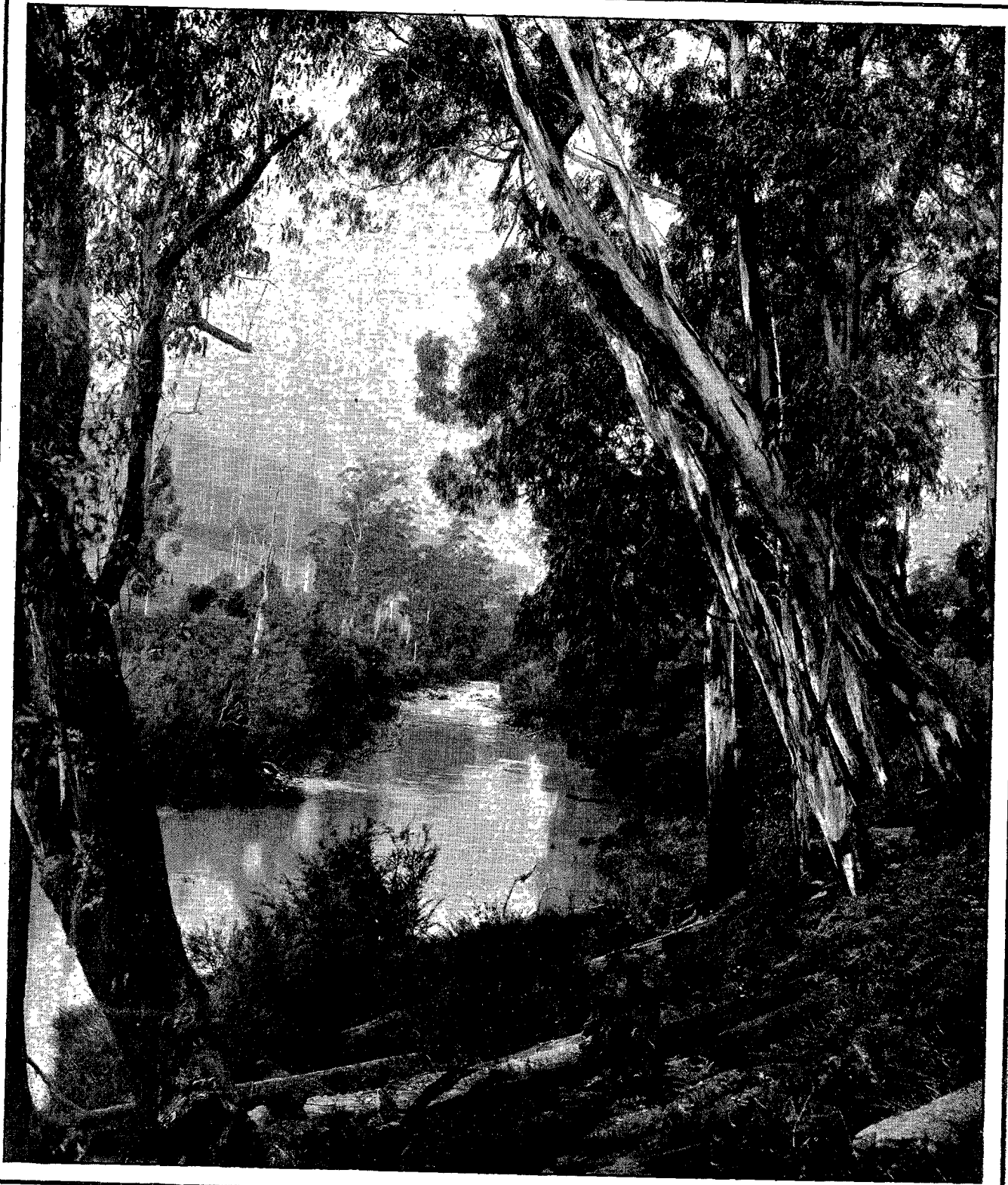


The Signs of the Times



(July 10, 1905.)

RIVER YARRA, WARBURTON

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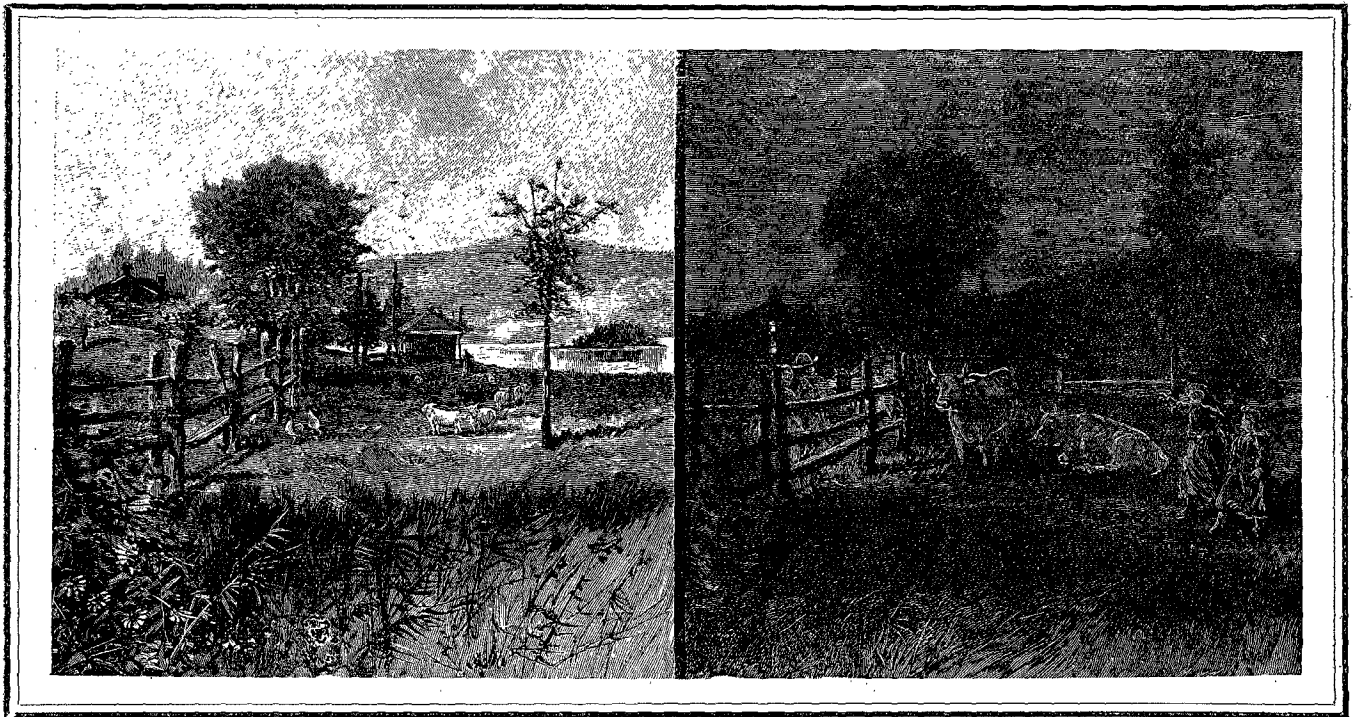
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SIGNS OF THE TIMES

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

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ONE PENNY.

Back to the Land.



ONE of the chief themes of political oratory at the present time, not only in Australia but in Great Britain and many other countries, is the problem of how to stem the steady flow of population from the country to the cities, and replace the people on the soil. The present generation has seen the development of cities upon a scale hitherto undreamt of, but these huge cities have not attained their present immense proportions by the natural increase of their own population, but by a constant flow of immigration from the country which set in at the commencement of the "factory era."

Attracted to the cities by the possibility of securing regular employment and higher wages, untold numbers of country youths and maidens left their quiet villages for the bustle and smoke of the city. At first the evil results of this immigration to the cities was scarcely noticeable. The attractions of a city life, its excitement and pleasures, its opportunities for increasing one's social circle, the conveniences incidental to a city life, the shorter hours of labour, and the possibilities of acquiring a fortune, all combined to hide from view the darker side of the picture.

