

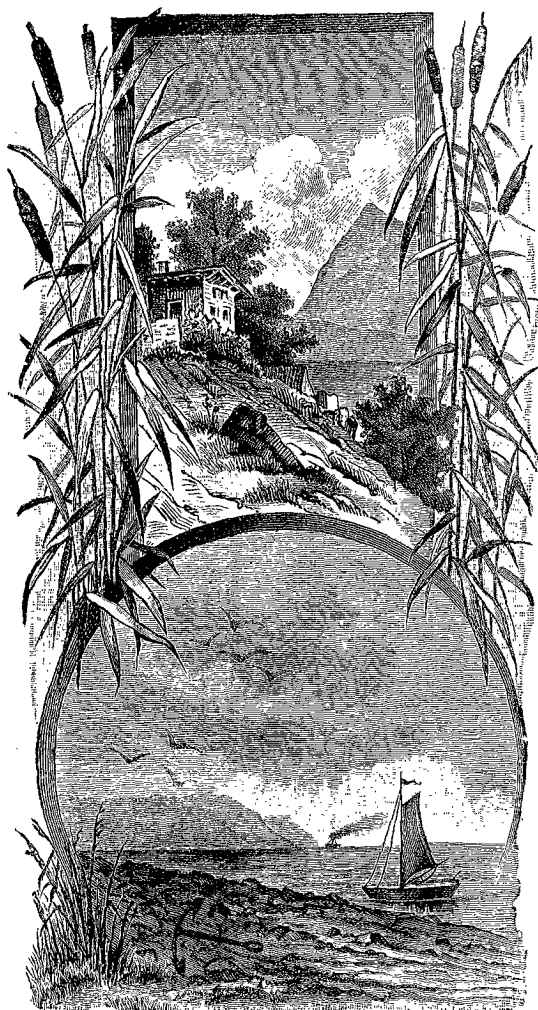
SIGNS OF THE TIMES

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Melbourne, Victoria, March 20, 1905

ONE PENNY.



Eternal Justice



THE man is thought a knave
or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his
kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil—
For him the axe be bared—
For him the gibbet shall be built,
For him the stake prepared!
Him shall the scorn and wrath of
man
Pursue with deadly aim,
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name:
But truth shall conquer at the last,
As round and round we run—
The right shall yet come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

—MACKAY.

THE OUTLOOK

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the recently assassinated Grand Duke Sergius, late Governor-General of Moscow, has generously ordered that the poor of Moscow shall be provided with free dinners at her personal expense for forty days. It is estimated that 45,000 persons will share in her beneficence.

At the opening ceremony of the great railway tunnel under the Simplon Pass, which connects Italy with Switzerland, an unfortunate mishap occurred. A train conveying a number of invited guests met with so much poisonous fumes in the tunnel that the majority of the passengers fainted. Upon reaching the open air these recovered, but two of the railway officials succumbed.

A Russian admiral who has lately been in conference with the Czar, predicts an early peace. But it seems that the peace he proposes is little more than a truce, which is to be used in preparing for a struggle even more bloody and bitter than the one now holding the attention of the world. The admiral is awake to the weakness of the Russian navy. He says: "The remnant of our fleet is hardly more than debris, and entirely unequal to Japan's naval strength." He, therefore, concludes: "I don't hesitate to say that we tend toward not far-off peace. We will leave the Japanese Port Arthur and the territory they now occupy in Manchuria. We will set ourselves resolutely at work to prepare a powerful, invincible navy, as this peace will be but temporary, and the next time we shall be amply prepared." This high official seems to overlook the fact that Japan is likely to be fully as alert as Russia in preparing for future war.—"Southern Watchman."

A writer in a European temperance journal calls attention to the value of fruit as an antidote to the craving of liquor. He says:—

"In Germany, a nation greatly in advance of other countries in matters relating to hygiene, alcoholic disease has been coped with successfully by the adoption of pure diet and natural curative agencies. The use of fresh fruit is an antidote for the drink craving. Workingmen have told me that fruit has often taken away the craving for drink. I met a clergyman recently who assured me that a diet consisting largely of fruit had taken entirely away a hereditary craving that had troubled him for years.

"The explanation is simple. Fruit may be called nature's medicine. Every apple, every orange, every plum, and grape is a bottle of medicine. An orange is three parts water,—distilled in nature's laboratory,—but this water is rich in peculiar fruit acids medically balanced, which are specially cooling to the thirst of the drunkard, and soothing to the diseased state of his stomach. An apple or an orange eaten when the desire for "a glass" arises, would generally take it away, and every victory would make less strong each recurring temptation. The function is not so much to provide solid nourishment as to supply the needful acids and salines for the purification of the blood. Once get the blood pure, and every time its pure nutrient stream bathes the tissues of the body, it will bring away some impurity, and leave behind an atom of healthy tissue, until in time the drunkard shall stand up purified, in his right mind."

A Pagan Idea.

By H. E. A. Minchin.

We do not hear so much about the terrible God-defaming belief in the eternal conscious misery for all the lost as our ancestors did. In his "History of Civilisation," Buckle says:—

"The clergy boasted that it was their special mission to thunder out the wrath and curses of the Lord. In their eyes the Deity was not a beneficent being, but a cruel and remorseless tyrant. They declared that all mankind, a very small portion only excepted, were doomed to eternal misery.

"And when they came to describe what that misery was, their dark imaginations revelled and gloated in the prospect. . . . They delighted in telling their hearers that they would be roasted in great fires, and hung up by their tongues. They were to be lashed with scorpions, and see their companions writhing and howling around them. They were to be thrown into boiling oil and scalding lead. A river of fire and brimstone, broader than the earth, was prepared for them, in that they were to be immersed; their bones, their lungs, and their liver were to boil, but never to be consumed. At the same time, worms were to prey upon them, and while these were gnawing at their bodies, they were to be surrounded by devils, mocking and making pastime of their pains.

