

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

(Registered at the G.P.O., Melbourne, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.)

VOL. 20, NO. 15.

Melbourne, Victoria, April 10, 1905

ONE PENNY.

The Love of Popularity and its Results.

Present truth, in whatever age it may have been given, has always been regarded as an unwelcome visitation. There was always something in its message which

which requires sacrifice, reform, independence of action, and a desertion of the broadway of evil for the narrow one of rectitude, loyalty to God, and adherence to the principles of truth. This has been exemplified in every age. The great majority, when a question of truth bearing upon temporal and eternal destiny had to be



Jesus Questioning the Doctors.—Luke 2:24

did not agree with the minds of the great majority to whom it was delivered. In most things the tendency of the human mind is to follow the guidance of the majority. "The popular side is our side," has been, and is still the fallacy upon which the great masses of society turn when anything of a moving nature is delivered

decided, have, with but few exceptions, thrown in their lot with the great and easy-flowing current of popular opinion; yet history, in the course of ages, has recorded many cases where God has powerfully maintained the cause of the few.

An unwelcome truth is always unpopular. It may

come warm from the throne of God; it may be attended by the most convincing proofs of its heavenly origin, still that is nothing. It is unpopular; it cuts across the path of the great majority, and if attention be paid to its stern call, it means a complete revolution in customs, and a turning away from the vanity fair of this world. Obedience to it would mean the overthrow of anticipations and worldly ambitions, and rather than forego the possibility of the materialisation of the atmospheric castles which their imaginations have pictured, a deaf ear is turned to its entreaties, and they despise its stability and scorn its worth. Those who so discard the message of truth seal their own doom. They leave the beacon lights of heaven to follow "will of whisps," which dance before them, leading them to destruction. They grasp at honour, and its bubble bursts. They seek wealth, and it flies; they covet houses and lands, and yet die poor—miserably poor, for they have lost salvation. They may be buried with the sound of trumpets, and popular opinion may laud them to the skies; their names may be on the tongues of thousands, but no angel of God stands at their graves. They may have a flattering epitaph on a tombstone, but their names are not written in the book of life.

Heaven is never gained by floating down the congenial, easy-flowing stream of popularity, and especially when that popularity is the result of silencing the voice of conscience. God will take beggars from dung-hills, and set them amongst princes. 2 Sam. 2:8. Why?—Because these poor outcasts chose truth in preference to popularity.

The influence of the gigantic magnet of popular opinion brought death to the antediluvian race. All the great philosophers of that age who looked upon Noah as a fool were swept away beneath the waters of the flood. By them Noah had been regarded as a fanatic, an alarmist, and the ship that Noah was constructing was to them a testimony of his insanity. The predicted flood, God's instrument of punishment upon a guilty world, was considered to be an outrage to reason, and a complete violation of the laws of nature. Popular opinion in the days of Noah might have been a pleasant platform upon which to stand in the sunny days of prosperity, but it proved of no avail to the antediluvians when Noah finally entered the ark, and when the animals of the forest and the birds of heaven, obedient to divine guidance and control, gathered together to the only place of refuge. Millions of the human race at that crisis had scouted the warnings of Noah; they had preferred the genial stream of popular opinion; they had given themselves up wholly to the business, the pleasures, and the vanities of life; they had spent their time laughing, singing, dancing, eating, drinking, moved to intensity by the attractions which they loved, absorbed in revelry, banqueting, and drunk with the intoxicating vices, practices, and customs of the day, until they found the door of the ark closed, and closed forever.

That race found, when too late, that their probation was over, that the flood was coming, and that the ark was closed. A cry of excruciating agony then went up to heaven, but, alas, heaven also was closed. Their prayer came too late. Who, then, was the fool in that generation? The man Noah who trusted in the word of God, or the millions who trusted in the word of public opinion? Every lover of popularity found a watery grave. The whole fabric of their philosophy failed them,

and the altars at which they worshipped were swept away. Truth alone stood.

Reader, Christ said, "As it was in the days of Noah so shall it be in the days of the Son of man." It is our duty to become more intimately acquainted with the word of God and with the signs of our times. From even a cursory examination of present-day conditions we may find more than enough to convince us that the position of this generation is a critical one, even more critical than the one of old. Customs, traditions, and error are placed to-day in opposition to truth, obedience, and loyalty to God. Pleasures, popularity, and financial gain take the places of sobriety, loyalty, and faith. Truth to-day is as unpopular as it was in the days of Noah; crime is as abundant, and men worship their banking accounts more than they do God. The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, but preference is given to Sunday, the popular favourite. A message, a warning message, laden with the breath of heaven, is now covering the earth. It is the third angel's message of Rev. 14:9-12. Have you heard it? Will you obey it? There is to-day only one way of escape, obedience to the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. Rev. 14:12. God is again standing by the few who esteem the word of God of greater moment than the favour of the world, and who resist the seductive influences which draw within its great maelstrom the living tides, who go in at the death-doors of popularity and public opinion. Let us not go with the multitude to do evil.—J. B.

The Devil's Mission of Amusement.

By H.E.A.M.

From a very powerful "Protest," by Mr. A. G. Brown, of London, the following statements have been condensed:—

"An evil is in the professed camp of the Lord, so gross, so brazen in its impudence that the most shortsighted of spiritual men can hardly fail to notice it.

"Let my readers make a tour of inspection, and study 'the announcements for the week' at the doors of the sanctuaries of their neighbourhood; or let them read the religious advertisements in the columns of their local papers, and the hideous fact will be proved up to the hilt that 'amusement' is ousting 'the preaching of the gospel,' as the great attraction.

"'Concerts,' 'Entertainments,' 'Fancy Fairs,' 'Smoking Conferences,' 'Dramatic Performances,' are the words honoured with the biggest type and most startling colours.

"From 'speaking out,' as the Puritans once did, the churches have gradually toned down their testimony; then winked at and excused the frivolities of the day. Then they tolerated them in their borders, and now they have adopted them, and provided a home for them, under the plea of 'reaching the masses, and getting the ear of the people.'