However, there is now no denying the fact that the world is reaping a sorry harvest for its departure from first principles. We have sown to the wind, and we are now reaping the whirlwind. "It was not God's purpose that His people should be crowded into cities, huddled together in terraces and tenements. In the beginning He placed our first parents in a garden, amidst the beautiful sights and attractive sounds of nature, and these sights and sounds He desires men to rejoice in to-day."

That a decided change for the worse has come over the world during the last few years must be very evident to any careful observer. Certainly the whole of

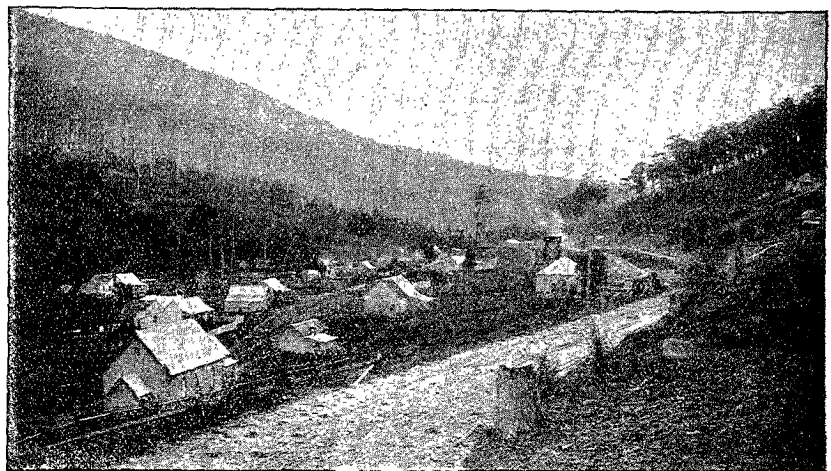
present-day evils cannot be attributed to the abnormal increase of the city populations, and the consequent depopulation of the rural districts, but it has been asserted by many notable authorities that this fact has been a large contributing cause of the decadence of the race and the increase of crime. The Hon. R. Russell, in a recent book entitled "First Conditions of Human Prosperity," says:—

"It has been a subject of wonder for some years past that there are so few great men in these days in Europe, compared with the many of the first three-quarters of last century. I have been much struck with this sudden deficiency, and, till recently, saw no explanation."

After stating various reasons which suggested themselves to him as causes which have conduced to the decadence of the race, the author continues:—

"There is the increase of the big towns, in which greatness declines and cannot arise. . . . The big towns extinguish genius and greatness in several ways; by withdrawing the finer intellects from the quiet country to the noise and distraction of the crowd, where the majority of them are drowned in prevailing vanities; their extinction of the most able families which have immigrated; and by their degrading influence on the tone of the provinces.

"It is well known that the best men and women for public and private service, including the police, and most candidates for positions of trust, are drawn from the



Warburton.

country. . . . The quality and quantity of the supply must diminish with the decrease of the peasantry. The strong population diminishes, the immigrants to the

towns die out or decline. If any symptom of national peril demands a remedy, none is more urgent than this."

After giving this matter earnest study, and after much patient research, the Hon. R. Russell considers there are no symptoms of national peril more urgent than this one. So great have the evils of city life become that some writers positively assert that if it were not for the constant stream of immigration to the cities, the city population would become extinct; for it has been estimated that on the average a family confined to a life in the city will die out after three generations. If this be a correct computation, and as far as we know it has not been challenged, then such an astounding statement should lead us to reflect upon the danger of continuing to live amid the hidden perils of densely populated cities.

Percy White, the editor of "Public Opinion," London, in an article published in "Land, Its Attractions and Riches," a compilation of articles by fifty-seven authors, says:—

"Children that grow up in towns, and are accustomed to see more hansom cabs pass than swallows on the wing, miss an influence of unknown moulding force to the character. To test its power we need only turn to our literature. Shakespeare would not have written 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' with all the riot of fairies, flowers, and rural imaginings, unless his youthful fancy had been fed on the familiar and lovely scenes surrounding every farmstead and lowly cottage near Stratford-on-Avon. Milton's familiarity with English country life saturates his poems. Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso Comus; reflect the stored up rural sights, sounds and odours accumulated in his meditative walks about his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire."

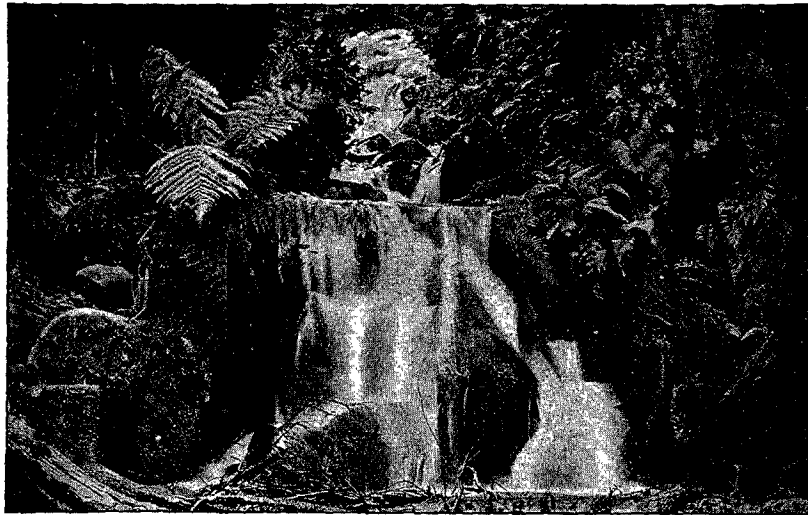
Much more could be said on this subject, and the evidence of many other authors could also be quoted, but what we have here written will, perhaps, be sufficient for the present to call the reader's attention to what may be truly regarded as a national peril.

Recognising the advantages of a life amid rural scenery where mountain and river, waterfall and brook, trees and shrubs, grass and ferns, all speak to man of the power and wisdom of God, the publishers of the "Signs of the Times" have decided to erect a factory in a location where their employees may enjoy to the fullest extent such surroundings. Much is involved in a move of this character, and divine wisdom has been sought, and the utmost care has been taken by the Board of Directors in planning for the ultimate success of this movement.

Before choosing a site for our future operations, it

was decided to give the preference to one which offered the natural advantage of water power and proximity to a railway station. After scouring many districts in the hope of discovering such a place, the directors finally decided to purchase a site at Warburton, a beautiful mountain resort on the Upper Yarra, about forty eight miles from Melbourne. The half-tone engraving on the first page of this issue, and the smaller cuts which

are distributed through this article, will convey some idea of the scenery at Warburton, but the natural advantages of our future location are by no means confined to scenic effects, or its supply of water. The soil is of such excellent quality that our employees are quite satisfied they will be able to put to a profitable use any leisure hours in its cultivation. Droughts are unknown, the hills being clothed in a perennial green, as



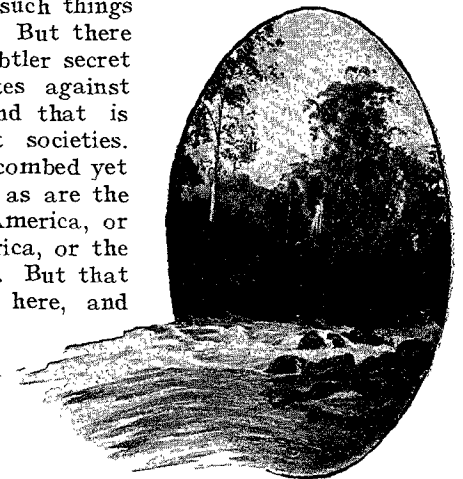
Rocky Falls, Warburton.

there is an average rainfall of sixty inches.

As we do not expect to commence the erection of our new factory until the spring, it will be several months before our readers will receive the "Signs of the Times" from its new home.

Secret Societies.