"Such were the first stages of their suffering, and they were only the first; for the tortures, besides being unceasing, were to become gradually worse.

"So refined was their cruelty that one hell was succeeded by another; and, lest the sufferer should after a time grow callous, he was moved on that he might undergo fresh agonies in fresh places. All this was the work of the God of the Scotch clergy. It was not only His work, but His joy and pride; for, according to them, hell was created before man came into the world. The Almighty, they did not scruple to say, had spent His previous leisure in preparing and completing this place of torture, so that when the human race appeared, it might be ready for their reception. Ample, however, as the arrangements were, they were insufficient, and hell, not being big enough to contain the countless victims incessantly pouring into it, had, in these latter days, been enlarged. But in that vast expanse there was now no void, for the whole of it reverberated with the shrieks and yells of undying agony."

Can we wonder that, as the result of such awful, such horrible, ay, such blasphemous teaching, the world is full of infidels?

Does any real Christian need to be told that this is the work of the great enemy of mankind, in order to blind them to the glorious love of God?

So far from employing "His previous leisure in preparing this place of torture," the fact is that His great loving heart was throbbing with a love that was burning with the desire to express itself in such a manner as to bring a return of love from loving hands, and loving eyes, and loving voices. And the universe, in its original perfection, was but the materialisation of that divine thought of love.

Referring to the grand chorus of the universe, after the restoration of its original perfection, the Revelator says: "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Rev. 5:13.



A. W. ANDERSON, EDITOR.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, MARCH 20, 1905.

The Revelation of Jesus Christ. — No. 12.

Revelation 6 : 7, 8

The Fourth Seal.

"And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth." Rev. 6 : 7, 8.

We have already seen that a peculiar significance is attached to the colour of the symbols. As time rolled on and the purity of the apostolic church gave place to the corruptions of succeeding ages, so the colour of the symbol changed from white to red, and from red to black. Such a singular condition of affairs succeeded the darkness which settled down upon the world as a result of the pernicious alliance of church and state that the fourth symbol is represented by an unnatural colour. Instead of bearing a conquering hero, the pale horse carries Death, and is followed by Hades, the grave.

Nothing else could be expected from such an unholy combination as that into which the church had entered. Instead of appealing to the intellects of humanity by that powerful weapon, the word of God, instead of melting hard and stony hearts by preaching the infinite love of Jesus, the church sought to compel men to enter her communion by legislative enactments. What a fallacy! Such methods of coercion were adopted that could only have originated in minds under the control of Satan. So diabolical were the penalties which were provided for those guilty of advocating liberty of speech and thought that they must have been devised by the prince of evil himself. There can be no reason to doubt that this symbol has application to the fearful persecutions which were waged by the Papacy against the faithful people of God during the Middle Ages. The expression, "power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth," gives a general idea of the means which were used by this persecuting power to punish those who claimed the God-given right to think for themselves, as well as to intimidate others who may have any inclination to sympathise with an idea so foreign to papists.

In these days of freedom of speech, and in this land of liberty, we are prone to forget the great struggles which the noble martyrs waged during the Middle Ages in the interests of liberty. Our freedom was purchased with their life's blood, yet how little value is now placed upon this glorious heritage which cost centuries of consecrated and unselfish effort to win for us. As we look around us we cannot but think how little of that noble spirit of self-sacrifice and disinterested effort, which characterised so many of our ancestors, is inherited by this perverse,

ungrateful generation. So lightly esteemed by us are the exalted privileges which we enjoy to-day that it is almost impossible to arouse interest in the subject of religious liberty, which is the basis of all liberty. Glancing through the history of the past it will be seen that wherever religious liberty has been interfered with, there civil liberty also finds no place. If a man's conscience is bound by hard and fast legislative enactments, he cannot possibly experience a true sense of liberty.

Liberty is a gift of God. Adam was free to obey or to disobey. Christ came "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," "to deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." It is Satan that binds men in fetters (2 Tim. 2 : 26); it is Jesus Christ that breaks those fetters. "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Gal. 5 : 1.

With such subtlety does Satan work to entangle men in his meshes that they are ensnared before they are aware of it. At the present time there is being woven a most intricate net which will entangle many unwary feet. With sublime indifference men treat this hidden danger, because they are ignorant of the fact that an enemy is laying plans for their capture. In His word God has unfolded the future plans of the enemy of souls, indicating those paths to follow which will lead us safely through Satan's deceptions, and by giving diligent heed to God's directions we shall finally triumph and gain the overcomer's crown.

The Fifth Seal.

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held; and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." Rev. 6 : 9-11.