"The devil has seldom done a cleverer thing than hinting to the churches that part of their mission is to provide entertainment for the people, with a view to winning them into their ranks.

"The human nature that lies in every human heart has risen to the bait; for here is an opportunity of gratifying the flesh, and yet retaining a comfortable conscience.

"The rough old cross can be exchanged for a 'costume,' and the exchange can be made with the benevolent purpose of elevating the people.

"Not only is providing amusement for the people nowhere spoken of in Scripture as one of the functions of the church, but it is in direct antagonism to the teaching and life of Christ and all His apostles.

"The Saviour's demand for unworldliness was constant and emphatic. 'If ye were of the world, the world would

love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' John 15 : 19. Again, 'I have given them Thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they were not of the world, even as I am not of the world.' John 17 : 14.

'He was in awful earnestness, and His ministry was like Himself. Had He been less uncompromising, and introduced more of the 'bright and pleasant' element into His mission, He would have been more popular.

'The mission of amusement not only utterly fails to effect the desired end among the unsaved, but it also works havoc among the young converts.

'Show us the converts who have been first won by amusement! Let the harlots and the drunkards, to whom a dramatic entertainment has been God's first link in the chain of their conversion, stand forth! Let the careless and the scoffers who have cause to thank God that the church has relaxed her spirit of separation, and met them half-way in their worldliness, speak and testify! Let the husbands, wives, and children who rejoice in a new and holy home through 'Sunday Evening Lectures on Social Questions' tell of their joy! Let the weary, heavy-laden souls who have found peace through a concert, no longer keep silence! There is neither voice nor any to answer.

'Now let the appeal be made to those who, repudiating every other method, have staked everything on the Book and the Holy Ghost. Ten thousand times ten thousand voices are ready to declare that the plain teaching of the word was, first and last, the cause of their salvation.

'Not very long since a young man, in an agony of soul, said, 'I never thought of going to the theatre until my minister put it into my head by preaching that there was no harm in it. I went, and it has led me from bad to worse, and now I am a miserable backslider, and he is responsible for it.'

'The mission of amusement is truly the devil's half-way house to the world. This thing is working rottenness in the churches, and blasting their service for the king. In the guise of Christianity it is accomplishing the devil's own work. The churches are full of weaklings with itching ears and sensual stomachs, who measure a church by its amusement-producing capacity.

'Come out!' is the call for to-day. Cast down the world's altars, and cut down her groves. Spurn her offered assistance. Renounce the policy of the age. Trample upon Saul's armour. Grasp the book of God. Trust the Spirit who wrote its pages. Cease to amuse, and seek to arouse. Shun the clap of a delighted audience, and listen to the sobs of a convicted one."

Are matters much better in Australasia? Consider well this matter, and let your decision be such as will stand the test of the judgment.

It is said that a leading solicitor in Wales, under the influence of the revival, has sacrificed £2,000 a year by abandoning his appointment as legal adviser to the brewers.

A shocking disaster happened last week at Brockton, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Through the bursting of the boilers a shoe factory was set on fire, the flames spreading so rapidly that many of the employees could not make their escape. One hundred and forty persons perished in the flames, the bodies being so charred that they were unrecognisable.

A party of scientists left Sydney a few days ago in the steamer "Woy Woy," to make some deep-sea investigations outside Sydney Heads. When about twenty-eight miles out soundings were taken, and the depth was found to be 1,800 feet. Several buckets of material were dredged from the floor of the ocean, and some beautiful shell specimens, hitherto unknown to science, were obtained.

In one hundred and thirty Polish villages the peasants have refused to receive official proclamations printed in the Russian language. They have taken this extreme step in order to bring before the government their determination to retain their own national language.

China is said to be progressing materially at an astonishing rate. Trunk railways, thousands of miles long, are cutting China in every direction, and are connected by branch lines. The facilitation of communications vastly helps missionary work. Journeys which not long ago took three months, now occupy three weeks, and a twelve days' journey is shortened to twelve hours. Another powerful aid to progress is the new Imperial Post Office, one effect of which has been to increase the number of newspapers at some inland places from one or two to twenty or thirty.

A serious condition of affairs has faced the farmers of many localities in Europe and America, owing to the lack of rain. Districts which hitherto have been noted for their abundance of water have become denuded of vegetation. In Northern Germany so great were the losses of stock that it is calculated two or three years will elapse before these losses can be made up. In New England, U.S.A., many farmers were compelled to drive their cattle long distances to water because of the drying up of springs and wells that had never failed before. Not only in Australia are men being perplexed by the unnatural climatic conditions which prevail, but these changes which are taking place in nature are world-wide, and are sure indications of the approach of that time of trouble which the prophets predicted would just precede the end of this age. Listen to what Joel says concerning this time:—

"Alas for the day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come." "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in My holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." Joel 1 : 15 ; 2 : 1.

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pense of health

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A. W. ANDERSON, EDITOR.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, APRIL 10, 1905.

The Revelation of Jesus Christ.—No. 14.**Who are Israel.**

"And I heard the number of them which were sealed; and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel." Rev. 7 : 4.

Those who are following these consecutive studies in the book of Revelation may perchance ask, after reading the article in our last issue, How is it that the servants of God who were sealed in their foreheads were only gathered out of all the tribes of Israel? By reading verses 6 to 8 it will be seen that twelve thousand were sealed from each of the twelve tribes, making a total of one hundred and forty-four thousand. As John was writing of things yet in the future, and Jerusalem had then been destroyed about a quarter of a century, we may naturally inquire, Why should Israel figure so prominently in his prophecy?

In his delineation of the New Jerusalem—that city which patriarchs and prophets and the children of God of all ages have sung about and longed to see; that city in whose glorious light the nations of them which are saved shall walk, and into which the glory and honour of the nations shall be brought, the immortal home of all whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life (Rev. 21 : 24-27)—John testifies that the twelve gates of that city bear the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. Rev. 21 : 12. James, in his epistle, sends greeting to "the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad." James 1 : 1. It should not, therefore, be concluded that the apostle wrote his letter exclusively to the literal Hebrews, nor even to those of that nation who had embraced Christianity. A careful study of the epistle reveals the fact that the apostle was addressing the Israel of God who should be living on the earth just prior to the second coming of Christ. See Chap. 5 : 1-9. John is writing of the same people when he speaks of the gathering out of Israel the one hundred and forty-four thousand.