The Butter Commission has presented its report, and, most of all, it condemns those secret tips which have destroyed all fair business. Partly by legislation, partly by management, partly by a code of honour growing up among men, such things may be done away. But there is another and a subtler secret "pull" which militates against all true business, and that is the "pull" of secret societies. We are not so honeycombed yet with secret societies as are the United States of America, or the black men of Africa, or the yellow men of China. But that they are growing here, and that their influence is becoming more and more dangerous, no one can deny who knows the undercurrents of life. Most of these societies set out as their aims the pursuit of charity and truth. But what they call charity becomes too often a conspiracy against business; and what they call truth becomes a conspiracy



against revealed religion. Men rely on the "pull" of their societies to procure for them situations to which they are not entitled; and too often they succeed. And so men of business who wish to observe the laws of business are beginning to find out what the churches also are finding out—viz., that the secret society "pull" has to be reckoned with in all appointments. This kind of thing cannot, like a butter tip, be reached by legislation or any code of honour. But it can be stopped by a rebellion against it. And the day may not be far distant when State and Church and every corporation and every large business shall refuse to allow any of their employees to be members of any secret society. The "pull," they would say, is too dangerous. It is a menace both to upright politics and to upright business, even to upright Christianity or upright citizenship.—"Southern Cross."

"Take These Things Hence."

The Defence Department has recently equipped some of the Boys' Brigades, which have been organised as a feature of church work in Victoria, with carbines. Surely there is enough jingoism in Australian youth without the churches adding their influence and assistance to the military preparations which are so prominent a feature of the present day. How abominable in the sight of God must be an array of slaughter weapons which are being brought into buildings consecrated to His worship, as a part of the education and training of the children of Christian parents. Were the Saviour to visit these temples as He did Herod's temple in Jerusalem, would He not say, "Take these things hence"? John 2 : 16.

Fifty persons are reported to have been buried by a landslide at Bander Abbas, Persia, as a result of an earthquake shock which split off the side of a mountain.

At the conclusion of a police court sitting in a suburb of Melbourne, the presiding magistrate, who was evidently impressed with the long list of cases of family desertion, deeds of violence, and larceny which the court had been obliged to wade through, remarked, "That the much vaunted White Australia was not apparently such a morally elevated place after all."

To a Parisian press representative who had the privilege of an interview with the Queen of England during her visit to Marseilles, Her Majesty said: "In the troublous times in which we are living it is impossible not to be affected by the dissatisfaction of the masses, which is in many ways natural enough. Believe me, if the social problem ever can be solved, it will be by reason of the goodness of women, by mutual love and a common reverence for the rights of justice and charity. Your talk as men is of war, but we women speak always of peace—peace in every nation, peace between all nations. I was educated in the school of a king who was before all things just, and I have tried, like him, always to preach love and charity. I have always mistrusted warlike preparations, of which nations seem never to tire. Some day this accumulated material of soldiers and guns will burst into flames in a frightful war that will throw humanity into mourning on earth and grieve our universal Father in heaven."

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

"Amidst rural objects nature presents the finest field for description; and nothing appears to flow more of its own accord into poetical numbers than rivers and mountains, meadows and hills, flocks and trees, and shepherds void of care."—Dr. Blair.

"If you have an idea of living for the life that is in you, the life of colour and sound, of fancy and sympathy, then the solitudes . . . will afford, not indeed a paradise, but an endless variety of object lessons."—Compton Reade.

"The most exquisite delights of sense are pursued in the contrivance and plantation of gardens, which, with the fruits, flowers, shades and fountains, and music of birds which frequent such happy places, seem to furnish all the pleasures of the several senses, and with the greatest, or at least the most natural, perfection."—Sir William Temple.

"I have so long enjoyed the wonders of nature; never I can honestly say alone, because when man was not with me I had companions in every bee and flower and pebble; and never idle, because I could not pass a swamp or a tuft of heather without finding in it a fairy tale of which I could but decipher here and there a line or two, and yet found them more interesting than all the books, save one, which were ever written upon earth."—Rev. Chas. Kingsley.

Under God's sun and stars and sky, undimmed by city murk and smoke, breathing God's unpoisoned air; walking the great magnet of God's earth; listening to song of bird and hum of bee, unmarred by discord of the city's din; coming into closer touch with more distant neighbours; finding more time to cultivate the soil, and thus learn more of life's primitive, essential lessons, the country offers advantages and opportunities—albeit, not so much surface "culture"—that the city never knew. And then in the growth and beauty of springtime life and the fulness of the strength of summer,—

"Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town."

—M. C. Wilcox.

"We shall get to be a very one-sided people if altogether we lose touch with nature; for by one of those paradoxes which meet us at every turn, the ideal is evolved less from the quick intelligence of the city than from the supreme silence of the country. . . . Kensington Gardens and the Bois de Boulogne stand in the same relation to nature that a Japanese tea-tray does to art. Depend upon it, the eye needs the education of association as truly as the ear, and if eye and ear be indeed the avenues of the soul, upon their culture must largely depend the texture of man's higher self. . . . No one in his senses desires to foster a morbid æstheticism, the cant of art, or, rather, the art of cant; but to be in tune with such environment as this planet affords cannot be otherwise than healthy, and the sepulture of existence within the narrow area of the very largest and most overgrown of cities amounts to a heresy against human liberty."—Compton Reade.



A. W. ANDERSON, EDITOR

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, JULY 10, 1905.

The Revelation of Jesus Christ. — No. 26.**The Sanctuary Services.**

In all the ordinances of the sanctuary the holiness of the place was a special feature, even the clothing of the priests being designed by Jehovah for the purpose of impressing the worshippers with a sense of "the holiness of God, the sacredness of His worship, and the purity required of those who came into His presence." It should be remembered that the whole of the services of the sanctuary were typical of Christ's atoning work, that the blood of animals was but a type of the blood of the Saviour, for "it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." Heb. 10 : 4.

"The highest type of sacrifices available under that dispensation, were not sufficient to meet the case. The life of an animal was not equal to the life of a man. By no possibility could it atone for his sins, without degrading man, or degrading the character of God's government. Not a sin, therefore, was really taken away by all that service. Why, then, was it maintained at the cost of so much blood and labour for the long period of fifteen hundred years? Answer: As a channel through which to manifest faith. That blood could not take away sin; but it could, appropriately to all parties, represent the fact that a better sacrifice had been provided, and was in due time to be revealed to the world; and by using, in the way prescribed, this representative blood, this figure, this type, the sinner could show that he believed in this coming Saviour, and that he laid hold upon His merits by faith as his only hope of salvation from sin. Here was all the merit of the sacrificial system. Without this faith on the part of him who brought his offering, all his efforts were a vain and useless ceremony."—"Looking unto Jesus."

The ministration of the sanctuary may be divided into two parts, a daily and a yearly service, the former being performed at the altar of burnt offering in the court of the tabernacle, and in the first apartment of the sanctuary; while the latter, which took place annually on the tenth day of the seventh month, extended to the most holy place. Day by day those who were convicted of sin, and who desired forgiveness, came to the door of the tabernacle, bringing their offering with them. Laying his hand upon the head of the offering the sinner confessed his sin, which was, by this act, in figure transferred to the victim. Then with his own hand he took the life of the animal, and the blood was carried by the priest into the sanctuary, and sprinkled before the vail. By such ceremonies the sins of Israel were transferred to the sanctuary, and once a year, on the great day of atonement, by another solemn ceremony, the tabernacle was cleansed and hallowed from the uncleanness of the children of Israel. Lev. 16 : 19. This holy ordinance, which was called the cleansing of the sanctuary, completed the yearly round of ministration.

As we learned last week, the sanctuary and its services were but "a shadow of heavenly things," and were designed as object lessons to teach man the plan of salvation. The tabernacle in the wilderness being "a figure of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man," we may learn from it something of the ministration of our great High Priest, who is now appearing in the presence of God for us. Heb. 9 : 24.

That old sanctuary service has passed away. The type has given place to that which was typified. There is this difference, however, between the old and new dispensation. In the old dispensation sin was transferred through the medium of an animal's blood to the earthly sanctuary, but in the new dispensation sin is transferred to the heavenly sanctuary through the blood of Christ. Again: once every year the most holy place containing the ark of the testimony was entered by the high priest, and the earthly sanctuary was cleansed of the sins which had been confessed by God's people, but it is not necessary for our High Priest to continually repeat His act of sacrifice, for "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." Heb. 9 : 28. "We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." Heb. 9 : 10.