It should not be forgotten that in the vision of the seven seals John was given a revelation of scenes upon the earth. To what historic events can these verses be applied? We have seen in the study of the fourth seal how the people of God were slain with sword, hunger, and torture. Now we are brought down in the stream of time to a place where the blood of fifty millions of martyrs cries aloud for vengeance. It is not necessary to suppose that the departed saints *actually* cried for vengeance upon their enemies, for they were sleeping in Jesus, awaiting the call of the trump of God, and the voice of the Archangel, which will open the tombs of the saints on the resurrection morning. But just as the blood of Abel is said to have cried to God from the ground (Gen. 4 : 9, 10), so the blood of these martyrs, which had been shed upon "the altar of papal sacrifice," cried in a loud chorus for justice. In due course, when the Reformation began its work, their reproach was removed, their cause was vindicated, and instead of being regarded by the world as the offscouring of all things, "their praises were sung, their virtues admired, their fortitude applauded, their names honoured, and their memories cherished. White robes were thus given unto everyone of them." Not yet, however, were the enemies of truth content to allow men to enjoy the freedom which had been secured by the Reformation. As opportunities were presented, angry papal legates caused the blood of

Protestants to redden the soil of France and other parts of Europe, but gradually justice asserted the righteousness of its claims, and persecution for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus was restrained. The spirit of persecution, however, is not dead yet. Give it a chance to rear its dragon head once again, and freedom of conscience would be known only as a fact of history. Let us, therefore, heed the lessons of the past, for the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

There were Fools in Paul's Day.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? These are the words of Paul as he anticipated the question of many concerning the resurrection. And how often that same question has been asked all along the line from Paul's time, and thousands are asking the same question to-day. Yes, millions to-day doubt the truth of the resurrection; many limit the power of God, and look upon such a possibility as the remotest event within the limits of Divine jurisdiction; though many, we are glad to say, believe otherwise.

Paul, however, answers the unbelieving questioner this way: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." 1 Cor. 15:36. Paul in this matter is outspoken enough. He simply calls the unbeliever in this matter a fool. Then in proof of his assertion he points that man to nature, and shows him that he is surrounded on every side by evidences in the laws of nature that there will be a resurrection of those who have passed under the grip of death. Springtime everywhere is a natural sign of the feasibility, possibility, and fact that there will be a resurrection of the dead. Look around! at nature as we have it in the spring, that radiant time of the year. Harken to the words of Solomon on it: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." Song of Sol. 2:10-13.

Winter returns, that time when the trees are bare, when our oaks, elms, maples, vines, and hedges are like a forest of dead trees, and with no appearance of life, even the birds are silent, the fields bare; a time of rain, snow, sleet, and wind. All nature seems to have given up the ghost, and to all appearance she has been forever deprived of her summer's glory. What man, looking upon the bleak, bare fields and forests of winter would say that those same prospects would not undergo a change, a mighty change, and that young, lovely, joyous, fresh, and radiant spring would not put a vernal mantle upon the whole aspect of affairs; and that those same dead and dreary fields would not be again crowned with the beauties of joyous spring? Could we find such a man?—No; yet thousands, when they see a body go into the grave say, "That is all that there is to it." The man who thinks this way after the evidences of all nature everywhere to the contrary, is the man whom Paul calls a fool. Nature herself preaches the gospel of God, and two of her loudest and most eloquent sermons are preached yearly upon death and the resurrection.

Now, says Paul, speaking of the farmer, "and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be; but bare grain. It may chance of wheat or some other grain." Paul's argument is this: Wheat is cast into the field by the sower, that same wheat, after being sown, dies. That which was sown in the autumn was the bare grain. Now when the spring-time comes will the fields of that farmer be covered with the bare grains of the wheat? Will there be bushels of wheat in bare grains lying over his fields in spring?—No; certainly not; but instead, the wheat sown is dead, and a green plant covers the field in spring; an altogether different substance both in shape and form now covers the field of that farmer. And this plant, when the summer comes, bears the golden grain. But a mighty change has been in process all the time, and Paul says, referring to the waving crops standing in the fields in spring and summer: "That God has given to every seed his own body." 1 Cor. 16:38. Now the seed is not the body, for the crop is the body, and the seed that produced it is dead. Thus the fields at harvest time are a proof of the resurrection. So, also, is the resurrection of the dead. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

God has given us evidences in nature to found our faith upon, and as Paul's argument is dealing with the righteous dead, death in their case is only the forerunner of life, and as surely as the seed turns into the plant, death intervening, so surely will God's people of every age, since the days of Adam, have a resurrection, even though their bodies have long since mouldered into dust.

It is not the old body that God wants, it is the same righteous person with a new and spiritual body; for as they have borne the image of the earthly, they shall also bear the image of the heavenly. God no more requires the old terrestrial body than the farmer again requires the same wheat that he cast into the field as seed. The farmer requires a new crop; so does God, and His crop at the resurrection will be a celestial one.

Reader, a very few years from now and that great event will take place. Many are living upon the earth now who shall experience not a resurrection but a translation; and the same change will take place in them as the righteous dead will undergo (1 Thess. 4:16), and at the same precise moment. The end of all things is near, much nearer than millions imagine. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power." Rev. 20:6. All things are possible with God.—J. B.

The Sinner's Hope.

A Bible Study.

God Has Said.—"We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." "There is none righteous, no, not one." Rom. 3:23, 10.

God's Invitation to Return to Him.—Matt. 11:28, 29; Isa. 45:22; Rev. 22:17.

Man's Duty to God.—John 14:15; 1 John 5:3.

God's Promise to Man.—John 3:16; 5:24.

God's hall mark.—Eph. 1:13; 2 Cor. 1:22.

The Redemption.—Eph. 1:14; Rom. 8:23.

God's Passport to the Holy City.—Rev. 22:14.

GENERAL ARTICLES

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Chosen Few.

By T. Whittle.

From Holy Writ, where golden grains
Of wisdom broadcast lie;
Where treasures hidden from of old
Await the seeking Eye;
From that rich mine, where purest gems
Of heavenly teaching shine;
Where holy counsel guides the way,
Uttered by lips divine,
A ray of light shines brightly out,
Piercing the darkness through.
Said Christ, "Though there be many called,
The chosen are but few."