Paul throws considerable light on this subject in his epistles. In Rom. 2 : 28, 29, we read : "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh. But he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God."

Again in chapter 9 he writes : "For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel; neither, because they are the seed of Abraham, are they all children; but in Isaac shall thy seed be called. That is, they which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God; but the children of the promise are counted for the seed." Rom. 9 : 6-8.

Nationality counts for nothing with God, for He is no

respector of persons. The "middle wall of partition" between the Jews and Gentiles has been broken down; for Christ hath reconciled both Jews and Gentiles unto God by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby. Eph. 2 : 14-16. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus. And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Gal. 3 : 28, 29.

Evidently many of the ideas which are taught to-day concerning this matter find no support in the New Testament. There are those who will have nothing to do with anything that appears to be Jewish. The Sabbath of the Lord being regarded by them as Jewish is, together with all other features of the Jewish economy, cast into the oblivion of a by-gone age. They who do this overlook the fact that the New Testament writers speak of a true Israel, a spiritual Israel, which embraces people of all nationalities who were "in time past Gentiles in the flesh," and were "without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." Eph. 2 : 11, 12. This is one of the great mysteries of the gospel, "which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit; that the Gentiles should be fellowheirs, and of the same body, and partakers of His promise in Christ by the gospel." Eph. 3 : 5, 6.

What shall be said, then, of those religious teachers who despise everything that appears to them as Jewish? Verily, it is the most consummate folly to reject the Sabbath because it was an institution observed by the Jews. Were they to carry such a reason to its logical conclusion, these Gentile Christians would reject the Saviour Himself, because He clothed Himself in human flesh as the son of a Jewish maiden. They would, likewise, reject the Old Testament, because it was written by Jewish writers, also the New Testament, because the apostles, through whom the gospel was proclaimed to the world, were also Jews. They would spurn to enter the New Jerusalem because Jewish names are engraved upon its foundations, and the names of the twelve despised tribes upon its gates.

How little of the Spirit of Christ is exhibited by the promulgation of such unscriptural ideas. God uses a natural object to illustrate a spiritual truth. An Israelite is an overcomer, one in whom is no guile. Compare Gen. 32 : 28; John 1 : 47. All who overcome in this time of test and trial are counted as Israelites, and their names are enrolled in the books of that city which Christ has gone to prepare, and to which He will soon take His faithful children when He comes the second time.

Then will come to pass that scene which John describes in the following verses :—

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Rev. 7 : 9, 10.

Life grows rich as it ripens under God's discipline.

Men cling to life and its resources as if there were no God.

GENERAL ARTICLES

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A Reflection.

Call nothing common—
The daisies in the meadow shine,
Inspiring thoughts and hopes divine,
A gift of grace.

Call no man common—
In lowly lives Jehovah dwells,
Therefore the heart with gladness swells,
And seeks His face.

—Harriette S. Bainbridge.

The World is What we Make It.

By D. H. Kress, M.D.

"Two men looked out of their prison bars; one saw the mud, the other the stars."

Some are going through this world gathering roses and pinks and lilies. Others see nothing but thistles and thorns. Like the heath in the desert they cannot see when good cometh. There are others under similar surroundings who are like a tree planted by the waters that spreadeth forth his roots by the river, and shall not see when heat or evil cometh, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit. What causes this difference? The difficulty exists not in the surroundings, but in the heart. Peace within causes peace without. Release a bee a mile away from a garden of beautiful flowers, it will make a bee-line for that garden, to gather its sweets. Release a crow, and he would pass by half a dozen gardens, and make a straight line for a putrid carcass several miles distant. It has no eyes or relish for the good.

We are either bees in this world, seeing only, and feeding only upon the good, or we are crows, seeing and feasting upon the mistakes, the faults, the defects of others. Jacob when he fled from his brother Esau, no doubt thought Esau a terrible fellow, and blamed him for all his trouble, but when alone, lying upon his hard bed, he saw that Esau was not responsible for his hard bed, for he himself was the responsible one. Then his eyes were opened, and that disagreeable, hard place became to him the sweetest spot on earth. He saw the open heavens, and a ladder with its base resting upon the earth, the topmost round reaching to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it, and a voice came, saying, "I will be with thee, and keep thee. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Then Jacob said, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not."

Many a man who is dissatisfied and is finding fault with his surroundings, would cease to do so could his eyes be opened, could he but see that "God is in this place." God has planted His vineyard in a very fruitful hill. What is true of the vineyard is equally true of each one of the vines composing the vineyard. Each individual is planted in a very fruitful place. The surroundings for each are most favourable for growth. The

elements most needed for the development of character are to be found just where we are. To find fault with our surroundings is to find fault with God. We are not to say, "All these things are against us," but we are to recognise good in every experience of life, that "all things work together for good," if we would have it so.

When God created the plants, He placed in the earth and air the elements needed for their growth. The plants instinctively appropriate only these elements. The rootlets refuse that which is not designed for them. The roots have been known to pass long distances toward living streams in search of water, passing over and around obstacles that chanced to be in their path.

The lily, though it grows in stagnant pools filled with germs of disease and slime, only appropriates the elements it needs to make up its snow-white purity. It is not contaminated, though surrounded by filth.

What we get out of this life depends on what we are. "To the pure all things are pure." They gather only the pure, or the elements needed to build up characters of purity. They do not see the evil. "To the defiled nothing is pure," but everything is defiled. They, like the vulture, pass by the sweet and desirable, and, like the heath in the desert, they cannot see the good.

That Holy Name.

By W. R. Carswell.