Now, as the cleansing of the earthly sanctuary typified some part of the work of our High Priest, we may, therefore, conclude that the counterpart of that solemn ceremony, the cleansing of the sanctuary, will also find a place in the ministration of our High Priest in the heavenly sanctuary. But, it may be urged, surely there is nothing in heaven which needs cleansing, for no defilement can enter there. Look at the type once again. When the sinner confessed his sin over the head of the offering, and the blood was carried by the priest into the sanctuary, the sin was transferred to the sanctuary. Then, at the close of the yearly round of ceremonies the tabernacle was cleansed of the uncleanness of the children of Israel by a specially solemn ceremony. Now notice how the apostle connects this act of cleansing the tabernacle with heavenly ordinances. "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens [the earthly sanctuary] should be purified with these [the blood of animals]; but the HEAVENLY THINGS themselves with better sacrifices than these. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us; nor yet that He should offer Himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; for then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Heb. 9 : 22-26.

From this scripture it can be readily seen how closely the services of the earthly and heavenly sanctuaries are associated. As the confession of sin in the old dispensation transferred the sin to the earthly sanctuary, even so does the confession of sin in the new dispensation transfer the sin to the heavenly sanctuary. As the earthly tabernacle was cleansed of those sins by a special ceremony at the close of their annual round of ministrations, so the heavenly tabernacle will likewise be cleansed at the close of this dispensation, but of this we shall have more to say next week.

GENERAL ARTICLES

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Town and Country Life.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue—gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all—should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes,
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve,
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish;
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes; the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made—what enemies could ne'er have done—
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

—William Cowper.

The Book of Nature.

By Mrs. E. G. White.

When the Lord was training Israel to be the special representatives of Himself, He gave them homes among the hills and valleys. In their home life and their religious service they were brought in constant contact with nature and with the word of God. So Christ taught His disciples by the lake, on the mountain-side, in the fields and groves, where they could look upon the things of nature by which He illustrated His teachings. And as they learned of Christ, they put their knowledge to use by co-operating with Him in His work.

So through the creation we are to become acquainted with the Creator. The book of nature is a great lesson-book, which in connection with the Scriptures we are to use in teaching others of His character, and guiding lost sheep back to the fold of God. As the works of God are studied, the Holy Spirit flashes conviction into the mind. It is not the conviction that logical reasoning produces; but unless the mind has become too dark to know God, the eye too dim to see Him, the ear too dull to hear His voice, a deeper meaning is grasped, and the sublime, spiritual truths of the written word are impressed on the heart.

In these lessons direct from nature, there is a simplicity and purity that makes them of the highest value. All need the teaching to be derived from this source. In itself the beauty of nature leads the soul away from sin and worldly attractions, and toward purity, peace, and God. Too often the minds of students are occupied with

men's theories and speculations, falsely called science and philosophy. They need to be brought into close contact with nature. Let them learn that creation and Christianity have one God. Let them be taught to see the harmony of the natural with the spiritual. Let everything which their eyes see or their hands handle be made a lesson in character-building. Thus the mental powers will be strengthened, the character developed, the whole life ennobled.

Christ's purpose in parable-teaching was in direct line with the purpose of the Sabbath. God gave to men the memorial of His creative power, that they might discern Him in the works of His hand. The Sabbath bids us behold in His created works the glory of the Creator. And it was because He desired us to do this that Jesus bound up His precious lessons with the beauty of natural things. On the holy rest-day, above all other days, we should study the messages that God has written for us in nature. We should study the Saviour's parables where He spoke them, in the fields and groves, under the open sky, among the grass and flowers. As we come close to the heart of nature, Christ makes His presence real to us, and speaks to our hearts of His peace and love.

And Christ has linked His teaching, not only with the day of rest, but with the week of toil. He has wisdom for him who drives the plough and sows the seed. In the ploughing and sowing, the tilling and reaping, He teaches us to see an illustration of His work of grace in the heart. So in every line of useful labour and every association of life, He desires us to find a lesson of divine truth. Then our daily toil will no longer absorb our attention and lead us to forget God; it will continually remind us of our Creator and Redeemer. The thought of God will run like a thread of gold through all our homely cares and occupations. For us the glory of His face will again rest upon the face of nature. We shall ever be learning new lessons of heavenly truth, and growing into the image of His purity. Thus shall we "be taught of the Lord;" and in the lot wherein we are called, we shall "abide with God."

City v. Country.

By S. N. Haskell.

The lessons of the past are in favour of country life. The first city of which the Bible gives any record was built by a man forsaken of God. The first murderer upon whom God had placed a mark of disapproval was the man who built the first city: "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. . . . And he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch." Gen. 4:16, 17. The building of cities on earth did not originate with a man of very good reputation.

The second city of which the Bible speaks was built some two thousand years later by a man who bore no better reputation than Cain. God had told Noah to "be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." Gen. 9:1. "The whole earth was of one language and of one speech." Nimrod "began to be a mighty one in the earth. . . . And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel." The history of its foundation is thus recorded: "And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. . . . And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said;

Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." The object of building this city is plainly stated, (1) "Let us make us a name;" (2) "lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

This city was built in open defiance of God's instruction to Noah to people the whole earth. It was built to make a great name. "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel [Babylon]; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." Gen. 11:1-9.

It is worthy of note, that the man who completed and perfected the city of Babylon spoke as follows: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty? While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken: The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will." Dan. 4:30-32.

This city is typical of the great Babylon of the professed people of God, from which, in the last days, the people of God are called. Rev. 18:1-5.

The above is a sad commentary on cities and city life. From the beginning God has called His people to the country, where in the quiet of nature they can listen to His voice talking to the soul.

Abraham, the father of the faithful, was called to the country, while Lot departed from him, and chose city life, to the ruin, financial and moral, of his family. His only surviving descendants became an object-lesson of the grossest immorality, and enemies to both God and man. Jacob tried a city life for a short time, but it resulted in the ruin of his only daughter, Dinah, and became an occasion for the sins of his sons, which caused their Egyptian bondage. The associations of city life are not good for the soul. The habits of city life do not give a divine mould. This truth is learned by many, when it has become too late to save themselves from the ruin that has come upon them.

Forty years of country life fitted Moses for his great work. Daniel, who had his vision in Shushan, the palace, was taken to the country to behold one of the most wonderful visions on record. Dan. 8:1-3. On another occasion he quietly retired to the great river Hiddekel to be alone with a few friends and with his God. Daniel 10. When God gave the wonderful prophecy of Revelation, He placed His prophet on a lonely isle away from even his friends. While it is true that the Lord goes with His messengers to the cities, the home in the country is the place to educate the children and commune with God.

Land; Its Attractions and Riches.

By Rev. J. W. Lake, L.S.A.

It was well said by Charles Kingsley, speaking of those who had been successful in their business pursuits, "that whatever wealth they drew from the city, they took care not to live in it. As soon as a man gets wealthy now-a-days, his first act is to take to himself a villa in the country. Do I blame him?—Certainly not! His is an act of common sense.—He finds that the harder he works the more he needs of fresh air, free country life, outside recreation; and he takes it, and does his city business all the better for it, lives all the longer for it, and is the cheerfuller, more genial man for it."

But what of the necessitous poor—of the thousands who vainly beg for leave to toil? or those hundreds of thousands whose weary tasks and scanty wages bind them in iron chains to the workshop and the slum? Well, the large and philanthropic heart of Kingsley had a thought for these. He tells us that when he sees employers enjoying these advantages, leaving the crowded city for the quietude and enjoyment of rural scenes, the feeling arises within him, "Oh! that the good man could have taken his workmen with him." "Taken his workmen with him?" I assure you that after years of thought I see no other remedy for the worst evils of city life. "If," says the old proverb, "the mountain will not come to Mahomed, then Mahomed must go to the mountain;" and if you cannot bring the country into the city, the city must go into the country.

The rural labourers who migrated from our villages did so attracted by the higher wages and the exciting pleasures to be obtained in towns. They found, however, an overstocked labour market, and employment consequently scarce. And then commenced the difficulties and miseries of town life. The narrow and dingy courts leading out of some equally wretched street in the slum quarter, where the heavens are shut out from sight, and where the bright sunshine seldom penetrates; the single room whose rent more than doubles the rent of a country cottage; the coarse and brutal language, and the sickening sights and sounds of intemperance, immorality, and crime, from which it is scarcely possible to escape, constitute surroundings amid which it is almost an hopeless task to preserve honesty of life, nobility of character, or the charm of domestic purity and joy.