The chosen few! Ye silent years
That span the gulf of time,
Bring forth your mighty dead that we
May scan the illustrious line,—
Chiefs, warriors, statesmen, poets, all,
Who through distinction's gate
Have passed, and who have proudly worn
The insignia of the great.
Begone, ye shades, your triumph short
Was but a tinsel show;
The glory of your brightest crown
An evanescent glow.
For earthly good ye spent your years;
For earthly fame, your breath;
The taint of earth is but the seed
Of everlasting death.

And still the multitudes acclaim,
And still earth's plaudits rise,
And still the world its chosen few
Exalts above the skies.
For wealth, and fame, and place, and power,
The same all ages through,
Are what entitle men to stand
Amongst earth's chosen few.
But what is earthly greatness,
Or earth's most enduring prize?
When weighed against eternity,
It in the balance lies.
'Twill seem in that supremest hour,
When Time for aye shall ebb,
As but the sparkle of the dew
Upon the spider's web.

The time shall come when human hopes
Will, like a bubble, burst;
When human verdicts, be they great
Or small, shall be reversed;
When every vain deception
And hollow masquerade,
Revealed as such to all, will be
Aside forever laid;
When Heaven's tribunal shall declare
Its verdict, just and true,
And shall bestow a crown of life
Upon its chosen few.

The fact that Christ led no army, that He wrote no book, built no church, spent no money, but that He loved, and so conquered—this is beginning to strike men.

Is the World Growing Old?—No. 3.

By R. Hare.

Rapid Increase of Earthquakes.

During the 1,700 years preceding the time of Christ fifty-eight earthquakes are recorded. This would give an average of one in twenty-nine years. It will thus be seen that they were few and far between, and but little thought was given to them. In the 900 years following the time of Christ the number had, however, rapidly increased, and Mallett chronicles 197 for that period—an average of one to every four years. During the 600 years that followed, up to the 15th century, the number reached 532—almost one to each year. Taking the next 300 years, up to the 18th century, the number of 2,804 are found on the record, giving an average of "nine" to the year. But notice the remarkable increase when we reach the "time of the end." From 1800 to 1850 there were 3,240 earthquakes, or sixty-four to each year. During the following eighteen years, from 1850 to 1868, the almost incredible number of 5,000 earthquakes took place, giving an average of 277 to the year. The catalogue of the British Society mentions more than 600 earthquakes from 1866 to 1872. In America alone, from 1872 to 1885 there were 453 earthquakes, eighteen in the former year with a gradual increase up to fifty-one in the latter year. In 1886 the number of earthquakes recorded reached 104 for the single year. So numerous have these mysterious agitations of Nature now become that scientists suppose that some portion of the earth's surface is always in agitation.

Reader, mark well the rapid increase in these subterranean upheavals—From "one" in twenty-nine years to 277 in one year. This is surely a multiplication that must strike the thoughtful mind. But what means all this trembling of the earth? This rending asunder of the "everlasting hills"? This upbursting of mountain foundations? And these continuous convulsions of a world? Is Nature preparing for her final struggle? Does the tremblings of an irresistible age press upon her, or does the fear of coming doom cause the "perpetual hills" to bow? This is surely so, for Christ Himself referred to earthquakes as a sign of the final consummation. Matt. 24:7.

The prophet points to the time when the foundations of the earth would "wax old," and then as a vesture they should be folded up and changed. Heb. 1:10-12. The time of that changing is fast drawing near, and in the frequency of these terrestrial convulsions the Lord would have His people read the rapid approach of Nature's dissolution.

The Baptism by Fire.

It is well known that there is a relationship existing between the many earthquakes and the fiery volcanoes that to-day cast their flames heavenward. At the time of the great Lisbon earthquake in 1755, Vesuvius, though in full eruption, suddenly became quiet. It would, therefore, appear that the internal fires that cause the volcanoes also act an important part in the production of earthquakes.

From 300 to 350 volcanoes, that have been in active operation during recent years, are now known. In the East Indian Archipelago alone some 900 of the islands have at some time been the scene of volcanic eruptions, while a large number of these volcanoes are still active. Some of the world's volcanoes are located in lofty moun-

tains, as the Antisana of the Andes, which rises 19,260 feet to send its fire and smoke up through the eternal snows. Others, again, are found in lower regions, where they appear veritable seas of fire, rolling and tossing in their wild impatience for the command to burst forth in their baptism of death. Sentinel-like these witnesses stand all over the earth, and they speak with their tongues of flame. Thoughtless indeed must be the soul that will not heed their warning.

When the deluge came to destroy the earth, the waters from below met the waters from above, and in that baptism the unholy inhabitants were destroyed. The record reads, "All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the flood-gates of heaven were opened." Gen. 7:11. In the final cleansing it will be the same. The world that now is will be cleansed by fire, and in its cleansing the fire from below will meet the fire from above, and in that baptism of fire the unholy will perish. That fire is already preparing for its work, and the lower flames of the final conflagration are already kindled. Speaking of that fire Jehovah declares: "For a fire is kindled in Mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and shall set on fire the foundations of the mountains." Deut. 32:22.

Christ said: "I am come to send fire on the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled." Luke 12:49. It is already kindled, yet not for man, but for the "devil and his angels." The unholy, however, must share in its final destruction. "For the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord; it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Mal. 4:1.

What Does an Increase of Knowledge Mean?

By W. W. Fletcher.