The name of God is "Holy." Isa. 57 : 15. His name is expressive of His holy nature. "Holy and Reverend is His name." Ps. 111 : 9. Then certainly no poor fallible man has the right to take the divine attribute, "Reverend," and allow others to apply it to him.

When God proclaimed His name to Moses, He declared to him His character of infinite holiness. Ex. 34 : 5-7. "He is Merciful, Gracious, Longsuffering, and Forgiving," yet infinite in Justice as well. The name character is ascribed to God in the law of ten commandments, which He spoke from Mount Sinai. Ex. 20 : 5, 6. Each command reveals God's hatred of sin, and requires its opposite—holiness of character. Like God, the law is holy, and just, and good. Rom. 7 : 12. The name of God is "The Lord our Righteousness" (Jer. 23 : 6), and "all His commandments are righteousness." Ps. 119 : 172. Only those who have the law of God in the heart "know righteousness." Isa. 51 : 7. God is light, and "the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light." 1 John 1 : 5; Prov. 6 : 23.

These scriptures are sufficient to show that God's character or name is revealed in the law of ten commandments. To transgress them, therefore, is to take God's name in vain. Rom. 2 : 23, 24. Therefore, "let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." 2 Tim. 2 : 19.

In Christian baptism we are baptised "into the name" of the Lord (Matt. 28 : 19, R.V.), and those who abide in God's name, or law, are safe. Prov. 18 : 10. The change is from law-breaking to commandment-keeping, from sin to righteousness. Christ, by His representative, the Holy Spirit, comes into human hearts to write in them the divine law. "I will put My laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts" is the promise (Heb. 8 : 10), and this is fulfilled when the Holy Spirit writes God's law on the fleshy tables of the heart. 2

Cor. 3:3. Those who have the holy law in their minds have "the Father's name in their foreheads." They "keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:1, 12.

In the tabernacle, wherever God chose that it should be erected, the ark of God was placed. Within the ark was the law written on tables of stone. Thus God placed His name in the encampment of Israel. Deut. 16:6, 11. The shekinah of His presence was revealed on the mercy-seat above the divine law; and when the ark fell into the hands of the enemy the glory departed from Israel. It is even so to-day. When the law of God is in the holy place of the heart, the glory of God is revealed in a sinless life. But should the enemy be permitted to take the law away, Christ cannot be revealed. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." Ps. 119:11.

Like the attributes of God, His law is unchangeable. "I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. 3:6), and "all His commandments are sure, they stand fast forever and ever." Ps. 111:7, 8. Therefore, let all who ridicule God's holy law know that one day they will be judged by that law. Rom. 2:12. "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty." James 2:12.

Are you living in harmony with God's will as expressed in His law? Or are you transgressing any of its sacred precepts? If so, I implore you to repent, and be converted. Turn from all transgression, and let God put His name in your mind and heart. The observance of the fourth commandment is a sign to us that we know God as our Sanctifier. Eze. 20:12, 20. The Sabbath is also the great memorial of creation, and will be kept in the renewed earth. Isa. 66:22, 23. It is still "the holy of the Lord." Isa. 58:12-14. Will you receive it in your heart by faith? Remember, "Thy name, O Lord, endureth forever, and Thy memorial throughout all generations." Ps. 135:13. Then let us in love receive that name and that memorial, and we, too, shall endure eternally.

Is the World Growing Old? - No. 5.

By R. Hare.

Terrestrial Transformation.

Yes, the world is growing old. Its foundations tremble, and its storm-beaten mountains whiten with the snows of a coming winter. Already it is preparing for that change that must come when all things terrestrial shall be shaken. Then the things that "cannot be shaken" shall remain as part of God's eternal design.

Jehovah has permitted all things terrestrial to be thus shaken, so that man might be induced to look for that "city that hath foundations," that city whose builder and maker is God. The trembling of mountains, the falling of cities, the upheaval of fruitful plains, the devastation of islands, and the overthrow of palaces must certainly speak to man of Nature's day of doom.

Paul speaks of Nature's day of pain, when the groaning creation is waiting for the time of redemption that will lift it into the "liberty of the children of God." But waiting that time the world grows old. For centuries it has been the "great tomb of man," and now its vital energies weaken, while its bosom, rough-marked by earthquakes, volcanoes, and tempests, prepares for the

final struggle with mortality. Rapidly the great climax approaches, and when the thunders of the completed judgment are heard, there will also be heard the dying groans of a world.

The Voice of Warning.

Reader, have you made this earth your home? If so, remember it is growing old. The garments of its humiliation must soon be changed. Will you be ready for the transfer when Christ will remove His people from this world, in its desolation, to the "Home-land," there to learn the songs of heaven, while a torn and dismantled earth sleeps the death-sleep of a thousand years? Nothing but the chaos of utter ruin will then remain; nothing but the confusion of desolation below. With every island and mountain moved out of their places, with the unholy of all past ages still buried in its unopened sepulchres, and the dead of the last generation left unburied amid the wreck of ruined cities and empires, what will this world have for you? Would you then choose it as your portion? Would you desire to abide in that wilderness of darkness, ruin, and desolation? God whispers, "This is not your rest."

After that thousand years of death the earth will be renewed. Its energies will be restored, and the glory of its lost splendours will return. Creation will then step out into the liberty of the children of God, but will you be there to share the glory? God wants you to have a home in that kingdom that can never be shaken. He would have you choose a place in that city that "hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." You cannot afford to seek for any other home.

The psalmist writes: "Thou hast made the earth to tremble, Thou hast cloven it asunder; heal Thou its breaches; for it menaceth ruin."—Wallford's Trans., Ps. 60:2. The ruin is approaching rapidly, and the trembling earth even now warns of the coming danger. Will you heed the voice? Nature is groaning, but God speaks through that voice of pain telling you that "this is not your rest."

Christ left the promise, "I go to prepare a place for you." Well He knew that the world would grow old, that it would become more and more unfit for man's abiding place, and that it would finally destroy those who would endeavour to make it their home. But while the world is progressing toward ruin, the heavenly abiding place is being prepared for the redeemed. God invites you to prepare for that better country where the storm, the tempest, and the earthquake can never come. Linger not, for portentous signs even now proclaim that the hour of destruction is near.