In these large towns we have plain and palpable evidence of a huge surplus population for whom no seat is found, not merely at nature's feast, but even at nature's simplest repast, who are destitute alike of food or home, because no employment is to be found whereby a living could be earned.

The first and natural provision which Providence has made for those whose lot is to live by labour is the tillage of the soil, causing the earth to give its increase, and to enrich the world by giving forth its abundant fruits. As it is, however, in rural districts the eye wanders over a vast expanse of country, where often scarce a human being can be seen, and, save here and there a village home, no sign of human habitation can be found. Here the thought at once strikes us of the full meaning of those words, "The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Where, then, lies the remedy that will effectually relieve the congested condition of our overcrowded and pauper-laden cities?

Sir J. Gorst, M.P., addressing a political meeting at Manchester on this subject, observed that people who once went from the country to large towns seldom returned again; and he asked, "Could not the obstacles to that re-migration be removed? Why could not certain inducements be held out to a man to return to the place of his birth, such as the acquisition of a piece of land if he wished to acquire it? What was now wanted was the development of the Allotments Acts, and that class of recent legislation, so that those who wanted to put their labour into the land should have land into which to put it."

Public opinion at the present time is running very strongly in this direction, and there is every reason to believe that the life of the rural labourer will soon be brightened by the realisation of his dearest wish, viz., the possession of a piece of land which is virtually his own to till, the tenancy of which is legally secured to his possession so long as he fulfils the conditions.

And here the labourers will be enabled by their industry and thrift to win for themselves, not riches, perhaps, but the modest competence that will not only supply the bare necessities of existence, but that will gladden their lives, and brighten their homes with not a few of the comforts and luxuries that our modern civilisation so richly supplies.

Nature and Human Nature.

By G. C. Tenney.

There is a very wide distinction to be observed between nature in its original forms and moods, and nature as perverted by transgression. The former was the subject of God's unqualified approval: "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

That was nature uncorrupted and unmarred. Man himself was included in that eulogy. He at that time was a natural man. He was upright; he had no inclinations to evil. He was innocent, pure, unaware of wrong-doing, and incapable of it as long as he remained as God made him. Everything around our first parents was conducive to happiness. Every condition was adjusted to the wants of a race endowed with Godlike qualities and capabilities.

There were opportunities for employment without weariness; for investigation and study without perplexity and uncertainty; for development without danger of deformity; for hope without disappointments. The reward of every effort was fresh joy. The path before mankind began in the happy regions of childlike innocence and trust, and led upward forever to the realms of bliss, to higher and yet higher attainments in those divine sciences that comprise the infinite fields in which the thoughts of God love to dwell.

In those days nature was God's creation, His building and arrangement. Contemplating this great fabric, the psalmist exclaims: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all." The inspired apostle, obtaining a glimpse of God's wonderful works, exclaimed: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

The same inspiration seizes the mind of the student who seeks by telescope or microscope to trace the work

of God in the upper or nether worlds. His mind is continually thrilled with new views of the unspeakable wisdom, knowledge, and goodness displayed in the creation and adaptation of the minutest details of nature. Every living creature is surrounded with conditions favourable to his happiness, and conducive to long life. Indeed, the life, liberty, and happiness of every creature are secured to him uninterruptedly except for the intrusion of some foreign agent or influence.

Man an Outdoor Animal.

By J. H. Kellogg, M.D.

In olden times there were Greeks, Romans, and people of other civilised nations who believed in the so-called Golden Age—a time far back in the history of the race when men were wiser, better, and simpler in their habits of life. To-day there are some who believe that man was once a sort of ape, and lived in the tree-tops; that the wise man of to-day has gradually worked himself up from a low level to a higher one; in fact, that men are simply extra-smart monkeys. There are others who believe that the first man was the finest specimen of manhood that has ever been seen on earth, and that the father of the race had in him all that has since been manifested in the human family.

Without discussing which one of these theories of the early days of the race is the true one, it is interesting to note that they all agree on one point; namely, that man in his earliest history was simple and natural in his ways; that his habits and his habitat were very different from what they are at the present time. All agree that man in the beginning was an outdoor animal; that house-building is rather a modern art, and that primitive humanity lived in the sunshine and fresh air.

It is a natural instinct with boys to want to live out of doors. The instinct that leads a boy to wish to get out of doors is of the same sort as that which makes an animal anxious to escape from a cage. Give a boy a chance and he would not stay indoors at all, unless compelled by the cold weather.

Living out of doors unquestionably has enormous advantages. Those who have camped out for any length of time have noticed that during their out-of-door experience, while living in tents, they had a good appetite for plain, simple food, and their sleep was sound and sweet. With the earth for a bed they could lie down, without a pillow, content and satisfied, and sleep soundly, awaking in the morning refreshed and invigorated. On returning to their homes they could not sleep, and tossed about and dreamed of the fields, and the blue, starry skies overhead, wishing themselves back in the tents again.

This is a common experience, and there are good reasons for it. Indoor air lacks the freshness and invigoration of the air out of doors. Subtle influences that we do not fully understand are coming to us continually from the sky, the sunlight, the starlight and the moonlight. The rays from distant suns have a great and good influence upon us.

The newly discovered metal, radium, may be seen to throw off rays. A small piece of it held over the skin for a short time will redden it. When applied to cancer, it causes it to disappear. The most deadly germs are quickly destroyed under the influence of a little piece

of radium. From half an hour to an hour of exposure will kill mice and other small animals. The rays thrown off from radium are capable of producing light. If any object is placed over a sensitive plate and the radium is held up for a very short time, a photograph will be produced like that produced by the X-rays. It has been proved that these remarkably powerful rays are contained in the sunlight, starlight, and moonlight. So there are influences out of doors that we do not have indoors, where we are shut away from these cosmic forces, these potent rays that come to us from the planets and suns.

These rays that travel through space have energy to go on indefinitely unless intercepted by something. The rate of speed at which they travel is known to be at least as rapid as that of light,—180,000 miles in a second,—which would take them seven times around the world in a second of time. Rays are coming to us in all directions from the celestial bodies that surround the earth on all sides, and they unquestionably have an influence upon us. When we live indoors we shut ourselves away from these life-giving forces.

We might compare the body to a system of water wheels or windmills, for it is played upon and operated by the forces of nature. Light, actinic rays, rays of radium, electrical forces,—all these forces about us in the world of nature are operating upon us constantly. When one lives out of doors he is exposed to those natural agencies which are essential for the maintenance of life. The whole body is under the play of impressions upon the skin, which are transmitted to the nerve centres, and telegraphed to the stomach, liver, brain, muscles, etc. Out of doors we are exposed to these powerful forces, which tone up our bodies and keep us "in tune with the Infinite." These are the natural stimuli by means of which the wheels of health are kept running. When they are shut away, we begin to suffer.

We are just as much outdoor animals as the horse or the cow; but we shut ourselves up in dust-filled, unventilated rooms from which all these cosmic forces are excluded. We confine ourselves in places that would kill a South American monkey or a North American Indian in six months, and then we wonder why we cough, have indigestion, and rheumatism. The wonder is that we live at all. If it were not that man is the hardest and most enduring of animals, the most perfect physical organism, with marvellous powers of adjustment, the race would long ago have been obliterated.

God made man to live out under the open sky, with heaven perpetually smiling upon him, and the sunshine and pure air of heaven continually bathing him, and supplying him with life and energy. But man shuts himself up in a hole or cave. He builds handsome houses for himself, but they are none the less caves. The majority of civilised people live in places where there is not as good air as there is circulating in the ordinary mountain cave. The civilised cave, called a house, is barricaded against fresh air. In winter-time every precaution is taken to keep fresh air out; cotton is even tucked into the keyholes; while God's life-giving oxygen is sweeping around outside moaning and sighing to get in.

It is not easy to get out of these artificial ways that men have adopted. It seems as if people are afraid of fresh air. They are so proud of their unnatural pallor that they even powder their faces to make themselves

look paler, not recognising the fact that the natural man has a brown tint to his skin. The condition of which this brown tint is an indication—the activity of the pigment cells of the skin—is necessary for health. It indicates the activity of other cells—blood-making, tissue-forming, nerve and muscle-forming cells; all these are active when activity of the pigment cells is induced by exposure to the air.