Certain theologians who have applied the evolution theory to their religious ideas, think they can see in our time decided signs that man is gradually improving, and will, in the course of time, go on to perfection. They point us to the enlightenment of the present age as evidence in support of their theory. Undoubtedly the past century has been a period of great intellectual advancement. But can we consider an increase of knowledge sufficient in itself to prove that the world is growing better? The Scripture says that at the time of the end "knowledge shall be increased." But it states very clearly also, having reference to the last days, that "wicked men and seducers shall wax worse and worse." The fact is, that as light and knowledge increase, the responsibility of the race increases. There should be a corresponding advance morally and spiritually if the race is really making the progress claimed for it. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Thus for man to show a gain in knowledge and a loss morally and spiritually tells more against evolution than for it.

The intellectual advancement of this present age will, doubtless, be greater than that of any previous age; but we must not forget that there have been similar periods of advancement in former times. The ancient kingdoms of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt reached a high degree of civilisation. These nations failed to make good use of

the privileges they enjoyed, but rather used their increased knowledge to devise new transgressions. Each in turn became so corrupt, in spite of its enlightenment, that God had to destroy it. Now, in these last days we are experiencing another period of increased knowledge. Just so far as our light at the present day outshines the light of those ancient peoples, so will our responsibilities be great in proportion to theirs. According to the Bible this generation will use its knowledge for evil, just as did the former ones. In our days the earth will become "corrupt and filled with violence," even "as in the days of Noah."

A worse overthrow awaits the present civilisation than that which overtook those of old. Assyria, Egypt, and others were overthrown by succeeding nations, Sodom and Gomorrah by fire, and the antediluvians by water. What, then, will remove the corruption of the generation that has had greater light than all previous ones? Let the prophet Jeremiah give answer, "I beheld, and, lo, . . . all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord." Jer. 4:26.

But just as God sent messages of warning to the people of past ages before these destructions came upon them, so He sends a message to us to-day. Sweet and clear it sounds above the tumult, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." In the ears of God's children it speaks the solution of all earthly problems. But the clanging din of twentieth century "progress" prevents many from heeding this message. There are so many human plans to be put into operation to straighten out earth's knot of difficulties that men are too busy to prepare to meet the Lord. "Take heed that your heart be not overcharged with the cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares."

Reader, the call comes to you to-day, "Go ye out to meet Him." Will you go? Through the fountain that is now open for salvation, it is possible for you to be "found of Him in peace."

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World-Wide Field

The Missionary's Call.—No. 5:

By R. W. Munson, Padang, Sumatra.

How little we know our own hearts! And how dangerous it is to trust them! Two earnest Christians in Ohio, a husband and wife, heard the call of God to go to India, but when they came to weigh their duty to their young son, whom they feared to expose to the dangers of an Oriental sun and deprive of the privileges of an Occidental education, against their duty to obey God, and as is usual in such cases, self-interest prevailed, they never saw the shores of India. But what became of their son whose interests had outweighed those of the perishing millions of India? He grew up a rebellious child, and so far did he depart from the counsels of his anxious parents that he finally landed in the State's prison for the crime of murder.

Imagine, if you can, the anguish of soul which those parents suffered as they reflected how they had neglected to obey the voice of God, and how they had forgotten His word which says, "He that loveth father or mother, or husband, or wife, or son, or daughter, or houses, or lands more than Me, is not worthy of Me."

It will be instructive to remark that in our own case we realised slowly, after having arrived here in Sumatra, that the wisest course we could possibly have taken in the interests of our children, was to bring them here where they would be far removed from the dangers that beset youth in the home land. Here they were confined to their own companionship, and did not mingle with other children, and so were kept from the contaminations so prevalent among youth at home. Dangers there have been, but God has saved them from them, and the two elder ones have but recently entered Avondale School, where they are to prepare for some position in the work of the message.

It pays to obey God, and trust Him with the future of our children.

The missionary's call does not always come in the shape of a longing to enter the work, but rather in the form of an irresistible conviction that duty is calling him there.

A lone missionary has fallen at his post on an important station, and the sheep he has gathered are in danger of being scattered or devoured by the wolves, and a call comes for someone to quickly volunteer for the undertaking. Who will go and take up his work, and wear his mantle? You read the call, and, fully alive to the peril and the responsibility, still you feel that you are particularly fitted for that vacancy. You feel no longing to go, but a voice, a still small voice, whispers in your soul, "It is your duty to go."

You feel most keenly that it means separation from all you hold most dear, and that in all probability you will soon follow the man who has already fallen, yet something disturbs your sleeping and waking hours, always telling you that it is urgent, and that you ought

to offer yourself. You try to argue yourself out of that conviction, but every excuse you invent appears worse than childish, and you see very distinctly the finger of God pointing the way, and a voice behind you saying, "This, is the way, walk ye in it." When such a call comes there is only one safe course to pursue if you do not want to lose your peace of mind and imperil your eternal salvation, and that is to promptly obey it.

There are times when men are tempted to run before they are sent, as did Moses at forty, and again, to hold back when they are called, as did Moses at eighty. It is difficult to say which is the greater sin, for both are fruitful of much mischief. But it is probable that in both cases there is something wrong with the relations which such men sustain to God.

His is a spurious conversion who puts his own will or way before that of God's, and risks the interests of His kingdom in order to promote his own. That man who does not find his chief joy in promptly doing the will of God when it is made known to him is deceived if he thinks he is converted. Saul of Tarsus cried out as soon as his eyes were opened to see the fearful mistake he had been making all his life, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and it was no time-serving spirit that prompted him, for he gladly sacrificed all things that he might win Christ. So must every Christian do who would not fail of winning the crown of glory that Christ has laid up for all who are faithful. It is easy to do what we love to undertake, but to respond to the call of duty alone requires the loftiest kind of devotion.