I am told that engineers on the railway dislike moonlight nights, because they are all the time fighting shadows. There is a shadow across the track just ahead; it looks like a man, or a horse, or a tree, but it is not; it is only the shadow of something extending across the rails. We spend a lot of our energy—all of us do—just fighting shadows. We are all prone to mistrust God, and to see great troubles rising up before us. Time after time we have come to the place, and either like the women at Christ's tomb found the trouble removed, or have found that God has given us grace to overcome it. One trouble is scarcely passed until we are looking into the future for new ones, forgetting that we have a promise good for all the days to come: "My grace is sufficient for thee."—G. B. F. Hallock.

World-Wide Field

Far, Far Away.

Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost;
Who, who will go salvation's story telling—
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost?

"All power is given unto Me! All power is given unto Me!
Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel; and lo, I am with you alway."

See o'er the world wide open doors inviting;
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Christians, awake! your forces all uniting,
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin!

"Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling;
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His name;
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.

God speed the day, when those of every nation
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

—Selected.

The Missionary's Call.—No. 8.

By R. W. Munson, Padang, Sumatra.

After reaching Singapore in 1887, about a year after our arrival in the Orient, most of which had been spent at Rangoon, Burma, where we suffered much from fever and dysentery, I had my final conflict with the adversary over the question of my call to this field.

His first assault was in the form of a persistent suggestion that I could never learn the language. This was soon met and overcome by my seeing another missionary but a few weeks in the land successfully attacking the language and making good progress in it. Then he told me that I was not fitted for the work, and that I had, in fact, mistaken my calling, and would only make a wretched failure of it all. At this distance of time, after so many years of service, it hardly seems possible that I could have been so tempted, but at the time it was painfully real and insinuatingly plausible to my mind. I felt that I could never meet the requirements of the work, and a strong impulse to run away possessed me. I know how to sympathise with those who have been so tried.

I was in a heathen city, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of Chinamen and other Orientals, and the very atmosphere was oppressive with despair of ever being able to influence a single solitary one of them to believe in Christ. A voice that seemed to speak from within me said, "What a fool I was to come out here with the idea that I can ever persuade these dirty, vile, money-loving and money-getting Chinese to abandon their wickedness, and become humble, obedient disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ."

I thank God with all my heart that I was warned by the Holy Spirit of the source of this suggestion, and was enabled to discern the cloven hoof in it all. Still, at the time, my soul was in a tumult, my heart was not at rest, my mind was greatly troubled, and I saw that I had reached a Waterloo either for myself or the tempter.

In this state of mind, I, one day, with the bright, glad sunlight overhead, and the blue waters of the harbour glistening in the sun like a sea of emeralds, ascended the hill, at the base of which the mission-house stood, and at the summit of which was an ancient fort, and found a secluded spot beneath the shade of a friendly tree. Here I fought out the battle with the adversary. I felt as I climbed the hill that it was to be a decisive hour, and in this I was not mistaken. The very air seemed surcharged and pregnant with possibilities. I resolved that I would never descend that hill until I had either vanquished Satan, or been vanquished by him. I had a premonition that I should triumph, and that good angels were there to help me.

I went back to the time of my conversion, twelve years before, in a village in Ohio, and carefully and prayerfully traced my spiritual pathway, step by step, down to the hour I found myself on my knees beneath that friendly tree under a cloudless sky in far-off Singapore, and I found that not a link was lacking, the chain was strong and not to be broken. My faith was confirmed, and my victory over Satan complete, and the question of my life-work decided once for all. From that hour to this, and seventeen years have intervened, the devil has never once attempted to assail me on that point again.

I ascended that hillside faint-hearted and fearful, but I descended it with a heart brimming with courage and confidence. I went up with a timid and feeble faith, but came down with a strong grip on that shield which Paul says is to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. I began that day sceptical about the power of the gospel to reach and save heathen Chinamen, but I ended it with the sweet assurance that I should live to see many of them turning from the worship of their dumb idols and entering the service of the living God. In the morning I was prepared to acknowledge that those who had established the mission were fatuous to the last degree to think they would ever produce any permanent effects on the adamant wall of heathenism that stood mountain-high on every hand, but that night I had a vision of not one but many missions and conferences organised from the native converts that would yet come flocking as doves to the windows. I have lived to see a fair share of this vision realised, and I am confident that I shall yet see it all fulfilled.

Thus I received my "baptism of fire" in a twofold sense, and by the grace and mercy of God I have been able to persevere in the work I espoused so long ago, but which is not yet completed. I dare not take the slightest credit to myself, for it is all of grace. To God I give all the glory. I realise far more keenly now than I did then the truth of Christ's words, "Without Me ye can do nothing."

The missionary who is truly called of God never turns back when he has once put his hand to the plough. He may find it desirable to leave the field in order to recruit his health, as I have twice done, and may do again, or it may be some developed physical weakness may for-

bid his return to his chosen field. But barring such exceptions, nothing will ever separate him from his work or the people he has learned to love as his own life. As did Ruth with Naomi, so he says to them, "Your people shall be my people; your land shall be my land," and, I trust, "My God shall be your God."

The Religious Revival in Wales.

By M. E. Oisen, London.

It is refreshing to note the recent religious revival which began in some obscure Welsh chapels in the latter part of 1904, and has gradually covered that whole country, bidding fair to overflow into England. I have waited to see full developments before writing, thinking at first that it might pass away without accomplishing much. Modern revivals, it must be said with sorrow, are usually marked by great superficiality. Fine singing, the advent of some widely-known and much-heralded revivalist, lots of advertising, careful enumeration of conversions (which often means simply signing a card or shaking hands with the revivalist), and a call for generous donations, generally complete the business, and when it is all over with, the real situation remains worse than it was before.