Country and City.

By W. W. Prescott.

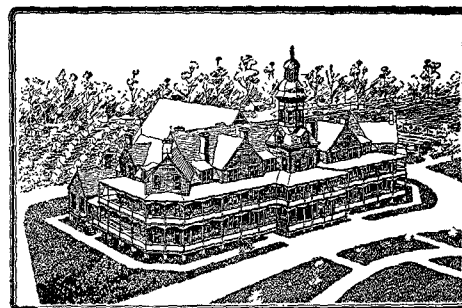
Those who have read the history of Rome know that in the last days of the republic the people deserted the country and flocked to the city, and that consequently "Rome was crowded with a rabble of poor citizens largely fed at public expense." This was one of the conditions which made for the downfall of the republic, and opened the way for an imperial tyranny supported by a military despotism.

The same inclination to shun the country, and to abandon the cultivation of the soil for the excitements of the city is exhibited to-day. Some are able to perceive the meaning of this movement. The conservative "Church Standard" says: "One of the most dangerous social tendencies of the age is the drift of population from the country to the towns." It is more than simply a dangerous social tendency. It is part of a well-planned campaign arranged by the enemy of God and man, who is making ready for the final struggle.

The corrupting influences of the cities are growing terribly strong. The revelations being made week by week prove that it is now as it was in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah. Weakened by such influences, the people more easily become a prey to Satan's temptations, and thus iniquity breeds iniquity.

It is better to be right than popular; better to be alone with God than following or leading a multitude to do evil; better a prison cell, with the enduring principles of Christ in the heart, than the throne of a universal world kingdom, with the taint of sin in the soul.
—M. C. Wilcox.

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World-Wide Field

Singapore.

With time and perseverance we expect to see an interesting development of the work here in Singapore and in the Malay States. Truly God is spreading the table before us in the presence of our enemies, for not a day passes but some kind friend sends a token of his interest. An envelope was brought to me the other day, and written on it were these words: "We wish you to use this money for some expense in your gospel preaching. With all our regards, Nishimua, Tashiro, Naxano, Yamasaki, Kanda." This envelope contained \$20 (£2, according to the present currency in Singapore).

Many times we have had convincing evidence that the Lord has led us to inquiring people at the right moment. A few days ago while I had a few moments to spare, I stepped into a doctor's dispensary with the "Good Health" and "Signs." There were several people in. It was not long before we were having a religious talk, and the proprietor told me his troubles. They were many; and he said, that very day he had given up all courage and hope in religious matters. He was a Catholic. I turned to his many bottles of drugs, and said: "Doctor, I suppose you have medicine on your shelves to cure all manner of diseases." He replied, "Yes." "But," I said, "you have nothing with which to cure your own ailments; I have something now that will heal all your diseases; take me into your private room, and I will show you." We were soon in his consulting room, and I quickly pulled out my Bible, read some encouraging words, then knelt in prayer, and he did likewise. When we rose, he said: "The troubles are gone, and I am so happy. God sent you to save me, for the devil had completely captured me."

Next morning I called again and had a short Bible study and prayer, and the following day when I called, he said: "I have given up praying to Mary, and I wake up in the morning full of joy; but my wife is very Satanic in trying to discourage me, as she is a firm Catholic."

A few days after this he said: "My wife is changing her views concerning my change, and says, 'You are not the same man any more. Let us leave the church and join the Jones's.'"

Upon hearing this I called to see her on Sabbath morning, and persuaded her with her two children to follow me to our house, where I gave a study on the "Little Horn." Visiting her the next day she said: "I am no more a Catholic." We praised the Lord and said, "Amen."

Thus far, so good. May they both continue in the path "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

G. F. Jones.

The Children of Rarotonga.

In many respects this is a strange land. The children are given no home training. All the evil traits of character which they have inherited, not being checked in childhood, are allowed to develop to their fullest extent. They know no self-control, and do as they please. They are not taught to be industrious. The parents do all the work, even the little things which seem naturally to belong to the children, while the children run about or congregate here and there to pass the time in talking and merriment.

Occasionally a parent will ask a child to do something. If the child is agreeable, he will do it, otherwise he will probably run away. In this case, the parent will shout after him, calling him a "tamaiti akarongo kore" (a child who will not obey). When the child returns, the parent will, in the child's hearing, laugh and tell others about his behaviour. The child joins in the laugh, and is made to feel he has done something worthy of praise.

Very few parents have their own children, it being the custom to give them away and take others in their stead. Sometimes the child will be given away several times, so that he has a number of parents, all seeming to have an equal claim, and thus they spoil the child.

It takes years to learn who the real parents are, where they live, and where the children themselves live. I have been in this village almost eighteen months, and have been learning of new parents and new homes of my school children ever since, and even now I am afraid that I do not know all, and perhaps never shall. Sometimes I will be informed that the family has taken up its abode for a month, perhaps a year, at some relative's place, because of a birth, death, wedding, sickness, or the keeping up of some feast or heathen custom. Some of these things greatly interfere with school work, so that it is quite different in many ways from school work in other lands. But God is the teacher's Teacher, and He rules in everything, and at the same time gives one new and valuable experiences which broaden the mind, build the character, and prepare the individual for future usefulness in His work.—Evelyn Gooding.

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HOME AND HEALTH

The Town Child and the Country Child.

Child of the town! for thee, alas!
 Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
 Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
 Glad streams come singing as they run;
 A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
 A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
 Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
 The poulterer dwells, beside the hare;
 Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
 Hawk'd clamorous o'er the city round;
 No roses, twin-born on the stalk,
 Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
 No voice of birds,—but to thee comes
 The mingled din of cars and drums,
 And startling cries, such as are rife
 When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country! on the lawn
 I see thee like the bounding fawn,
 Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
 The first time on the wings of spring;
 Bright as the sun when from the cloud
 He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
 Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
 Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
 Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
 Now hunting echo's empty sound,
 Now climbing up some old tall tree—
 For climbing's sake—'tis sweet to thee
 To sit where birds can sit alone,
 Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
 What woes and snares await thy feet;
 Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
 Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
 Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
 Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
 And thou art cabin'd and confined,
 At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
 Or set thy tottering feet but on
 Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone,
 The coachman there careering reels,
 With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
 And commerce pours each prosing son
 In pelf's pursuit and hollos "Run!"
 While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
 Men rush from darkness into day.
 The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
 There nought can sail save what is stark.
 Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
 Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
 There is a lesson in each flower,
 A story in each stream and bower;
 On every herb o'er which you tread,
 Are written words which, rightly read,
 Will lead you, from earth's fragrant sod,
 To hope, and holiness, and God.

—Allan Cunningham.

Next time you burn any milk, take the pan off the stove, and stand it at once in a bowl of cold water. Put a pinch of salt into the milk, and then remove to a pitcher. And you will find the burnt taste has almost, if not entirely, disappeared. You can do the same with other kinds of burned food.—"Life and Health."

House-Bound.

By Mrs. E. E. Kellogg.

All things have relative values. The individual lacking a roof tree, houseless, is considered unfortunate in the extreme. Equally to be deplored is the situation of the one whose life must be spent within the confines of a house. The one is bereft of the attributes of a home; the other, of that vivacity and vigour which come through a free out-of-door life, for good health is a condition incompatible with a general quarantine against fresh air and sunshine.

In the effort made some years ago to civilise the American Indians, a certain government agent in the north-west built some comfortable, up-to-date dwellings upon the farms in his jurisdiction, which he succeeded in persuading the Indians to occupy. Not long thereafter circumstances necessitated his leaving his station for a time, but he left congratulating himself upon the progress his wards had made toward civilisation. Imagine his surprise upon returning to his charge two years later to find the Indians reinstated in their wigwams, while the houses he had taken so much pains to provide for them were devoted to the storage of their farming implements. Upon inquiry as to the occasion for such change, he was informed that all who slept in the houses became sick, and some of them spit blood. When they returned to their well-aerated wigwams, they regained their health, and naturally they preferred health to houses.

"Too much house," was the Indian chief's naive diagnosis of their difficulty. Too much house may be rightfully credited as the cause of a large share of ills in these days of modern architectural achievements.