Terrible as war with all its horrors is, there is still a valuable lesson to be learned from the conduct of the Japanese soldiers on the battlefields of Manchuria. No doubt all have read of the eagerness with which they rush on to certain death when they think there is some hope of promoting the glory or renown of their country and its arms. Such devotion as this should shame us who are the servants of the God of heaven, and have an infinitely nobler cause to fight for.

At other times, and with other men, the call to work for God is neither a longing to go nor a call of duty, but rather a feeling of pity for distress which it is in our power to alleviate. Without stopping to ask if we are called to do it we hasten to minister to the suffering, or hungry, or needy, or to comfort those that mourn, or to instruct the ignorant. Their need is our call, and we hasten with alacrity to supply it without even thinking of reward or renown.

We behold an illustration of this in the poor washer-woman in New Orleans who saw a poor, fatherless child weeping in distress on the street. The motherly compassion of the good woman was awakened at once, and approaching the child she sought first to comfort, and then to cheer the forlorn wail, and concluded by adopting it as her own, and becoming a mother to it. This was repeated as other homeless children crossed her path, until in the course of her life she had rescued and reared and started out in life no less than two hundred orphans. She had nothing but her washboard with which to support them, but her faith in God was equal to her compassion, and soon means were forthcoming in abundance to provide for these needy unfortunates.

Who would for a moment question that poor widow's call to that noble service? It was certainly from God, for Jesus said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one

of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Reader, do you see some need that should be met, or some work of mercy that is waiting for loving hands to perform? Go ahead without delay, and undertake it, with the assurance that you have had your call, and that your reward will be certain in the day of Christ's appearing.

The Power of Prayer.

The wife of Dr. Scudder, the pioneer medical missionary to India from America, once passed a night of peril in a tiger jungle that greatly strengthened her faith in God, and proved the power of divine protection.

While undertaking an important journey across India, Dr. Scudder contracted jungle fever, and became so ill that his life was despaired of. When Mrs. Scudder learned of his condition, she decided to go to him at once, notwithstanding the fact that the journey was a difficult and dangerous one. A tent having been loaned her by a friend and provisions prepared, bearers were engaged, and she started without delay, accompanied only by her little son. In her anxiety to reach her husband before death ensued, she determined to travel by night as well as by day. This greatly enhanced the danger, as much of the way led through dense jungles infested by wild beasts, which, as a rule, keep under cover during the daytime, but come out at night to seek their prey.

All went well until one night, in the worst part of the jungle, the bearers became so terrified at the roaring of tigers and other wild animals that they ran away, and left the missionary alone with her little child. With none to protect her save the God of Daniel, she spent the dark hours of that long and lonely night in prayer, pleading again and again the precious promises recorded in the Bible. Ever and anon she heard not only the tramp of elephants that could crush out her life in an instant, but also the low, menacing growls of tigers as they prowled around her tent. "All night long," says her biographer, "they seemed to be circling round that little spot, but—ah! wonderful 'but'—God held them back. There was an inner circle. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.'"

Perilous as her position was, no harm whatever came either to her or to her child. Next morning the journey was resumed, and when at length she reached her destination, it was to find the crisis passed, and Dr. Scudder out of danger.—"Missionary Review of the World."

Speaking of the success which has attended missionary efforts amongst the Filipinos, Bishop Warren, of the American Methodist Church, declares that preachers of the gospel can have all the attentive audiences they could address any day in the week. Of the ability and generosity of the converts he speaks in high terms. Of a dozen native churches which have been erected, not a single donation has been called from the home field. He says the people receive the gospel message of repentance, renunciation of sin, and faith in Christ joyfully. Surely this is another open door for Australian missionary enterprise.

The tent-meetings at Ascot Vale, Melbourne, which are being conducted by Pastor J. H. Woods and C. P. Michaels, are proving of great interest to a goodly number of the residents of that district. As the truth is being opened up many are being led to search the word to see if these things are so.

The South Australian Conference of Seventh-day Adventists held their annual camp-meeting at Gawler, March 2-12. Pastor W. A. Hennig, President of the Victorian Conference, assisted in the public meetings, and the publishing interests of the denomination were represented by Brethren Johansen and Faulkhead, of Melbourne.

After an extensive tour through Malaysia, Pastor G. A. Irwin sums up his impressions thus: "This is a great field, and its needs, and how to meet them, I am satisfied can only be fully appreciated by being on the ground."

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I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give good Treasure running o'er;
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way."

—Selected.

Grandma's Way of Keeping the Eighth Commandment.—No. 2.

"Ben has nearly bankrupted us all, if you are going to consider the times we have all waited for him," laughed the father.

"Two evenings he stole the time from his lessons to read a foolish story, and will probably steal some of the Sabbath to get those lessons. Ben took his father's good temper when he took his cuff-buttons without asking, and his mother's when he took her new magazine and lost it, and his grandmother's when he took her new church paper to wrap up a package, and thus stole part of her Sabbath reading," read grandma from her note-book.

"I'm sorry I took your paper," murmured Ben, who was really a good-hearted boy. "Anyway, you haven't anything against mamma, for she gives up to every one."

"That's her worst fault," said grandma. "She is robbing her old age by using up her nervous force, and robbing you children of independence by everlastingly waiting on you."

"Didn't you catch her getting money out of the pocket of my best trousers?" asked Mr. Gordon, smiling at his wife.

"No, indeed; she was too well brought up for that. But, besides stealing time for work that ought to be used in sleep or rest, or improving the mind, you, too, Rebecca, have broken the commandment. I have noticed that you do not hurry up supper when your sewing girl is here, so in a week you manage to get an hour or more for nothing; and Thursday you took Betty's afternoon to have her put up fruit."

