe what I can understand," replied the youth. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said the author of "The Will to Believe."—"The Congregationalist."

Further disclosures of the wanton cruelties perpetrated by French officers in the Congo territory have been made in the Parisian papers. The ghastly revelations of crime now made far transcend the dynamiting of condemned negroes and the serving out to natives of cannibal soup. The worst case of all so far reported is that of an officer commanding a company of Senegalese sharpshooters, who had made amorous overtures to the wife of one of his men. The woman refused

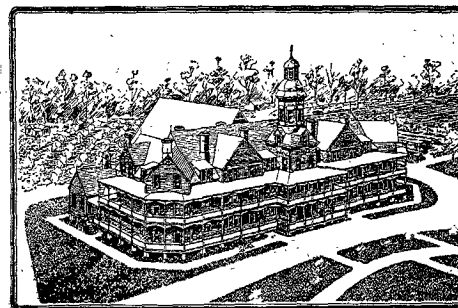
his advances, whereupon, it is alleged, he had her baked alive in a brick oven, under which a slow fire was placed.—"Press Cable."

One remark by Dr. Toyokichi Iyenaga, the lecturer on Japan before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, fixes the attention of a white man, whatever his breed. Unless equality between the yellow and the white be conceded, he says, there can be no further progress between the two races. By equality, the doctor means full political and social equality doubtless, although he would not insist probably upon any considerable mixture of the races by marriage. This is a point that is likely to command attention in the future relations between the Occident and the Orient. The Chinese and the Japanese are "coloured," in a certain lordly Anglo-Saxon sense. We know, too, that a "colour line" has already been drawn in the Far East, in India, and Australia by the Englishman and American. But the Japanese, you may be sure, will not submit to it. If there are any aristocrats among the races they believe that a people that can trace its civilised ancestors back thousands of years is quite as good as one that runs up against ancestors in bearskins, living in caves, after going back only a thousand years.—"Exchange."

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