It is pretty well understood that air and sunshine are among the most efficacious remedial agents in cases of illness. That which is of so much utility in the restoration of health is of no less value for its preservation. The life-giving, life-sustaining properties of sunlight and air evince the Creator's purposeful provision for the health of His creatures. Without these no living thing can thrive and maintain resistance to disease. Why, then, spurn these munificent gifts of Heaven to immure one's self behind air-tight walls of brick and wood and stone with closed doors and shaded windows, keeping out as much as possible of the vivifying elements?

The demands of the present-day strenuous life and the multiplicity of devices to supply comfort and entertainment indoors, all conduce to the growing inclination to spend the bulk of life shut in from the invigorating, enlivening influences of air and sunshine.

True, there is an increasing tendency to take occasional vacations and recreative holidays. There are those who devote days to outdoor sports, and many who take a limited amount of outdoor exercise; but, like all spasmodic efforts, even though along right directions, the benefits accruing from such occasional jaunts do not equal that of a regular time daily spent in the open. We need to make outdoor life more of a duty; to adjust our interests so that it shall be a part of our every-day programme. Let us have out-of-door kindergartens and schools, out-of-door service on the Sabbath, dispense hospitality outdoors, and let a fresh-air life enter into as many as possible of the details of the home living.

Fresh Air.

We can not all move outdoors, but we can bring a great deal more of the outdoors indoors. To have fresh air in our houses during the winter will require more fuel, but the cost will come back to us in what we will save in funeral expenses. Could the truth be told, we would be amazed at the number of tombstones upon which could truthfully be inscribed, "Died from the plague of house air," "Killed by bed-room climate," "Gradually smothered to death in a tenement flat."

Those who are afraid of taking cold at night if they should open wide their windows, can wrap up their heads just as they do when they go out driving in the daytime. Those who will do this will find, in the majority of instances, instead of waking in the morning with a brown taste in the mouth, a congested feeling in the lungs, and a feeling in the head as if they had recited mental arithmetic all night, that they will wake refreshed, thankful to be alive to enjoy one more day.—David Paulson, M.D.

Nature's Blessings.

By Mrs. P. Gooding.

Did you ever stop to think that the joys that cannot be purchased are the dearest, the sweetest, and the best? Our Heavenly Father has graciously placed within reach of all His children all that is conducive to their welfare and happiness "without money and without price." If all would study to extract pleasure from nature, every class in life could by that means be the builders of their own happiness in a much greater degree than they could achieve through any other agency. Have you ever watched the rising sun? "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Eccl. 11:7. Of all hours in the day the best to hold communion with the Creator is at sunrise. You can then behold a new creation—the birth of another day. At that hour the birds sing sweeter (after their night's rest), the trees look greener (after drinking in heaven's dew), the flowers send forth their sweetest fragrance, and, indeed, all nature seems then in harmony, in voicing praises to the "Father of light." O, ye who idle the precious early morning hours in bed, get up, and let your voices join nature in a glad note of praise to the God of love and mercy. By so doing you will gain an experience that all the gold and silver in this world can never purchase.

Mother Nature affords a vast storehouse of knowledge of the most elevating kind. Take one item at a time, study it, and see how much you can gain from it. Take, for instance, the laughing sunbeams that find their way through every crack or crevice. Truly they have a mission; nothing has been created in vain. Man is the only part of creation that is slow to perform his duty. "Nothing in this vast creation is ever lost. Individuals may be losers through carelessness, but to the world at large no created substance can be lost. The sunbeam, lovely as it is, has had its grave, and there sometimes for unnumbered years it has lain in undisturbed repose. What is coal but latent sunbeams which need only to be ignited to start again into active life. The sun, when thousands of years younger than he is now, cast forth his radiant beams on the surface of the world,

and noble trees, ferns, and other acrogens, started at his bidding into vigorous life. They lived, died, and underwent changes which made them coal; yes, coal; and the old sun he did it all, and though by their ignition their resurrection life is but a dim shadow of their early brightness, they are still sunbeams. We have nothing but sunlight in summer or in winter, think and talk as we may. The fire on our hearths, the gas in our tubes, the oil in our lamps, the candles on our table, are all products of the sunbeam."

Like the sunbeams, we all have a mission. The best hour of the day to fit us for the activities of life is at sunrise. "Man then opens his heart; he is alive to nature, and to nature's God, and his mind is more intelligent because more fresh." Kind reader, get up early and study God through nature, and thus partake of one of nature's richest blessings.

Outdoor Life for Children.

Outdoors and children belong together, and the children know it. Witness the joyous flutter of the little hands and feet, the shine in the eyes, when the baby sees his cap and cloak which means going "ta-ta." Note how quickly the irritable child becomes good-natured, and the restless one goes to sleep when taken out of doors. In truth, outdoors seems to be the baby's normal sleeping room, and he never sleeps so sweetly or so soundly as "under the shady greenwood tree." Even the advent of winter does not necessitate a change of habit in this respect, for children have been known to sleep out of doors every day during an entire winter.—Mary Wood-Allen, M.D.

The Charms of a Country Life.

Oh, happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land.
No palace with a lofty gate he wants,
To admit the tide of early visitants,
With eager eyes, devouring as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass;
No statues threaten from high pedestals,
No Persian arras hides his homely walls
With antic vests, which, through their shadowy fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wool where native white is dyed
With purple poison of Assyrian pride.
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil;
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvexed with quarrels, undisturbed by noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys.

—Virgil, translated by Dryden.

A physician found one of his patients sitting in the bath and swallowing a dose of medicine. "What are you doing there, instead of being in bed?" inquired the astonished practitioner, and the patient quickly responded:—

"Well, you told me to take the medicine in water, and that's what I'm doing."—"Gazette."



Country Life.

Let live who will in town, I still
Would dwell 'mid trees and grasses;
With lambs at play in fields of May,
And barefoot country lasses.

No houses high shut out the sky,
And hide the heaven's glory;
But rock and rill, skv, plain, and hill
Repeat creation's story.

A tidy cot, a garden plot,
To be to no man debtor;
Some chicks, a cow, pray tell me how
A man's lot could be better?

—Elizabeth Rosser.



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

Chapter XXVIII.

AFTER telling the boys that they might have shares in my gold mine, and we had had another hearty song, Mr. Hope asked the driver to harness up his horses in the old waggon again, as it was getting near "closing-up time."

"Wait a minute, sir," said my brother Robert, "I haven't had my say yet!"

And to the surprise of everybody Robert stepped on to the platform, his face beaming with pleasure and happiness.

Well, my little friends, it's wonderful what a difference it makes to a man's face when the love of God gets into his heart.

If any of my little readers have ugly tempers which are hard to control, or if they feel fretful and cross and discontented, take Uncle Ben's advice, and just try to remember all the precious blessings that the great and good God has showered around you.

You will soon begin to feel how rich you are; then the clouds will roll away from your gloomy little faces, and the sunshine will begin to peep through, and by-and-by

your eyes will shine, because of the happy thoughts that will fill your hearts.

If you want to be a real sunbeam—and you *must* if you mean to be little Christians—let Jesus into your hearts, and He will brighten and sweeten all that you say and do. You try it.

Robert was naturally a cheerful old man; but when Tom and I first came to Australia I noticed that sometimes his face was hard and unhappy, and very often he got impatient and angry.

What a beautiful change there is now, to be sure! You should have seen his kindly, happy, rugged old face as he stood before the boys in his old barn.

"Well, boys," he said, "I know you're surprised to see *me* standing up to speak; but I couldn't let you go to-night without telling you a bit of news.

"It's about this motto that my girl Mary has been fixing up—'Seek, and ye shall find.'

"The fact is, *I've* been taking some shares in Ben's gold mine, as he calls it, and, my lads," he continued, —honest tears filling his eyes as he said it,—"*I* have found already that *it* pays, *IT* PAYS SPLENDIDLY.



"Gloomy Little Faces"



"I've struck it rich lots of times"

"I'm an old digger, as you all know, and I struck it rich lots of times in the early days, but I never sunk a hole yet—aye, lads," he said, with grateful happiness in his voice and eyes, "all my holes put together never paid me half as well as the rich, pure gold I've found in Uncle Ben's gold mine.