This movement in Wales is of an entirely different character. First, it depends upon no man, but is the evident working of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Evan Roberts, a young student of twenty-six, who but recently worked in a calling, has been prominently connected with the work in certain places; but it has broken out simultaneously, and with equal strength in other parts where he has nothing to do with it, and is generally acknowledged to be nothing less than a "profound religious upheaval." Leading representatives of the London "press," clergymen, and others have gone to Wales to see the work going on, and one and all have come back with only good reports. Magistrates, policemen, employers of labour, and editors, unite in bearing testimony to the genuineness of the movement, and the excellent material results that follow in its wake.

Thus at the Penrhyn Quarries, in Bethesda, where, as a result of the late deplorable strike, most intense animosities existed between the men who continued on strike, and those who finally returned to work, so that even members of the same family would not speak to each other, the advent of the revival has effected a wondrous change. As a leading newspaper puts it, "the Revival has done more in a week than the most sanguine hoped could be accomplished in ten years to heal the social, the religious, and the domestic breach caused by the great strike."

The meetings are carried on by the people themselves rather than by the ministers. Once opened by the singing of a hymn, opportunity is given for prayer and testimony, and the time is well filled. Exhortations to repent are given by men and women, and heeded. Doubts and difficulties are dealt with right in the open meeting, there being no inquiry room; and, in fact, none of the ordinary paraphernalia for the conducting of a revival. Remarkable simplicity is everywhere a marked characteristic, and it is good to note the entirely unanimous verdict of those who have gone to investigate, that the movement can not be traced to any known human source.

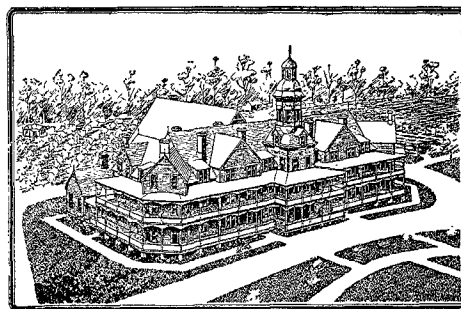
"Never was there a religious movement," writes the well-known journalist, Mr. W. T. Stead, "so little indebted to the guiding brain of its leaders. It seems to be going 'on its own.' There is no commanding human genius inspiring the advance. Ministers, each in their own churches, open the meetings. But when once they are started they 'obey the Spirit.'" Again: "The special note of the Revival is that the gospel message is being sung rather than preached. And such singing! The whole congregation sing—as if they were making melody in their hearts to the Lord. The sermon is a poor thing compared with the psalm and hymn and spiritual song. . . . Most of the hymns were the old familiar tunes of every mission service. Occasionally they sang, 'Lead Kindly Light,' but much more frequently 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'I Need Thee Every Hour,' 'Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing,' etc."

It is a pleasing subject, and one would fain dwell upon it at greater length; but this will suffice to give some idea of the movement. Let us hope and pray that it may extend into England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, furthermore, that the ultimate result may be to lead people to studying their Bibles, and fully obeying all their Lord's commands. Such seasons of refreshing show that the Spirit of God is still at work in moulding hearts, and, though apostasy be abroad in the land, we have good reason for believing that many will yet turn to the Lord with all their hearts, and receive His blessing.

"All the doors that lead inward to 'the secret place of the Most High' are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong."—George Macdonald.

"Some people can see providences in their past lives, and hope for them in their future lives, but never trust entirely in their being there in the present. Yet God is as truly working out His plans for His children in each hour to-day as at any time in their lives. Goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our lives if they follow us at all. The present trial, the present drudgery, are put there to work out good for us, and more than good—grace and glory, too."—J. R. Miller.

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HOME AND HEALTH

The Baby.

Rolling on the carpet, playing with her toes—
Snatching at the sunbeam as it comes and goes.
Witching little fingers, moving all the day,
White as water lilies, full of grace as they.
Sharing Rover's corner, tugging at his paw,
Grasping pussy's soft fur, fearless of her claw.
Eyes with beauty borrowed from the sky above,
Lips of dainty curving, like the bow of love.
Gurgles of low laughter, motions full of grace,
Dimples where the angels kissed the baby's face.
Splashes in the bath tub, the morning's merriest hour,
Happy is the household 'neath the spell of baby's power.
Life is full of duty, each must bear a part,
The baby only bringeth sunshine to the heart.

—Selected.

"That's You, Jim."

A troop of young men who had blacked their faces and hands, and dressed themselves in very strange-looking clothes, arranged themselves before a gentleman's store door, one day for a "performance." These people were "Ethiopian Serenaders." After they had sung some comic songs, one of them, a tall young man, stepped up to the door and held out his hat for a few pennies.

Mr. Carr, the owner of the store, took one of the Bibles from the case, and going to the door, he said, pleasantly, "See here, young man, I will give you a shilling and this book besides, if you will read a few verses in it to your companions."

The young man laughed. "That's getting a shilling for an easy job," he said gaily. "Now listen, boys, I'm going to give you a 'public reading.'"

Mr. Carr opened to the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, and pointing to the eleventh verse, asked him to read.

"Now, Jim, speak up!" said one of the party, "and earn your shilling like a man."

And Jim took the book and read:—

"A certain man had two sons; and the younger of

them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.'"

Something in the reader's voice seemed to keep the gay company quiet. He read on—

"And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living."

"That's you, Jim," exclaimed one of the boys, "it's just like what you told me of your father."

Jim read on—"And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want."

"Why, that's you again, Jim," the same voice said. "Go on." "And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him to the fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

"That's like us all," said the same voice again. "We're all beggars, and might be better than we are! Well go on; let's hear what came of it."

Jim went on, but his voice began to tremble—

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

At this point he broke down and could read no more. It was his own story told in the Bible; it made him think of his own home, of his father, of the love and care that had been given him when he was a little boy, and he made up his mind that he would arise and go to his father.

Will the boys and girls who read this story look for the fifteenth chapter of Luke and finish the Bible story? —Selected.

It is claimed that flannelette when washed in alum water loses its inflammable nature.

During the months of January and February last, the deaths from bubonic plague in India totalled 252,567.