"I meant to give her Friday, but company came. I see I did wrong, mother; for I do not like it if a girl takes as much as a spool of thread that does not belong to her," answered Mrs. Gordon.

"Now, Benjamin, you went to the store last Sabbath afternoon, and took some of the Lord's day for accounts."

"But the book-keeper, mother——"

"Yes, no one steals unless there is need of something, though I can hardly say that when you take Rebecca's time to pick up after you."

"What's a wife for, mother?"

"Not to pick up collars off the bureau, coats off the chairs, and handkerchiefs and old letters off the floor. For a man to take his wife's time in picking up after him, is like stealing pennies from some one who intended to spend shillings for him. You stole Thursday evening from the prayer-meeting, when you were much needed there, and then took two hours of the minister's time to talk about something; and I heard his wife say this afternoon, that he would have to sit up till midnight to finish his sermon, because he had had so many callers."

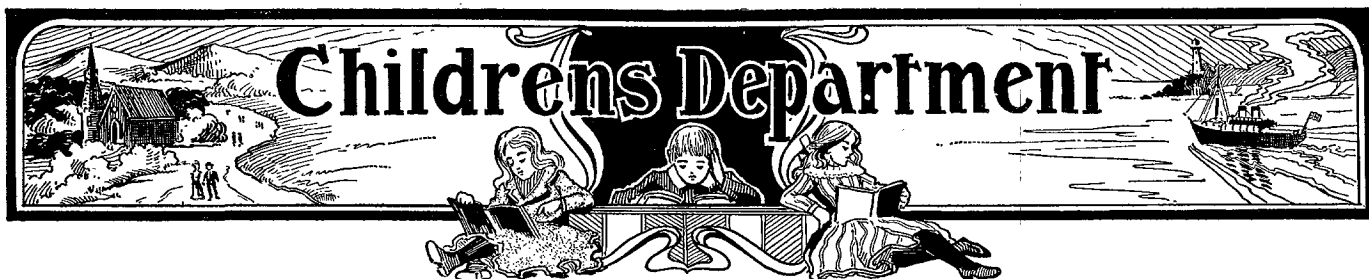
"Look here, mother, you need not read the rest of that book. I'll admit that we do not keep the commandments any too well, and I fear in business it is even worse. I hope the children will learn one lesson. It is not so bad to take things from the cupboard, or our bureau drawers, but it makes them indifferent to property rights, and might make them form a habit of taking from others, when it would be considered real theft. Anyway, mamma comes out best; so, children, we will get her that parlour clock she has been wanting, and the kitchen clock, too," said Mr. Gordon.

"You have given me a new idea, mother," said Mrs. Gordon. "We must follow the golden rule very closely, or we shall often break the eighth commandment by taking happiness, or time, or health from others, and really robbing them more than if we had taken only money or other property."—"Sunday-School Times."

How to Prepare Unfermented Grape Juice.

The United States Department of Agriculture gives the following method for putting up unfermented grape juice, a supply of which should be kept in every household:—

"Use only clean, sound, well-ripened, but not over-ripe grapes. The grapes may be crushed and pressed in a portable cider or wine mill, or by hand. These can be put in a cleanly washed cloth sack and hung up, or the sack can be twisted by hand until the juice is expressed. The juice should be gradually heated in a double boiler or a large stone jar in a pan of hot water, so that it does not come in direct contact with the fire, at a temperature of from 180 to 200 degrees. If there is no thermometer at hand, heat the juice until it steams, but do not allow it to boil. Put it into a glass or enamelled vessel to settle for twenty-four hours; carefully drain the juice from the sediment, and run it through several thicknesses of clean flannel; or a conic filter made from woollen cloth or felt may be used. This filter is fixed to a hoop which can be suspended whenever necessary. Fill into perfectly clean bottles (leaving a little space at the top for the liquid to expand when heated). Fit a thin board over the bottom of an ordinary wash boiler, set the filled bottles (ordinary fruit jars of glass are just as good) in it, fill with water around the bottles to within about an inch of the tops, and gradually heat till it is about to simmer. Then take the bottles out, and cork or seal immediately. Grape juice prepared in this way will keep perfectly fresh for an indefinite length of time, and will always be ready for immediate use."—"Australasian Good Health."



Which ?

Calls mother : "Why, it's nearly eight !
For shame ! Get up, or you'll be late."
But Johnny Sleepyhead moans, "Oh,
That clock is much too fast, I know."

And when at noon he lingers round
Until the dinner-bell shall sound,
He says : "Oh, dear, it seems to me
That clock's as slow as it can be."

But when at night some one declares,
"Come, Johnny, time to go up-stairs;
Just see ! your bedtime hour is past."
This Johnny vows : "That clock is fast !"

Now what a funny clock, indeed,
To go with such erratic speed !
Would you another clock employ ?
Or would regulate the boy ?

—St. Nicholas.



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

Chapter XII.



"URRAH ! hurrah !" shouted Tom the other day, running past my room just as I was taking my morning nap.

"Whatever can be the matter with that boy ?" I thought.

Throwing open my window I looked out to see what mischief he was after.

"Come here, Tom," I called out, "and tell me the news. It must be something wonderful I'm sure to make you carry on that way."

"Why didn't you tell me that you'd started a gold mine, Uncle Ben ? Hurrah !"

"Where did you hear that, you young rascal ?" said I.

"Why, Uncle Robert was telling Mary about it this morning, and I heard him. He said that you had been digging a hole down in the gully behind the orchard, and he felt sure you'd find some gold. Why didn't you tell me, uncle ?"

And Tom broke into a step-dance in front of my window, flinging his arms around in a most remarkable way.

"Come along quickly, Uncle Ben," said he, "I want to see where you've pegged it out."