"And I'm finding it still. Every day I sink my shaft a little deeper and fossick a little more, and sure as you live I drop across big nuggets wherever I look. Every day brings me some new surprise, and I'm getting so rich that I don't believe I can ever be poor again.

"It was Tom there who told me about it. 'Uncle Robert,' said he, as he laid his little Bible in front of me, 'why don't you dig in there if you want to find some "true gold?"'

"So I began digging, my boys, and sure enough I made my fortune.

"So, don't you see," continued Robert, pointing up to the motto, "Mary's text is right, 'Seek, and ye shall find,' and I believe she meant me when she painted that old digger there, for can't you see the gold shining in his dish?"

"My good old Bible has been lying on the top shelf for years, ever since my dear wife used to read it, and pray that God would bless and save her careless husband.

"But now, thanks to Tom and Ben, and my dear lass Mary, her many prayers are answered, and the old Bible has come down off its perch, never to be hidden away again.

"Here is a nugget I found this morning, 'Buy the truth, and sell it not.' That is what I'm doing now, and mean to do as long as I live.

"Take my brother Ben's advice, my boys. There's only one investment on earth (you will find out about it in this good old Book) which is sure to bring you riches and honour and eternal life. Put your money and your hearts into it, treasure it, and keep your eyes fixed on it, guide your lives by it, and sure as you live, my lads, you'll always bless the happy day when you took your shares in Uncle Ben's gold mine."

Well, my little friends, you can guess what a happy New Year's day we had, and with what joyful hearts we thanked our dear Father for all His goodness. Robert was a Christian, so God had given us our hearts' desire. What a precious New Year's gift, to be sure!

As the boys jumped into the old waggon, and we heard their shouts and cheers dying away in the distance, Robert turned and grasped my hands in his. The tears again glistened in his eyes, as he said: "Ben, God sent you and Tom to Australia. That I'm sure! Praise Him for His great love and mercy to me."

UNCLE BEN.

Uncle Ben's Letter Box.

[We will always be pleased to hear from our little readers, and will try to find room for a reply. Write neatly, and tell us about your home and Sabbath School and what you are doing for Jesus.]

We are pleased to publish the following little note from Footscray:

Dear Uncle Ben,—I want to be one of God's workers. I go to the Sabbath School often, and my teacher is very nice to me. I have two brothers and one sister, who are all older than I am. I am 11 years old, so I am the baby. I have a lot of fights with Satan, but Jesus helps me to conquer. I have a good mother and two good fathers. And so, Uncle Ben, I think I am better off than lots of others. Your affectionate nephew,

RAY BERRY.

Indeed you are, Ray, and I am glad to know that you are thankful for your "true gold." If we always remember that we have a heavenly Father as well as an earthly one, how strong it would make us, to be sure.



"Sunshine Peeping Through."

How We get Ivory.

Not from elephants slaughtered for their tusks. The calculations as to the number of slain elephants represented by the acre of ivory displayed before the Queen at the London docks point to the fallacy which still prevails that elephants are killed for their tusks.

"More ivory is sold in London each year," said Mr. Hales, the largest ivory broker in the metropolis, to an "Express" representative, "than would be produced if all the elephants in the world were killed.

"The ivory supply comes from the vast stores laid up for generations by the native chiefs. They know where the elephants' cemeteries are, for these animals go to a certain spot to die. This is how ivory is obtained.

"When the chiefs want a little money or other necessities, they barter a portion of their stock. Ivory to them is what gilt-edged securities are to the English people."

Mr. Hales pointed out the result of the tax which was placed on the importation of ivory into England.

"It was imposed," he said, "with the idea of stopping the slaughter of elephants, but such a thing is so rare that it did not need any such restriction. As a result of the tax, ivory leaves Africa and Egypt by the Congo, and goes to Antwerp.

"In 1887 Antwerp did not sell a ton of ivory. Last year it sold 355 tons, against London's 205. In 1887 London's sales amounted to 330 tons.

"Besides elephant tusks, the teeth of the sea-horse, walrus tusks and boar tusks are used for ivory.

"The market price of elephant tusk ivory ranges from £15 to £90 per hundredweight; sea-horse teeth fetch from 7d. a pound to 4/- a pound, and boar tusks 1/3 a pound."—"London Express."



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The production of pig-iron in the United States for the month of March alone, reached the enormous total of 2,000,000 tons.

The State of Washington has made a commendable move, in passing, in the face of opposition by quacks and mercenary newspapers, a law against advertising to cure private and sexual disorders, lost manhood, etc.

This week the "Signs of the Times" has presented to its readers a number of articles which are of an altogether different theme to the usual style of matter in a religious journal of this character. The subject under consideration is, however, one which is of such growing importance that we feel there is no need for us to make any apology for dealing with it. If our thoughtful readers are led to meditate more closely upon this vital subject, and to view the matter from the right standpoint, our object will be achieved.

The Wealth of the Soil.

Very few persons realise how large a profit may be made from a small plot of land. Two years ago the inspector to the Surrey County Council showed experimentally how, on a very small piece of garden, vegetables could be grown with a profit at a rate of more than £50 per acre per annum. A Brighton waiter has by his own exertions during the early hours (4 to 8 a.m.) of the morning made a regular profit of over £50 from half an acre of down-land, by successive crops of vegetables. In Saffelare, East Flanders, on 37,000 acres a population of 30,000 peasants not only finds its food, but manages to keep 10,720 horned cattle, 3,800 sheep, 1,815 horses, and 6,550 swine, to grow flax, and export various agricultural produce. Jersev, with 28,707 acres of land, including bare rocks, etc., maintains two persons per acre, and does a large export business of fruit and vegetables. The soil was not originally fertile. The farms are from five to twenty acres. Communal institutions existed until recently, and communal customs of mutual support still exist. There, too, eleven tons of potatoes are obtained from an acre against six in England. A single acre produced exceptionally 34 tons 9 cwt. In France, by following certain directions, growers produced between twenty to thirty-six tons per acre, instead of three, which they had before. Many of the gardeners just outside Paris export the whole of their produce to England. One orchard, of two and seven-tenth acres, produced 20,000 lbs. of carrots, more than 20,000 lbs. of onions, radishes, etc.; 6,000 heads of cabbage, 3,000 of cauliflower, 5,000 baskets of tomatoes, 5,000 dozen of choice fruit, 154,000 heads of salad. Great profits are obtained, though rents go as high as £32 an acre. By labour, diligence, and science, the value of the land in the Channel Islands is raised to ten times the value of corresponding land in England. It is proved by many actual examples, that 1,000 persons, living and labouring on 1,000 acres, can well support themselves from the produce of that area, without overwork, and obtain from it the flax, wool, silk, etc., required for their clothing. By a change of laws and habits, England could easily grow all the food required for her population, and maintain within her borders a prosperous peasantry.—Hon. R. Russell, in "First Conditions of Human Prosperity."

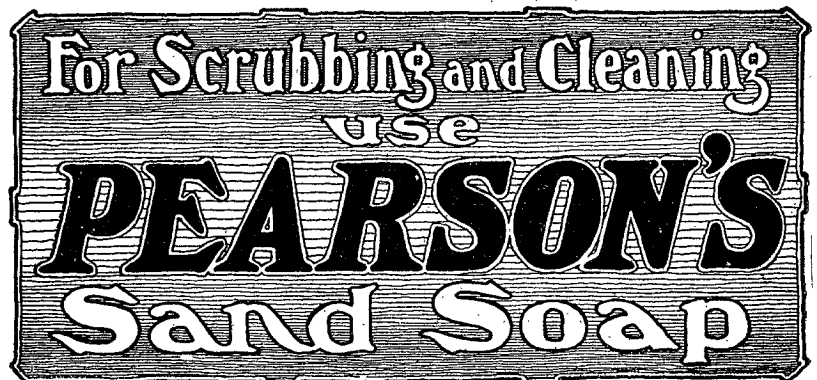
The construction of a ship canal to connect the Baltic Sea with the Black Sea has been commenced. The canal is to be 140 feet wide and 31 feet deep, and is to be completed in five years' time at a cost of £40,000,000.

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