An excellent remedy for ants is made by boiling well 1 oz. of balsam of Peru in a gallon of soft water, and sponging the floors with the solution while it is still hot. Two or three applications of this will quite destroy the ants infesting a pantry or store-room.

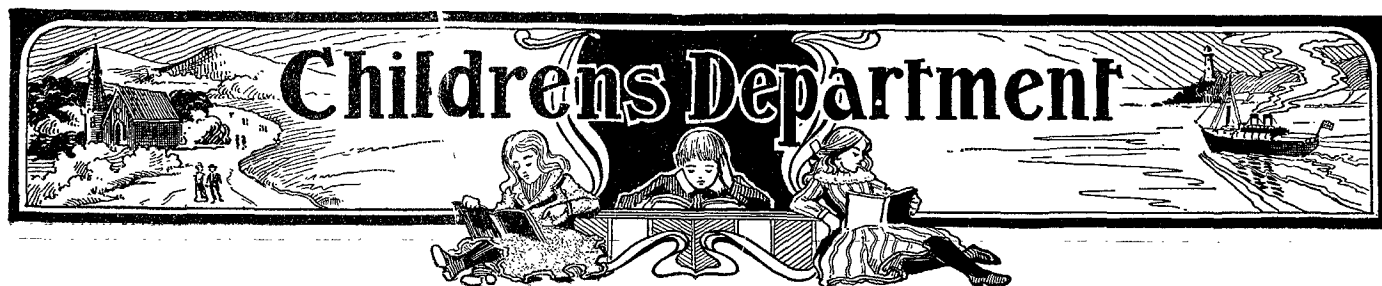
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Boys, the heart's a citadel,
Built for strength and beauty,
With a watchful sentinel
Doing ceaseless duty.
Garrison your fortress well:
Boys, the heart's a citadel.

There are enemies outside,
Enemies unnumbered,
Cunning-handed, evil-eyed,
Who have never slumbered.
Ready there, with shot and shell!
Boys, the heart's a citadel.

There are enemies within
(Have you never found them?)
Doing all they can to win
Other foes around them.
Rise, the traitors to dispel!
Boys, the heart's a citadel.

Keep the colours waving high,
Let no foe dispoil them.
Let none dare their worth decry,
No dishonour soil them.
Let the brave example tell—
Safely guard the citadel.

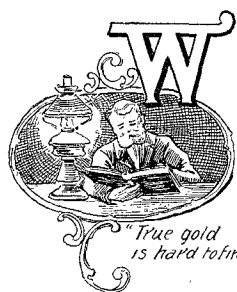
—Frank Walcott Hutt.



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

Chapter XV.



"True gold
is hard to find"

WELL, boys and girls, I told Tom and my brother Robert all about Paul's bonfire at Ephesus in the old Bible days, and I could see that Robert was very much interested indeed. He even asked me where he could find the story, as he would like to read about it.

I could see Mary's eyes glisten when he said this; for her father had not read out of God's word for many years.

"I'll tell you what, Ben," said he, "true gold is mighty hard to find on this earth."

"Yes, Robert," I answered; "you've got to look for it, and dig for it. It doesn't come to you. Tom has found that out," I continued, smiling at the boy over the table. "It's worth hunting for though, Robert, be sure of that."

"But now, Mary," said I, "let's hear some more about printing. Is there anything in the Bible about books being printed?"

"No, I don't think so, Uncle Ben," said Mary, looking up at me.

"Why, uncle, of course there isn't," said Tom. "Didn't Mary say that printing was only a few hundred years old, and the Bible is ever so much older than that. I'm sure it doesn't say anything about printing books."

"Are you quite sure, Tom?" said I. "Just get your Bible, my boy, and read Job 19:23."

Tom read: "'Oh, that my words were now written! oh, that they were printed in a book!'"

Well, little friends, Tom really didn't know what to say; even Mary said that she had never noticed that before.

"Ah, Tom," said I, smiling at him, "you are like some other little boys and girls I have seen, and men and women, too, I'm sorry to say. It never does to be too positive, and say, 'I'm sure,' unless you really are."

I wonder if some of my little readers ever answer back when papa or mamma speaks, and say, "I'm sure it is," or "I'm sure it isn't."

If they don't say so, perhaps they think the words, which is almost as bad.

Don't do it, little friends, don't do it. Remember our story about old Egypt, how they used to write "obedience" by drawing a man with his hand to his mouth. This, as Uncle Ben said, you will remember, meant silence. So when papa or mamma tells you to do something, just obey. You will find enough true gold that way to make you very happy and rich by-and-bye.

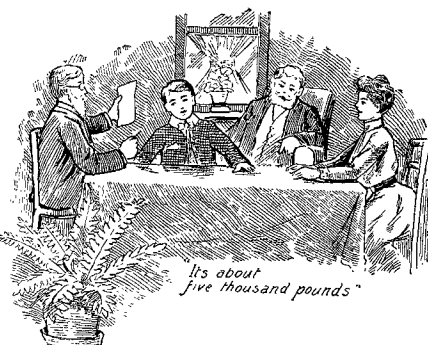
I told Tom that I supposed Job did not mean printing as we understood it now-a-days; he may even have used it as another word for "writing."

"Well, Tom," said Mary, "I didn't tell you yet how valuable those old second-hand books were that were burnt in that bonfire."

"Why, if they had been very valuable," answered Tom, "they surely wouldn't have burnt them, Mary?"

"Let's look at the verse again, and see what it says: 'And they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver.'"

"Now, Uncle Ben," continued Mary, "show Tom what a good scholar you are. How much would that be in our money?"



"It's about
five thousand pounds"

Tom thought that Mary had puzzled me that time, surely. I could tell by the mischief in his eyes.

But I happened to remember about the thirty pieces of silver that Judas received for the betrayed Saviour, and that was about three pounds ten shillings. (Just think of that, boys and girls; just what one man had to pay another if he happened to kill one of his slaves!)

So I said, "Yes, Mary, I think I can tell you if you will wait a minute till I make a few figures.