"Why, I haven't pegged it out at all, boy," said I; "I'll be with you directly, and show you what I have done, though."

Well, boys and girls, my brother Robert talked so much to me about that old gully and the rich finds they used to make there in the early days, that I thought I might as well put in some of my spare time fossicking there.

So, as you have now heard, I dug a hole, and was just about to put up a windlass when Tom found out my secret.

I told my brother and Mary not to tell the boy at present, as I wanted to give him a surprise. But I suppose he overheard some of their conversation about my "gold mine," as he calls it.

As I told you before, Tom is a great boy after gold, but he has never taken the trouble yet to dig a hole.

He thinks he will find a big nugget on the surface one of these days.

"Ah, Tom, my boy," said I, when he told me this, "you've got some lessons to learn yet."

"It is true that some nuggets have been found without digging for them, but that is not the way to find anything worth having."

"If you want to be a scholar," said I, "you must study hard, and if you want to be a success in life you must work hard."

"My word, Uncle Ben," said Tom one day, "I do



How happy the Prodigal Son felt.



I looked out to see what mischief he was up to

wish someone would leave me a lot of money. What a good time I would have!"

"Suppose someone should give you a slice of bread when you were not hungry, Tom," said I, "would you think much of it?"

"Or suppose you were told to go and take a sleep just when you wanted to go for a run, what would you say?"

"Why, Uncle Ben," said the boy, "whatever do you mean?"

"Just this, Tom," said I. "If you want to really enjoy a slice of bread, you must be real hungry."

"And if you want to really enjoy rest, you must be tired out. So if you want to enjoy your gold, you must dig for it, and the money you *work* for is always the best."

"Then it is true, too," I continued, "that the knowledge you study for is always more valuable to you, and the *true gold* you find by seeking for it in the word or the works of God is more precious than them all."

"Yes, Uncle Ben," said Mary, hearing my last remark to Tom, "and don't you remember how happy the prodigal son felt when his father forgave him?"

"Yes, Mary," said I, "I see what you mean. He felt *hungry* for forgiveness, and God is always ready to satisfy His children when they feel that way."

And that is true, boys and girls. "They that seek Me early shall find Me," the good old book says. Is it not worth hard seeking when we know that there is such a precious jewel to be found?

"Well, where are you, Tom?" said I, as I stepped on to the porch. "Come and see what you think of my gold mine?"

UNCLE BEN.

There was somebody who said an unkind word which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was thoughtless and selfish in his manner and mode of living. Was it you?

There was somebody who harshly criticised the actions of somebody else. Was it you?—Selected.



You must labour if you want to enjoy rest

Dorothy's Story.

It was a lovely day,
And the trees looked nice and cool;
So I went out into the shade,
And thought I'd play at school.

I got Maria Ann,
(She is the cat, you know,)
And I said to her, "Maria,
You to school must go.

"I'll give you a wee slate—
But you must keep it clean—
And you shall have a pencil, too,
The sharpest ever seen."

Cats are very clean, you know,
And cute was pussy's pate,
And so she used her tongue when'er
She wished to clean her slate!

She learned her lessons off by heart,
And told me with a meow,
That "I have learned this lesson well,
And want another now."

Ah, yes! when I'm a teacher,
Which I hope to be some day,
I hope they'll act as pussy did,
And never talk nor play.

—C. E. R.

Manners for Boys.

Keep step with any you walk with.

Lift your hat in saying "Good-by," or "How do you do?"

Lift your hat when offering a seat in a car, or in acknowledging a favour.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask her whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking, or being spoken to.

In the parlour, stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Take off your hat the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.—Selected.

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An enormous slice of the cliff at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, estimated at a quarter of a million tons of chalk, has fallen into the sea, leaving a gap about 200 ft. wide.

Six large public libraries in England, now blot out betting news in the newspapers. Since the Poplar and Bermondsey (London) libraries took this course, there has been a great decrease in the number of undesirable readers.

Sir Chentung Ljang Cheng, a Chinese foreign ambassador, has, in a public lecture, made the following remarks concerning the improbability of securing universal peace:—

"As long as nations are armed to the teeth, there is always a strong temptation to test the effectiveness of the weapons they possess. As long as there is powder in the magazine there is always danger of an explosion from a flying spark. The day, however, seems to be still far distant when the nations of the earth will agree to a general disarmament. But until this consummation is reached, the peace of the world can never be absolutely secure."

"A great sensation has been caused in St. Petersburg by a report drawn up by Admiral Tchuchnin, who commands the Russian Black Sea fleet, on the subject of recent naval manoeuvres held under his supervision. Admiral Tchuchnin writes: 'I have found that the naval officers under my command are entirely without love for their profession, and without interest in their work. I have found that incompetence prevails throughout the fleet. When manoeuvring, the officers were unable to handle their ships smartly. The most appalling muddles occurred. Sometimes when the ships of the fleet were supposed to be in close formation, several would be found to be missing altogether, and cruisers had to be detached to search for them. The signals from the flagship were either misunderstood or purposely disobeyed. Many officers were totally ignorant of naval regulations.'"—
"Springfield Republican."

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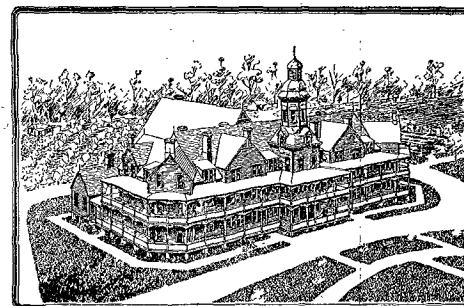
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