"Why, Mary," said I, really astonished at the answer to my sum; "it's about five thousand pounds!"

Tom's eyes opened wide. "Oh, Uncle Ben," he said, "I'm sure it can't be that."

But when Mary smiled at me, and my brother Robert gave one of his hearty laughs, Tom suddenly remembered what I had said about being *sure*, so he added quickly —

"At least, I don't see how it *can* be so, Uncle Ben."



The betrayed Saviour.

"It's right," said Mary, "or nearly so. And when they burnt up such valuable books as those it shows how precious the *true gold* must have seemed to them.

"But what I wanted you to see was the high value of a single book in those old days; even if it was an old second-hand one," she said, smiling at Tom.

"But, of course, these books were all written by hand, and some of the old copies that we have in our museums and collections are beautifully done indeed, with ornaments and colours that must have taken the most clever men of those days weeks and months to execute.

"And now, Tom," said Mary, "I will tell you how they first found out the way to print.

UNCLE BEN.

Uncle Ben's Letter Box.

Here is part of a very interesting little letter just received from one of our little readers. We will be pleased to hear from many others. Your letters will always be welcome, boys and girls, and we will try to find room for them in this department.

Dear Uncle Ben,—

Moyston, 27th March, 1905.

I like the "Signs" very much, and always rush for the "Children's Department," to see the pictures in "Uncle Ben's Gold Mine." I would like to tell you about our church tea meeting. The flowers were lovely, and the tables looked beautiful. After a splendid meal we went out for a run, and when we came back the seats were ready, and we all sat down and heard "Gramophone" talking and singing; it laughed, growled, hurrahed, and set everybody laughing. The songs by the choir were very nicely sung. After a very happy time, we started for home. We go to Sunday School, which is four miles distant. I enjoy answering the lessons, as it helps you to search your Bible. I got a very nice Bible from Sunday School. I have been trying to find the "true gold," and am also trying to serve our dear Master. I will now stop for the present, hoping you every success with your gold mine.

I remain,

Your constant reader,

OLIVE MILLER.

Thank you for your kind words, Olive. You must, indeed, have had a pleasant time. I am so glad you are hunting for "true gold." You will surely find it if you seek with all your heart.

The Bird's Love Note.

A young Highlander, having set a horse-hair noose in the woods, was delighted one morning to find a female song thrush entangled in it. He carried home his prize, put it into a roomy, open-braided basket, secured the lid with much string and many knots, and then hung the extemporised cage upon a nail near the open window.

In the afternoon the parish minister was called in by the boy's mother, who wished him to persuade her son to set the captive free. While the gentleman was examining the bird through the basket his attention was called to another thrush perched on a branch opposite the window.

"Yes!" exclaimed the boy, "and it followed me home all the way from the woods."

It was the captive's mate, which, having faithfully followed his partner to her prison, had perched himself where he might see her, and she hear the sad, broken notes that chirped his grief.

The minister hung the basket against the eave of the cottage, and then the two retired to watch what might happen. In a few minutes the captive whistled a chirp to her mate's complaints. His joy was unbounded. Springing to the topmost spray of the tree, he thrilled out two or three exultant notes, and then alighted on the basket lid, through the hole in which the captive had thrust her head and neck. Then followed a touching scene. The male bird, after billing and cooing with the captive, dressing her feathers and stroking her neck, all the while fluttering his wings, and crooning an undersong of encouragement, suddenly assumed another attitude. Gathering up his wings, he erected himself, and began to peck and pull away at the edges of the hole in the basket's lid. The bird's ardent affection, and his effort to release his mate, touched the minister, the mother, and even the boy.

"I'll let the bird go!" said he, in a sympathetic voice, as he saw his mother wiping her eyes with her apron.

The basket was carried to the spot where the bird had been snared. The cock thrush followed, sweeping occasionally close past the boy carrying the basket, and chirping abrupt notes, as if assuring his mate that he was still near her. On arriving at the snare the minister began untying the many intricate knots which secured the lid, while the cock bird, perched on a hazel bough not six feet away, watched, silent and motionless, the process of liberation. As soon as the basket-lid was raised the female thrush dashed out, with a scream of terror and joy, while the male followed like an arrow shot from the bow, and both disappeared behind a clump of birch trees. It was an excellent lesson for the boy, and one which he never forgot.—Selected.

Do not remember injuries. Always manifest a forbearing, forgiving spirit.

Learn to say pleasant things of others. Always look for the good in others, but never for their faults. Try to see the man or woman that God made, not the distorted one, which an unfortunate heredity and environment have made.



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Obituary.

MURFET.—Died at Little Hampton, Tasmania, Feb. 14, 1905, of heart failure, Brother Edward Murfet. He was born in Soham, Cambridge Shire, England, in the year 1830; consequently was about 75 years of age. He landed in Launceston, Tas., in company with his parents, when six years of age, and was a colonist for nearly sixty-nine years. Brother Murfet embraced the truths of the third angel's message in 1895, under the labours of W. H. L. Baker. Previous to this he was very strict in keeping Sunday. He used to say that he believed the Lord prospered him for so doing. When he embraced the Seventh-day Adventist faith, he was just as conscientious in the observance of the Sabbath as he had been in Sunday-keeping.

He loved the present truth with all his heart, and whenever visited by those of like faith he delighted in conversing upon it for hours at a time. We confidently believe he sleeps in Jesus, and that God will bring him with Him, when the voice of the Archangel calls forth the dead in Christ. He died so suddenly that there was no opportunity to secure the services of a minister of our faith, so the funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, who gave a most excellent, comforting discourse.

E. Hilliard.

The "Times" well expressed the condition of affairs in Europe the other day when it wrote, "Every man with the smallest capacity for seeing what is before him knows that we, and all Europe, are living on what may prove at any time to be the brink of a volcano." While the nations are providing against emergencies, by putting their trust in the modern equivalents of horses and chariots, they will stand best in the crisis who trust in the Lord their God. Ps. 20: 7, 8.

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